DAMAGED

# THE GRAND FORKS MINER.

FIRST YEAR.—NO 31. GRAND FORKS, BRITISH COLUMBIA. SATURDAY DECEMBER 12, 1896. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

**W. J. ARMSTRONG & CO.**

ANACONDA, B. C.

Stoves, ranges, Stoves, Silverware, Graniteware, Crockeryware, Glassware, Woodenware, Tinware, Toilet sets

**-HARDWARE-**

Of All Kinds, Cutlery, Churns, Sewing machines, Wringers, Washing machines, Window shades, Wagons and Trucks, Furnrce Work, Steam and Pipe Fitting, Iron Pipe and Fittings, Etc.. Etc.

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And Solicits a Fair Share of the Public Patronage.

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MRS. A. V. DAVIS, Proprietress.

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Is coming and we are prepared with a full line of Dolls, Skates, Sleds, Albums, Toilet Sets, Toy Bells, Clocks, Brushes, Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Handkechiefs, and a full line of

**Xmas Novelties.**

No need to send away for anything in this line as we are selling on close margins for cash.

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**= GROCERIES =**

Boots and Shoes and Hardware.

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Grand Forks, B. C.

Carson Lodge I. O. O. F. No. 37.

I. O. O. F. MEETS EVERY SATURDAY evening at 8 o'clock in their hall at Carson, B C. A cordial invitation extended to all sojourning brethren.

F. B. NELSON, R. S.
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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Services every Sabbath in the church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school 10:30 a. m. At Carson weekly 3 p. m. REV. THOMAS PATON, Pastor.

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SHEADS & ADAMS,

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GRAND FORKS, - BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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Plans and specifications drawn, estimates furnished on all kinds of building. Work strictly first-class.

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Centrally Located. All Work Guaranteed to be First-Class in every Respect.

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Does all kinds of kinds of repairing and horse shoeing. All work gaaranteed.

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Does all kinds of repairing and horseshoeing. Work strictly firstclass.

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*BRIDGE STREET RESTAURANT*

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*MEALS AT ALL HOURS.*

Hot Cakes and Coffee.....10c

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FORBES M. KERBY,

Provincial Land Surveyor.

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OFFICE, MIDWAY, B. C.

Associate Member Canadian Society of Civil Engineers.

DAILY STAGE

From Grand Forks to Greenwood and return.

Stage Leaves Grand Forks 5 a. m.
On Saturdays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, and on Monday Wednesday and Friday
At 7 O'clock a. m.

Makes Carson, Greenwood, Anaconna, Boundary Falls and Midway.

EMMERT & SPONG, Proprietors

## A GREAT SUCCESS.

### The Reception and Ball in Honor of Hon. D. W. Higgins a Perfect Success.

### Over 150 Guests Attended, His Honor Judge Spinks and Mr. Lambly Among the Number.

Tuesday evening last was a time long to be remembered in the annals of Grand Forks and vicinity as the most pleasant and enjoyable ever spent by our citizens.

On that evening a reception was held in honor of the Hon. D. W. Higgins, Speaker of the House, by the citizens of Grand Forks and vicinity; and it was a perfect and satisfying success even down to the slightest particulars.

Among the other notable gentlemen who were present at the reception were His Honor, Judge Spinks, and Mr. C. A. R. Lambly, gold commissioner, for this district.

The affair began with a grand ball in Manly's Hall and between 70 and 80 couple were present when Hon. Mr. Higgins and Mrs. John A. Manly, led the grand march, followed by Judge Spinks with Mrs. Chas. Cummings, Mr. Lambly with Mrs. A. L. Manly, and after them almost every one in the hall.

The music was good, the floor was in splendid condition and the dancers thoughly enjoyed themselves in the mazes of the dance until 12 o'clock when supper was announced.

The company then repaired to the Grand Forks Hotel where a sumptous repast was served and done full justice to by the assembled guests to the number of about 150.

After the supper the assemblage was called to order and the toasts began.

**The Toasts.**

Mr. John A. Manly, acted as toastmaster and filled the position with the ease and finish born of experience. The first toast was: "Our Gracious Queen." The guests arose and joined in singing "God save the Queen," after which the toast was drunk with a right good will.

Next in order came, "The President of the United States." Before this toast the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung. Mrs. Ethel Gertrude Dahlthen favored the company with a banjo solo which elicited rapturous applause and she was forced to respond to an encore.

**"Our Honored Guests."**

Then came the toast of the evening: "Our Honored Guests, Hon. D. W. Higgins, Speaker of the House; His Honor, Judge Spinks; and C. A. R. Lambly, the Gold Commissioner." The glee club struck up "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows," at the conclusion of which Hon. Mr. Higgins was called upon and said, in part:

"Ladies and Gentlemen of Grand Forks.—It would ill become me as your guest if I declined to speak to you on the greatness of the resources and mines of your glorious country, to which the eyes of the world have now been drawn. (Applause.)

"I desire first to thank Mesdames Manly and Cummings, as well as your citizens and the assembled guests for the splendid manner in which I have been received and entertained. I came here entirely unprepared for any thing like this ovation and must say that never before in my life have I had as pleasant and enjoyable a compliment paid me.

"Occupying the position I do, as Speaker of the House, you will naturally expect me to tell you something about the future intentions of the government regarding this section. Now I wish to state most emphatically that I do not represent the government, although I am a supporter of it, and consequently can say nothing whatever authoritatively regarding their policy. But this I can say: I am confident that the wants of this district will have the careful consideration of the gentlemen who compose the government, when ever presented and their attitude toward this section will be most just and equitable Your future is before you. It only rests with yourselves to work it out."

Judge Spinks was then called upon and made a most happy speech, scintillating with wit and full of local hits and take-offs on a number of our popular idiosyncrasies.

**"Future Prosperity of Grand Forks."**

"The Future Prosperity of Grand Forks" was then proposed and the toast was drunk amid great applause. Mr. A. C. Sutton was called upon and responded with a few telling remarks which merited and received the full approval of the audience.

Hon. Mr. Higgins was called upon again and said that as a supporter of the government he had always found the ministers energetic and zealous in advancing the interests of new communities. He believed that Grand Forks had a great future, and that future was very near. Of course it would not do to rely too much on the Government. The people must do something for themselves. For instance, they should not waste a moment in getting incorporated as a town. (Applause.) They could then control their own revenues and apply them towards local improvements. Streets required to be made and graded and sewers and bridges to be built. He was told there were only four buildings at Grand Forks in April. Now there were 200. There were nearly 500 inhabitants and 60 children of school-going age. He concluded with a reference to the matchless mineral and farming resources of the district and promised to give the interests of Grand Forks his best attention in the future. There were some croakers—there always were—and the poet had referred to them as—

"Poor foolish ones who vainly sit still
Hatching eggs of sorrow,
And see the fancies of today
Become great facts tomorrow."

Four months ago Grand Forks was a fancy; today it is a substantial fact. (Cheers and laughter.)

Among the other toasts proposed and responded to were: "The Ladies," "The Press," John A. Manly" and "Mrs Dahl."

The party then broke up, this concluding the most pleasant and successful affair ever given in Grand Forks.

## LOCAL NOTES.

Try Knight's 25 cent meals.

Job work at the MINER office.

Fine line of sleigh bells at Manly's Hardware.

Every body eats Fred Knights 25 cent meal.

Buy your wife a nice hanging lamp at Manly's Hardware.

The social club contemplate giving another dance at an early date.

E. C. Cowan, of Spokane was a passenger on Monday's stage from below.

Manly's Hardware will have Christmas lamps in a few days.

Don't forget to try Fred Knight's merchants' lunch only 25 cents

Andy Peterson of Rossland, is in town. He thinks well of our burg.

Geo. A. Spaulding, of Murray, Idaho, is in town and may remain some time.

Chas. VanNess returned on Thursday from Rossland and will remain a short time.

Prospectors report an unusual number of deer up the North Fork this winter.

A. Jeldness, of Spokane, appeared in our midst this week and will remain a few days.

Robert Neile, of Spokane was among yesterdays arrivals. He will remain a few days.

John Lueg, a resident of Anaconda, came over the range yesterday on a business trip.

Thomas Donan, from Le Fleur Mountain, gave Pave us a pleasant call the other day.

C. A. R. Lambly, of Osoyoos, came into town a few days ago and remained a short time amongst us.

Mr. Sheringham has been awarded the contract for supplying the school with 20 ricks of 30 inch wood.

Louis V. Cuppage, who has been in this section for the last few weeks, arrived on Monday last from Midway.

James E. Walker, of Spokane, who has mining interests on Pass creek, has been staying in town for the past few days.

Cooper Bros. have about completed the piers and chimneys at Dr. Averill's new residence across the North Fork.

Owing to the recent thaw the ice in the river is in such a shape that skating has had to be postponed indefinitely.

George Young, one of our rustling townsmen, is building a dwelling house of some dimensions at the east of the town.

R. C. Saddler, of Midway, was among the visitors to our town this week. He was accompanied by Geo. C. Rose of the same place.

An interesting budget of news was received from our Greenwood corespondent too late for publication in this week's issue.

Jay Lawyer and H. Allenburg, of Spokane have been in town for the last few days posting themselves on the different camps.

Judge Spinks, left on Wednesday morning's stage for Victoria. It is the judges intention to be at his home in Vernon for Christmas.

S. F. Ralston jr., of Helena, Mont., is in town on a business trip. He is favorably impressed with our burg and thinks a good future awaits it.

W. M. Law, of the Anaconda Mercantile Co., was in town this week and reports things prosperous on the other side of the mountains.

J. W. Jones has just completed the twenty desks for the new school and they are now in the school room waiting to be painted by C. A. Jones.

Jack Coryell, P. L. S., has just come in from Pass creek were he has been engaged for the past few weeks on the Government triangular survey.

Charles Hay has just returned from a visit to his home in Portage la Prairie. He reports that the weather in Manitoba has been exceptionally severe this fall.

A number of our enterprising townsmen are putting up ice in large quantities. This is a good speculation as next summer this commodity will be in great demand.

Messrs. Hamilton and Duford, proprietors of the White House, are giving the inside as well as the exterior a coat of fresh paint which adds much to its cheerful appearance.

This winter is likely to be an unusually gay one for Grand Forks as numerous dances as well as other entertainments are on the tapis for disposal before the spring

W. K. White has just returned from Colville, where he has been on a visit for the past few days. He says that the winter has been so far very severe in that part of the country.

Max. Kuntz, one of Pass creek's lucky prospectors, was in town this week and says that the recent deep snow has not in the least retarded development work on the various properties in that section

James Casey of Lambert creek, the owner of the Big iron property, in that district was in town yesterday and says that things are looking well on the various properties in his neighborhood.

Next Tuesday is the day the license commissioners for this district meet at Midway for the dispatch of business. Quite a number of applicants for liquor licenses will be present at the meeting.

Charles K. Simpson, our rustling sawmill proprietor, has just returned from a trip into the Curlew district. He reports a great number of properties being developed in that section this winter.

All those residents of this town who have not been called on to assist in the payment for the school desks can hold themselves in readiness for this coming week as the school trustees will be compelled to give them all a call in order to raise enough funds to meet the necessary expenses.

Hon. D. W. Higgins, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, left on Thursday for Marcus enroute to his home in Victoria. During his short stay he gained many warm friends and we hope to have a renewal of his visit before many months.

Mr. Legg, one of the owners of the R-Bob property in Summit camp, left on Monday last for Spokane. He was much pleased with the progress of the work that has been carried on on this claim for the past few weeks.

