THE GRAND FORKS MINER.

FIRST YEAR.—NO 44. GRAND FORKS, BRITISH COLUMBIA SATURDAY MARCH 13, 1897. PRICE FIVE CENTS

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. . . . .

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CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE.

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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.

P. B. NELSON, R. S.
D. D. McLAREN, N. G.

Church Notice.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Services every Sabbath in the church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. in the school room at Grand Forks. Sabbath school 10:30 a. m. in the school room, At Carson weekly 3 p. m.

REV. THOS. PATON, Pastor.

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SHEADS & ADAMS,

=ASSAYERS=

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ABSTRACTS PROMPTLY FURNISHED.

ORE IS HERE

MANY PROPERTIES IN THE GRAND FORKS DISTRICT SHOWING GOOD ORE BODIES.

WHAT THEY ARE LIKE

Formation, Development and General Character of Ore of Our Best Properties Within a Radius of Twenty Miles.

Last week we published a list of mines, in the near vicinity of Grand Forks, which would be prepared to ship ore from this point as soon as a railroad into the district is assured. There were in this list thirty-three mines all situated within a radius of twenty miles, and this is only a small fraction of the number in the same territory which give every indication and promise of becoming shippers with development.

People who have never visited the Grand Forks district, may find it hard to believe that within so small an area of territory, there can have been shown up such a number of prospects which are almost certain to become producers.

It is a well known fact that Rossland is the greatest mining camp in the world today, for the amount of development work done; and it is the opinion of old prospects and others who have been over the district, that the Rossland district will be a side show compared with this inside the next two years. This seems all the more incredible when one considers the short time which has elapsed since this section was first brought to the notice of the mining world as a future great mineral district. For the benefit of any who are skeptical we herewith append short descriptions of a few of the properties mentioned in our last issue as sure shippers.

First and foremost comes the great Volcanic, lately capitalized by the Olive Gold Mining company at $20,000,000, which is pronounced by all who have visited it to be without doubt the largest body of mineral in the known mining world. The ledge on this property is in some places full 1,500 feet in width, and the general character of the ore is a sulphide, carrying a large percentage of arsenical iron and oxides the values of which range in the neighborhood of five to nine per cent. copper. The highest assays have reached $89 and from that they fall to as low as even $2. Even the most experienced experts cannot estimate the value of the ore or the result of development. Its extent is a paralyzer to the most practiced judges of mines. The property is developed by a tunnel 350 feet in length, run in from the base of the mountain from the west side, which has attained a vertical depth of over 500 feet. Several open cuts and shafts have been made on the outcrop, on the face of the mountain, but with no particular result in defining the boundaries of the vein or changing the character of its mineral. On the east side of the mountain indistinct traces can be found of the hanging wall but so far no work done has actually demonstrated its situation. The Volcanic is simply a mountain of mineral and practically inexhaustible.

About one mile from the Volcanic is the well known Columbia property, which is now developed enough to, from the showing already made, guarantee a shipper with the inauguration of railway facilities for the transportation of our ore. It is owned by H. E. Beach and W. R. Murray, a well known mining man of Montana and Rossland. The owners have driven a tunnel forty-five feet into the huge iron cap ledge on this property, the last twenty feet of which is in solid ore with no signs of a diminishment. Assays lately taken from the breast of the tunnel gave returns of $24 in gold, eight per cent copper and one ounce silver.

Near the Volcanic and Columbia is another property which bids fair to become a strong rival of either as soon as shipping is begun. This is the Wonderful, owned by Gillman, Williams and Collius, who have a tunnel in between forty and sixty feet and are steadily pushing it ahead. The face of the drift is now in solid ore which runs in gold and copper far more than enough to pay for shipping and treatment.

A little over one mile from the Volcanic is the French camp group, of seven claims, lately incorporated into the English and French Gold Mining company. Most of the development of this group has been done on the Napoleon Bonaparte and the Bonanza claims. On the former a shaft has been sunk on the ledge, showing it to have a width of ten feet and to carry a solid ore body of copper sulphide with iron pyrites and excellent gold values. Some time ago a tunnel was started on the Bonanza and is now in about twenty feet. At the very beginning of this tunnel a seam of galena was struck which gave most satisfactory assays. This seam has constantly widened until it now shows over eighteen inches of solid ore while the assay values have risen in accordance with the size of the ledge.

Three miles north of the Volcanic lies the Pathfinder, the ledge of which is over 100 feet wide and has been traced the entire length of the claim. The main formation here is granite with porphyry dykes intersecting the vein, which lies between walls of granite and lime. Thos. Parkinson and Wm. Pfiefer, the owners have sunk a shaft to the depth of something over thirty feet and have now on the dump more than 100 tons of ore of shipping value. The Pathfinder ore is strictly a sulphide, very much resembling that of the War Eagle, at Rossland. To the east of the shaft and near the foot wall, another cut was made and within two feet of the surface native copper was found in a seamy, broken-up quartz, very much different from that found in the shaft or other parts of the vein. Throughout, the general character of the ore found in the Pathfinder vein is copper glance, sulphides and arsenical iron. This ore averages from three to seven per cent. copper, from $8.00 to $51.00 gold and four ounces silver. Messrs. Parkinson and Pfiefer, in company with others, also own the Hidden Treasure, which gives every indication of being a "jim dandy" A shaft has been sunk on this property, showing ore of the same general characteristics as the Pathfinder.

Another valuable property in this neighborhood is the Tiger, owned by Chas. Washburn and Frank Rallston. It lies almost directly north of the Hidden Treasure and has been developed by a shaft eighteen feet deep, showing a fine body of ore. An open cut near the shaft, also, produced first class ore, and with the showing now made on the Tiger it only needs development to place it on the shipping side.

Some four miles up the North Fork from the Volcanic, on Cedar creek, is the Bonanza mountain group, now owned by the Bonanza Mountain Golding Mining company. This group consists of four claims, the Bonanza, Colorado, Nevada and Mountain View. On the Bonanza, the principal property of the group, a shaft has been sunk to the depth of forty-five feet, and a crosscut started to catch the vein which dipped away from the workings at the depth of ten feet. At six feet where the ledge was struck the ore assayed as high as $52.00 in gold and thirteen per cent copper. The ore is a sulphide with a a spar quartz.

In Summit camp we have the Emma and Mountain Rose, owned by Torrel and Midgeon, of Butte, Mont. One shaft on the Emma is now down 100 feet, and another over twenty feet, both having showings of magnetic iron, carrying shipping values in gold, silver, and copper, the gold running as high as $28.00 The ledge has been traced for over 800 feet and crosscuts prove it to be thirty-five feet wide.

Not far from the Emma is the R-Bell, now the property of the Keough Gold and Copper Mining company, of Salt Lake City, Utah. Work has been temporarily suspended on this property, owing to an influx of water just as the ledge was tapped at the bottom of an eighty shaft lately sunk on the property. Mr. John Keough, the original owner, sank a shaft fifty feet on the ledge, showing ore of a shipping value, while that taken out of the eighty foot shaft is equal to almost anything yet produced from the Trail Creek mines. A complete outfit of mining machinery has been ordered, and is now on the road, and as soon as it arrives and can be placed in position work will again be resumed.

One of the best known properties in this camp is the Oro Denoro, owned by W. A. Corbett and now under bond to a Rossland syndicate headed by Ross Thompson and John M. Burke. There are eight shafts on this claim all showing from five to ten feet of ore, assaying twelve to sixteen per cent copper and $10.00 to $20.00 in gold.

The Olive Gold Mining company owns the Wolverine claim, situated about two and a half miles west of Volcanic mountain. On this property the ledge crops out over 400 feet wide, and gives surface assays of $2.00 to $4.00 in gold and one and a half to two per cent. copper, while at a depth of thirteen feet the assay values have increased to $10.00 in gold and seven to eight per cent copper. The ore is a copper sulphide and very silicious, running as high as forty to fifty per cent. silica, which makes it perfectly free smelting.

The Minnie, owned by Dr. Averill, R. A. Brown and others, lies not far from the Wolverine. A shaft is now being sunk on this property and a fine grade of ore is being turned out. On the foot wall a solid body of peacock iron and copper in quartz has lately been cut, and at the rate the values are increasing the Minnie should soon be a paying mine.

Shannon Bros. and John Lapeaux, owners of the Jeannie May mine, are working like beavers sinking on the shaft, which they now have down some thirty-five feet, on the ledge. A high grade pyritic ore is being produced, much resembling that from some of the best properties in the Kootenay country, and carrying values of $39 in gold and a profitable percentage of copper.

The Seattle group consist of the Seattle, Butte, Iron Horse and Drum Lummond. On the Seattle is a remarkably strong vein averaging in width from forty to 100 feet, and where it has been opened a fine body of sulphide ore has been exposed. In formation and character of ore it is more like a Rossland mine than any yet opened in the country, only needing depth to substantiate this statement. The vein cuts through a lime formation on one side, and a porphyry on the other, and is intersected by dykes of a diorite and prophyretic nature, thoroughly mineralized. Assays have been obtained up to $70.00 in gold and eighteen to twenty per cent. copper. One claim from the Seattle is the No. 1, owned by Chas. Mathieson. The Seattle ledge has been opened up on this property by a shaft, the whole bottom of which is in ore identical with that of the Seattle.

The Winnipeg, Calumet and Terrible lie close together in Wellington camp and carry the same general character of ore. On the Winnipeg, owned by Duncan MacIntosh, between 100 and 200 feet of shaft and crosscut work has been done, showing seventeen feet of solid ore assaying as high in some cases as $200 in gold.

On Hardy mountain are the American Eagle, Gold Drop, Yankee Girl and Eagle, all of which have been considerably developed and which show ore with values ranging all around $40 in gold to the ton and as high as ten to twenty per cent copper. These are in close proximity to the Forks, and with the advent of a railroad their shipping will be a great benefit to the town.

Two and one-half miles north of town on Mineral hill is the Riverview group of three claims, the Lincoln, Riverview and Riverside, owned by A. L. Rogers and R. G. Poe, who are running a tunnel to tap the ledge at a vertical depth of 150 feet. This tunnel is now in 185 feet and it is expected to strike the ore body any day.

Right at our doors lies the Boneta, on Observation mountain, adjoining the townsite. It is the property of the Boneta Gold Mining company, of Spokane, who now have a force of men at work running a tunnel to crosscut the ledge at a depth of seventy-five to 100 feet. Work done on the surface cropping of this property gives a fine showing of arsenical iron and copper in a micacious schist with values of $16.00 in gold and five to fifteen per cent. in copper.

Not having at hand, just at present, the data necessary for an accurate description of the City of Paris and Lincoln, in White's camp, and the Star and Crescent and LaFleur mines on the Colville reservation they will be taken up latter in a descriptive write-up of the Boundary creek country, soon to be published.

An Important Ruling.

The arguments in the celebrated Paris Belle case, now being heard before the four supreme court judges setting en banc, at Victoria, evinces the fact that that body are disposed to construe the law as far as possible in favor of the rights of the owners of mineral claims. Already it has been held that mineral in place does not necessarily mean well defined walls; also, that an abandonment of a claim does not necessarily imply that formal notice must be given, but that it may consist of a determination of mind, evidence of which may be afforded by words spoken in ordinary conversation. The final decision of this case will be awaited with considerable anxiety, as it will effect materially the mining interest of British Columbia.

STILL GOING UP

BUILDINGS SPRINGING UP ON ALL SIDES AND MORE BEING STARTED EVERY DAY.

MANY MORE PROJECTED

Scarcity of Lumber is All That Retards the Building Boom and When This is Remedied Things Will Fairly Hum.

A trip around town discloses the fact that there is an immense number of buildings in course of construction at present. Residences are going up in every direction, no less than twenty now being under way or to be commenced as soon as the lumber can be procured to pursue the work with. But it is in the business quarter that the most activity is being shown.

Messrs. Filley & Ogden have just completed a neat building, 16x20, on Riverside avenue, in which they have opened a real estate and brokerage office.

Walker & Williams are busy just now erecting a fine six-room residence for Mr. Gilbert W. A. Ranken, on McCarren's ranch about two and one half miles south of town and to the right of the government road. The building is 44x32 with an observatory on the roof.

Mr. O. C. Lambert is erecting three buildings 15x20 on Riverside avenue, to be used as office and store rooms.

Gaffert and Anderson are putting up a neat residence 18x24 for Mr. George Ingraham, on the bench south of town.

Work is to be commenced immediately on two buildings which Dr. Averill intends erecting on the corner of Riverside avenue and Bridge street. One will be occupied by Fulton & Ward as law offices while Dr. Hepworth will remove his drug store to the other.

A building 13x4 has been put up next to W. Stache's barber shop by O. C. Lambert. It is to be occupied by Mrs. Hamer, late of Cincinnatti, Ohio, who will open an oyster parlor in a short time.

