

HOT SPRINGS NEWS.

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AINSWORTH, BRITISH COLUMBIA, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

TEN CENTS

THE LAST ROLL CALL.

Just an even 100 men answered "Here!" as the sergeant called the roll on the morning as we awoke beside the Potomac, says M. Quad in the New York World. There were young men, middle-aged men, men from the town and men from the farm. Men who go to war to fight and die beside each other form strong attachments. Companies and regiments resolve themselves into communities which do not look with favor upon intruders. There was an even hundred as we marched away—as we took our first turn at picket—as we first sighted the enemy—as we went into battle for the first time. After the roar of the guns had died away and the dead had been buried only 89 men answered "Here!" to the sergeant's morning roll call. The others were covered up in the long trenches, and their loss drew the living closer together.

A few weeks went by and we stood shoulder to shoulder in battle line again. There were charge and counter-charge—men screamed out as they were wounded—men fell dead and uttered no cry. In the gloomy forest, by the light of a campfire, the sergeant called the roll, and now only 78 men answered "Here!" The red earth trenches had claimed more victims and the ties between the living were drawn still closer. When a man has braved death with you that excuses a hundred short comings in camp or on the march.

Then came Cold Harbor and the falling back to Malvern Hill. Cannon boomed and musketry cracked all day long and far into the night. Wounded men cursed and groaned as they limped away or fell helpless—men pitched forward with but a single cry and died with their faces hidden in the weeds and grass. After Malvern Hill the sergeant called the roll again—not the same sergeant as before, but another had taken his place—he was lying in the thickets at Fair Oaks—and this time only 52 men answered "Here!"

And so could you wonder that when recruits came down to us we looked upon them as intruders, even though they were good men and true and had come to help us win victories? What did they know of our dead, or our wearisome marches, of touching elbows with us as we waited for the word to charge the flaming guns? Their names were called with ours and we heard them answer "Here!" But they were only with us; they could not be of us. They had come too late.

And after South Mountain and Antietam and second Manassas and Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and Gettysburg and the Wilderness the roll was called, and our dead were covered up and other men were sent down to take their places. We shook hands with them and pretended to be comrades, but we had no ties with them. They had not learned war with us. They could not go back to the beginning—to our first dead. And at last came Appomattox and the surrender, and then peace and the return to Washington. We were almost a full company again as we turned out on the meadows of Arlington for the last roll call. Upwards of 70 living men could have answered "Here!" to their names.

"Fall in company, G! Attention to roll call?" It was not the sergeant who had called the roll after Fredericksburg, after Chancellorsville, after Gettysburg, after the awful grapple in the thickets and swamps of the Wilderness. It was a new man—one who had been promoted before his cheeks had scarcely been burned by the southern sun. But he had heard of the ties which bound the old veterans together—he realized what this last roll call meant to the survivors. And from the dusty archives of the past he took the roll of the dead and called:

"Anson—Armstrong—Armitage—Aldorf!"

No one replied!

"Berry—Bloomingdale—Benson—Barstow—Benham!"

No one replied!

"Cary—Carter—Carnahan—Cummings—Comstock!"

No one replied!

And so he called, and so the silence of the death roll grew deeper and deeper, until the living felt a chill creep over them.

"Young—Yoemans—Yager!"

No one replied!

"York!"

"Here!"

And so he of all was the sole survivor—the last living man of company G—the only one who had the right to stand there in that line and answer to the last roll call. The others—ninety and nine—were cripples at home or sleeping their last sleep on the hillsides, in the valleys, in the forests and the thickets of Virginia.

The line cheered him as he stood apart—the last survivor of a glorious band which had fought in a dozen battles—but he turned away his head and wept.

PROSPECTORS AS ASSAYERS.