We learn with sorrow of the death on the 30th of November of Mrs. Jacob Truax, mother of our fellow townsman Frank Truax. She had been residing at Early, Iowa up to the time of her death. Her remains have been taken to Morrel, Wisconsin for interment.

Mr. VanTassel, who is interested in some placer mines on a tributary of the Forth of July creek, was in town yesterday and reports that the weather has retarded work considerably and that he and his partners are making arrangements to do more work in the spring.

Joe Gelinas, one of our lucky North Fork prospectors, reports that while only about a mile from his camp the other day, he came within gun shot of a couple of fine cariboo. It has been the general belief that cariboo meat was an extremely scarce article in this district but from Mr. Gelinas' story the species is not entirely extinct.

We believe in a person being fastidious about what they eat. We are proud of the epicurian reputation our city is building up. But when one of our local connoisseurs awakens us in the middle of the night by calling out, "Take away that pork chop, it's not done enough!," in a voice loud enough to be heard at Carson, we think it is about time to draw the line. We object to having our slumbers disturbed.

W. J. Snyder is in trouble. Deep trouble. And this is how it all happened. The other day he was so foolish as to work. Worse than that, He took off his coat and vest and turned his whole attention to it. While thus busily engaged a cow came meandering on the scene. A long, lean, lanky red cow with a determined air and an empty stomach. She espied the coat and vest and at once swooped down upon them and proceded to make a meal of them. All this time Snyder was busily working. His attention was attracted just in time to see the last remnants of his vest disappearing down the cow's voracious throat and the coat fast following suit. He seized a club and sprang to the rescue but the cow was determined and all he succeeded in saving was one coat tail and three buttons. He now offers to head a subscription list to purchase a square meal for the cow, which is said to belong to Charley Simpson.

## ARRESTED AGAIN.

Manager Keene of the Cariboo mine who was recently arrested by order of the attorney general of British Columbia on a charge of murdering Matt. Roderick the supposed gold brick robber, near camp McKinney, had his preliminary hearing at Midway before C. A. R. Lambly S. M., R. Cawston J. P., and James Kerr J. P.

After hearing considerable testimony the magistrates considered there was not sufficient evidence to commit the accused and consequently he was set at liberty, but shortly afterwards was rearrested on a charge of manslaughter and on this charge was committed to stand trail at the spring assizes, bail being taken for his appearance when called upon in the sum of $7,000 of which amont Mr. James Monahan and Mr. Geo. B. McAuley become sureties to the extent of $6,000 and the accused to the sum of $1,000.

# MILLIONS IN THE HILLS

### HILLS AROUND DEADWOOD BEING GROUND TO POWDER.

### How the Ore Is Handled Until the Gleaming, Glittering Gold Is Ready for Shipment.

Deadwood is a big hole in the ground; Lead City is strung along a deep furrow climbing the range. The former has a more pretentious and metropolitan aspect with some neat shops and handsome blocks of brick and stone. Its dwellings seem to stand on shelves in circling tiers up the steep mountain sides, and their windows overlook the streets below. At night these towering mountain galleries are aglow with the lights of many windows, and one might imagine himself looking at some marvel of modern architecture. Deadwood is then at its best, and at its worst. Its dens of infamy are open to all comers; the bums and loafers of the town, who have been staking their all for years on the turn of a card, are thronging around the faro tables and the various hazards of fortune, hoping that tonight they will have the long-looked-for run of luck; "and then take a brace an' git some new clo's an' go back east an' holler merry Cris'mas t' the ol' folk, jus' like ol' times, and plunk down enough gold t' lift that mor'gidge on th' farm an' stay to home an' behave." That's the sad end of Deadwood life for as Kipling says in his ballad:

"Poor devil 'e'll never see 'ome!"

And no more will these poor stranded devils who have been racked on wheels of fortune in the far west. Patience and hope are a strong team, but they go lame if overworked, and bye and bye they're down for good. Then the poor devil jumps into the reservoir or crawls into some barn and dies. Unfortunately there are also many very decent fellows who hit the games. They are men who can take the gaff more cheerfully and who protect their reserve.

But there's a feature of night life in Deadwood that is beautiful and more fascinating than these games of chance—the rivers of molten metal, the cascades of flowing slag and smoking fiery gold, the scintillating flood spouting out of the forehearths and illuminating the darkness, the miniature Vesuvii of powdered ore below the chutes growing with red avalanches fresh from the roaster. These are the things that have made Deadwood possible.

From one of the forehearths they have made a winding course of sand, perhaps 60 feet long, into which the fiery product of the furnace flows rich with gold—so rich that a pot of it no larger than an old-fashioned potato kettle would sell for $150. It is literally a river of gold—the precious metal can be plainly distinguished as it comes smoking from the furnace and sinks in the flood, being heavier than the metals from which it is parting company. This process of fusing the ore, which is more spectacular than any other, is employed by the Deadwood and Delaware Company. The ore is shoveled into the furnaces with coke, lime rock and pyrites of iron which are used for fusing. The fire is urged with a blast of wind that would run a presidential campaign. The slag flows out of the furnace over the perforated top of the forehearth, and the weight of the gold carries it through the perforation into the forehearth, while the slag flows over it, then the forehearth is tapped and the mat of gold and silver is drawn into a pot on trucks. When the mat is cooled it is beaten with a sledge hammer and shipped to Omaha to be separated.

The roots of the tree of evil have many branches that grip the hills round about Deadwood. No less hot and suggestive is the mill of the chlorination works, where the gold is kept in tanks—a yellow liquid that looks like sweet cider. Here the ore is pulverized and then fed into big barrels of iron revolving horizontally where it is roasted, to get rid of the sulphur by a flame that shoots through a big hole in one end of the barrel. The powdered ore is then treated with chlorine gas whereupon the gold flows out of it in solution. Then it is churned awhile in a big, lead-lined tank until the gold comes like butter in a black powder that settles to the bottom. To be more severely scientific, the gold and other metals are precipitated by adding sodium sulphide to the solution and stirring it to hasten and intensify this chemical action. The gold is then caught in a series of cloth strainers which are burned to release the metal. There is still another process of pulling the leg of mother nature here in the Black Hills. It is called the Cyanide process. At the mill of this company the powdered ore is run into great circular vats and treated with cyanide of potassium, after which the gold is leached out of it in solution. This liquid then flows through a series of boxes each of which is filled with zinc shavings. The zinc loves the gold and seizes it and the two are wedded for a season—until Monday of the succeeding week to be exact—when they are divorced by fire, the gold being cast into bricks and sent to the money changers. The mill would look like a common cheese factory if it were not so dirty. The air is rank with fumes and one of the workmen told me it made whiskers grow in his windpipe, by which he meant to say, no doubt, that it was a serious offense to his lungs

The Homestake mine at Lead City is the most monumental hole in the ground here in the Black Hills, and I fancy it would be hard to find the like of it anywhere else. They say that Hearst, Lownsberry, Higgin and others bought it some 20 years ago for one hundred thousand dollars. Probably the sum paid was between one and two hundred thousand. Since then they have taken out of it hard on to a hundred million dollars. They have ground up several of the everlasting hills, so called, and torn the bowels out of two mountains. Now they say there is enough paying ore in sight to last 20 years—some part of that, however, must probably be charged to exaggeration. There is a rapid stream flowing along the road to Lead City that is red, as if stained with the blood of the mountains standing rent and sore about the town. The shaft is 900 feet deep, and the ore coming up the hoist at the top of the mountain is fed into the roaring muzzles of the great vertical crushers. Then it takes a slide to the stamp mill down the gulch. Here 460 big iron shafts are pounding up and down upon the ore like pile-drivers. The noise would tear hell's concave. It is appalling. Probably the roar of a thousand cannon, or a western campaign band would not appeal more strongly to the senses. One's loudest shout can not be heard even by his own ears. What a place for a convention of emancipated women! The ore is fed to the stamps through a sort of hopper, and the powdered product drops into an artificial river which flows over a long series of inclined planes covered with quicksilver. The quicksilver seizes the gold and makes it a prisoner. If the mine owners could only discover the formula for a man like Russell Sage, if they could get at the chemical elements of that singular mental and moral compound, they would have a better thing than quicksilver for the water tables. But quicksilver does its work very well. They say, however, that three quarters of a million dollars worth of gold gets away from them every year and washes down the creek.

When the quicksilver has its hands full of gold the tables are scraped, and the amalgam wrapped in large cloths, like towels, and wrung and squeezed by hand. The quicksilver bursts through the meshes of the cloth in shiny globules until the ball of amalgam is reduced to the size of a goose egg, when the gold is melted out of it.

The Homestake gold flows in every direction to the ends of the earth; to the bonanza kings of the far west; to the money changers of Bond and Wall streets, and a goodly share of it drops into a big newspaper hole in New York city with a thunderous chink that keeps lots of people awake o' nights.

The run of luck that leaps over the percentage and breaks the house, but that is a very long shot indeed. It's highly creditable that so few of them go to the devil, considering that the long famed "descensus averni" passes through Deadwood and Lead City. After all, the men suffer so much hardship finding gold, they should have liberal latitude in spending it. To Dr. Carpenter, of the smelting company, and Mr. W. H. Bonham, of the Deadwood Pioneer, I am indebted for much of the information in this article. As the rural editor says of the men who call to pay their respects and a year's subscription in advance, "they are genial, whole-souled fellows." I. B.

## ABOUT THE RICHEST PRINCE.

### Little Story From the Records of the Middle Ages.

The richest prince is not always he that reigns over the most extensive and populous empire, with the largest and most prosperous cities, and the best filled treasure house, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

Back in the middle ages there reigned a prince, called Eberhard the Good, who was a grand old man, just, wise and true, and his little principality was the envied corner of Europe. For though he was only a grand duke, he ruled so justly and well that his subjects were happy and they all loved him as a father.

There was a feast one day at the City of Worms, and all the German princes were drinking wine at the banquet table, when a dispute arose as to which of them was the richest and most prosperous.

Prince Ernest of Saxony boasted of broad domains, brimming with gold and silver mines, and his great palace filled with golden treasure.

"I am richer than he," said the Elector Frederick of the Rhine. "From my grand castle at Heidelberg I can look over leagues and leagues of hillsides covered with vineyards and valleys rich with golden grain fields."

King Louis of Bavaria claimed the palm of sovereignty, "because," he said, "prosperous cities and rich old cloisters, filled with works of art, are greater treasures than gold or silver mines, vineyards or ripened grain fields."

Then they all looked at the old lord of Wurtemberg, "whose hair and beard were white as the snow on the Alpine peaks, and whose blue eyes were shining with a smile."

"I have little to boast of," he said, meekly. "There are but few cities in Wurtemberg and no silver mines, no famous vineyards and no great store of treasure and precious stones. But I own one rare jewel—I can wander anywhere in my dominions without fear and lay my old head in peaceful slumber in the cot of my humblest subject."

"It is enough," they cried in chorus; "we yield the palm to thee, for there are no riches treasures than a people's love and loyalty."

Duke Eberhard was one of the great heroes of the feudal times. His little country of Wurtemberg was one of the most prosperous in Europe, and the proudest kings counted him their equal. When he was laid in his grave the Emperor Maximillian of Germany declared:

"Here lies a prince who has left no equal in the German empire in princely virtues."

Nor has time been able to blot out his fair name, and though half a thousand years have passed away, dividing the living from the dead, it is always pleasant and refreshing when we look back upon those times to find the name of him they called the Richest Prince.