M. D. White and John Kerr, two rustling young men from Brantford, Ontario, returned to the Forks Monday evening after a tour of inspection of the district. On Tuesday afternoon they purchased the Pettyjohn property on Riverside avenue just across the street from the MINER building, and have under contemplation the erection of a business house.

Work was commenced Wednesday morning on the foundation of a building to be erected on the vacant ground between the Victoria hotel and Wright & Luther's, on Bridge street.

Building Notes.

John Manly will start to work building a large barn next week.

Dr. Averill's building on Second street is fast nearing completion.

John Rogers is building a neat residence on second street, west of Main.

W. K. Manly intends building a large warehouse in the rear of his hardware store as lumber is available.

Simpson's sawmill resumed operations last Tuesday and we may expect to see the lumber famine to be relieved soon.

The addition to John A. Manly's residence across the Fork is almost finished and will be ready for occupancy within a week or so.

Lumber was delivered this week and a sidewalk was put up along the west side of Riverside avenue between the White House hotel and Main street.

J. K. Johnson contemplates building a seven room residence on the bench in the south part of town, work on which will be commenced as soon as the material can be obtained.

The addition to Manly & Averill's store is now enclosed and under roof and the carpenters are now busy fitting up the shelving to accommodate the large stock of groceries and general merchandise which they have on the road.

Was a Success.

The test made by the LeRoi managers at the O. K. mill, last Thursday, for a mill test of ten tons of low-grade LeRoi ore with a view to determining whether such ore was susceptible of concentration, was most satisfactory and a complete success in every way. The experiment was conducted under supervision of Joseph L. Warner, superintendent of the O. K. mill, Dr. W. E. Everette, a noted mining man from Tacoma, Wash., and Capt. Hall; and the ore used was taken from the waste dump and was supposed to contain a value of $10 per ton.

The mill was thoroughly cleaned up ready for the test and the ore placed into the receiving bin. From there it was passed through the crusher and down two inclined chutes into the mortars where it was pulverized by the stamps and liquified with water. It then continued its course downwards over sensitive plates to the concentrators where the values were collected and the waste flowed still further downwards over another set of plates where the tailings accumulated.

There was saved on the plates gold to the value of $7 50 per ton, which in the language of Col. Peyton, "practically solves the problem regarding silicious ores."

The result of this test surpasses all expectations, as the only ultimate expected to be obtained by the experiment was that the ore would concentrate and thus enable freight and smelting charges to be saved on six tons out of seven. That it would prove to be practically free milling had not been anticipated by anyone.

TOWN AND DISTRICT.

Hugh Madden of Rossland, was a visitor at the Forks this week:

R. R. Gilpin, our genial customs officer, spent Sunday in the Forks.

Fine line of canned goods and dried fruits. Celebrated California honey at Manly & Averill's.

L. T. Mewburn of Hamilton, Ontario, was in town this week and will likely invest in this section.

Capt. Carter left on Monday's stage for Rossland, where he goes to close a sale of some property.

A. Gallagher and L. J. Cross, of Spokane, were stopping at the Victoria, last week. They are here on mining business.

Visitors are already swarming in, spite of the continued cold weather, and our hotel men have commenced to wear a smile.

Manly & Averill are strictly in it when it comes to quoting prices on groceries or general merchandise. Call and be convinced.

Any person desiring to purchase a first-class piano of any make will find it to their advantage to call at the MINER office.

John T. Buchanger, of Seattle, appeared in our midst this week and will remain a few days and take in the sights of the metropolis.

John B. Joicling dropped in from Rossland last Monday evening and is looking over the various camps of this section with a view of investing.

W. H. Malkin, of Vancouver, was an arrival in town this week. He was agreeably surprised with the appearance of our burg and may remain some little time among us.

A. B. Patterson and A. Erickson of Spokane, were passengers on last Monday's stage from Marcus. They are looking over the town with a view of engaging in business.

Dick Thomas, who is well and favorably known in Grand Forks and Carson, has been appointed deputy United States surveyor for the reservation. We congratulate him on his appointment.

FROM OUR NEIGHBOR CARSON.

Received too late for publication last week.

Captain Rawlson, John Myers and Si. Shaw were among our visitors last week.

A good body of shipping ore was recently struck on the Washington in White's camp.

Quite a number in this vicinity have been suffering of late from the annual attack of influenza or la grippe more commonly called

It is rumored that a compromise has been effected between the LaFleur and Comstock companies, and that they will at once commence shipping ore.

There seems to be quite a number of people coming into the country as the stages arriving here from the different directions are crowded with passengers

The town has been infested of late with numerous gangs of hard-rock men, several slopes, drifts and adits have been run, and a number of uppers driven in their respective minds

Work on the Medova has been suspended for the present. This claim is situated in the Birdina camp about one mile north of town. Messrs. St. George, Hall and others interested in the property, intend to vigorously push the development work on it at early date.

Messrs. Skifferington & Blackburn, have commenced work on the Star and Crescent group having got some outside capital interested and intend to thoroughly develop this property. These properties are situated on the east side of the Kettle river about two miles from Carson, on the reservation, and have a good showing.

Mr. Goetz, the celebrated "Dutch Jake" of Spokane, passed through town last week, on his way home from Wolf's and other camps on the reservation, where he is largely interested in several promising properties. At present Mr. G and associates have a force of men at work running a tunnel on his property situated in Wolf's camp, with which they expect to tap the main ore body at a depth of about 200 feet, being 150 below the shaft run last fall. The tunnel is now in 140 feet and a large body of ore is said to be in sight, and from present indications it will make a mine that will compare favorable with the best in the country.

Organized a Lodge.

Last week O. B. Nelson, district deputy grand master, of Carson, assisted by a number of the members of Carson Lodge and others, instituted a lodge of the Independent Order of Oddfellows in Greenwood. The new lodge is to be known as the Boundary Valley Lodge, No. 38, I. O. O. F., and has the honor of being the first secret society on Boundary creek to receive a charter. The new organization starts out with a good membership and the indications are that it will enjoy a healthy growth. The first officers are: Thomas Hardy, N. G.; R. Smailes, V. G.; I. H. Hallett, P. G.; W. J. Harber, secretary; Dr. Jakes, treasurer; T. M Gulley, warden; J. McNicol, conductor; W. M. Law, R. N. G.; J. Kerr, L. S. N. G.; G. A. Rendell, R. S. S.; G. B. Taylor, N. S. S.; J. P. Flood, I. G.; and J. Grant, O. G. At the conclusion of the meeting a sumptous collation was partaken of at the Palace hotel, Anaonda.

His Light Went Out.

Hon. A. N. Richards, once lieutenant-governor of the province, died at Victoria last week. The attendance at the funeral, which took place on Monday, was very large and included judges of the supreme court and members of the house and all leading officials. Mr. Richards was the last of the members of the old excutive council of Canada in pre-confederation days, when in 1863 and 1864 he sat in that body by virtue of being solicitor general of upper Canada, now Ontario.

TRIP WITH THE INDIANS

RECALLS A VISIT TO JUNEAU IN THE EARLY DAYS.

The Story Related by One of the Members of the Ill-Fated Starr Whale Crew.

Old Alaskans were talking of the growth of that country in a Portland hotel the other day. This is what a Telegram reporter heard regarding a visit to Juneau many years ago:

"I remember well my first stay at the old Franklin hotel," said Harry Stevens. "I had been one of the members of the ill-fated Frank Starr whaling crew, which after months of hardship on the beach, waiting for the winter gales out of the Takou inlet to subside that we might get around Point Gardiner into Chatham straits, at last made the passage and reached Kilisnoo. We were all dead broke, but Starr went to work repairing a wharf for the Northwest Trading Company and I turned over to him my share in the oil we had cached on Admiralty island in return for an order on the company's store at Juneau for $7, the amount of my canoe passage from Kilisnoo to that place.

"This was exceedingly cheap fare, but a Sitka siwash, whom I had known at Treadwell's, was anxious to reach Juneau, and through his intercession and the added consideration that I work a paddle throughout the trip and supply flour for the crew while en route, the Sitka's uncle was prevailed upon to make the voyage of some 70 miles.

"The night before I was to leave Kilisnoo Starr handed me a letter to Koehler, the manager of the company's store at Juneau, which I naturally supposed contained the order for the $7 I was to pay my siwashes.

"It was in the middle of winter, and there was little daylight in that latitude during those months, so, what with making camp as darkness fell and breaking camp only by daylight, our voyage consumed five days, and, holy smoke! but what a hole those siwashes did make in my sapolil (flour.)

At Juneau.

"We landed on the beach at Juneau about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of a January day. The darkness blacker than the hinges of hell, and only relieved by the glint of the lights, gleaming on the snow, cast from the Franklin house and Slim Jim's saloon.

"Never for a moment mistrusting the validity of the order I carried within my shirt, I told the siwashes to haul the canoe up on the snow and we would go to the company's store, where they would be paid.

"Never had sight been more welcome to me than the glimmer of those lights of Juneau, and it was with a light heart I led my little party to the Northwest Trading Company's corner. Entering the store, the first person I met was Denny La Porte—a Frenchman of education, exiled for some cause, whose cherry heartiness, courteous manners and known pluck had given him the brevet name of 'count.' To him I handed my letter, asking at the same time that he pay the siwash as quick as possible, as I wanted my traps taken out of the canoe to the Franklin hotel, it being a rule of the Indians of the north that settlement be made for transportation before the cargo be landed.

"Denny took the sealed letter, opened and read it and then, with an odd look of inquiry at me, passed back to the office and handed the letter to Ned James, the bookkeeper, Koehler, the manager, being absent. James read the letter and a discussion followed between he and the 'count.' A moment later I was called into the office.

"'Steve, what do you believe this letter contains?' asked James.

"Why, it's an order from Kilisnoo for you to pay $7 to those siwashes for bringing me here and to give me credit for some underclothes, overhalls and a pair of gum boots,' I answered.

"'Read it,' said James, handing me over the letter.

"To my dismay and anger, the order instead of being what I had expected, and been told, was to the direct contrary, its substance being that under no consideration were Frank Starr's men to have any further credit.

"What to do, I had no idea. There were the siwashes waiting to be paid, and there were my sole possessions, poor as they were, in the canoe. It was then that Denny the 'count' came to the rescue.

"'Who's watching the canoe?' he asked.

"'Two boys, sons of the old siwash,' I answered.

"'That's good,' said Denny. 'Now I'll tell you what to do. Ned and I will hold the old man and Sitka Tom here in the store and you hurry down to the canoe and have the young siwashes pack your things up to the Franklin hotel, and tell Flannigan or George Wheelock (the two proprietors) to look after the luggage.'

"It was no sooner said than done, and a few moments later the hibitues of the Franklin hotel barroom were startled by seeing the door open and a procession formed of one white man and two Indian youths, the former ragged and unkempt to a degree, enter and deposit sundry parcels upon the floor. For their trouble I presented one of the young siwashes with my ax and the other with some fixed ammunition for a 45-caliber rifle I had lost in a capsize months before.

"Without a word to anyone in the room, I left the Franklin and returned to the store, hoping at least to borrow money enough to set the drinks up for the house when I returned, and thus hide my busted state of finances from Flannigan, who was behind the bar of the hotel, when I with my 'serving men' had entered.

"'Have you got everything out of the canoe?' asked Denny, on my again reaching the store, 'the siwashes are becoming restive.'

"'Everything safely landed in the Franklin,' I answered.

In Choice Chinook.

Scribbling a few words on a card, he handed the bit of pasteboard to the old Indian and in a few choice Chinook words told the siwash I was not a C. O. D. package, but was to be paid for on the return of the canoe to Kilisnoo with a receipt for my safe delivery and he was giving him the receipt. Vainly the Indian argued and spluttered. It was of no avail against the 'count's' edict.

"My courage failed on the borrowing proposition after this act of kindness, and I made my way back to the Franklin hotel as I had entered it, without a cent.

"'Well, stranger, where are you from?' asked Flannigan.

"'Kilisnoo,' I answered. 'Been whaling with Frank Starr.'

"'Merciful Cripes! This ain't Steve, the 'Frisco fellow, is it?' exclaimed Flannigan.

"'The same,' says I, 'but somewhat dilapitated.'

"'Dilapitated or not, you'll want for nothing here, until you can find a job,' said Flannigan.

"'And you must be hungry,' echoed Ned Wheeler, who was running the diningroom. Come in and eat, and you're a guest of us until you find work.'

"I was a guest at the Franklin but three days, but the spontaneity of that welcome to the little log hotel, ragged, hungry and almost a stranger as I then was, will be treasured as long as my memory lasts."

TRAIN MAKES A RECORD RUN.

From Chicago to Denver in 18 Hours and 53 Minutes.

The special train from Chicago over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and Burlington & Misosuri River railroads, chartered by Henry J. Mayham, a Denver mining investment broker, reached this city at 3:53 a. m., February 16, says a Denver dispatch, having run 1026 miles in 18 hours and 53 minutes. This journey goes into history as the greatest railway feat ever accomplished. The best previous railroad long-distance record was 19 hours and 57 minutes for 964 miles over the New York Central and Lake Shore from New York to Chicago.