Butte (Montana) Inter Mountain, November 29th: "A grizzled old prospector, against whose wrinkled brows the storms of many years had beaten, was last night lamenting the decadence of the traditional old-time prospector and the usurping of his place by the eastern tenderfoot. This picturesque character of ye olden time is rapidly disappearing from history and in his place comes a hardy race of younger men who with college educations can cover twice the distance and undergo as many hardships and privations as the pioneers of '49. A week ago a young man of this class arrived in Butte from a summer's prospecting expedition. He made several valuable locations on his trip, and being well up in chemistry, he had made all his own assays during the season. He did not carry any elaborate outfit, but the tests he made were sufficient for every purpose. His assaying outfit consisted of a small bottle of iodine and a small bottle of carbonate of ammonia. A blow-pipe and a small mortar with a porcelain dish and a few sheets of filter paper completed the outfit. When he made a discovery of gold-bearing quartz, if it was free oxidized ore like hematite, he took a little of it and after pulverizing it placed it in the cup. Then he added enough of the solution of iodine to cover the contents. After allowing it to stand for 2 hours, or less if very rich ore, he filtered the solution and dipped the filtering paper into it. If it gave a purple color after being burnt, it contained gold, and the deeper the color of the paper the richer the ore. In making a test of iron pyrites he first pulverized and then roasted the ore over an ordinary campfire. It was roasted at dull red heat at first and then raised to a cherry red. This decomposed the sulphates that were formed and placed the ore in the same condition as in the free ore test. In limestone districts a little carbonate of ammonia was added to the charge and the roasted ore was heated again until the carbonate of ammonia was decomposed. This prevented the lime in the ore from interfering with the test. For silver-bearing quartz he used the blow-pipe. First procuring a small quantity of the quartz, he bored a hole in a soft stone and put the pulverized quartz into it. A little test lead was mixed with the ore, and was melted with the aid of the blow-pipe, until it was covered over with slag. The resulting lead button was then cupelled and if it contained any silver, a little silver button would be left at the bottom of the cupel."

The Yield Better Than Expected.

The shipment of ore from the Le Roi claim, Trail Creek district, yielded a better return than the owners expected. It was sent to the Colorado smelter, Butte, Montana, and \$86 a ton was the return obtained. The shaft on the claim is down 85 feet, and the work of sinking will be continued as long as the water can be handled. Like on many another claim in West Kootenay, it is reported much of the work done on the Le Roi is of little practical value.

WON AGAINST GREAT ODDS.

William Page and Dennis Reagan, who carried off the drilling contest honors at the Denver mining congress, on their return to Butte, Montana, were accorded a warm reception. They say that the treatment accorded them by the managers of the mining congress was fair and considerate, but outside of that they received only slight attention and but few favors; the crowd and the other contestants all being against them, as they were the only team outside of Colorado that took part in the contest. Twenty-two teams, representing different Colorado camps, were against them, and Montana was the only state or territory outside of Colorado that had representatives in the contest. The well-known loyalty of Colorado people to one another was fully illustrated in the contest in the enthusiasm and generosity each camp displayed toward its champions. Mining superintendents and others were there in full force and held out all manner of incentives to their favorites to spur them on to do their utmost. Offers of sums of money, ranging from \$1000 to \$10,000 were made to various teams if they held the championship title in Colorado, where it has been for several years. The Leadville people were particularly worked up, and a purse of \$10,000 was promised to Rinks and Kennedy, the champions of Colorado, if they would succeed in carrying off the championship trophy to the carbonate camp. But it was ordained otherwise, and the sturdy men from Butte proved to be the winners in the face of all odds. Alone and without a friend they appeared in a city where everybody was against them, and entered a contest in which they were handicapped in everything except skill and muscle and with only complete confidence in themselves, they won a victory as hard as it was well earned. It was different with the other teams. They traveled in palace cars, had all their expenses paid, received wages at the rate of \$5 a day, and were furnished with trainers. The Butte men did not travel in a box car to Denver, as was telegraphed from there, but they did not have any of the luxuries or comforts that their numerous opponents enjoyed. Both are married men with families to support and the money which they won in addition to the silver trophy was almost all eaten up by legitimate expenses. The following scores were made:

DOUBLE DRILLING.		Inches.
Page and Reagan, Butte	29	15-16
Kennedy and Rinker, Leadville	29	12-16
Lindgreist and Fanner, San Juan	28	10-16
Mullis and Oates, Gilpin	28	2-16
Harrington and Munn, Aspen	26	4-16
O'Keefe and Dwyer, Leadville	25	8-16
Short and Manuel, Gilpin	25	
Ahearn and Lyons, Leadville	24	15-16
McCarthy and O'Connell, Hinsdale	24	10-16
Yates and Boulder	24	
Griffin and Griffin, Clear Creek	23	8-16
Hill and Cummings, Ouray	23	
Kelleher and Laughlin, Gilpin	22	6-16
McCloud and Ferguson, Clear Creek	22	1-16
Hodges and Trudgeon, San Miguel	21	14-16
Jones and Silbrey, Dolores	21	14-16
Lewis and Harvey, San Miguel	21	4-16
McNulty and Murphy, Aspen	21	4-16
Libby and Rowe, Clear Creek	21	2-16
Trezona and Waters, Aspen	20	14-16
Anderson and Shaw, Boulder	20	
Epler and Smith, Red Cliffe	17	3-16
Kappelar and Wendish, Red Cliffe	16	12-16
SINGLE DRILLING.		
D. L. Jones, Clear Creek county	18	11-16
William Shea, Boulder	17	4-16
Joseph Burns, Leadville	16	10-16
Thomas Burns, Leadville	16	
M. Monachi, Clear Creek county	15	8-16
G. E. Austin, Boulder	14	2-16
John Cullis, Denver	13	12-16
J. H. Williams, Gilpin	13	6-16
T. Oakes, Clear Creek county	13	4-16
S. Manuel, Gilpin	12	14-16
M. Exchere, Gilpin	11	12-16
George Burns, Leadville	11	10-16
James C. Munn, Aspen	10	5-16
R. J. Lyons, Ouray	10	2-16
SPECIAL CONTEST.		
Ahearn and Rinker, Leadville	31	3-16
O'Keefe and Dwyer, Leadville	28	10-16
Mullin and Oates, Gilpin	28	3-16
Linquist and Fauner, San Juan	27	4-16
McCarthy and O'Connell, Hinsdale	27	2-16
Short and Manuel, Gilpin	27	
McCloud and Ferguson, Clear Creek	27	
Cummings and Hill, Ouray	25	6-16

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Hot Springs News.

WHAT CONSTITUTES ANNUAL ASSESSMENT WORK?

What constitutes the annual assessment work required to hold a mineral claim is a question often asked, and not easily answered. Section 24 of the Mineral Act reads:

"Any free miner having duly located and recorded a mineral claim shall be entitled to hold the same for the period of one year from the recording of the same, and thence from year to year. Provided, however, that during each year and each succeeding year, such free miner shall do, or cause to be done, work on the claim itself to the value of one hundred dollars, and shall satisfy the gold commissioner or mining recorder that such work has been done, by an affidavit of the free miner or his agent, setting out a detailed statement of such work, and shall obtain from such gold commissioner or mining recorder and shall record a certificate of such work having been done. If such work shall not be so obtained and recorded, in each and every year, the claim shall be deemed vacant and abandoned, any rule of law or equity to the contrary notwithstanding."

Some claim owners maintain that 10 feet of work in either shaft or tunnel will meet the requirements, while others maintain that as long as 20 days' work is done the law is complied with, the custom being to allow \$5 a day for the man doing the work. The British Columbia law is more definite than the United States law, as a detailed statement of the work done is required to be sworn to before a gold commissioner or mining recorder before a certificate can be obtained and recorded. In making affidavits, the assessment worker's conscience is often as elastic as is the average prospector's idea of the seize of a newly discovered ledge, and the work actually done is not equal to the requirements of the law. But, in any event, there is no great hardship or wrong worked on anyone. If a claim is of value, the owner is likely to see to it that the work is done as required by law. If the claim is of no value, which is the rule and not the exception, it matters little whether a shaft is sunk 1 foot or 10 feet.

VERY SOLICITOUS ABOUT THE WELFARE OF EASTERN CANADIANS.

The Kamloops Sentinel doubts whether the consumption of lead in Canada amounts to 18,000 tons annually, and claims that 6000 tons is nearer the amount. The 60,000,000 people in the United States use over 180,000 tons of lead annually, and it is safe to assume that the 5,000,000 people in Canada use as large an amount per capita. If they do, the consumption of lead in Canada amounts to 15,000 tons annually. But even if the amount is only 6000 tons, as claimed by the Sentinel, is it not better for the people of Canada to use lead that is the product of Canadian mines than lead that is the product of the mines of Spain and Old Mexico? The Sentinel will answer that question by stating that it is unfair to make eastern Canadian consumers pay the increased price, which would be the result if the duty on lead was increased from \$8 to \$30 a ton. The Sentinel is very solicitous about the welfare of the eastern Canadian consumers of lead

products, but apparently cares little for British Columbia consumers of eastern Canadian products. The Sentinel is also very much concerned for fear "the mine owners will not be benefitted, because the increased duty will be used up in freights and commissions." In that event the mine owners would do just what they are doing today—allow their mines to remain unworked, for the good reason that they could not work them at a profit.