## CLEARING OUT THE ROOKERIES.

### Work That Has Been Done in New York Under Tenement Laws.

The Mott street barracks are on their last legs, says Jacob A. Riis in the December Century. The rear houses were cleared by order of the board of health last June, and even the saloon keeper who collected the rents admitted to me, when it was well over, that it was a good thing. These tenements were among the first to be seized under the sanitary expropriation law. They were nearly the worst in the city, and hopeless from structural defects. The rift between the front and rear buildings—it hardly deserves the name of gap—is past six feet 10 inches wide. Through it came whatever of sunlight and air reached the rear houses, for they backed up against the rear tenements on Elizabethe street, so that one could put his hand through the dark little windows on the stairs, and touch the wall of the neighbor's house, hardly a foot away. The rent rose as one went up, instead of the reverse, for the good reason that there was some air at the top, while down at the bottom there was none, nor light either.

In this rookery lived 260 tenants, all Italians except two families, when the police census of 1888 was taken. Forty of them were babies. The infant death rate of the barracks that year was 325 per thousand; that is to say, nearly one-third of the 40 babies died. The general infant death rate for the whole tenement house population that year was 88.38. By 1891, by persistent nagging, the number of tenants had been reduced to 238—the barracks were directly under the windows of the health board, and gave the officials much concern by their open defiance of health laws—but there were more babies than ever. That year the infant death rate in the barracks was 106.38; in the whole tenement population, 86.67.

In the interval of four years, 51 funerals had gone out from the barracks, 35 of them with white hearses. The old houses had been touched up with much paint and whitewash and a gorgeous tin cornice with the year 1890 in raised letters a foot long and had changed owners; but it was all of no avail. The same summer that saw a conference of experts and philanthropists gathered in New York to discuss better means of housing the propertyless masses, and saw plans evolved that look toward grappling with the whole problem in a humane and liberal spirt, witnessed also the seizure of the barracks as typical of the worst devised by a heedless past. It was as it should be. The tenant was having his innings at last. The undertaker had had his, and made the most of it.

### The Diet of Crows.

The stomachs of nearly three thousand crows have been examined, and the percentage of food found therein reveals the satisfactory fact that the crow, instead of being the bandit we had supposed him, cunningly fattening on the granaries and crops of the husbandman, is a benevolent scavenger, clearing the fields, orchards and barns of all manner of mischievous worms and insects.

### Boys Denied Furloughs.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 5.—One hundred naval apprentices made a dash for liberty this evening and two escaped. The trouble is said to be the outgrowth of a denial of the boys' request for furloughs for Christmas holidays.

### Densely Populated City.

Liverpool is the most densely populated city in Great Britain, having a population of 114 per acre, including the docks and quay.

# THE CROWS' NEST PASS

### HON. A. G. BLAIR DISCUSSES THE PROPOSED ROAD.

### Construction of the Line, He Says, Will Revolutionize Smelting in This Section.

The Chicago Record of December 1 contained the following special dispatch from Minneapolis:

A. G. Blair of Ottawa, Canadian minister of railways and canals, passed through this city yesterday on his way to British Columbia, where he will make a thorough investigation of the proposed new railway lines tapping the rich gold fields and coal mountains of southern British Columbia. Mr. Blair was accompanied by L. H. Davies, minister of fisheries and marine, and by Colonel James Domville, M. P., of St. Johns. The two last named are on their way to attend the sitting of the Bering sea commission now in progress at Vancouver.

Mr. Blair while here unfolded some of the details of the proposed railway scheme, which promises to revolutionize the smelting industry of the west, as well as to open the new gold fields to railway communication with the outside world. The road is to be built by private parties, but a large subsidy is expected from the Canadian government, and the fate of the enterprise depends upon Mr. Blair's report. In outlining the plans Mr. Blair said:

"The proposition is to construct a line of railway from Lethbridge through the province of Alberta to the east of the Rocky mountains. Lethbridge is connected with the Canadian Pacific railway by a branch. The road from Lethbridge to McLeod will pass through the famous Crow's Nest Pass, one of the most desirable passes to be found in the Rockies north of the boundary. From McLeod it will proceed to Nelson and Rossland, in the heart of the rich mining and coal regions. The line will be about 300 miles long.

"A number of branches will be built, running into the various mining enterprises. A further extension of the trunk line will also follow in the near future, as there are plans for connecting with Revelstoke, a point in northern British Columbia on the Canadian Pacific road, by means of the waterways. The undertaking involves an expenditure of about $8,000,000."

Mr. Blair speaks enthusiastically of the opening of the vast coal fields of the Columbia region. The construction of the line, he says, means a revolution in the great smelting works of the western states, which now obtain coal from New South Wales at a cost of something like $14 a ton. The new railroad would put the big smelters of Butte, Spokane and other western cities in direct connection with 250,000 acres of the richest coal lands in the world, and cannot fail to produce a remarkable change in all mining operations in the west, developing fields rich in iron ore which have lain idle on account of the high price of coal.

The construction of the line through Crow's Nest pass will save about 50 miles. It will also do away with steep grades and enable the Canadian Pacific to climb to the summit of the Rocky mountains through the lowest pass yet discovered. Its elevation is less than 5000 feet. The lowest pass hitherto known in the northwest is Marais pass, used by the Great Northern line. Crow's Nest pass was not discovered until later, and it has been the intention of the Canadian Pacific, ever since the discovery, ultimately to use it. The pass lies close to the international boundary line. The proposed railway will pass near the famous "coal mountain," a vast mass of the richest bituminous and coking coal. This great deposit of coal has been the talk of hunters and trappers for 25 years, but owing to the lack of railway communications not much attention has been paid to it.

It is also reported that this section of British Columbia is rich in petroleum fields, and that the Standard Oil company has already had agents in the territory making extensive inquiries concerning them.

## THEY OBJECT TO CHURCH BELLS.

### New Yorkers Complain That They Jar on Their Nerves.

Many of the residents of the neighborhood of Stuyvesant square are complaining of the frequent ringing of bells at St. George's church, on the west side of the square, says the New York Times. It is declared by some that the bells are harsh of sound and wofully out of tune with the few necessary noises of the neighborhood. The board of health received yesterday the following letter from a resident of the locality:

"Can't something be done to stop the infernal noise made all day and all night by the bells of St. George's church? My wife has been ill in her bed for some weeks, and finds it impossible to sleep or to get well because of the awful din. They are fearful on her nerves, and are responsible for the state of nervous prostration in which she is. And many of the neighbors make the same complaint. I think something ought to be done, for the health of the community, and hope that you will give this matter your immediate attention. Very respectfully, Ira Vann."

It was said at the office of the board of health that the complaint would be placed in the hands of an inspector, who would visit the neighborhood, listen to the bells for several hours, make inquiries among the residents and then report back to the board. After considering the inspector's report, the board will take whatever action it deems proper.

St. George's Protestant Episcopal church, of which the Rev. Dr. Rainsford is pastor, is one of the most important of its denomination in the city. It has a large cosmopolitan congregation, composed of some of the oldest and wealthiest families of the city, as well as some of the humblest residents of the east side.

St. George's has a high, fortress-like tower, in which there is a big clock, which slowly strikes the hours, day and night. Besides the clock bell, there are other bells used to summon the members to the various Sunday and week-day services. They ring four times on Sunday—at 8 and 11 a. m. and at 3 and 8 p.m.—every week-day morning at 9 o'clock, and on Wednesday afternoon and evening.

This is not the first formal complaint that has been made against St. George's church bells. The Rev. A. W. Stein of the church clergy said: "We have never had a bell expert pass upon the tone of these bells, but I am sure they are not so discordant and sharp as is made out."

## THE NEWS OF LINCOLN'S DEATH.

### How Jefferson Davis Received Johnston's Dispatch Announcing It.

About April 18, 1865, I was sent under a flag of truce to Charlotte, N. C., says a writer in the New York Sun. Entering the town with E. M. Clark, a member of my company, as an escort, we were conducted to headquarters, a large upper room, evidently a school room, where the guard pointed out General Echols, a portly, fine looking man, commander of the post. Removing my hat, I advanced to where General Echols sat, at one end of a long table, and laid my dispatches on the table.

"General Echols, I presume. These dispatches are from General Gillam? Shall I wait for an answer?"

"Please be seated," the general said.

Glancing around the room, I saw 16 or 18 gentlemen, all, with one or two exceptions, in military uniform. Colonel Cal Morgan, who had been our prisoner a few months before, came to where I was sitting, and shaking hands said, "I believe you and I are not altogether strangers."

While we chatted, a gentleman in a civilian suit turned to address General Echols. The cold stare of a glass eye caught my attention, and the features were not unfamiliar.

"Oh, Jeff Davis; and you here, pressed, to the wall," was my first thought. I saw, however, a much pleasanter-faced man than our northern papers had pictured. A soul of kindly impulses beamed from every feature.

A dispatch was handed to General Echols, who read and reread it, with an anxious, earnest look upon his face. Half rising, he passed the paper to Mr. Davis. General Echols sat at one end of the table, with two gentlemen between him and Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis read it slowly, and, handing it back, remarked, "Well, we have lost a generous enemy." I paid little attention to what Mr. Davis said, supposing one of our northern generals had been killed or died. The dispatch went the rounds, finishing in Colonel Morgan's hands, who asked General Echols, if consistent, to allow me to read it.

"Oh, yes; give it to him,' he said. I read:

GREENSBORO', April —.

Lincoln was assassinated the night of the 14th in Ford's theater. Seward was assassinated about the same time in his own house. Grant has marched his army back to Washington to declare himself military dictator. J. E. JOHNSTON.

I cannot recall the exact date of the dispatch. But it necessarily traveled slowly, as we had cut all telegraph wires, burned bridges, torn up railroads, and impeded travel all we could.

In laying down the dispatch in front of General Echols. I remarked, casually, "Pretty good pill, general, but too thickly coated." I presumed it was a doctored dispatch intended to encourage their men and dishearten ours.

It was not long until Mr. Davis left the room, and several others followed. General Echols asked: "Mr. Thomson, where is Burbridge and his niggers?" "Just back of Lincolntown," I said. I was somewhat incensed, and retaliated with, "I see you have President Davis with you, general."

Looking around the room the general said, "No, Mr. Davis is not here."

"But," said I, "he was here a few minutes ago."

"Mr. Thomson, I am surprised at your asking any such question while here under a flag of truce," said the general.

"Oh, I beg pardon, general, you broke down that bar by asking about Burnbridge and his niggers." General Echols, smiling, said:

"Yes, President Davis is with us."

Soon after we partook of a party repast furnished by Mrs. Echols, and took our departure for our post.

## LITTLE BURGLAR, MUCH BOODLE.

### How a Thief Was Detected and Given an Undressing.

The Yonkers, N. Y., police the other day captured 250 pounds of burglar, which netted them 150 pounds of prisoner. The extra hundred pounds was stolen feminine attire and miscellaneous dry goods, in which the thief had so swathed his person that he could not escape when pursued. At the station the sergeant ordered the man to take off his coat and vest. Layer after layer of clothing was removed, and when it was all done there stood before them a person weighing about 150 pounds. These are some of the things in which he was clothed:

Three pairs of corsets.
Two corset waists.
A woman's night robe.
A balloon sleeve pink waist.
Two white vests.
A black Merino skirt.
A red plush wrapper.
One pair of black stockings.
One breakfast gown.

The bottom parts of the gowns were stuffed into his trousers, which gave him the appearance of a great corpulency. Stuffed in his bosom were a feather fan and a piece of duchesse lace. His name is James McCloskey and he is 35 years old. In the bundle which he carried were several hundred miscellaneous articles, some of which were valuable. There were clothing, shoes, hats, caps, pipes, pocketbooks, jewelry, silverware, two watches and a small handbag containing money.