Mr. Mayham, who left New York Sunday on the Pennsylvania Limited, chartered a special train in Chicago in order to reach the bedside of his dying son, William B. Mayham, as quickly as possible. The Burlington officials guaranteed to take him to Denver in 24 hours. They made good their guarantee and had five hours and seven minutes to spare.

From the moment the train left Chicago until it rolled into the Denver depot, no hitch of any kind occurred. It flew across Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado like a meteor, frequently attaining a speed of upwards of 70 miles an hour and averaging over 60 miles an hour for stretches of a hundred miles at a time.

The actual running time, including stops, was 18 hours and 53 minutes; an average speed of 54½ miles an hour. The actual running time excluding stops was 17 hours and 49 minutes; an average speed of 57 3-5 miles an hour.

At Lincoln, Neb., Traveling Engineer Dixon of the Burlington entered the cab of the engine and remained with each engineer as he came on until the train reached Denver. No special train bearing high officials of the nation ever attracted more careful attention from the officers of the railway. Telegrams from all parts of the United States inquired concerning the progress of the train and the possibility of Mr. Mayham reaching the side of his son in time at least to grasp his hand before he was beckoned across the dark river. But in spite of the Burlington's splendid record, Mr. Mayham arrived in Denver too late to see his son alive. The young man died shortly after midnight.

ARGUMENT WAS UNANSWERABLE.

So She Thought Because the Editor Did Not Reply.

"Has Scribbler's Magazine printed the poem you sent them?" he asked of the girl in the green gown.

"Oh, my! Didn't I tell you about it? I am sure I did." she replied.

"I think you are mistaken."

"Really? I thought I did. You see, it was this way."

"They accepted it?"

"Oh, no. They sent it back, saying that it was unavailable."

"Yes."

"Well, I knew a good deal better and I told them so. I wrote the editor a long letter in which I analyzed all of the poems which he had printed during the past six months, and I proved to him conclusively that the poem I sent was suitable for the magazine, and ever so much better than any he had ever printed."

"He admitted it?"

"Yes."

"Let me see it."

"What?"

"The letter from the editor."

"Oh, he didn't send any."

"I don't understand."

"There wasn't any necessity for him to reply. You see, my argument was unanswerable."

"I don't understand. Did he print the poem?"

"No, indeed. You don't suppose I'd send it to him again after he had insulted me by sending it back. But his admission of its merit was a great thing."

And he changed the subject of conversation.—Chicago Times-Herald.

HARVARD STUDENTS ARE THRASHED

Troublesome Youths Attack Boston Policemen.

Ten Harvard students who had been out all night on a celebration, tackled Policeman William Linton on Dover street at 3 o'clock the other morning and proceeded to use him as a punching bag. Two of the students held the officer's arms behind him while the others took turns at attempting to disfigure his face with their fists. In the midst of the frolic three officers in civilian dress showed up and soon released Linton and then all four sailed into the Harvard crowd. When the dust had settled four students were lying in the street, five were making off with blackened eyes and one sprinted away minus most of his costume. The four knocked out were George G. Amory and Reginald Brooks (believed fictitious names given by two Harvard athletes), Hugh D. Scott of Philadelphia, and William Woodward of New York. They were arraigned in court, but Judge Brown looked them over and decided that they had been sufficiently punished and ordered their discharge. They limped out of court without a smile.

HARSH LANGUAGE FROM THE BENCH

Judge Baker Severely Censures the Watering of Stock.

The efforts of Church & Co. of New York, stockholders in the Citizen's Street Railway Company of Indianapolis, Ind., before Judge Baker of the federal court, to have a receiver appointed, have failed. The court denies the application on a technicality and criticised the watering of stock by the company, saying it was such business methods that made anarchists, and if one-half was true, as alleged, McKee of Pittsburg, ought to be hung. This provoked indignant protests from ex-Attorney General Miller and Ferd Winter, attorneys for the company. In the afternoon the Indianapolis bar association took the matter up and instructed its grievance committee to inquire into the language of Judge Baker, looking to further action.

FORGOT THEIR NAMES

RESULTS ON EXPERIMENT IN A FRENCH INSTITUTION.

Men Who Have Never Touched a Brush Give Evidence of Unsuspected Talent.

The French degenerates in art are looked after at government expense, says the New York Herald. Not the fancied degenerates against whom Nordau has been waging a degenerate war, not the heroes of intellect upon whom the little German professor has been raining his ineffectual blows, but the unknown artists whose brains have physiologically and pathologically given way under the strain of existence, so that their owners had to be cooped up in madhouses, sanitariums and hospitals.

The recent passage of a small appropriation by the city of Paris for the purchase of artistic appliances devoted to the use of the crazy artists of the Asylum of Ville-Evrard has drawn public attention to a curious feature in the life of the great metropolis.

Of course the funny man saw his opportunity at once. He suggested that now he understood how certain paintings in the salon had come into existence. He rang the changes upon his extremely obvious jest.

The social philosopher has seen his opportunity as well as the funny man. He has made a study of the crazy art department and has found it full of hopeful lessons in morbid mentality.

Every one knows that work is considered by alienists to be a powerful aid in curing the mental invalid. Every hour employed by a lunatic in some regular toil is an hour conquered from dreams and divagations. During all the time the patient is absorbed in his work he loses sight of his special mania. When work becomes a habit to him his equilibrium is more and more likely to be completely restored. The curative power of work is even more valuable than that of sleep. It is not surprising, therefore, that the experience at Ville-Evrard has proved most satisfactory to the medical faculty. Over 63 per cent of the entire number of lunatics have been artists before their entrance. The majority were not. Some of them had never attempted to draw in their lives, yet in the short space of a few months they turned out fairly good work.

Now, 63 per cent is practically the entire number of lunatics that were sane enough not to need the gentle restraint of a padded cell or a straight jacket.

Is there not here a hint for the workless New York prisons? If lunatics can be turned into artists at short notice, why not convicts?

A Great Revolution.

A great revolution has been worked in the Paris asylum. Formerly all were indiscriminately set to work at some mechanical occupation, which disgusted and wearied many. One day an epileptic who had been a theatrical scene painter said in the hearing of Dr. Marandon de Montyele, head physician of the men's department:

"Ah, if only I had my pencils and brushes again! I feel that my hand is losing its cunning through enforced idleness, and when I am well again I will be unable to find work."

"But what could you do with your pencils and brushes?" asked the doctor, who had himself often thought over the danger which the other had suggested. "Here we haven't any theatrical decorations to paint."

"Well, I'd paint frescoes on the walls of our corridors, or, if need be, I'd paint little pictures on canvas that might be used here and there for decorative purposes. After all, even if my work were no good to others, it would be good to me. It would keep me in practice."

This conversation introduced a new idea into Dr. Montyele's mind. It germinated into other forms. He decided not only that the practice of art would be beneficial to insane artists, but that it would be the exact sort of mental exercise which was needed for other lunatics.

Just 10 months ago he introduced the first pencils and the first palette into his department. The results that have been attained in this brief period are simply marvelous. Melancholy patients of suicidal tendencies have had their blue devils chased out of sight, the persecuting-persecuted have forgotten their imaginary enemies, a hopeless lunatic who could not remember his own name, his age or the smallest detail of his former life suddenly remembered his former pursuit.

Nor is this all. Seeing their comrades at work, other lunatics who had never known the love of art, who had never been trained in artistic work, caught the fever. Interested at first in their neighbor's work, they eventually developed an individual interest in art. They tried their own hands at the same work. Some of them have made astonishing progress.

A Little Tailor.

A patient suffering from the manie des grandeurs, who had never felt the slightest artistic instinct stirring within him, learned at the end of three months of hard work to evolve landscapes from his inner consciousness which had real feeling and a sense of atmosphere. He was a little tailor. Disgusted with life, he had frequently attempted suicide, and it was not until he took up the pencil that his mania showed possibilities of eventual recuperation.

Then there is the epileptic patient who suggested the idea. He is making astonishing progress. His asylum work is infinitely superior in originality and perfection of detail to anything he ever did in his saner days.

There is an engraver of brass, who executes without a model chandeliers, vases and cups of more than ordinary beauty. The official report says of him: "Outside of his trade, of which he preserves a perfect memory, he is incapable of the slightest consecutive occupation. At one time he was afflicted with the mania of persecution and of greatness. Today he cannot connect two ideas, nor has he left sufficient intellectual vigor for delirium. His profession alone survives amid the wreck of his mentality."

Compare this case with that of a miller who has become in the asylum a sculptor in wood. He had no previous training. It is not a case of survival from the past. It is a new and hitherto unsuspected talent that has been developed in his insanity. Unfortunately this poor devil thinks himself enveloped by spiritual influences and believes that he has no liberty of thought or action. Only the other day as he was carving a stag he placed the piece of wood under his chin. When some fellow patient remarked on this he explained that some uncontrolled power had forced him to this eccentricity.

Then there is an alcoholic patient who had once been a painter on porcelain. Nine years ago he became a drunkard. He fell lower and lower, until his intellect was almost destroyed. For many years he was unable to do any work. At the asylum, however, he again took up his brush. With the resumption of his old work he made rapid steps toward recovery. He has already painted more than 200 plates, which adorn the walls of the refectory and which have a positive commercial value.

The complete success of this experiment should stimulate Americans to introduce it here.

HE HAD NO TIME TO WASTE.

The Interruption of a Train Robber Annoyed Him.

Jim McCord weighed about 110 pounds and had scraggly whiskers. But for all that he was as "nervy" as any other gambler that ever lived, and would cheerfully battle with his fists if need be to emphasize his rights. And, as he was an expert boxer, he seldom got much the worst of such an encounter.

Once, traveling from one county fair in Nebraska to another, Jim found himself so reduced in pocket as to make a double seat in the day coach preferable to a berth in the sleeper. He coiled up and was doing a fair job of work at sleeping, when the train stopped with a jerk, seven shots rang out, and at the door of the coach appeared a rough-looking young farmer, with a bandana handkerchief covering his face and a pistol shaking nervously in his hand. It was a hold-up all right, and every one in the car with one exception sent his hands heavenward.

McCord didn't. He was asleep.

The man with the gun worked his way down the coach, gathering valuables as he progressed, until he came to McCord.

"Here! Wake up! What have you got?" the train robber demanded.

"Go on away. Don't bother me!" McCord growled.

"Give me your money," the other insisted, presenting the gun.

McCord was awake now.

"My friend," he said, "you may be a good thief, but you are a blamed poor diagnoser. Do you suppose I'd be down here crouched like a toad in a seat if I had money enough to ride in a Pullman? Go away." And he dropped back to sleep again.

The train robber was nonplussed.

"Say," he said, "I want what you've got. Shell out."

"If you don't quit bothering me and waking me from an uneasy but valued sleep," said McCord, "you will regret it seriously. Go away, I tell you."

The farmer looked up and down the car for an inspiration as to what to do. None came, and he again gave attention to McCord, who had by this time returned to his doze.

"I've got to have your money," he said.

McCord roused himself. "Well," he said, "I see we are bound to come to it. Now, I have not interefered with your business in this car, and it is no more than right that you should refrain from mixing in mine. My business is to get some sleep. But you intrude yourself and we will have to settle the matter once for all."

"Biff."

It was his fist which made the last monosyllabic remark, and in half a minute it was raining bandana handkerchiefs and revolvers and hair and old clothes, and the passengers were under the cushions. In a minute McCord had the farmer on the floor and was batting his head against the iron uprights of the seats. Several of the other passengers came forward and wanted to help tie the fellow up and take him on to the next big station.

"Thanks, gentlemen," said Jim, "but I think we won't do that. I never interfere in other people's affairs. If any of you had wished to arrest this man the time to do it was when he was nogotiating directly with you, and not when he and I were trafficking. The only thing I have against him is his temporary derangement of my plans, which contemplated sleep. If we keep him on board I shall naturally feel a sort of responsibility for him, and will not be able to rest as calmly and reposefully as I wish. I am going to throw him off right here, and if any of you want to capture him then, why that's your affair, in which I shall not mix." And conducting the culprit to the end of the car he evicted him into space.

Then he went back and curled up and was in a moment blissfully asleep.—Chicago Record.

TO DRIVE AWAY THE MOSQUITOES.

British Shipmaster Uses His Fog Horns to Good Purpose.

While the British steamer Bellucia was in the harbor of Buenos Ayres on her last voyage to South America Captain Nerison taught the people of that city a lesson which may be of value to people in many sections of this country. The residents of the city and the other captains in the estuary of the River Plata wondered why the English vessel's fog horn was tooted every evening. The echoes of the harsh, braying of the horn waked up the harbor and caused a great deal of comment. When the mystery was solved the horns on other craft were blown too. The explanation was very simple. Captain Nerison of the Bellucia was unable to smoke his evening pipe on account of the millions of South American mosquitoes that made life on deck after sundown unbearable. He happened to remember that mosquitoes can not stand the pulsations in the air caused by sound waves. So on every dogwatch he detailed a sailor to blow a horn back of his chair on the quarter deck and thereafter smoked his pipe undisturbed.