However, is it not strange that a paper that opposes the granting of charters to railways, unless the railways are branches of the Canadian Pacific, should be so persistent in its opposition to a measure that if adopted would be the means of sending thousands of tons of freight over this same Canadian Pacific railway?

The Sentinel also wonders why it is that any newspaper "which opposes disloyal discrimination against Great Britain in tariff legislation should advocate a prohibitory tariff against English lead." The lead shipped from England to Canada is no more a product of England than was the tea formerly shipped from England to Canada. The lead shipped from England is the product of the mines of Spain and of old Mexico, and if the eastern Canadian consumers must have cheap lead they should import it direct from the countries that produce it, and not purchase it through English middlemen.

"Dishing-Up" and "Turning-Down" Beer.

The late earl of Wicklow, before he succeeded his cousin to the title and family estates, had a somewhat frugal mind. Soon after his accession to the property, he called upon his steward for the household accounts, and carefully scrutinized each item. Now it is the custom in most great establishments in London for one of the upper servants, generally the steward, to supply the others with beer, charging the amount to the head of the house, while those who do not drink are allowed what is known as "beer money," in addition to their wages. Among other expense items, lord Wicklow discovered "dishing-up beer," and later on "turning-down beer." It was not in the least difficult for him to guess that "dishing-up" implied the liquid drunk by the cooks and the kitchen and scullery maids when serving dinner, but he was at a loss to understand what the "turning-down" process might mean. In response to his interrogations, the steward gravely replied, "It's the beer, my lord, wot the 'ousemaids 'ave when they go upstairs to turn down the sheets at night."

A Queer River.

At 6-Mile rapids on the Colorado, nearly 400 miles north of Yuma, Arizona, there exists a place in the river where the water seems to be different in many respects from the rest of the stream. Steamboatmen long ago noticed that whenever they struck that particular point the water always foamed in the boilers and all the steam bearings cut badly. The water does not differ in color from any other place, but when a bottle is filled and corked it soon turns very dark, almost inky in hue. A heavy dark sediment also settles in the bottom, which amounts in an ordinary quart to 2 inches in depth. The distance where this occurs in the river is only a few miles, and the steamers are always careful to have full boilers before striking the place. No explanation seems to exist for this queer freak of this queerest of all rivers.

A Queer Birthmark.

A curious story comes from Salt Lake City, Utah, which is attracting much attention from friends and acquaintances of policeman Charles F. Wanless, shot and killed by Joseph A. Barnes at Denver, Colorado, on September 18th, 1890, and may furnish medical men with another subject for discussion. Barnes was having a quarrel with his wife, which the officer attempted to stop. Barnes fired and the ball passed through

Wanless's heart, leaving a jagged bullet hole in the breast. A married sister of the dead officer was telegraphed and came for the funeral from her home in Salt Lake. She was much affected by the tragedy and took the loss of her brother to heart. In a short time she returned home. About a year afterward she gave birth to a boy, perfectly formed, but with a red birthmark over the heart the exact shape and appearance of the wound made in Wanless's breast by the bullet from Barnes's pistol.

Two Simple Experiments.

Get an ordinary tumbler filled to the brim with water, and on it place a sheet of paper, so that the surface of the water may be completely covered. Now place one hand on the paper, and with the other invert the glass. Then remove your hand from the paper, and the water will not fall out, owing to the upward pressure of the atmosphere. Again: take a sheet of thick brown paper about a foot square and heat it at the fire. When hot, place it on the table and rub it with a clothes-brush for about half a minute. Then hold the brown paper over some small, light bodies—little pieces of blotting paper will do—and the little pieces will jump up in the most excited manner. If the brown paper be held over somebody's head, several hairs will immediately stand on their ends, greatly to the amusement of the spectators.

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BILLY BRAG.