### New Diving Dress.

A new diving dress has been tried at Hobart with very satisfactory results. The diver worked at a depth of 30 fathoms, and remained at this depth 35 minutes without the slightest ill effect.

### Karl's Wagon.

In Germany the star group which we call the "big dipper" is known as "Karl's wagon."


Spokane Falls & Northern R R

Nelson & Fort Shepard R R

ONLY ROUTE TO TRAIL CREEK.

AND MINERAL DISTRICT OF THE COLVILLE RESERVATION, NELSON, KASLO, KOOTENAI LAKE AND SLOCAN POINTS.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY BETWEEN SPOKANE AND NELSON, B. C.

| Leave. | | Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| 7:00 a. m..... | ....Spokane.... | ....6:15 p. m. |
| 8:40 a. m..... | .....Nelson.... | .....5:00 p. m. |

Passengers for Trail Creek Mines connect at Northport with stages and steamer daily.

Close connections at Nelson with steamers for Kaslo and all Kootenai lake points.

Passengers for Kettle river and Boundary Creek connect at Marcus with stage daily.


## HE HAS WON A STRANGE WAGER.

### Why Congressman Southwick Refrained From Indulging.

In addition to his salary as representative from the Albany, N. Y., district, George N. Southwick is entitled to a bonus of $2000. This amount will be paid to him not for any special service in the house of representatives, but as the result of a wager that he would abstain from intoxicating liquors for one year. Mr. Southwick was warned by Anthony N. Brady, one of the wealthiest citizens of Albany, on November 26, 1895, that the allurements of Washington life might prove too strong for him to resist, particularly in the matter of indulgence in strong drink. Banter among several gentlemen present led to a declaration by the representative that he would never drink again. Mr. Brady promptly offered to bet him $2000 he could not abstain one year. The wager was taken and, in addition, several side wagers were made by Mr. Southwick's friends, both for and against his chances of success. One of these was laid by Mr. Brady with Eugene D. Wood, the amount being $5000 to $3000 that the representative would fail.

### Lost Her Propeller Blade.

Queenstown, Dec. 5.—The Cunard steamer Etruria, from New York, which arrived here at 10 o'clock last night, and proceeded on her voyage, has signalled that she lost her propeller blade, which will delay her arrival at Liverpool.

### Born on Christmas Day.

On December 25 there were born Sir Isaac Newton, William Collins, the English poet; Richard Parson, the great critic and classical scholar.

### New Gold Discovery.

In Egypt the swallows generally leave the town on the eve of an outbreak of cholera.


# GRAND FORKS

THE GATEWAY TO THE

## Kettle River

AND

## Boundary Countries.

The Supply Point of Grand Prairie, North Forks, Christina Lake and Reservation Mining and Agricultural Districts.

Lots are Selling Readily and are a Good Investment.

Has a Daily Mail and Stage Service to and from Marcus

There isno Boom but a Good, Healthy Growth.

For further particulars, Address

MANLY BROS. & AVERILL, Prop's.

or Lloyd A. Manly, John A. Manly, W. G. Averill.

Mims & Kearney, Agts, Grand Forks, B. C. Spokane, Wash.

## Kettle River Stage Line.

G. W. WILLIAMS, Manager.

: : : FROM : : :

Marcus to Grand Forks, Greenwood, Anaconda, Boundary Falls and Midway, B. C., And all Points on the Reservation.

Stages Leave Marcus on the Arrival of the Train.

| | |
|---|---|
| Leave Grand Forks | 4:00 a. m. |
| Arrive Grand Forks | 9:00 p. m. |
| Leave Marcus | 12 m. |
| Arrive Marcus | 11:00 a. m. |

## BOUNDARY HOTEL

MIDWAY, KETTLE RIVER.

First Class Accommodation, Good Stabling, Terminus of Stage Line from Marcus, Washington.

McAULEY & LUNDY, - - - - Proprietors

## SANSOM & HOLBROOK

Financial, : Mining : and : Real : Estate : Agents,

GREENWOOD CITY, B. C.

FARMING LANDS AND OTHER PROPERTIES

Investors Shown Claims by an experienced man.

DEALERS IN MINES AND TIMBER LANDS

A Large List of Good Claims for Sale on Our Hands

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SIGNS

House and Carriage Painting,

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Grand Forks and Greenwood City, B. C.

Prospector's : Livery, : Feed : and : Sale : Stables

GRAND FORKS, B. C.,

Livery Teams,
Saddle and Pack Ho
Ladies Sadd

HAY, GRAIN
FO

Teaming of all Kinds a Specialty.

# THE FARM AND ORCHARD

**PECULIAR TRUTHS ABOUT COWS WELL KNOWN TO DAIRYMEN.**

**A Dry Stall With Plenty of Water to Drink and Good, Wholesome Food to Eat.**

There are some peculiar truths about cows well known to old dairymen that are hardly suspected by the new man, and they are of vital importance, too, so far as getting a profit out of her is concerned, says the Farm and Home. It has long been a disputed point whether a cow could of her own will hold her milk. This is more a question of theory than of practice, for we all agree that she does it, whether voluntarily or involuntarily, it matters not. When a cow's young calf is taken away, or when she is beaten or frightened, the milk instantly ceases to flow. When she is chilled or otherwise made uncomfortable, the same result follows.

When any of these things happen in a very marked degree, the stoppage of the milk is equally marked, and any one with half an eye to his own interest will stop the performance. He will instantly conclude that the fun does not pay for the candle. It is not the big leaks of this kind where danger creeps in; it is through the little crawfish holes that the water comes that finally carries away the dam. Here is a herd of 10 cows that in mild, good fall weather is giving 200 pounds of milk a day. All of a sudden a cold wave settles down from the northwest and spreads a cold, drizzling rain over the land.

The cows get a broadside of this and are driven into the woods or fence corners. They get cold and refuse to go out into the pasture to eat. They stand idly around the stable waiting to get in and satisfy themselves with what little dry food you are willing to give them. Now look at your milk yield. What has become of that 200-pound yield? If you do not daily weigh the milk or sell it by measure, but only make butter out of it, the chances are you will not know what you are losing until the butter supply falls short, when perhaps the weather has turned warm again and you have forgotten the cold and wet spell. You do not know what is the matter that the cows should shrink so fast. This is where the leaks come in that cut off perhaps from 50 to 200 per cent of the profits.

A cold, wet cow can not make her full supply of milk. A frightened or abused cow will not or can not, certainly does not, make her full supply. Does not common sense tell you that in order to get a big lot of milk out of the herd you must make all the cows comfortable? Treat each one "as a lady," make her hot in a dry stall with plenty of water to drink and lots of good, wholesome food to eat, then rub her down and be gentle with her, and she will make you laugh to see the milk come, and wonder at what a fool you have been these long years in treating her like a low beast, while she got in her revenge on you by eating her head off once or twice a year.

**THE DECAYING ORGANIC MATTER.**

**Humus and Its Relation to the Fertility of the Land.**

By a fertile soil we mean one capable of bringing forth profitable crops. No matter how much plant food there may be, unless the soil can be made to raise a paying crop, then that soil is not a fertile one, says L. A. Clinton, of Cornell university, in the Farm and Fireside. True, the trouble may be with the farmer himself, but unless he possess the ability and knowledge to set free and utilize the plant food, that soil to him is not a fertile one.

The relation between humus and soil fertility is not always fully appreciated. By humus we mean the decaying organic matter of the soil. The amount of it in the soil may vary from nothing to almost 100 per cent, but a certain amount of it is absolutely essential to soil fertility. Its value lies so much in its chemical influence as in its physical action. It is a great reservoir for the storage of nitrogen and moisture. It affects the temperature of the soil by making it warmer. Humus, and its relation to soil moisture, is usually not taken into consideration by the average farmer, yet it is in this way that it exerts its most beneficial action in the soil. It is able to absorb moisture from the atmosphere, and having once taken it up, holds it.

Schubler found the amount of moisture absorbed by different air-dried soils in 24 hours to be as follows:

| | Per cent. |
|---|---|
| Silicious sand | .0 |
| Calcareous sand | 0.3 |
| Loamy clay | 3.0 |
| Pure clay | 4.2 |
| Humus | 9.7 |

It will be seen from this that humus took up more than double the moisture of any other soil.

That humus is able to retain moisture was also proven by Schubler. He took several samples of soil and dried them thoroughly, and then saturated them with water, allowing this to drain out, and then found the amount of water retained to be as follows:

| | Per cent of Weight. |
|---|---|
| Silicious sand | 25 |
| Calcareous sand | 29 |
| Loamy clay | 50 |
| Pure gray clay | 71 |
| Humus | 181 |

It will thus be seen that humus is able not only to absorb moisture, but also to retain it.

When we plow under a green crop or stable manure, we are then not only adding plant food to the soil, but we are adding this valuable humus which is able to retain 181 per cent of its weight of moisture. Here is where farming with commercial fertilizers fails. Though we may give all the plant food necessary for the growth and development of the plant, the commercial fertilizer does not add humus to the soil. If its use is continued year after year without being supplemented by green or barn manures, the humus of the soil is finally used up, and the crop fails because there is no power in the soil to hold moisture.

**The Beautiful.**

What endless lines of beauty curve about
The central force that doth all things create!
And, ever widening to the reverent hand
What deep dominion lies in human skill
Exalted, step by step, to understand
Some little measure of the sovereign will.
From round to round the sweet, triumphant breath
Inspires the humblest craft and highest art;
The greatest word a mighty poet saith
Finds in the lowliest life a certain counterpart.
So be that it is good when it be done,
All work is beautiful, all beauty one.
—Florence L. Snow, "The Lamp of Gold."

**Medicine in Ancient Egypt.**

In ancient Egypt the art and practice of medicine and surgery were confined to the priesthood. Each priest adopted a specialty. Evidences of ancient dentistry revealed in the opening of tombs indicate that a high proficiency had been attained in at least one branch of dental art.

**The Eyesight of Bats.**

Common bats appear to be practically blind, not only in the light, but also in the dusk, says a naturalist. Some I kept could never see the mealworms with which I fed them, or the paint brush with which I gave them water, until it was within one-third of an inch of their snouts.

**Tobacco Users.**

It is estimated that two-thirds of the grown male population of the globe either smoke or chew tobacco.

## THE HOWARD UNIVERSITY IN 1840.

**Southern Students Were Conspicuous in the Law School.**

The college of that period has been somtimes described as drawing its students from a smaller geographical range than at present, says Colonel Higginson in the December Atlantic. This was of course true in a general way, yet in one respect the precise contrary was the case. In that ante-bellum period, the southern students were a noticeable element in the college, and a very conspicuous one in the law school, being drawn thereto by the great reputation of Judge Story; and as these youths were all reared under the influence of slavery, they contributed a far more distinctive element in Cambridge society than anything now to be seen there. The difference now between the richest student from New York or California and the very poorest and most abstemious boy from some New England farm is not nearly so marked as that which then distinguished the demeanor of the average southern from the average New England student. As a rule the southerners were clearly the favorites in Cambridge society; they usually had charming manners, social aptitudes, imperious ways, abundant leisure and plenty of money; they were graceful dancers, often musical and sometimes well taught. On the other hand they were often indolent, profligate and quarrelsome; they were almost wholly responsible for the "town and gown" rows, now extinct, but then not infrequent. Contributing sometimes the most brilliant young men to the law school, they furnished also a class who, having been brought up on remote plantations and much indulged, had remained grossly ignorant. I remember one in particular who was supposed to have entered the law school, but proved to be taking private lessons in something or other from Charles Devens, afterwards judge and major general. A mystery hung about the matter till it was found that the youth, who was as showy as any of his companions in dress and bearing, was simply learning to read and write.