Treating Wounds.

Remarkable results are reported to have been obtained in England by treating wounds with oxygen gas. Two kinds of micro-organisms are found in wounds, one kind being beneficent, and the other injurious in its effects. Oxygen causes an increase of the former and a decrease of the latter, so that, according to a writer in the British Medical Journal, wounds treated with oxygen heal more rapidly and with less pain than by any other form of treatment.

Tired of Her Bargain.

Emma McCue, 60 years old, who married George McCue, three years older, at Franklin, Ind., last September, on his promise to support her in ease and comfort, has sued for divorce because she has had to do farmhouse drudgery.

Lighted cigarettes were distributed the other day among a lot of monkeys at the zoo in Paris by some mischievous urchins. The animals puffed away at the weed in evident enjoyment until the advent of the keeper, who put a stop to it.

IRISH BATTLE FIELDS

FIGHTS OF 1798 TO BE CELEBRATED IN THE SPRING OF 1898.

The Sojourn in Ireland to Cover a Period of Six Weeks, Traversing Old-Time Paths.

A litle over a twelvemonth from now, in the spring of 1898, Ireland will be invaded from the south by a determined army 50,000 strong, says the London Mail. They will be armed, but not with sword and rifle; they will march upon the interior from the coast, but they will not spread devastation on the way. It will be quite a peaceable landing; their armaments will consist of monuments; their conquest will be bought with gold. The year 1798 is one well known to every Irishman as the year of blood and bravery. It was then that the revolutionary party in Ireland made its most gallant though unsuccessful effeort to throw off the British rule, and it is to celebrate the centenary of that struggle that Irish people from various parts of the world, but principally from America, will flock to their native land in the spring and summer of 1898. Some years ago a modest little association was started in the Irish quarter of New York, writes our correspondent there, calling itself the "Ninety-Eight Club," having for its object the devising of some plan for commemorating the rebellion. The idea spread. Throughout the United States "Ninety-Eight" clubs sprang up in every city and town having a sprinkling of Irishmen in its population. A weekly tax was collected from every member, concerts and other entertainments swelled the receipts, until today the association of Ninety-Eight clubs has close on a quarter of a million sterling to its credit. It was decided that the celebration should take the form of an invasion of the old country by an army of Irish-American patriots. So it happens that 50,000 men, women and children with Irish blood in their veins are pledged to hold a gathering of the race among the glens and uplands of southeastern Ireland the year after next.

An idea of the invasion's scope may be gathered from the fact that three ocean liners—the largest that can be obtained—have been already chartered to ferry the pilgrims to and fro across the Atlantic. The steamers are to land their passengers at the ports of Kingstown and Waterford, according to where each family is to be billeted.

The Billeting System.

The billeting system is one of the features of the trip—a feature, too, which will pour many thousands into the hands of the Irish peasantry. For some months agents of the Ninety-Eight Association have been at work selecting inns, farmers' houses, cottages, etc., in the counties of Wexford, Carlow, Kilkenny, Waterford, Kildare and Wicklow (the area covered by the rebellion), and the visitors will be quartered at these places, according to their means.

It is proposed that the sojourn in Ireland shall cover a period of six weeks. During this time the path of the rebellion is to be traversed step by step. A committee of Irishmen learned in their country's history, has been chosen to pilot the pilgrims from battlefield to battlefield. An important feature of the huge pilgrimage will be the erection of monuments on all of the principal scenes of the rebellion. A handsome cross of black Kilkenny marble will stand on the site of the old gates of Ross, where the Irish won a decisive battle. Vinegar Hill, the great eminence whose stone-crowned summit overshadows the town of Enniscorthy, where the insurgents were crushingly and finally defeated, will be adorned with a broken granite shaft.

Handsome Monuments.

Handsome monuments will be erected over the now neglected graves of the famous Frs. John Murphy, Beaucamp Bagenal Harvey, Dudley, Colclough, Esmond Ryan and other leaders of the rising.

"Fr. John" will be honored with a tombstone specially sculptured by one of his own kin. Tablets with suitable inscriptions will be placed at different points of interest, so that the youth of Ireland may read some portion of history of the memorable struggle.

What appeared to be a serious obstacle in the way of the centenary has been overcome. The British government, it was feared, would not consent to a celebration glorifying a direct onslaught upon its authority.

For a month or two a discreet agent has been busy in London and Dublin interviewing the heads of the government departments, and the leaders of the two Irish political parties with a view to overcoming this difficulty.

The result was that recently the agent cabled to New York that her majesty's ministers, while they did not approve of, would not interpose any objections to, the proposed ninety-eight centenary.

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Teaming of all Kinds a Specialty.

AMONG THE LABORERS.

EVENTS TRANSPIRING IN THE DOMAIN OF LABOR.

Interesting Items for Wage-Workers Gathered From All Parts of the Country.

Eugene V. Debs entered Montana last week and was received, as everywhere, like a conquering hero. He was given a welcome at Anaconda, says the Standard of that city, "that might swell the heart of any young man. Evans' opera house was filled with men and women, and from the footlights to the gallery the standing room was all taken till it was impossible for any one to get within hearing of the labor leader's voice." At Butte, according to the daily Miner, Mr. Debs made an address at the Murray opera house "to perhaps the largest audience that ever packed the house." His addresses were received with tremendous outbursts of enthusiasm.

As the European papers arrive, it is becoming clear that the great Hamburg strike was not a failure, as the cables would have the people believe. Before the strikers returned the senate gave a pledge to investigate the trouble and render a decision on its merits. A few days after the trouble was over nearly all the scabs had been driven from Hamburg, and it is the general opinion that the dock workers will secure at least a portion of the increase for which they battled so persistently. The total sum raised for the strikers was 1,400,000 marks, of which sum over $2000 was sent by American socialists.

Alderman Sam Goldwater of Detroit, a semi-simple pure and simpler, who is opposed to politics in the union, but is up to his neck in politics himself, has gotten himself into hot water owing to his officiousness in calling off a boycott declared against a theater by the stage hands. The latter have summoned the wire-pulling Sammy to appear before the trades council to explain.

Several of the Colorado labor papers remark that of the 600 bills before the "reform" legislature of that state not one proposes to even attempt to solve the problem of poverty and involuntary idleness. What can be expected of middle class capitalism?

The Prussian and Saxon governments have prohibited railway employes from organizing and disbanded the unions because the socialists are making propaganda among the workers. That is what state ownership means with capitalist parties in power.

Tailors of Ohio are organizing rapidly. On February 8 the national board chartered new unions in Zanesvills, Newark, Mansfield, Hamilton, Fremont and other towns are being got into line by the organizer.

Edward McHugh, the British agitator, is still in the country organizing the 'longshoremen. McHugh has got the Italians in and about New York in line and is working on the negroes with success. Latter can join white unions.

Reductions of wages continue to be quite popular wherever a mill or factory starts up. The prosperity puffers, however, do not mention these wage cuts in startling head lines, as they do when a shop resumes operation.

W. D. Mahon, president of the street railway employes, has come out for municipal ownership, declaring that that should be the cardinal principle of craftsmen everywhere.

National convention of printers will be held at Birmingham, Ala., next Tuesday for the purpose of devising ways and means to assist idle craftsmen.

Silk weavers of New Jersey are reorganizing. They have experienced something like a 50 per cent cut since their union was allowed to dwindle.

State officials of Kansas have disregarded the eight-hour law, and Labor Commissioner Bird is after them with a club.

Akron laborites wanted the municipal government to put the union label on all printed matter. Turned down by close vote.

A bill has been introduced in the Kansas legislature prohibiting the use of typesetting machines on state printing.

Unemployed of St. Paul organized and demanded work. Then the city voted $10,000 to provide employment.

Eight-hour ordinance of Pueblo, Col., is not being enforced, and the laborites want to know why.

A movement is on foot in North Carolina to organize state branch A. F. of L.

Boyer's broom factory at Galesburg, Ill., was unionized.

POLITICAL PICKUPS.

New York socialists have uncovered a number of election frauds. Votes were not counted.

Socialism continues to spread among Alabama miners. The latter are becoming disgusted with the capers cut by the "reform" legislature.

Messrs. Bernine and Swanholm are stumping Nebraska for the socialist party. They are having big meetings.

The St. Louis Evening Journal, daily populist paper, has flopped to the democracy. It has been very stale lately.

Kansas populist legislature decided to resubmit prohibition to a vote of the people, and consequently the prohibs are wild with rage. They call it "a stab in the back."

There is a split in the fusion arrangement entered into in Michigan last week. The middle-of-the-road faction of the populist party bolted and put up a straight state ticket.

There are now over 100,000 socialists in Hungary, but owing to a restricted suffrage they are unable to make their presence felt. Still the work of organization and agitation is going forward, and the ballot is bound to come.

The Austrian political situation is being closely watched by European statesmen, and the coming election will have far-reaching consequences. Two of the reactionary parties have amalgamated and affected a combination with the clericals for the purpose of staying the encroachments of the socialists, the Germans and the anti-Semites. Austria is in fact in a chaotic political condition.

An incident that is creating much comment in European papers is a strange figure in socio-religious politics, the Abbe Stojalewski, against whom some 20 sentences for breach of public order, the press laws, or something else have been recorded, who has raised a ferment among Polish peasants in Galicia, which menaces the old privileges of priests and landlords to control their votes. Stojalewski, who has his headquarters near the Galician frontier, has started a large revolt among the poorer classes against the rich, and he refers to himself as a Christian socialist.

The row in the populist ranks has taken a new turn. Aside from the bitter war between the middle-of-the-roaders and the fusionists, a wrangle has broken out among the former brethren. It will be remembered that when Pritchard was elected senator in North Carolina, senator Butler flopped back into the middle of the road, but now come the Texas pop papers and roast Butler and applaud the republican Pritchard. This leads Butler's paper to send volleys of hot shot into the Texas and Georgia Watsonites, and the demand is made that "these cattle" be weeded out of the party. So it appears that there are now three national factions pulling hair, and none seem to know where they are at.

SHE WAS BRAVER THAN THE MEN.

She Found the "Ghost" That Had Scared the Other Dancers.

A dispatch from Groton, N. Y., says: All the able bodied young farmers at Stevens Corners are expaining why it was that their hearts failed them several nights ago at the thought of the spooks in the old burying ground there, and why it was that they allowed a young woman to solve the ghastly mystery unaided.

There was a dance at Seth Roberts' house, half a mile from the graveyard. The festivities were interrupted about 11 o'clock by two white faced young men, who dashed in and announced that no less than a dozen hobgoblins were holding high revel in the graveyard as the guests of all the disreputable shades whose mortal remains are there interred. The men who brought the news were David Roberts and Andres Seara, who had been driving past the graveyard when they heard the clamor of the grisly crew.

"I bet a load of hay that Hank Ezcamp's ghost is mixed up in it," said one man in a tone of deep conviction, and those who knew Hank in life agreed that the idea was plausible. The young folk did not feel like dancing after that—it savored too much of running in opposition to the spectral revel that was presumably being conducted by their lamented friends.

Miss Hattie Beyea, however, protested against the evening pleasure being spoiled. "I don't believe there is a ghost within two miles of Stevens Corners," she declared, and in order to show her the folly of her declaration the others told well authenticated and marrow chilling tales of restless spirits who did business in that neighborhood.

"Well, if there are ghosts, we might as well see 'em," declared Miss Beyea. "Let's go over to the cemetery."

This proposal was regarded as horrifying, but the curiosity of the dancers was not to be put aside, and they timorously walked toward the graveyard. When they were 100 yards away from the entrance they heard a rattle, as of chains, and a wail floated out on the night air.

"That's chains, an' that's a lost soul," announced one of the men in the lead, and as he looked as if he knew what he was talking about his explanation was accepted.

The party halted, and the majority favored going home at once, without intruding on the sport of the spirits. Miss Beyea, however, declared that the men should make a thorough investigation. With one accord they declined. They were strengthened in their determination a moment later by a succession of awful sounds that came from the cemetery.

"Well, if you won't go, I will," said Miss Beyea, and she started toward the graves.

"Come back," pleaded the others, but her mind was made up. Straight for Hank Ezcamp's last resting place she went, and inside the iron railing around the lot was a moving figure, waving white arms in the air, and crying, "Lost, lost, lost."

As Miss Beyea looked, it rattled the railings.

"It's Hank, sure enough," though Miss Beyea. Then she asked in a quavering voice: "Are you lost?"

"Do you think I'd be here if I wasn't?" wailed the figure.

"Haven't you any chance to repent now?" suggested Miss Beyea.

Instead of answering, the figure, only the upper part of which was white, dashed around the enclosure, making weird sounds, and rattling the railings.

Miss Beyea was about to flee in terror when the figure spoke: "If ever I get out of here," it said in maudlin tones, "I'll never drink another drop, as sure as I'm 'Al' Peters."

"Are you 'Al' Peters?" asked Miss Beyea.

"That's what, and I don't know how I ever got in this place," he answered.

Miss Beyea hastened out and told the waiting friends outside, and in a few minutes Peters was released, invested with his coat, and sent home.

LOVETT AN INNOCENT BIGAMIST.

Philadelphia Man Finds Himself the Possessor of Two Wives.

A sensation was sprung in the court of quarter sessions at Pittsburg, Pa., the other day when J. W. Lovett filed a petition asking the court to revoke a former order under which he has for some time been paying $2 per week temporary alimony to Mary E. Lovett, pending divorce proceedings.

Lovett in his petition appears an innocent bigamist—setting forth that he has just discovered that a woman whom he married 16 years ago is not dead as he supposed, but is living and well, in Englewood, Chicago, under the name of Wilkinson. Lovett now claims the woman to whom he has been paying alimony is not and never has been his wife, on account of his first wife not being dead.

His story is that in the spring of 1881 he married Hannah Ball, who later in the year deserted him, going west with a man named Wilkinson. Six years ago Lovett received what he considered good evidence that his wife was dead. He then married the present Mary E. Lovett. Last year he began divorce proceedings against her, and was ordered to pay alimony pending the taking of testimony. It was through Mary E. Lovett's answer to his divorce proceedings that Lovett first got an inkling of his first wife's present existence.

No. 2 sets forth in her reply that No. 1 was yet living. An investigation was made and Lovett reports that his first wife was found living in Englewood with Wilkinson, having been married to him. The court granted a rule requiring Mrs. Lovett No. 2 to appear in court Saturday.

A 30,000-Acre Farm.

Fifteen thousand cattle and 20,000 hogs are fattening on a 30,000-acre farm in Atchison, Mo.

To Declare War Against England.

It was near the end of the rainy season, and the president's liver was out of order, and his presidency, which extended over a few hundred miles of barren dune and crag and a mixed population of all colors, knew it. Also the executive and heads of departments generally were just sickening for another attack of suspicion, the advent of the disease being heralded by press prohibitions and unnecessary arrests. Altogether things pointed pretty clearly to the periodical outbreak which necessitated a rapid change of the personnel of the government, conducted on the usual strictly homicidal principles. By the time the full languor of the hot weather was upon us, a general amnesty would be proclaimed, and the new president—who had climbed into power during the storm—be extolled for his clemency.

I had not been out very long, and the ways of the republic still amused me. My friend, the British consul, who for the last 15 years had inhabited a little whitewashed house on the cliff, pervaded by rats and gray lizards and within hail of the pestilential odors from the beach 600 feet below, did not look upon things in the same light. In theory he agreed that these periodical bloodlettings were indispensable to the health of the republic, but he disliked the extra work and exertion entailed by a too frequent indulgence in them. Moreover, he preferred these fever fits should come on in the cooler part of the year. We were sitting in the shady end of his piazza, and he was giving me his views on the situation.

"The present party 'll last about a fortnight," he was saying, "unless they do something out of the way mad, which may give 'em six weeks' grace."

"What sort of thing?" I asked. "They can't do much harm anyway; the area is limited."

"Don't you make any such mistake," returned he, with some warmth. "The old world is a mere mass of tinder a spark from here could set blazing. Some time ago," he went on meditatively, "the tail-end of a political party nearly did the trick. If it hadn't been that Scanderson was on the premises they'd have scorched the British empire for certain."

This being a pretty large order even for a South American republic to contract for, I concluded he had a tale to tell, and I felt it was my duty to make him tell it.

"Who is Scanderson?" I asked. "The name doesn't seem to fit in with blue tropic seas and hot-blooded presidents."

"It's hard to be sure where he hailed from—inside the British isles," Allansford returned thoughtfully. "Irish-Scotch for choice. Curious blend, Irish-Scotch."

It was too hot to talk, although the night would be on us in half an hour, so I settled myself in my chair.

"The story," I said.

The sun was brooding low over the Pacific—an angry eyeball under a purple lid—and lending a tinge of red to the low yellow hills bounding the shore. Below us a bloated pelican poised itself upon one of the black-backed boulders that always reminded me of a school of whales floating dead in the bay.

After a prolonged pause, Allansford recommenced.

"It was rather later in the year when it all began. There was a president in power at the time, who was the worst president these mixed races have ever been goaded into revolution by. They only took him on because there were no other candidates upon that occasion. The last two had been blown up, you see, and that made the usual crowd a bit shy. He'd been president about four months, and any one could tell with half an eye he'd never see a fifth under ordinary circumstances, but he was backed by an unscrupulous party, who knew that his fall meant early-morning shooting practice for the black and yellow troops with themselves for targets. So they put their heads together to invent something solid to put off the evil day and give them time to clear; for by this time the troops who were garrisoning the ports had mostly gone over to the opposition, and would be sure to resent any movement likely to deprive them of their shooting excursions."

Allansford pushed the cigars toward me and continued:

"As I said, the president and his party put their heads together and held a confabulation. I afterward heard what passed at the meeting."

"Who told you?" I inquired, seeing my companion smile.

"Well, it was the president's right-hand man—the minister for foreign affairs, finance, war, marine and public instruction, a gentleman who fortunately believed in hedging. The president got up and gave a crape-and-fire sketch of the position, remarking they were all in the same boat, and must sink or swim together, and ended up with a polite request that any one who had a workable plan to propose should lay it on the table for general consideration.

"Various members of the government talked different kinds of nonsense, and when they had quite finished the president got on his legs again. 'What we want,' said he, 'is, I gather, breathing space—time, in fact, to get clear. To do that, we must give the people something interesting to think of—take some step that will create a sensation, and we can't do better than declare war on somebody. It will give us a fortnight's grace, probably more, and before the war can commence we shall be out of it all, beside,' he added sweetly, 'making it jolly nasty for the party who want to oust us.'

"The extraordinary foresight of the president's scheme caused such emotion at this point that business had to be temporarily suspended; but when things had settled down again, they sat about choosing the country which should be the subject of their bellicose attentions. Opinions differed here. One man proposed the United States, but was cried down because the president said he'd heard that they'd lately ordered a navy and initiated a foreign policy, and who could say what they might do in the first warmth of their feelings? He was no fool, that president—only downright bad and corrupt.

"The other powers next came under consideration, but were rejected one after another for certain cogent reason, till all the available powers were disposed of excepting England.

"'I propose,' said the president, 'that we declare war against England.'

"Dom Miguel had said so many clever things that day that no one ventured to disagree with him. So, after waiting a reasonable time for objection to be advanced, he proceeded to give the grounds for his choice.

"'We know,' said he, 'that England is big and dignified, and hard to irritate. Also the English element here is not of much account to be worth individual attention. This move of ours will cause a vast sensation, and raise us in the scale of nations, and we won't suffer any ill effects. Whereas, if we were to declare war on little powers, they'd take it to heart perhaps, and we'd have their waspy little cruisers here under a week. It's different with England. They'd bring the matter before parliament, and talk about it, and perhaps send a commission to investigate and report. Meantime we can retire comfortably, and put leagues of sea between us and our country.'

"Everyone present felt the soundness of these arguments, so the question was decided, and they passed on to arrange some excuse for picking the quarrel. As luck would have it, they found it very hard to fix on anything to complain of. The English in this district are an orderly lot, mostly engaged in expanding the welfare of the country. But the president again came to the rescue.

"'There's a man from Europe boring holes and blasting rocks on the edge of the quagmires under the mountains. He is said to be English—no other land rears that energetic type of lunatic. I don't know what he is after, but whatever it is, he is contravening the treaty. I'll have him fetched to begin with. We might also publish a manifest against the encroachments of the English, and chuck their consul into jail.'

"This decided it, and the council broke up, leaving the president to sign the warrant for my arrest, and distributed themselves amongst the various saloons in the town for the purpose of raising Cain.

II.

"The president proved to be right in his calculations, for when the news got abroad that the republic intended to cling to their rights and their boundaries, and to stand out with all their forces against the greed of England, a big demonstration was held in his honor in the Plaza Mayor, and there was some natural anxiety aroused in the minds of the leaders of the opposing party.

"As soon as I became aware of all that had passed at the meeting of the council, I knew the affair promised to be distinctly awkward. That business in Guatemala recurred to my mind—when they all but flogged the consul to death, you remember. I set about considering what I had better do. I gave the popular excitement a couple of weeks to subside, but meantime almost anything might happen. A shooting party for my benefit, by way of throwing down the gauntlet to England, was quite on the cards, and would have suited the taste of the populace to a hair. Supposing they took milder measures, the jail was in my case highly unsanitary. I knew they had had jellow-jack there among a batch of Cubans from Panama not a week before. Besides, a declaration of war, from however rotten and paltry a state, might have turned out a ticklish point for England to arrange at a moment when the world was suffering from a severe go of Anglophobia. All things considered, I determined to keep the peace at any price, and not to go to jail if I could help it.

"Knowing that my time was short, I sent a message down to the only man I knew who could be of any use at such a pinch—Scanderson, in fact—asking him to be with me as soon as possible. Scanderson lived in the narrowest street in this dirty little town. I knew he understood the idiosyncrasies of South American republics—which was most important—and had considerable experiences in revolutions. He had resided in the republic off and on for some years, and generally had some job or other on hand, and mostly pulled them off, too, though some of them were queer enough, I can tell you. His morals were not over-high, and his talk wasn't exactly clean, but I knew he had a head on him, and would do most things for a consideration. And that was about as much as I knew of him at that time.

"I was sitting on this piazza where we are now when he turned up. He was a cross-eyes, clean-shaven man, with a leather-colored skin. I judged it best to give him a clear hint of our predicament, and intimated that efficient advice or help would be looked upon as a valuable contribution and paid for on a liberal scale.

"'It all depends on what you want to do,' he said. 'If you want my help in this affair, just say what's to be done. Then I'll name my price, and, when details are settled, start gettin' through with it.'

"'I don't want the British empire to have a row with this microbe of a state,' I explained, 'and don't want to go to jail.'

"Scanderson considered a moment.

"'You're not for bolting?' he asked, with his head on one side like a vulture.

"'How can I bolt?' I answered angrily. 'I've got my work to attend to.'

"'Just so,' he agreed.

"'And they're coming to arrest me in an hour.'

"'Or less,' added Scanderson, with conviction. 'After that they'll raid the houses of the English residents, and then there'll be the deuce to pay.'

"'I know that, man!' I said exasperated. 'That's just the difficulty.'

"Scanderson surveyed me dispassionately.

"'It will be an ugly business, take my word for it,' he remarked, 'unless—we stop it.'

"'an't you tackle the problem?' I asked; 'you know this precious Pacific seaboard better than any man living.'

"He smoked an inch of green cheroot before he answered me.

"'I believe I do, but—'

"'Name your price,' I said testily.

"'Tain't altogether a question of dollars,' he answered, slowly. 'If you knew as much of international politics as I do, and had the same source of information, which you have not—being H. B. M.'s consul—you'd know that we—taking us as a nation—are in about the tightest place on record.'

"We sat smoking in dreary silence for many minutes.

"'I know that prospector,' he began again, waving his hand eastward; 'he's as British as you or I, though his name's Kopsel. But you'll have to stick to it that he's a German, and he'll stick to it too as long as we are down on our luck. I'll pass him the word.'

"'They won't believe him,' I objected.

"'No,' he assented, 'but we could make 'em if—when is that gunboat we keep around here coming back?'

"I replied that she was gone for a cruise and that even if it were possible to wire for her at that instant it would be a goodish while before she could drop a party of blue-jackets on the hot white wharf below there.

"'I'm jiggered!' he said, smoking furiously.

"By this time I felt pretty low.

"'Can't you suggest anything?' I asked, hopelessly. 'If you can't, there will be 70 Britons less in this republic this day week—not to mention further complications.'

"'Let me alone!' he growled savagely, and sucked at his new smoke with vigor.

"After ten minutes' tobacco he spoke.

"'You'll have to guarantee expenses.'

"'Certainly,' I said.

"'And £500 down.'

"'Yes; go on.'

"'Well, now, I'll sketch out my notion. I've a half-dismantled hulk up the coast that was going to be rafters next week,' he commenced.

"'The Bird of Paradise?' I exclaimed.

"'Yes, that's her handle. You know her? I'll ride across and stop the rafter business. You remember the cut of her keel, and the blunt sweep—'

"'No, no,' I interrupted in a hurry, 'I know nothing of her—except commercially. Don't waste time in describing her; I don't want to have anything to do with her.'

"'Don't you?' rejoined he roughly. 'Yet she's the only stick between you and kingdom come!'

"He put his elbows on his knees and bent toward me.