## AT AN EMPRESS' GARDEN PARTY.

**Japan's Annual Celebration of the Blossoming of the Cherry Trees.**

Mrs. Robert P. Porter writes graphically and interestingly in the December Ladies' Home Journal of "The Garden Party of an Empress," a picturesque function which she attended during a recent visit to Tokio, Japan, given in honor of the blossoming of the cherry tree. "The guests," she says, "numbering six or seven hundred, representing every phase of foreign visitor, had all assembled (in the magnificent garden adjoining the palace) and, as requested, formed in line on either side of the broad path leading from a beautiful bridge, over which the empress was to walk on foot, after entering on the other side of the palace gardens. The ladies formed on one side, the gentlemen on the other. The many brilliant uniforms, some of them liberally decorated, and the variety of hues of the ladies' dresses, with the rich background of foliage and flowering trees, formed a spectacle that must have struck even the imperial eye as dazzling. Presently the sounds of the national hymn could be heard in the distance, as it was played by the royal band, and a few minutes later, in absolute silence, appeared Mr. Yoshitane Sannomiya, the master of ceremonies, who preceded the empress and her ladies, partly backing or walking sideways with the greatest skill, up the open path. As the empress advanced she held herself very erect, and walked with an ease and grace that were astonishing when one remembers that she never wore a European dress until within recent years, and grew to maturity without her little feet touching the bare earth. As the royal cortege passed by the empress cast a glance, quick and searching as lightning, to the right and to the left, apparently to see that no one was neglecting to pay homage, which consisted of the most profound salutations of which the guests were capable. Apparently her majesty was pleased at the manner of her reception, for a slight smile touched her red lips, and she inclined her head now and then most graciously. As soon as the last of the suite had passed the ladies and gentlemen fell into line and slowly followed the royal party through the long and fairy-like walk of trees and flowers and running streams, until a large, open sward was reached. Over its rich, green surface was extended a long marquee, under which ran tables liberally decorated with flowers, fruit, confections, flags, and marvelously-made dishes."

## AUTOGRAPHS OF THE EVANGELISTS.

**Perhaps It Is for the Best That None of the Original Gospels Exist.**

Some of our readers there may be who find it difficult to understand why, since God has revealed to us his will in a book, or rather in a library of inspired books, as the Bible truly is, He has not at the same time given us an infallible text, says Agnes Smith Lewis in the December Century. How much labor would have been saved had we possessed the autographs of four evangelists! To this we answer that, had one such autograph existed, some branch of the Christian church, possibly every branch, ourselves included, would have made an idol of the writer's parchment, while neglecting its teachings altogether. We can only seek to comprehend the ways of Providence in one sphere by observing them in another. Man is the heir of all things; yet he is sent into the world to depend for food, clothing, and all the comforts and adornments of life, on his wits. How greatly is he thereby differentiated from the brutes! How immeasurably is the educated man, and especially the scientific investigator, raised above the savage simply as the result of his own efforts!

Is it not possible that He who gave the Word of Life designs to quicken our interest in it by arousing afresh in each successive generation of Christians the desire to approach nearer to its sources, to remove the undergrowth of legend and tradition which has sometimes obstructed its free course, and that we are saved from the danger if finding it trite by the feeling that we possess a divine treasure which, though a gift, is not entirely independent of our own exertions for the measure in which it shall minister to our edification?

**Plague of Sparrows and Squirrels.**

While some parts of England are suffering from a plague of sparrows, and others from a profusion of bats, some Scotch estates are complaining of the inroads of squirrels. The woods on the estate of Carloside, near Earlston, belonging to Lord Reay, are suffering serious injury from the large number of these little animals by which they are infested.

**Interior of New Guinea.**

German explorers in New Guinea, Dr. Lauterbach, Dr. Keruting and Herr Tappenbeck, discovered in October at the foot of the Bismarck mountains a navigable stream flowing through a fruitful and thickly populated plain, over which they traveled for 200 miles. This is the first well populated area that has been discovered in the interior of New Guinea.

**India's Languages.**

India has hundreds of dialects, which may all be classed under three great heads, the Sanscrit, Pracrit and Magadhi. The Sanscrit is the fundamental language, and that of the Vepdas; the Pracrit, the vernacular language in many dialects, and the Magadhi or Misra is that of Ceylon and the islands.

## PAT'S THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

Yez may sing wid yez illigant varses
Av the turkay thot's luvely an' brown;
Shure, Biddy an' Oi are continted
To sit wid another burd down.

The turkay Oi mane was created
Widout any wings fur a floight;
He was born in the say so it's stated
Near the banks av the Georgie's deloight.

Smothered up wid crame-gravey he's luvely,
Wid praties arranged in foine stolle;
Thot's a Thanksgiving faste sotisfoing
Thot make the hull fomily smoile.

The Cod! Bless the Maker av fishes!
Bates turkay thot's luvely an' brown—
Smothered up wid crame-gravey in dishes,
A faste fur a king to put down.
—H. S. Keller.

## LITTLE PHIL'S THANKSGIVING.

"WOT," said little Phil to his friend Ragsy Red, as they shivered together in the shelter of Lick alley, while a cold November rain sifted down along Sutter street, "Wot, is dis T'anksgivin'!"

Ragsy Red bestowed a rather pitying smile of patronage upon his small companion. "It's de day de president gives de big mugs ter be t'ankful fer turkey and small bots," he said.

"Ane where does wese come in?" Phil persisted, looking down at his rags, and shrinking closer to the wall at the touch of a breeze more than usually keen.

"Wese don't," said Ragsy Red, sententiously. "De president don't make no proclamations fer people wid beer incomes. Youse ain't got nuthin' ter be t'ankful fer."

Ragsy Red darted out at a passing car, his bundle of evening papers held tightly under his arm, crying his wares. Little Phil, shivering in the keen wind and the scurry of rain, could not yet make up his mind to the plunge. It was cold where he was—so cold the actual physical pain of it brought tears to his eyes, but the street was colder. It had been a hard day, and his papers were unsold. The few people in the streets, hurrying homeward to warmth and light and generous fare of the season, gave no thought to the little figure shivering in the alley. Men who walk the streets of cities are hardened against their miseries. One forlorn little figure more or less makes no impression. And who wanted to read news or buy newspapers on Thanksgiving? It was a day to shut out the world, to bow before the lares and penates in thanks for the good things the world can bestow. Of such as this is human nature.

Little Phil had been given to nobody, as blessing or curse. He could not remember ever having a kind word spoken to him by man or woman. He was a waif, and he fought his own way in the human stream. The current bore him on, of course. It bears us all on, little and great alike. He managed, small as he was, to keep his head above water. But he could see no possible good to come of holidays in the winter, when grew thin and there was no sale for papers. What right had the president to come between him and his livelihoon? Who was the president, anyway, that his word could stagnate the world? Little Phil wished he might be president. He would certainly see to it that no boy went to bed with an empty belly.

Little Phil mused for a time limited by the narrow grasp of his mental processes. Then the wind and the rain, striking his naked skin, through wide rents in his garments, awakened once more the sense of personal discomfort. After the manner of the self-supporting, going out to meet hostility, he edged closer to the entrance of the alley. The wind, sweeping the rain before it, cut his face and neck and arms like the touch of a river of ice. He shivered as a naked lad shivers on the brink of a pool, feeling the water with his toe. Then, bending his head to take the rain on the thatch of hair sticking through half a dozen holes in the crown of his hat, he plunged out into the darkness, almost into the arms of a pedestrian plodding sturdily along in the opposite direction, who paused at the shock, crying "Hello!"

"Polper, sir?" said little Phil, not a whit dazed; "all about T'anksgivin'"

The man, a great, burly fellow, in a pilot overcoat, held the boy by the shoulder after the collision, and he now lifted him up so as to bring the lad's eyes to a level with his own. Little Phil wished he had been as big and as strong as that.

"No," he said, "I do not want a paper. I have nothing to be thankful for."

There was a merry twinkle in his eye as he said that, like the sparkling of the sea in the sun, which seemed to carry to little Phil's mind the idea that this man had much to be thankful for, if manifest ability to conquer the world counted for anything.

"If I was as big as you, mister," he said, "I'd eat turkey and drink small bots 'stead of jimmyin' around in de cold an' wet."

"Oh, you would," said the large man, suddenly setting little Phil on his feet, but keeping fast hold on his shoulders.

"You bet."

The big man looked long and steadily into the eyes of the waif in front of him. Seven years of struggle in the streets had not given little Phil the faculty of shirking the gaze of a man. The small blue eyes returned without flinching the gaze of the kindly brown ones.

"And will you not," the big man said at last, "have turkey and—and a small bottle for your dinner, too?"

"Not on yer life, boss. I'll be in luck to have coffee and sinkers, I will," indicating his impecuniosity by a large gesture, taking in the street, his unsold papers, the whole mundane situation.

The man hailed a passing car. "You come with me," he said to the boy, and little Phil went. The waif of the street is quick in meeting the situations of life as they arise. He must be if he would keep from under the wheels of trolley cars. A lad of home growth, 8 years old, would have shrunk, and naturally, from contact with this stranger. Little Phil, a man in all but years and almost more than a man in his knowledge of life, accepted the comradeship as precisely the most natural thing in the world. If the boy of the street knows no inferiors he also knows no superiors, save the superiority coming from greater physical force. Little Phil paid his new friend's strength the sincere tribute of envy. That aside, they were on terms of the most perfect equality.

They rode on the car well out toward the western addition, stopping at last before a large house not far from Van Ness avenue. The stranger opened the iron gate boldly, little Phil paddling along at his side, and rang the front door bell. He seemed to be well known there, for he stepped into the house at once when a lackey opened the door.

"I will go up at once to the library, John," he said, "I suppose the doctor is in?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. George, he is in, sir," said John, looking at little Phil with something as closely approaching disfavor as the breeding of a perfect servant would permit.

Little Phil had never been in a house like that before, but the great brown silence of the subdued lights nor the deep carpet into which his wet feet sank at every step could quell the feeling of perfect equality in his small breast. He returned the look of the servant's displeasure with interest and impudence, and followed in the wake of his new friend.

Rev. Dr. Walker, pastor of St. Vitus' Episcopal church, was in the library. He had conducted a most successful Thanksgiving service in the morning and was meditating now upon the excellent dinner whose announcement he was almost momentarily expecting, and to which he had invited a few congenial guests to help him close the day in fitting fashion. There would be evening service at the church, but the curate would attend to that. His parishioners would not expect the rector to stir abroad upon such an unpleasant evening. Sitting there in front of his warm coal fire, his large, white hands held in front of him in the position of the devout, Rev. Dr. Walker looked up as the door was thrown open and the man of the pilot coat entered, little Phil at his heels. The boy's shock head was scarce higher than the writing table in the center of the room, and at first the rector did not see him.

"Ah, Captain George," Rev Dr. Walker said, rubbing his large, white hands, one upon the other, "unceremonious, as usual. I am glad to see you, really. How have you kept the day? You have come to dinner, I hope?"

"Well, no, brother John, I have not come to dinner. I told you I could not, I believe. But I have brought a guest in my place," indicating little Phil, who came for the first time in the rector's view.

"God bless me," said that good man, ceasing suddenly to rub his large white hands together, and looking inexpressibly shocked, "God bless me, George, what is this?"

"I told you I had brought a guest in my place, did I not?"

"But, is not this rather cruel jesting. You did not tell your—er—your friend what he had to expect, I hope."