"'Look here! I'm going to strip the bulwarks off that old wreck, and ballast her below the Plimsoll fine,' he said, with an odd bitterness I could not then account for, and keeping only the tail of his eye on me to see how I took it. 'It's useless to enter into details with you. I'll put a round black turret on her amidships, paint her jet black from stem to stern, and I'll plough her along that blooming blue horizon to scare the natives!'

"I simply stared at him; I couldn't imagine what he was driving at.

"'Shake yourself awake!' he went on, with a good deal of contempt, 'and lose no time in reporting to Dom Miguel that you expect her majesty's turret ship, the Destroyer, along here the third day from now.'

"'Good Lord!' I said; 'you don't suppose they'll rise to a crazy trick like that!'

"'Try 'em; that's all,' he replied, confidently. "It's crude and it's crazy, but it ain't time-worn, anyway. It's brand new—this trick is. And whose's to say she's not a British warship? 'Taint you nor me, Mr. Allansford, nor yet our reputations neither, that's backing that ship to be genuine. It's the reputation of England! And I want to know if this republic is likely to stand up and question that under the arms of the Destroyer? I guess not!'

"'But the Bird of Paradise is well known,' I persisted.

"'She is, but she won't be long—not by the time I've done with her.'

"'Besides, she's not seaworthy.'

"'That's true, too, but I'll patch her up and coddle her along under the shore. I've eaten salt biscuit in my time, and, well—she's good for a couple of hundred knots—perhaps. If I fall in with the Albatross, I'll send her up sharp.'

"He got up and stretched himself, while I opened a bottle of fizz to drink success to the expedition.

"'You'd better go the whole hog and tell the president that you'd take it kindly if they could demonstrate a bit in our favor. That'll set 'em buzzing!'

"'All right,' I said.

"Then he stood awhile as if hesitating, with his glass in his hand, and I thought he was going to say something special, but he only added as he tossed off the wine:

"'There's nothing else for it; it's got to be done. You may rely on me, Mr. Allansford. Good-bye.'

"He put out a not over-clean paw to shake mine, and I'm proud to say I grasped it heartily.

III.

"After watching Scanderson's figure slouching away down the hill, I wrote to the president, thinking it might unduly precipitate matters if I showed myself in the town, where feeling was beginning to run high. Dom Miguel sent me an ambiguous answer, but the arrest warrant was not executed." Allansford paused to light another cigar. Out of the sultry darkness, which had closed by this time, arose a doleful minor melody, wherein the singer likened his love to the urpillachay, the turtle-dove. Allansford shouted a remonstrance, and the sound ceased. I could see nothing but the glowing tip of his cigar as he resumed.

"For the next two days, I was in the deuce of a stew; for, though I lay low, side winds brought me disquieting rumors. If anything went wrong, of course, all the blame of the misunderstanding would fall on my shoulders. I should certainly be reprimanded, and possibly recalled—if I lived long enough, and as I'm getting on toward the end of my time out here, I wished to avoid that. The bit of marshland that Kopsel had pitched upon was No Man's Land, which made this blessed little republic twice as sure it was theirs. In the ordinary course of events I could have arranged the whole business exhaustively over a whisky and soda; but in this case it was different, because the government was working for a row, and would not be satisfied without one.

"Then I didn't know where it would stop; for once a South American republic gets the bit between its teeth, there's no saying where it will see fit to pull up short of judgment day. There were some scores of English residents scattered about, some with wives and children, and I knew from experience that the first word of war would bring all the cross-breeds about their ears.

"On the afternoon of the third day I got into something clean, reached down my sun hat, and rode round to interview Dom Miguel. I was told he was with the ladies, and he left me to cool my heels in the ante-room for a quarter of an hour. When he did come along, it was with that stilted hypocritical gait he always adopted when bound on arriving too late to exercise clemency at an execution.

"I greeted him as usual, and he began off-hand about the aggressive spirit manifested by certain foreign powers. The republic, he assured me, would not suffer foreign aggression. They might be but a small and feeble state, yet for all that they would on no account forego their natural rights. No nation, however great, should encroach upon these rights, and he felt it to be his duty to his country to adopt a firm attitude.

"Patriotism in a South American president invariably means mischief. I knew he was just going to name names, so I dropped a hint about the Destroyer.

"'She has not come yet,' he observed pointedly.

"'I expect her today,' I replied, with my heart in my mouth. 'From the Terrace we can no doubt see her in the offing.'

"A livid hue crept up into Dom Miguel's big blue cheeks.

"'Let us see,' he said coldly, and preceded me to the Terrace.

"You can bet I hoped Scanderson would be as good as his word, as I walked out after the president. You know what the Pacific is like on such a day—as if the light of the universe were focussed to make the glare. Not a shadow anywhere on the blinding blue of sea and sky, the glitter folds round you till you feel that if you flung out your fist you'd shiver the world like a mirror into splinters of glass at your feet.

"I could see nothing at first for the dazzle. Then on the far edge of the sky I perceived a trail of smoke. Presently the Destoyer crawled up out of the horizon like a black slug on the oily roll of the water. I pointed to her without a word.

"Dom Miguel just turned and shook me by the hand.

"'My dear sir,' he exclaimed, 'how fortunate!'

"I heartily agreed with him.

"'England has ever shown herself the friend and champion of the oppressed,' he continued in a burst of enthusiasm. 'As I was saying before we came out, I wish to consult you about the aggressive spirit lately manifested by Germany in this state. I find that a man named Kopsel—' But I needn't tell you any more. We had a friendly drink together, and that was the last of the war."

"Then Scanderson was successful?" I queried.

"He was. Unwritten history, you know."

"And where's Scanderson?" I asked.

He made no answer, and for awhile we listened in the darkness to the thunder of the surf along the bay.

"Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes forth on the east wind that died for England's sake,"

he quoted. "Who wrote that?—There are qualities planted deep down in us which come to the surface and flourish best on the frontiers of the world."

I waited for him to finish.

"At first I thought it was the fortune of war," he resumed at length, "but later I found that Scanderson had put out to sea with four men at the pumps. The Bird wasn't fit to be a penny ferry, let alone meeting the Pacific swell. She went down with all hands off Caraguez."—E. and H. Heron, in Cornhill Magazine.

LUXURY - SEEKING AMERICANS.

How Their Struggles for Social Elegance Works Their Undoing.

"Someone has recently said that 'Americans are struggling to be luxurious,'" writes the Prophet, under the heading of Reflections in the February Ev'ry Month, "and while that charge cannot seem very serious to some, it, at the same time, cannot be charged of Americans alone. Other nations either are or are struggling to be luxurious, and some have suffered the result of their satisfaction in this respect—decay. It is no sin to be luxurious if it is no sin to cast away various abilities and possibilities which activity and rugged simplicity foster; but, if the loss by non-use or misuse of any one of the faculties with which man is primarily endowed is wrong, then luxury, which weakens and destroys such faculties, is also wrong. No man can preserve the hand soft and white and still expect that it will be strong and dexterous for accomplishing useful labors.

"It is one of the laws of nature that use strengthens and perfects, so that a man can become remarkably proficient, in so far as some one of his senses is concerned, providing he makes wise and diligent use of that sense, and aids it by an otherwise well-balanced constitution.

"But those who are trying to be luxurious are striving to do away with the labor that gives to the muscles their natural form, strength and capacity, for without labor they have none of these. They are striving to abolish the keenness and vigor of the eye by directing it toward nothing in particular, thus arresting its development and staying its power. Their ear is employed to no particular purpose, they preferring to preserve it from anything harsh or disturbing, and so causing it to linger on in idleness. They glove their fingers and preserve their hands in idleness, until they are unfitted for anything but graceful exhibition, and it is thus with one after another of the faculties and special senses, which are refined and preserved in idleness until (like unused muscles) they become weak and passive, unfitted for all but the most worthless of pleasures—those of luxurious idleness.

"In times of danger such children of luxury would be of no value to a nation, and before the onslaught of some foe raised amid hardships and taught to use every faculty in his battle for earthly subsistence, such weaklings would be quickly annihilated. Their white hands and luxurious tastes would avail them nothing. All their trappings of ease and refinement would scarcely ransom for them their uncomforable lives. They would be swept away, and those whose superior strength had wrested the gorgeous possessions would control and use them by right of manhood—a right invariably established by physical and mental superiority. Thus their luxury would prove their death—and so it is throughout nature.

"These luxury-seeking Americans do not realize what they do, or they would not weaken themselves in the social scale. They would not, it is safe to say, give up any jot of their sense-powers willingly, nor yet sell them for gold, although, by housing themselves and avoiding effort of all kinds, they weaken them by disuse. They would not abandon their eyes, nor their ears, not yet would they willingly part with the power of their frames, though they proceed leisurely and with satisfaction to divest themselves of all the attributes of vigor by indulging their every whim and securing themselves in idleness. Thus they rob themselves of power, and from their mansions look indulgently upon the toilsome fields, from which are sure to arise the men of strength and sinew, who by energetic use of their every faculty will yet displace them—will assume all power by right and drive all weaklings before them, hopeless and helpless, into that contentious world for whose toils and struggles they have, all their years, labored foolishly to unfit themselves."

St. Petersburg Press.

The press of St. Petersburg has just been reinforced by half a dozen new daily papers, which bring the total of all the journals and periodicals now appearing in the Russian capital up to about 250. Altogether in Russia there are now about 780 journals and reviews, as compared with 440 in 1882; but there is no relaxation of censorship, nor is there any evidence of greater tolerance of liberal criticism beyond the narrow limits permitted under Alexander III.

What to Call It.

"It strikes me that gown is too loud for Sunday. I suppose it's what they would call a symphony in color."

The other man in the last pew but one laughed a low laugh, suggestive of the vague borderland between mirth and sorrow.

"Symphony!" he repeated. "More likely a sacred concert."—Detroit Journal.

Satisfactorily Explained.

Weary Watkins—What's dis here repudiation?

Hungry Higgins—It's like dis here: De world owes me an' you a livin', don' it?

Weary Watkins—Yep.

Hungry Higgins—Well, de world has repudiated, dat's all.—Indianapolis Journal.

GRAND FORKS MINER.

F. H. McCARTER & SON - - - - - - PROPRIETORS.
G. E. McCARTER - - - - EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1897.

PLENTY HERE NOW.

It is pleasing to note that a number of the papers in the southern portion of the province have taken up the matter of the suffering which is sure to follow the large influx of more people into the districts of Kootenay, Slocan Kettle river and Boundary creek than are likely to be able to find profitable employment. While there is hardly any doubt but that the construction of the Crow's Nest Pass railway will be commenced, and more than probably on one or more lines to connect the Columbia river with the Kettle river and Boundary countries, and also on the Slocan Crossing to the foot of Slocan lake. Acknowledging that such is a fact and work should be pushed as fast as practical, not more than one-half of those now coming and those who are expected to come with the opening of spring, would be able to find employment. With these cold facts staring us in the face, we again repeat what we have already said before, if a man has not got the means to provide for the necessities of life long enough to find suitable employment and pay his fare back if he is not successful, he had far better not come, as there are more then enough laboring men in this section already to do all the work at present, however rapid be the development of the mines.

WILL REVOLUTIONIZE MINING.

The test made at the O. K. mill, last Thursday, by the managers of the LeRoi mine, practically solved the problem of treating our low grade ores. By this test it was fully demonstrated that the low grade silicious ore of the LeRoi mine is really a free-milling and concentrating instead of a smelting proposition. The fact that many of the claims up the North Fork have ore of the same character, and in nearly every instance in greater quantity, makes the importance of this discovery so great that its full effect on this district cannot be forecast. While it is true that the test made by the LeRoi company cannot be taken as conclusive evidence that all silicious ores are free-milling or amenable to concentration, it can be definitely determined just what class of ore will yield as good results as has the LeRoi, by experiments. If seventy five per cent of the gold can be extracted and eleven per cent more saved in the concentrates as this trial indicates, it will revolutionize mining in this vicinity and make valuable mines out of what are now regarded as prospects; and there is no reason why there should not be stamp mills erected on a number of North Fork properties at once.

APPOINTED AT LAST.

After waiting nearly a year we are pleased to at last chronicle the appointment of a recorder for the Grand Forks district, to be located at Grand Forks at once, in the person of Sidney Russell Almond, J. P., of Carson. In making this appointment the government is to be highly commended on the good judgment shown in the selection of a gentleman so well qualified as Mr. Almond, who has filled the office of magistrate at Carson for the past three years, during which time he has gained the respect of all who have had occasion to come in contact with him, and we have every reason to believe he will fill his new position in a manner as will do credit to himself and be satisfactory to the public in general and the authorities at Victoria.

FROM those who are arriving daily from Rossland and Spokane the reports are very encouraging concerning the prospects of a railway being built into Grand Forks before the end of 1897. The general belief seems to be that Mr. Heinze will extend the Columbia & Western railway to Penticton, and that Mr. Corbin is almost sure to commence the extension of the Red Mountain road into this district, just as soon as the bridge across the Columbia river, at Northport, is completed, which is expected to be some time in June next.

NONE but men of practical business experience should be given a place on the board of aldermen to be selected at the coming municipal election.

IF REPORTS go for aught there are no less than seven who have the mayorality "bee" buzzing about their ears.

IN John A. Manly Grand Forks would have a Mayor who would fill the office with credit to the city.

MUNICIPAL politics are boiling away as merrily as a "gob" of spit on a red hot stove.

Jessop Drill Steel, Powder, Caps and Fuse at Manly's Hardware.

GETTING WARM

POLITICS IS NOW THE ALL ABSORBING TOPIC OF DISCUSSION AT THE FORKS.

WILLING SACRIFICES

No Trouble Whatever to Find Plenty of People Who Will Accept the Various Offices if They are Tendered to Them.

Within twenty-four hours after the announcement that the bill incorporating Grand Forks into a municipality had passed the legislature, the political pot commenced to simmer, and has been getting a little warmer ever since until Thursday afternoon it reached a boiling point, slopped over and ran all over town. If rumors are any criterion to go by every voter within the municipalty, with but a few exceptions, is willing to make a sacrifice for the dear people in some capacity. In fact, the fears entertained before the passage of the incorporation bill that it would be imposible to secure sufficient material with which to frame a city have vanished like a snow ball in Hades.

The question as to what constituted a voter has received more attention than any other, and been twisted around in every imaginable shape, so it will apply to the case of every individual who has a skeleton in his closet regarding his qualifications as a voter. In order to dispell any doubt as to who shall be entitled to vote we reproduce Section 8, of the act of incorporation:

"The persons qualified to vote for mayor and alderman at such an election shall be all such persons who are male British subjects of the full age of twenty-one years and have resided in the limits of such city for three months next preceding the date of such election, and who shall, before the day of such election, have applied to the returning officer and have had their names placed on the list of electors for such election."

By this it is clearly to be seen that the point to be determined is, "what constitutes a British subject?"

The qualifiations necessary to make a person eligible for the mayorality are he shall be a male British subject the full age of twenty-one years, who is not disqualified under any law, and who has been for three months next preceeding the day of nomination the registered owner in the land registry office of land or real property in the city of the value of $1000 over and above any registered incumbrance, or who has been for three months the sole tenant in possession of land or real property in the city of the value of $2000 under lease in writing for not less than one year.

The qualification for an alderman as provided for by the act is the same as that of the mayor, only the property qualification is $500 instead of $1,000.

Provisions are made for the appointment of a returning officer who shall enter in a book, the names, addresses and occupation of all such persons, qualified who make application to him, and such list shall be the list of the electors for such election.

Before the name of any person shall be placed on the list, he shall make and sign a declaration in writing, before some person authorized to administer oaths setting forth his name, address, occupation and qualifications under the provisions of the act.

The present aspect of the situation as it sums itself up, briefly stated, is that there will be two tickets in the field, those who were opposed to incorporation being on one side, and those who were in favor of it on the other.

From the very first it has been generally conceeded to be the unanimous wish of a majority of those who have the interests of Grand Forks at heart, that John A. Manly, the man who has done more to make the town what it is today, than any other individual, should be given the honor of being its first mayor. In accordance with this sentiment a delegation of representative citizens called upon that gentleman, at his residence yesterday afternoon, and requested the use of his name as a candidate for that office.

In a few well chosen remarks Mr. Manly thanked the gentlemen for the honored bestowed upon him, and signified his willingness to comply with the request of his fellow townsmen.

An active canvass will at once be commenced in his behalf, and a mass meeting has been called for Monday night at the school house.

The opposition have been hard at work for over a week, and are pretty thoroughly organized. A petition asking P. T. McCallum, to accept the nomination for mayor, has been circulated, and is said to have been pretty generally signed by all of those who were known to be avowed opponents to the incorporation of the town. As yet, however, the petition has not been presented to that gentleman, and what his reply will be is only a matter of guess work.

Among those who have been mentioned as probable candidates for aldermen so far are the following named gentlemen; Joseph Wiseman, Fred Knight, Jeff Davis, Jack Smith, Neil Hardy, J. K. Johnson, G. W. Hepworth, W. K. C. Manly, D. P. Mitchell, Charles Cusson and Robert Hewitt. But as the election will not occur before April 5th, this list may be materially changed.

Among those who would not object to holding down the office of city marshall are named I. A. Dinsmore, A. W. Preslar and Neil Hardy.

It is further stated by those who have given the matter consideration that in the event of a fire department being established J. E. Kelly and Frank Truax will be pitted against each other for the honors of chief of that body.

The municipal solicitorship plum, the knowing ones say, will be ably guarded by either H. S. Cayley, Mr. Aikman or A. C. Sutton.

The only man in the field so far heard from for the city clerkship is J. H. Featherston, but it is safe to predict that he will not have an opportunity to trot the race without a competitor.

Now that the city of Grand Forks must prepare for the election of a mayor and board of alderman whose duties shall be to undertake the goverment of the city, no one will deny that the first set of officers will be confronted with responsibilities of a grave nature, which will require careful thought and deliberation; therefore there exisits a great necessity for hearty co-operation and honest endeavors on the part of those who will be delegated with the power to elect these officers, in order to obtain an administration that will be beneficial and creditable. Great care should be taken by those who have the interest of the city at heart, and they should be guarded in their selection of candidates by the records they have made in enterprise and integrity. The necessity for effectually heading off those who have "axes to grind" or who may be expected to abuse the trust that may be placed in their hands, is equally important, while those who desire to "run things" according to their own pet therories and unless successful would be antagnistic to the best interests of the town should be particularly guarded against.

Silver-plated knives and forks at Manly's Hardware.

LOCAL NOTES.

I. Worthington was among our Spokane visitors this week.

J. D. Cockrell, of Nelson, came over to the "future great" on Wednesday to see how the thing was done.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Manly returned home Thursday afternoon from an extended trip to Rossland and Spokane.

Mrs A. Preslar and daughter Pearl left via Thursday morning's stage for Spokane where they expect to remain for a couple of months.

Until a returning officer is appointed the exact date of the election cannot be determined, but it supposed to occur about the 5th of April

G. J. Hayward, a stock man from Vancouver, has been spending a couple of weeks in the Forks looking over this section with a view of investing.

Mrs. H. A. Sheads is organizing a class in shorthand and stenography. Terms reasonable Students have free use of typewriter while learning.

Mrs. John A. Manly is suffering from a severe cold contracted by becoming chilled through on the trip from Marcus.

Capt. Hargrave and Dick Gibson are making preparations to start work immediately on the Round Butte and Iron Cliff recently bonded by Messrs. Gibson and Redmond.

Mrs. W. K C Manly, returned home last Wednesday, much improved in health, from the hospital at Greenwood, where she had been for some time past.

A petition is being circulated by our neighbors over at Carson, asking the government for aid toward the building of a bridge across Kettle river at Johnson's ferry.

Messrs. Ward and Aikman, of the firm of Fulton, Ward & Aikman of Kamloops, arrived in the city last Saturday and will open an office here which will be in charge of Mr. Aikman.

Mr. John Ogden, of the firm of Filley & Ogden, real estate and mine brokers, arrived Thursday evening from Olympia, Wash., where he has been employed as superintendent in the state printing office for the past few years.

P. F. McCabe and G. B. Robbins, of Anaconda, were among the arrivals at the Forks this week. They are in search of a business location and express themselves well pleased with the outlook here from a business standpoint.

A. L. Cohn and J. P. Buchniger are in town from Rossland. These gentlemen have the contract for the decorating of Dr. Averill's residence and contemplate locating here permanently.

G. R. Naden, representing the Bealey Investment company, of Rossland spent Thursday in the Forks looking over the situation with a view of establishing a branch of that firm in the city. They do a general investment, brokerage and insurance business

Walker & Williams is the name of a new firm of contractors who have cast their lot with the future of the Forks. They propose to do nothing but contract work and will give estimates on anything from building a henhouse to running a tunnel through Observation mountain.

Mart Wild has just returned from his property up the North Fork, known as the Moonlight, where he has been working for the past month The shaft is now down some fifteen feet and judging from the sample of ore that was shown to us taken from this property there is every reason to believe that the Moonlight is all right.

We acknowledge the receipt of a sample roll of Marden's Creamery butter presented us by C. W. Marden, the proprietor. Mr. M. is offering the public a fine article and those who purchase of him will not only be getting the finest butter in town, but will be patronizing home industry.

Parties arriving last Thursday from Midway report that Gold Commissioner Lambly arrived there on Tuesday and at once began a government investigation of the shooting of James Hood by Recorder McMynn on the morning of Feb. 26. The hearing was still in progress when our informants left so we have been unable to learn anything definite as to the results.

Mr. F. C. Cuppage, superintendent of roads for the Vernon, Osoyoos and Kettle river districts of Yale, was in Grand Forks last Saturday with a view of ascertaining what was needed in the way of trails, roads, bridges, etc., this coming season. It is expected that as soon as the weather will permit, a large number of men will be put to work in this district placing the roads in passable condition.

Steel Tray Wheel Barrows, at Manly's Hardware.

STRUCK A SNAG.

Last Tuesday evening as the Marcus stage, which is on runners, was spinning along at a merry gait, just this side of Gilpin's place, in attempting to make a cut off and avoid a bare spot in the road collided with a stump with such force as to spill all the passengers, of whom there were ten, out onto the ground. The whiffle-tree was broken and the horses ran away. Mr. Rogers, the driver was thrown from his seat, striking on the ground with such force as to dislocate his shoulder, and a gentleman by the name of Garnett, who was sitting beside him on the seat was pitched head foremost onto his face which was badly lacerated by coming in contact with the frozen ground. Outside of these two no one was hurt beyond a shaking up and a few slight scratches.

TOWNSITE OF GREENWOOD JUMPED.

Word was received at the Forks Wednesday afternoon to the effect that the townsite of Greenwood had been jumped by Messrs. Fisher and Collins, who had filed on the same as a pre-emption. Our informant was unable to give the grounds upon which the gentlemen based their action, further than that the town had been laid out on a Crown Granted mineral claim which, under the provisions of the law at the time the Crown Grant was obtained, would not hold surface rights. A later courier from that point corroborates the first report but says that the cause for the action is very slight and the parties who did the jumping, failing in their attempt to record their location at Midway, had pushed on to Vernon to place it on record there.

ANOTHER GROCERY STORE.

Mr. R. G. Butler, of Butte, Mont., arrived in the Forks last Saturday, and after spending a day or two looking over the field, secured a year's lease on the store room on Bridge street owned by Manly & Averill, now used as a school house, and will open with a large stock of groceries. He expects to be ready for business in about sixty days, or sooner if he succeeds in getting his stock of goods on the ground.

Manly & Averill have a carload of groceries on the road and will be prepared to furnish anything in that line at bedrock prices.

DEVELOPMENT

WORK IS BEING STARTED ON A NUMBER OF VALUABLE PROPERTIES NEAR TOWN.

MANY DEALS ON FOOT

Negotiations Now Pending Whereby Considerable Outside Capital Will Become Interested in This Section.

As the winter season draws to a close and evidences of the approach of spring become apparent a renewed activity in mining circles is evinced. Capital is coming in from all points of the compass and practical mining men are taking hold of some of our principal properties with a view to their immediate and continuous exploitation. During the past few days development has been begun on a number of promising properties, to be continued until their value is fully proven, and negotiations are now pending whereby many others are to pass into the hands of outside parties who will at once advance the capital requisite for their proper exploration.

Wm. Guttridge and Geo. Ragland left Tuesday morning to commence development on the Britannic and Big Porphyry claims situated up the North Fork in the near vicinity of the Iron Cliff and Round Butte claims which were lately bonded to Messrs. Gibson and Redmond, of Logansport, Ind., by L. A. Manly and "Cap." Hargrave. The Britannic is owned by Wm. Guttride and Geo. Ingraham, who intend to do considerable work on it this season. The Big Prophyry is the property of Mr. Guttridge and Dr. Averill, and work is to be done on this claim enough to demonstrate its real value.

Messrs. Rogers and Ashfield, who lately located the Fair Play claim, on the hillside just across the North Fork, have begin work on the property and will probably continue all summer if the excellent showing now being made continues. The Fair Play is a relocation of the Little Bell and is to all appearances a contination of the Boneta ledge across the Fork. The iron capping is identical in appearance to that of the Boneta and where an open cut has been run on the surface croppings a fine showing of iron pyrites in diorite and quartz has been made. On the Fair Play the ledge lies between a contact of granite and lime and is to all appearances a true fissue vein; but this can only be demonstrated by development, and this the owners proposed to do.

On the Empire, which is being worked by J. J. Moynahan and W. A. Campbell, of Rossland, the satisfactory showing reported last week still continues and a decided improvement can be seen. Work is being steadily prosecuted and should the mineral continue to increase as it has so far, the Empire, will be a most valuable property long before the fifty feet contract now in hand has been completed.