"Well, no, brother, I did not. I suspect, do you know, that I knew you to well for that."

"That is sensible, brother, that is very sensible," and the rector, arising, stepped toward the electric bell.

"What are you going to do?" the burly brother asked.

"Why, send him to the servants' hall and have him fed and—er—washed. It is the kindest thing."

"And do you suppose he would go?"

"What is he here for?"

"As I told you, I brought him to dinner with you. Your sermon this morning, I believe, was upon the beauty of charity and the equality of all men upon a day of giving thanks."

"But, my dear George, you do not understand. We do not carry beautiful theories into our private lives."

"And your Master, who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me?'"

"A glorious sentiment, brother. A divine sentiment! Mere man can not reach those sublime heights. We feed the hungry. There are the charities. But the Lord gives abundance to some, want to others. We can not imprudently interfere with the working of his mysterious will."

"All men, then, are not equal in the sight of the Master?"

"Only theoretically, brother; only theoretically. The boy has a soul, I dare say. Those common creatures have. But we really can not go out of our way to reach it. He would not feel happy, brother, at the tables of the great."

"You are not willing to try the experiment."

"You are absurd, brother. The bishop is coming to dinner tonight. What would he think? What would my wife say?"

"Did Christ Jesus consider the bishop when he put out his hands to the lowly?"

"But you do not understand. A mere man of today can not hope to emulate the Master's excellence."

"A mere man of today, it seems, is not willing to try. Come on, youngster. There is neither turkey nor small bottle for us here."

"You will not let me send him to the kitchen, brother?" the rector said; but the burly man, the boy in his wake, had gone out. Rev. John Walker sank back into his easy chair before the fire, rubbing his large white hands together, slowly and meditatively. "It is a pity," he mused, "that my brother George is so, so impetuous. If it could be possible I would think my sainted mother made an error when she permitted him to follow his bent and go to sea instead of educating him, as I was educated, for the church."

Captain George—for he was a ship captain, and it was the twinkle of the sea in his eye which had fascinated little Phil at first—and the boy took the next car down town, riding to the water front. It was cold and raw on the water, as they were rowed in the wherry they found waiting at the Clay street landing stage out to one of the great ships in the stream, but little Phil was used to the cold, and Captain George had his great pilot coat. Once on board, they were in a world where Captain George was supreme, and little Phil was presently feasted upon such generous abundance of sea dainties as made him believe, at last, that there were some good things in the world to be thankful for. He slept that night upon a shakedown in the cabin of the Carton Castle, for it had come on to blow while he was at dinner with the captain, though little Phil held on to his dinner like a sailor. And when the ship cleared for Liverpool with a cargo of wheat a week later she had a new cabin boy, 8 years old and with a stock of knowledge sufficient to outfit a whole ship's company of able seamen. Little Phil had been reclaimed from the streets. He kept Thanksgiving always, after that, knowing what it meant.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## LIGHTS AND SIDELIGHTS.

Get ready to be thankful
For joy and hope and peace;
We're far away from Turkey,
But 'possums pose in Grease.

The world is out of blossom,
And falls the wintry fleece;
But pickled pig and 'possum
Are prodigal of peace.
—Atlanta Constitution.

* * *

"Oh, no! There ain't any favorites in this family!" soliloquized Johnny. "Oh, no! If I bite my finger nails I catch it over the knuckles; but the baby can eat his whole foot and they think it's clever."—The Queen.

* * *

If a man really received all his punishment on earth, what a lot of fun his enemies could have.—Buffalo Times.

* * *

"I have ordered everything," he said, sinking wearily on the sofa.

"Did you see about the stoves?" his wife asked.

"Yes; I bought 14 of them—a coal stove and a gas stove for each room."

"And the coal?"

"Yes; 40 tons and eight cords of wood. They will all be delivered at our new place tomorrow."

And next day they moved into their Harlem steam-heated flat.—New York Journal.

The young man who can get trusted for a new overcoat is not likely to take his old one out of pawn.—New Orleans Picayune.

* * *

Miss Van de Siecle—Do you know, Mr. Slowboy, papa wanted to know if you had ever kissed me.

Mr. Slowboy—You don't mean it? You told him "no," I hope?

Miss Van de Siecle—Oh, yes; I said you hadn't as yet.—Commercial Advertiser.

* * *

"Why do you take squash pie, George? You told me you much preferred pumpkin."

"I do; but I don't know just how to pronounce it in a fashionable hotel like this, and with as little money in my pocket as I've got. But squash is dead easy!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

# CRASH OF THE ELEMENTS

**JUST SUPPOSE THAT THE EARTH REVERSED ITS MOTION.**

**Sensational Interview With an Imaginative Ph. D., Who Doesn't Wish His Name Published.**

"Suppose the earth should suddenly be reversed on its axis?"

"What?"

"Suppose the revolution of the earth on its axis should suddenly be reversed—what would happen?"

Scenes worthy of the day of judgment," responded the doctor, "only it opens a curious field for speculation. Rather interesting."

"Of course it is interesting," I assented. "Tell me all about it—from a scientific point of view."

He eyed me suspiciously. "You musn't quote me," he said. "It isn't a scientific proposition. There is no known force that could bring about such a result, and I can't afford to have my name associated with such madcap theorizing. Yet granting the impossible assumption the rest—the necessary results—can be figured out with scientific accuracy. I must admit, such a speculation appeals strongly to the imagination; and if you hold rigidly to the logic of your premises, it is not wholly unprofitable."

"Give me your ideas," I cried, "and I promise to respect your reputation. Tell me just what would happen."

"We must first define the assumption," he said—"just what is reversed. If we mean simply the solid earth and all that is strictly coherent with it, the direct results would be instant and appalling.

"All objects near the equator are moving eastward at the rate of rather more than 16 miles a minute. If the earth should suddenly, not merely stop, but begin to rotate with equal speed in the opposite direction, everything resting upon its surface would be hurled from its position with incredible violence. Every building in the world would be instantly demolished, and its fragments scattered along a splintery trail for leagues to the eastward. A man riding quietly across a broad prairie would be dashed against the distant cliffs on its eastern border before he could utter a single cry, and both horse and rider would be smashed to atoms by the impact—as completely as if they had fallen from the sky. For consider, it would be like the collision of two railway trains, each moving at about 30 times the usual speed; the man's inertia would fling him eastward at the rate of fully 981 miles per hour, and the hillside would clap against him, rushing westward with equal velocity. The great bowlders lying loose on the mountain tops would be projected like cannon balls to distant regions, and would plough into the ground like meteoric stones. A rifle ball, however, if discharged toward the west at the instant of the reversal, would seem to hover for some moments in about the same place, and would finally drop near its starting point."

"And how about the trees?"

"Unless they were included in the assumed reversal, so that the effects of inertia would be obviated, their trunks would be snapped like pipe stems, and the wreck of forests would sweep over the land like a giant broom, until gradually checked by friction. But even if we assume them, as being rooted in the earth, to be included in its reversal of motion, they would not fare much better. For the inertia of the atmosphere would give rise to a wind which would strip them of every leaf and branch—or rather, a hurricane which would tear them up by the roots and bear them bodily to remote districts. Meanwhile, the setting sun would back up through the sky, giving for the once 24 consecutive hours of daylight.

"Moreover, the sea would be flung from its bed, and would surge in an overwhelming tidal wave across the continents. When the waters subsided, the wrecks of the Japanese war fleet might be found scattered amid the ruins of San Francisco—only there would be no one left to search for them; and the debris of San Francisco would in all probability be hopelessly mixed up with the scant remnants of Chicago and New York; for inertia and wind and wave would all combine to sweep them eastward."

"And would the earth ever again become habitable?"

"Yes; in time. But since only the lowest forms of life could survive such a cataclysm—and these would be chiefly marine organisms of the simplest structure—evolution would have to take a fresh start almost from the primordial germs. Countless ages must elapse before the world could be re-peopled.

"Furthermore, the world in which this new and genuinely post-diluvian race would find itself, would present some strange contrasts with the world as we know it. For instance, the sun would rise in the west, and set in the east. The action of the tides would be curiously altered. The course of all the periodic winds and of the great ocean currents would be changed; the ocean beds and the very form of the continents would have suffered marked modifications. Even the precession of the equinoxes—that slow wabble of the poles—would be reversed.

"But there is still another factor to consider—one which we have thus far completely ignored. If we suppose the reversal to be effected by any real force—electrical, for instance—such as might conceivably reverse the motion of a revolving wheel—if, in short, we assume a power not absolutely miraculous and above all natural law, every atom of matter in the earth would be subjected to such a shock and tension that a degree of heat would be generated sufficient to fuse and even vaporize the entire mass. And obviously, if we admit this, all the rest is either forestalled or absorbed in the greater catastrophe. For on this hypothesis the earth would be brought back to its original condition as a nebulous agglomeration of superheated vapors, like those which flame and whirl in fiery eddies upon the incandescent surface of the sun, giving rise to the phenomena of sun spots, "prominences," and the "corona" observed during an eclipse. In that case aeons of time, a slowly lapsing cycle vastly exceeding that implied in all geologic history, would be required to restore the world to its present habitable state."

"There is more science in this thing than I could have believed," I exclaimed.

"Call it the scientific elaboration of a thoroughly unscientific hypothesis," he concluded.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE CHINESE.

**The Treatment of Girl Babies is Far From Civilized.**

Chinese children, when they get up in the morning, as soon as they are dressed, go to the rooms of their fathers and mothers and ask them how they feel and what they can do for them. All day long they must wait upon their parents, not only willingly, but cheerfully, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

This is a part of their religion, and a child who grumbles at what is asked of him is looked upon much as an American child would be who should grumble at the necessity of telling the truth. Indeed, Chinese children are not very particular about telling the truth, although they are particular about obeying their parents.

They take the same pleasure in doing errands for them that our children do in helping a favorite teacher. There are monuments in China to those who have been especially devoted to their parents.

As they dress in the morning to perform that daily duty which is always their lifelong duty, it is interesting to see that both boys and girls wear jackets and trousers. Rich and poor dress alike, except that the poor wear cotton and the rich silk. The main difference between the boys' and the girls' dress is the manner of doing the hair.

When the baby boy is 2 months old his hair, if he has any, is shaved all except two little round spots just over the ears. Here the hair is allowed to grow, and when it is long enough is braided in two little pigtails.

When he is 8 years old it is shaved again, all except a round patch on the crown. When the hair grows it is made into the queue which we see on the heads of the Chinamen on our streets.

The baby girl's hair is allowed to grow and is brushed straight back from the forehead and braided. When she is 8 years old it is put on the top of her head and tied into funny bow knots. It is then decorated with flowers and ornaments of all kinds.

Girl babies in China are not thought much of as a rule. They are frequently sold to be brought up as slaves, or, at least, unpaid household servants, and a traveler states that he has often seen a basket of little baby girls sold in the market for $2 to $5 each.

In many families the girls have no names, but are known as No. 1, 2 or 3. When they are married they are known as Mr. So-and-So's wife, and when they are the mother of a son, as such and such a one's mother. The first prayer that many maidens make at the shrine of Buddha is that in the next state of existence they may be men.

They probably wish so very strongly when they are about 5 years old, for then most of the little girls have their feet bandaged. The parents wait until the children are big enough to walk well, and then they turn the little girl's toes back under the foot and wind them tightly about with a cotton bandage.

They press the foot so tightly that it can not grow, and the little toes almost disappear. It hurts awfully at first, and the poor girls cry bitterly. But then if their feet are not bandaged no man will marry them, and what a dreadful thing that would be.

So all the loving mothers tie up their little girls' feet and think that they are doing them a kindness. After about six weeks the children can stand it to walk on their poor, tied up feet, and the Chinese think that the queer way they stump around is very beautiful.

## SOME LUXURIES FOR THE INSANE.

**If They Have Money Their Expensive Tastes Are Indulged.**

Although as a rule patients in an asylum for the insane differ little in their habits from the ordinary run of rational persons, some have queer fads, especially in the matter of diet, says the New York World. One male patient in the Bloomingdale asylum at White Plains, N. Y., insists upon having an omelet every morning for breakfast, and refuses to eat anything until he is given one.

A female patient declines to eat food which is not brought to her in the original package, so she may open it herself. After it is opened she insists upon keeping the contents constantly under her supervision. She will eat none but raw eggs, breaking theshells herself. She eats oranges and bananas only when allowed to peel them herself. She imagines that her food will be poisoned unless she protects herself in this way.

In a large asylum like Bloomingdale there is always a number of patients that imagine that their food will be poisoned and consequently flatly refuse to eat. All the food such patients get has to be passed through a tube into their stomachs. One woman at Bloomingdale imagines that on account of some great sin which she has committed all her food is cursed, and she has to be artificially fed.

There is no restriction on a patient's diet if he can afford to satisfy his whims except to keep him within the bounds of hygienic law. Many of the inmates, reared in luxury, have champagne appetites, and they do not go unsatisfied if they have money enough to pay for wine. A small supply of champagne is always kept at the asylum. Not infrequently the friends of wealthy patients visit them and bring lunch and champagne, which are often served in the patient's private apartment, but always under the supervision of an asylum attendant.

Many patients demand rare game in season, and often out of season, and they get it if they can afford it. Some also have extravagant tastes in cigars, and while a 15-cent cigar is the best kept in stock at the asylum, the authorities place no restriction on friends sending in cigars of any grade. Cigars and smoking tobacco are scheduled as luxuries, and are charged to the patients who use them.

**Kleptomania.**

"I am happily able to prove," remarked the counsel for the defense, "that my client is a kleptomaniac. To that end if it pleases the court, I submit in evidence the deeds in her name to $100,000 worth of unincumbered real estate and gilt-edged securities to the amount of another $100,000. We rest."

The jury found a verdict of acquittal without leaving their seats.—Detroit Tribune.

**Street Railway Mileage.**

The whole street railway mileage of the United States, says the Car, is nearly 15,000 miles, and the mileage of the principal cities is as follows: Philadelphia, 400 miles; New York, including 100 miles elevated, 427 miles; Boston, including suburban lines, 550 miles; Brooklyn, including 55 miles elevated, 405 miles; Chicago, including 66 miles elevated, 659 miles.

# GRAND FORKS MINER.

BY F. H. McCARTER & SON.

THE MINER is published on Saturday and will mailed to Subscriber on payment of Two Dollars a year.

Displayed Advertisements $2 an inch per month. A liberal discount allowed on long contracts.

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Job Printing at Fair rates. All accounts fo job work and advertising payable on the first o each month. F. H. McCARTER & SON.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1896.


IN THE Victoria Times of December 4 there appears an article by "L. T. P." on the subject of B. C. mines. In this article the writer takes occasion to greatly disparrage our mines, comparing them with the great mines of South Afaica and West Australia. This is indeed a good way of determining the value of our properties—providing the comparison is fairly made. This we contend that "L. T. P." has not done. On the contrary he puts himself out to belittle onr mines. "Some of the Slocan mines," he says, "are rich and exceedingly promising but it is too soon to predict that any of them will approach the Broken Hill mine in New South Wales, which has paid over fifty millions of dollars in dividends." Then he goes on to con pare the gold mines of B. C, with those of Australia and South Africa—and here again he errs. Instead of comparing the LeRoi, War Eagle, etc., with the great South Africa mines, the Ferreira and Robinson, as they are today he should have compared them at the same stage of development. The question should not be: Have the Slocan mines paid as big dividends as the Broken Hill; or have the LeRoi, and War Eagle produced as well as the Ferreira and Robinson? It should rather be: The Slocan Star has paid $300,000 in dividends; had the Broken Hill paid as well at the same stage of development? The Noble Five has shipped $121,000 worth of clean ore; what had the Broken Hill shipped at the same stage? The LeRoi has paid $250,000, the War Eagle $187,000 and the Cariboo $112,000 in divideneds; how did the Ferreira and Robinson stand when the same amount of work had been done on them? By comparing in this way, and only by such comparison, can we form a true estimate of the relative values of the different properties. Any other comparison is ridiculous. And we have no hesitancy in expressing our opinion that by the above system of comparison the mines of British Columbia will rank with anything in the mining world. The fact is conceeded by all who have visited our great mineral belt that nowhere else have such wonderful surface showings and enormous ledges been disclosed; and the unanimity with with which the ore increases in value as depth is gained on each new property worked is sufficient to justify anyone in claiming the British Columbia gold mines to surpass anything in the known world,

As will be seen elsewhere in this paper the inhabitants of this town through their solicitor, Mr. Frank Higgins, intend to apply to the legistlative assembly of British Columbia at its next session for an act to incorporate them as a municipality.

The fact that Grand Forks has grown from four or five houses to several hundred inhabitants, within the space 12 of months, away from railway facilities of any kind, speaks volumes and now we are to be incorporated and have a municipal government of our own, when we will be in a position to make public improvements such as street grading, sidewalks etc., and also secure a fire system which is a most necessary appendage to a town of any magnitude.

The fact of this town growing so rapidly and becoming the natural mercantile center of the Kettle River district before the advent of a railway naturally leads one to ask the question: "What will the town become when a railway actually heads this way in the spring?" There will be a great influx of capital seeking investment which will be followed by the establishment of new business enterprises of various kinds and Grands Forks will, within the next 12 months change from a busy town into a flourishing city having the various mining camps as its tributaries.

The question may arise: "What is there at the junction of the forks of Kettle river to make such a town at Grand Forks. It is gold! Gold mines at our very threshold. There are over a dozen properties within one mile of the center of town which assay high in gold and copper. Then there are the North Fork properties, including the Volcanic and over 50 other mines which are only waiting for transportation facilities to commence shipping. So it does not take the wisdom of a philosopher to forsee that Grand Forks is destined to become a great city.

The fact that this town finds it necessary to incorporate is enough in itself. We can one and all congratulate ourselves that we are residents of Grand Forks.

Knight's Restaurant for a square meal. Only 25 cents.

## MINE NEWS.

### Interesting Items Gathered From Many Sources.—Mining Notes.

Arthur Langford, who owns several fine claims in Knight's camp is likely ta close a deal for at least one of these properties at any early day.

Bennett and Jones who own the Webfoot, on Fisherman's creek have completed their annual assessment work with most satisfactory results.

Smith and Ester, the owners of the No. 3, property on Pass creek are pushing ahead with their tunnel which they are running into their 30 foot ledge.

McCurse & Miller, owners of the Iron King which is situated between Pass and Brown's creeks, are getting some fine copper ore in their 50 foot tunnel.

The Hamfat property, in Brown's camp is looking well, their being a well defined ledge which has been recently stripped by the owner for over 50 feet.

There is 8 feet of solid pay ore now in sight on the Lame-foot claim, on Curlew creek which is owned by the Frankfort Mining and Milling Company of Spokane.

A big copper assay was recently made from a sample of ore taken from the Cecil claim on Kermoos creek on the Reservation which is owned by John King and E. H. Thompson.

The parties who have the contract for driving the 100 foot tunnel in the Boneta have been considerably delayed in their progress by the non-arrival of their black smithing outfit which is some where between Spokane and Grand Forks.

Rossland capitalists are negotiating for the purchase on a bond of a group of three claims up the North Fork which are known as the Iron King, The SilverCon and another property of which D. P. Mitchell, of this town is a part owner.

The Reservation Mining & Milling Company, of Spokane, which owns the Lone Star, on the other side of the line have got a quantity of ore at the entrance of their 250 foot tunnel just waiting for transportation facilities.

## KETTLE RIVER MINING DIVISION

### Records of Mineral Locations for the Week Ending Dec. 1.

November 24: Virginia City, Brown's camp, Ella Clark.
California, Browns camp, W. C. Harris.
Ajax, Deadwood camp, J. B. Hannifin.
November 28: Rainbow, Christina lake, Charles Ladner.
November 30: Virginius, Greenwood camp, John Frost.
War Eagle, Kimberly camp, J. M. Jarrette.
December 1: Midnight, Brown's camp, Chas. Cummings.
Belcher, Grand Forks, A. L. Rogers.
Piastre, Seattle camp, D. B. Pettyjohn.
Britton, Seattle camp, D. B. Pettyjohn.

CERTIFICATES OF WORK.

November 24: Montana, D. Hannifin.
Caledonia, J. W. McCann and J. L. Wiseman
Hidden Treasure, T. Parkinson and W. Pfeifer.
Platt, P. Aspinwall et al.
November 25: E. C. B., E. C. Brown.
November 26: Black Hawk, Thos. Walsh, C. A. Baldwin and Ed. Baillie.
Ida, Geo. Hicken.
Legal Tender, J. L. Wiseman,
J. A. C., D. W. Holbrook.
November 28: Glenwood, Jas. Sutherland.
Novmeber 30: Hopewell, Archie Connors.
December 1: Fred D., G. Averill and Procter Joiner.
Altruist, E. C. Brown.

TRANSFERS.

November 24: Vancouver, ½ interest, A. G. Boggs to F. H. Young.
Lakeside Fraction, all interest, G. Thrasher J. A. Cameron and S. Emerson.
North Seattle Fraction, Mrs. E. Clark to R. Clark.
Waterloo, ¼ interest, E. Davis to H. B. Cannon and R. C. Studwick.
Indian Queen, Mascot and Little Volcanic, all interest, H. A. Sheads to Grand Forks Gold Mining Company.
Victory, all interest, A. Wallace to W. M. Law.
November 26: Tiger and Diamond Hitch, ½ interest, D. L. Beach to Frank Guse.
November 28: Napoleon Bonaparte and Mayflower, all interest, and Mark Antony, ½ interest, Joe Gelinas to English & French Gold Mining Company.
Best, all interest, Alex Dorlas to the English & French Gold Mining Company.
Rambler, all interest, A. G. Davies and C. Frank to Everett & Spokane Mining Co.
November 30: Humming Bird, 1-20 interest each, Julius Ehlrich to Sidney J. Luce, Jay Carl Williams, W. F. O'Brien and C. F. Crisp.
December 1: Comstock Lode, all interest, Geo. Lynch to E. P. Bushnell, H. W. Atkinson and R. J. Geogan.
Carlisle, ½ int., and Marguerite, all int., M. E. Melor to H. M. Campbell.
Iva Lenore, J. P. Harlan and T. D. Johnson, ½ int. each to J. C. Haas, and J. C. Haas all interest to H. Cuthbert.
Uncle, ½ int., Otto Diller to G. T. Hodgson, G. T. Hodgson to R. H. DeGrey and R. H. DeGrey to H. Cuthbert.
Coin, ½ int., J. A. Elliott to H. A. Sheads.
Chespeak, fractional, all interest, H. A. Sheads to W. K. White.
Helen, ½ int., J. C. Haas to Wood.
Snowslide, ¼ int., J. Riley to Nathan Toklas.