H. A. Sheads, the well known assayer of this place, returned last Saturday from a business trip from Rossland, and reports that as soon as the snow goes off the hills a force of men will be put to work developing the Coin property, some four miles from town on the Summit trail This is a most promising claim. It has been lately incorporated by Rossland parties, into the Gold Coin Mining company, the officers of which are: W. A. Campbell, president; J. A. Elliott, vice-president, and Thos. Anderson, secretary. As soon as the snow goes off sufficiently to allow of an examination J. J. Moynahan, late superintendent of the Re Roi and Mr. Campbell, will come from Rossland and pay the property a visit with a view of selecting the best place to begin development. Work will then be started at once and it is expected to run night and day shifts in order to show the property up as rapidly as possible. The formation is lime and dolmite carrying from one to thirty ounces of silver, a trace to $5.50 in gold and a trace of copper on the surface.

Gaffert and Anderson have temporarily suspended operations on their property the Gold Drop, on Hardy mountain, but they expect to resume again shortly and continue the shaft some distance. They are now down thirty-five feet and have struck a strong lead of beautiful sulphide ore which assays high in gold, copper and silver.

A. Clifford, came in Monday from Rossland and left on Tuesday morning with a full outfit of tools, provisons, etc., to do development on the Hillside Star, in the Pass creek district. This property lies on the north side of Pass creek and joins the No. 3. It presents a fine appearance with its forty foot ledge extending for hundreds of feet on the surface. Like the other claims in this section the mineral is chiefly iron and copper sulphides which carries high in gold. Mr. Clifford is interested in a group of four claims in company with Messrs. Smith, Estep, Robinson and Bjuneberg. C. D. Mc Clure and Mr. Fuse, two capitalists of Granite, Idaho, are expected to arrive in the course of a couple of weeks to examine the property with a view of purchasing. Mr. Adams of Rossland, will also be here soon to look over the same property.

LOCAL MINING NOTES.

The Riverview tunnel is now in 185 feet and is expected to tap the ledge any day.

James Davidson, of Rossland, arrived in the Forks, this week, and expects to commence doing assessment work on two claims he has up the North Forks in the vicinity of the Wolverine.

Wm. Moore and Frank Comstock came down during the week from the Wellington Square, where they have been doing assessment work for Robert Clark, and report an excellent showing being made.

Wm. Schmuck has made another rich find about four miles from town near the Boulevarde group. The formation is iron cap heavily stained with copper. He calls the new strike the Maid of Erin, No. 2.

Mr. John Hood, of Empire camp, situated about eighteen miles from Nelson on the reservation, was a visitor in the Forks this week. Mr. Hood, in connection with his son William, is interested in a group of very promising claims which they have recently stocked under the name of the Hood Gold and Silver Mining company. A sufficient amount of the treasury stock of this company has been placed to permit of the properties being amply developed to determonstrate their worth. During the past season two shafts have been sunk on this property and a very good showing has been made. In the second shaft, which has reached a depth of twenty-eight feet, a 7-foot ledge has been encountered, the ore being a white quartz heavily mineralized with gold, silver and copper. Extensive preparations are being made to push development work as soon as the snow goes off sufficiently to work to an advantage.

Development on the Reservation.

NELSON, Colville Reservation, Wash., March 9.—Mr. O. B. Nelson, of the firm of O. B. and P. B. Nelson, has just returned from an extended trip through Eureka, Curlew and other reservation camps and reports things rather quiet in those districts just now, although preparations are being made to do a large amount of development as soon as the snows goes off sufficiently to permit of it.

At Wolf's camp a tunnel is being run and is now in 140 feet. A shaft now down forty feet on the ledge shows a good grade of ore and it is expected to tap this same vein in the tunnel.

In Eureka camp, Creaser, Ryan and Clark are preparing to work the Republin. W. H. Brown, of Portland, and W. H. Kells are working several men on the Knob Hill, and as soon as the snow goes off several parties will work at different points in Curlew camp.

John and William Hood are preparing for extensive work in Empire camp and others will follow suit soon.

The Star and Crescent Mining company represented by Fender, Stratton and Nosler of Spokane, have started work on their claims near Nelson, under the management of A. Blackburn and Thos. Skeffington.

T. G. McCormick will soon start work on the Copper Queen two town miles west of Nelson.

Some fine rock has been brought in from claims near by and when the snow disappears a good deal of work will be done in this vicinity.

RECORDS OF THE WEEK.

February 23—Present Help, Deadwood camp, J. H. Morrison.
February 25—Commander, Fisherman creek, Abe Hall.
Risk It, Edward's Ferry, Jno. Gengro.
February 26—St. Lawrence, Deadwood camp, Wm. Lewis and Jas. Fisher.
February 27—Better Times, Morrissey creek, D. Woodhead and L. R, Perrine.
Bad Luck, ditto.
Kentucky, Wellington camp, F. K. McMann.
March 2—Gracey, fract., R. J. Hood, Central camp.
York, Smith's camp, I. H. Hallett.
Gover, fract., Long Lake, S. Bond.
March 4—Shamrock, Pass creek, O. C. Luther.
Bruno, fract., Copper camp, Theodore Witte, and Jas. Bruce.
Gibralter, Pass creek, J. G. Wright.
Sweet Sixteen, Grand Forks, A. Forthier.
Reby, Wellington camp, H. Alles.
Rugs, Camp McKinney No. 2, M K. French.
Homestake, Hardy Mt., Thos. Newby.
March 5—Primrose, Kimberly, L. Wordsworth.
Empress, Pass creek, Wm. Guttridge.
March 6—Early Bird, fract., D. Woodhead and Wm Dircksen.
Florence, Deadwood camp, J. A. Stack.

CERTIFICATES OF WORK.

February 23—Northern Belle, J. C. Sears, D. W. Holbrook.
March 1—Combination, Combination Mining & Milling company.
March 2—Winner, O. B. Nelson, J. McLaughlin
March 4—Wake, T. Wake, J. Atwood, J. Douglas Tiger, Fred Graaf, Jno. Pugsley.
March 6—Crown Point, Douglas, Wake, Atwood
March 8—Wellington Square, Ella Clark.
March 9—C. O. D., Robert Donagin.

TRANSFERS.

February 24—Bonanza and Grand Forks Belle, ½ int., each Wm. O'Neil to Neil McCallum.
Ditto, Neil McCallum to E. & F. G. M. Co.
Seattle, Butte and Virginia City, R. Clark to Chas. Hay, in trust.
February 26—Round Butte and Iron Cliff, ½ each J. M Hargrave to L. A. Manly.
Snow King, ⅔ int., J. Meyer to J. Lenaghen.
Snow King, G. F. Raulston to Jno. Meyer.
Cliff, ½ int, Jno. Cockell to J. A. Lavines.
February 27—Big Six, ¼ int., J. Bell to O. Emory.
Helen, 1-16 int., T. M. Daly to W. Lindsay and W. A. McDonald.
Helen, T. M. Daly to J. M. Fitzpatrick.
Snow King, ⅓ int., J. Meyers to F. K. McMann
March 1—Britton, D. B. Pettyjohn to E. Clark
Bay State, ½ int., Ed. Ed. O'Rourke to J. F. Reddy, and Reddy to Margaret O'Rourke.
Butte, ½ int., J. M. Taylor to F. Rogers.
Ophir, Buffalo, all, Moran ¼ int., E. Davis to A. C. Sutton.
Last Chance, ½ S. S. Schuler to A. C. Sutton.
Ditto, R. Clark, Jr., to E. Titsworth.
March 2—Present Help, ⅓ int., J. H. Morrison to G. B. Taylor.
Gracey, ½ R. J. Hood to M. M. Kelloher.
Little Chief, ½ int, J. Fisher to J. W. Powell
March 3—Meadow Lark, ½ int., J. J. Winter to W. G. McMynn and Jas. McNicol.
Iron Pyrites, ¼ int., D. A. Holbrook to W. G. McMynn.
Paragon, Pasadena, ¾ each, J. M. O'Toole to H. Hemlow.
March 4—'95, ¼ int., Alex Wallace to P. Hicky.
Sunnyside, Primrose, ½, Meadow Lark, ⅛, Ruby, ⅛ subject to bond, W. G. McMynn to Mary McMynn.
Jumbo, Black Bess, all, Queen of Sheba, ½, Crown Silver, 1-16, Queen Bess, ⅛, Amoia and Ibex, ⅛ each, J A. Currie to N. Toklas.
Toronto, A. Shannon to Thos. Wren.
Aurora, S. C. Gates to J. A. Currie.
Number Nine, all int, R. Wood to J. R. Robertson.

We have a carload of hardware coming in and are prepared to supply prospectors with anything needed at the lowest posible living prices Manly & Averil.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT 60 DAYS after date hereof I intend to apply to the Honorable, the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 80 acres of land, situated on the North Fork of Kettle river and described as follows: Commencing at the southwest corner of lot 717, Osoyoos Division Yale District, thence west 20 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence south 40 chains to the point of commencement.

ROBERT CLARK.

Grand Forks, B. C., March 2, 1897.

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. 67,445, 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 furtner take notice that action under section 37 must be commended before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 20th day of November, 1896.

F. WOLLASTON.

No, 341.

CERTIFICATE OF THE REGISTRATION OF A FOREIGN COMPANY.

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

"The Bonita Gold Mining Company" (Foreign).

Registered the 8th day of February, 1897.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have this day registered "The Bonita Gold 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 Spokane, State of Washington, U. S. A.

The objects for which the Company is established are:—To buy sell, lease, bond, mortgage and convey any mining property which said Company may acquire within British Columbia or within the United States of America; to operate said mining property, and to do all necessary work therein for the development and operation of the same; also to construct, maintain and operate trails, roads or lines of transportation, either by water or by land; to build flumes or ditches, to acquire water power and rights, and electric or other motor power, and to lease or sell the same; to erect mills, smelting or reduction works for public or private use, and in fact to carry on a general mining business in all of its various departments in compliance with the laws under which the said Company shall operate in the Province of British Columbia, Canada, and in the United States of America, and to do all other business which may be incidentally necessary for the carrying out of the general purpose of said Company.

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

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, Province of British Columba, this 8th day of February, 1897.

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

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore subsisting between us the undersigned as hotelkeepers in the Cosmos Hotel in the town of Grand Forks, B. C., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be paid to John H. Smith, the undrsigned at Grand Forks aforesaid, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said John H. Smith, by whom the same will be settled.

Dared at Grand Forks, B. C., this 9th day of March, A. D. 1897. W. A. PRESLAR.
H. C. CAYLEY, J. H. SMITH.
As to signature by W. A. Preslar.
A. C. SUTTON, as to signature by J. H. Smith.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX.

Rock Creek Division of Yale District.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, in accordance with the statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax and all Taxes levied under the Assessment Act are now due for the year 1897.

All of the above named Taxes collectible within the Rock Creek Division of Yale District are payable at my office at Osoyoos, B. C.

Provincial Revenue Tax, $3 per year.

Assessed Taxes are collectible at the following rates; viz:—

If paid on or before June 30, 1887:—

Three-fifths of one per cent on Real Property two and one-half per cent on the assessed value of wild land, one-half of one per cent on Personal property. On so much of the income of any person as exceeds one thousand dollars, the following rates, namely:—Upon such excess when the same is not more than ten thousand dollars, one per cent; when such excess is over ten thousand dollars and not more than twenty thousand dollars, one and one-quarter of one per cent; when such excess is over twenty thousand dollars, one and one-half of one per cent.

If paid on or after 1st of July, 1897:—

Four-fifths of one per cent on Real Property, three per cent on the assessed value of wild land, three-quarters of one per cent on Personal Property. On so much of the income of any person as exceeds one thousand dollars the following rates, viz:—Upon such excess, when the same is not more than ten thousand dollars, one and one-quarter of one per cent; when such excess is over ten thousand dollars and not more than twenty thousand dollars, one and one-half of one per cent; when such excess is over twenty thousand dollars, one and three-quarters of one per cent.

Jan 2, 1897. C. A. LAMBLY,
Assessor and Collector.

Colonial and Foreign Mining Regulations.

GILBERT W. A. RANKEN, B. SC., M. E., AND E. E.

Prospects for the precious metals and gems Organizes prospecting and exploring parties. Examines and reports on mining properties.

With Colin Campbell,
GRAND FORKS, B. C.

GEO. B. STOCKING,
EXPERT WATCHMAKER
Watch Repairing My Specialty.
All Work Warranted.
GRAND FORKS, - - - - - B. C.

A. L. McDONALD,
Contractor and Builder,
GRAND FORKS, B. C.
Plans and specifications drawn, estimates furnished on all kinds of building. Work strictly first-class.

RICHARD THERIEN,
BLACKSMITH,
GRAND FORKS, B. C.
Does all kinds of kinds of repairing and horse shoeing, All work gauranteed.

H. H. HUFF.
BLACKSMITH.
GREENWOOD CITY, B. C.
Does all kinds of repairing and horseshoeing. Work strictly firstclass.

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