Dr. Jakes of Greenwood, who is coroner for this portion of Yale district and who recently held an inquest on the body of Ma[illegible] at Camp McKinney appears to have acted beyond his jurisdiction in [illegible] g as ppears that [illegible]er Jakes, authority ended several miles east of Camp McKinny; consequently Dr. Morris of Vernon, who is coroner for the Camp McKinney district, has held another inquest at the camp. No particular blame, however, can be attached to Dr. Jakes as he undoubtedly believed Camp McKinney to be in the Kettle River district.


# Bonds of Electric, Steam or Horse Car Railways

PLACED AT SHORTEST NOTICE

Persons having mining or other Properties that will bear investigation, can have a Company promoted, or sell them, by addressing. . . . .

MANHATTAN INVESTORS & SECURITIES CO., Ltd.

7 and 19 Broadway, New York City. London offices:—Chiswell House, No. 139 Finsbury Pavement, London, E. C., England.


## NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, having leased the building known as the Grand Forks Hotel, I am, however, in no way connected with or interested in the saloon that has been carried on in the past in this buiding.

GEO. P. MIMS.

## NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PRIVATE BILL.

### TOWNSITE OF GRAND FORKS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia for an Act incorporating the inhabitants of the townsite of Grand Forks, in the Osoyoos division of the district of Yale, as a municipality, to define the limits of said corporation, with such provisions of the general municipal acts now in force in the Province, and such other provisions as may be applicable, or necessary or expedient; and with such further provision as will enable a vote to be taken, at the time fixed for the first election, to determine whether the affairs of the corporation shall, subject to the provisions of the Act of incorporation, be managed by an executive of three commissioners or by a mayor and three aldermen.

FRANK HIGGINS,
Solicitor for Applicants.

## NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PRIVATE BILL.

### GRAND FORKS WATER, POWER, AND LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session for an Act to incorporate the Grand Forks Water, Power and Light Company, Limited, with power to appropriate, take, and use from the North Fork of Kettle River, and Manly creek, at points above the townsite of Grand Forks, Osoyoos Division of East Yale District, so much of the water as may be necessary for, and to utilize the water so diverted for, the following purposes, namely; of generating electricity and of supplying the same within the district hereinafter mentioned either for electric lighting, motive power, telegraph, telephone or other works; of supplying water to consumers as a motive power for hauling, pumping, lighting, smelting, drilling, or for any other purpose for which it may be applied or acquired; of supplying water for domestic, mining, manufacturing, and other purposes to the miners, smelters, operators of tramways, and inhabitants of the townsite of Grand Forks and of a strip of territory not exceeding six miles in width on either side of the South Fork of Kettle River and not exceeding in length twenty-five miles above the said townsite of Grand Forks along the line of the North Fork of Kettle River; and with power to construct and maintain buildings, erections, dams, ditches, flumes, raceways, or other works necessary for carrying out the above purposes, or any of them, or for improving or increasing the said water privileges; and with power to enter and expropriate land for a site for power houses, and for dams ditches, raceways and reservoirs, and for carrying the electric current underground or overhead and for such other works as may be necessary and for the building thereon of mills, manufactories, or any erection for the purpose of carrying on any industry; and with power to erect, lay, construct and maintain buildings, pipes, poles, wires, appliances or convenience necessary or proper for the generating and transmitting of electricity and power; and with power to constuct, equip, operate and maintain tramways for the purpose of carrying passengers or freight in the district above mentioned; and with power to maintain and operate a telephone system in the said district and with power to do all such things as are incident or conducive to the attainment of the above objects.

Dated at the City of Victoria this 8th day of December, 1896.

HUNTER & DUFF,
Agents for Fulton & Ward,
Solicitors for the applicants.


## Grand Ball AND Shooting Match

AT CARSON, B. C.

# Christmas Eve.

There will be a shooting match for Turkeys and Chickens at Carson, B. C. Christmas Day, December 25, at 2:30 p. m., sharp. Ball and supper at Grand Prairie Hotel. All are Invited.

McLAREN BROS.

# NOTICE

The best wire spring in the world is made in Grand Forks. I also do all kinds of fine furniture and other

REPAIRING, RUBBER STAMPS,

and Seals. Agent for the best makes of Sewing machines. Also the Hummer bicycle.

J. W. JONES, GRAND FORKS, B. C

## HEPWORTH & CO.

# Druggists Etc.

A Full Stock of Toilet Articles Always on Hand. Also a Well Assorted Supply of

STATIONERY AND WALL PAPER.

SURGERY IN REAR OF DRUG STORE. . . . . .

MANLY'S NEW BLOCK. GRAND FORKS B. C


## CERTIFICATE OF THE REGISTRATION OF A FOREIGN COMPANY.

"COMPANIES' ACT," PART IV, AND AMENDING ACTS.

*"The Keough Gold and Copper Mining Company" (Foreign.)*

Registered the 25th day of November, 1896.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have this day registered "The Keough Gold and Copper Mining Company" (Foreign), under the "Companies' Act," Part IV., "Registration of Foreign Companies," and amending Acts.

The head office of the said company is situated at the City of Salt Lake, State of Utah, U. S. A.

The objects for which the Company is established are:—To purchase, work, develop and manage the R-Bell lode mining claim, the Aspen lode mining claim, the Delamar lode mining claim and the Remington lode mining claim, all situate in Yale Mining District, British Columbia, and to acquire mines, mills, reduction works and such property real and personal as may be suitable or convenient for carrying on a general mining and milling business; and to operate, buy, sell or exchange, mines, mills, reduction works and all property necessary or convenient to the business.

The capital stock of the said Company is two hundred thousand dollars, divided into two hundred thousand shares of the par value of one dollar each.

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, Province of British Columba, this 25th day of November, 1896.

[L. S.] S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

## NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PRIVATE BILL.

### CASCADE WATER, POWER, AND LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HERERY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next session for an Act incorporating the Cascade Water, Power, and Light Company, Limited with power to appropriate and use so much water from Boundary creek, Kettle river and the North Fork of Kettle river as the company may see fit, for the purpose of establishing water-works and supplying water for mining, domestic, manufacturing, and other purposes to the inhabitants of the townsites of Midway, Anaconda, Greenwood, Grand Forks and Cascade City in Yale district and to appropriate and use 150,000 miner's inches of water from Kettle river, near Cascade City for the purpose of generating electricity for the supply of light heat, and power to the inhabitants, cities, towns, mines, smelters and tramways within a radius of 40 miles from the said townsite of Grand Forks and to construct, erect and maintain all necessary works, buildings, dams, raceways, flumes, poles and erections, lay pipes and stretch wires for generating, and supplying electricity as aforesaid and to enter upon and expropriate land for the purposes of the Company and also to construct, maintain and operate tramway and telephone systems within the said radius of 40 miles, and to do all other things necessary or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

Dated at the City of Victoria the 10th day of November, A. D. 1896.

FRANK HIGGINS,
Solicitor for Applicants.

## MINERAL ACT 1896.

(FORM F.)

*Certificate of Improvements Notice.*

### SEATTLE MINERAL CLAIM.

Seattle Mineral Claim, situate in the Kettle River Mining Division of Yale District.

Where located—In Brown's camp on the west side of the North Fork of Kettle river.

TAKE NOTICE that I, F. Wollaston, acting as agent for the Seattle Mining & Smelting Company (Foreign), free miner's certificate No. 87,445, intend 60 days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 20th day November, 1896.

F. WOLLASTON.

## NOTICE.

*To Messrs. S. R. Almond Esq., J. P., Carson, B. C., and P. T. McCallum Esq., J. P., Grand Forks, B. C.*

Gentlemen: I hereby give you notice that it is my intention to apply at the next sitting of the licensing court for the lower portion of Osoyoos division of Yale district to be held on the 15th of December next, for a retail liquor license to sell spiritous liquors, wines and beer at the Grand Forks Hotel situated on lot No. 2 in Block No. 3 in the townsite plan of Grand Forks.

I have the honor to be Sirs,
Yours respectfully

GEO. P. MIMS.

## NOTICE.

TENDERS WANTED.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until January the 15th 1697 for the consruction of an irrigating ditch and flume from Boundary creek to Midway flat.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Midway Company, Midway, B. C. and the office of C. F. Costerton, Vernon, B. C. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

A. K. STUART,
Agent Midway Company, Ltd.

Midway, B. C., December 5, 1896.


ETHEL GERTRUDE DAHL,
Teacher of
VIOLIN, BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR.

Student from the College of Music of Cincinnati, and pupil of the distinguished Master and Violinist, Chas. Baetens of the Brussels Franco-Belgian School of the Violin.

OFFICE HOURS — Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 2 to 5 p. m.

MAIN ST. - - GRAND FORKS, B. C.

# GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MINES ARE FULL OF IT!

NOW IS THE TIME for you to invest!
NOWHERE will you find better Inducements!
THEY ARE IN the vicinity of GRAND FORKS, B. C.

We have now on sale the following good properties:—

GROUP OF FIVE CLAIMS. — One-half mile from Grand Forks and adjoining the celebrated BONETA mine. Will be sold as a group or singly.

GROUP OF TWO CLAIMS. — One mile and a half from Grand Forks, quartz ledge, good Assays and an immense surface showing of ore.

OVER TWENTY GOOD PROPERIES — For sale CHEAP in the vicinity of the Great Volcanic Mountain and Seattle mining properties.

The Above Properties — We can honestly recommend as good investments. We can ge you good claims in any particular section at bed-rock prices.

Correspondence Solicited.

McCarter, Johnson & McCarter,
Grand Forks, B. C.

Or F. H. McCARTER,
Spokane, Washington.

G. B. Stocking,

EXPERT WATCHMAKER.

Best Mainspring in the World.
Fully Warranted.
Watch Repairing is My Specialty.
. . . . . All Work Warranted.

CORNER RIVERSIDE AVE. AND BRIDGE STS. GRAND FORKS, B. C

WILLIAM MADER

Wholesale and Retail

# :BUTCHERS:

All Kinds of Fresh Meats at Live and Let Live Prices.

WE ALSO HAVE SOME NICE CORNED BEEF AND ALL KINDS OF SAUSAGES.

Second Street - - - - - - - Grand Forks, B. C.

# H. W. RUSSELL

SIGNS

House and Carriage Painter,
Paper Hanger,
and Kalsominer.
GLAZING OF ALL KINDS

Orders Promptly Attended to. All Kinds of Work.

Estimates Furnished on GRAND FORKS, B. C.

If You Want Good Bread

Go to

KNIGHT'S

# BAKERY

For A Square Meal
Eat At
Knight's Restaurant

THE TABLE WILL BE SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS. . . . . .

RIVERSIDE - - GRAND FORKS, B. C.

BUILDERS

Should carefully consider the cost of material, and by figuring, find out that all kinds of

Rough and Dressed Lumber
Shingles, Lath, Etc.

can be purchased at the

Grand Forks Sawmill . . . .

CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE.

FIREWOOD $1 PER LOAD.

C. K, SIMPSON, Proprietor.

# Stock Certificates

AND ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK.

GRAND FORKS MINER.

All Roads Lead to Carson.

ED. DRISCOLL,

Dealer in General

MERCHANDISE,

Carries a Complete Line of

# Groceries,

Dry Goods,
Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,

Also a Full Line of

Harness, Saddles, Bits, Spurs, Etc., Etc.

☞ REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO ☜

THOMPSON'

# STAGE LINE,

—FROM—

Carson to Curlew, San Poil and Eureka Camps.

Leaves Carson and Nelson on Tuesday and Friday. Returns Wednesday and Saturday making connection with Morrison's Stage Line.

EDWARD THOMPSON, Proprietor.

WE HAVE

# Lumber=

OF ALL KINDS.

always on Hand.

For Prices and Terms call on or address,

MANLY & AVERILL

Grand Forks, B. C.