His name was Phineas Ellsworth, but we boys at the "HX Ranch" called him "Billy Brag," for reasons which 10 minutes conversation with him would make obvious, even to a total stranger. To say that he was opinionated is drawing it very mild, and to state that the chiefst of his opinions was the particularly excellent one he held of himself, is superfluous.

Those were humdrum, monotonous days at the "HX," and there was scant opportunity for Billy to exhibit the courage, prowess, skill, ability, and so forth, which—we had his own oft-repeated statements for it—he possessed to a remarkable degree.

Once in a while, something would happen to relieve the monotony; but Billy, somehow or other, was never on deck to show what he was worth. He always turned up afterward with: "Huh! you galoots jest make me ache all over! Wy, any bloomin' tenderfoot c'd a tol' ye better'n that!" or, "That was a fool trick! Now, ef I'd ben thar, I'd a did so and so—" or, "Huh! d'ye call that anythin' ter menshun? Wy' back thar, on th' Keya Paha, we used t' let th' kids an' wimmen do that kin' o' work!"

And so it went for nearly a year, and, though we invented many a plan to give Billy an opportunity to show his worth, he managed, on one pretext and another to keep out of our snares.

One day, Cale Snelling, who was out looking up some strays, fell in with a Maverick steer feeding in a coulee, and, thinking at first that it was an "HX" critter, rode toward it. But the beast was what is known as a "bad un," and, horns down and bellowing with rage, he turned and charged on the startled cowboy. Cale tried to turn his pony and run, but the animal was green, and only reared and snorted. Cale thought he was about to take a place herding clouds; but he yanked his gun and let go, catching the steer right between the eyes, and dropping it not more than 10 feet away.

Cale was a bit new in the business, and he was rather pale when he rode up to the ranch and related his experience, but there was a triumphant tone in his voice as he told of his successful shot from the back of a bucking pony.

Billy listened with a superior air. "Huh!" he remarked, disdainfully, "whadje wanter kill 'im fer? Ye c'd jes' z well 'crease' an' roped 'im. Some folks never hev no r'gard fer prop'ty. Waste not, want nothin'."

We all groined and proceeded to congratulate Cale on his luck, but Billy did not seem to care. He was getting used to our irreverence. It may be noted, however, that when we tried, next morning, to get Billy to take a galloping shot at the stripe in a blanket nailed on a shed-door, to see how near he could have come to "creasing" a mad steer from the back of a fool pony, our proposition met with scorn. "There ye go agin'," said Billy. "What's th' blame use o' wastin' er whole lot o' cartridges jes' t' convince er mess o' gabblin' egiots that er thing kin be did? Aw, go off an' try poundin' sau' in er rathole fer yer wits. Bet ye can't even do that." And he rode off much offended.

When Joe Fleming, brother of the boss, and Hank Barr had a brush with half-a-dozen Indians, and just escaped with their lives, leaving

a bunch of fat cattle to be run off by Uncle Sam's dear, sweet proteges, Billy's opinion was at once forthcoming. "Huh! Ye mout jes' z well saved mos' o' th' critters an' got them thievin' red cusses, too. Wy didn't ye, w'en ye seed 'em ridin' down on ye, jes' kill three 'r four critters, pile 'em up fer a barricade, an' give th' red devils reg'lar h—1? That'd ben better'n losin' th' hull bunch."

When Bob Hall, a cowboy from the "3-Bar," the next ranch—one of the meanest, ugliest, most quarrelsome bullies that ever flourished a gun—got killed at the hotel in town by an unoffending tenderfoot, whom he had tried to compel to take a drink, Billy, as usual, had something to say. "Huh! That's them tenderfeet, all over. They think ef er man tries t' hev fun with 'em out hyar, that they've got t' shoot, an' shoot quick. Th' galoot oughter've jest' took Bob Hall b'th' scruff o' th' pants an' kicked 'r throwed 'im out, an' Bob'd've pollygized too quick. Bob Hall never had no sand."

All the same, there was an old story to the effect that once, when Billy had been unaccountably absent from the ranch for three or four days, he had been in town, devoting considerable attention to keeping out of the belligerent mr. Hall's way.

But Billy's opportunity came one day. He had been laid up a week and was still lame as the result of being on the side next the ground when his pony stumbled and fell one day, and was sitting at the door one morning about 11:30, when the stage came along. Several of us were in the ranch-house, and were somewhat surprised to hear the wheels outside, for the stage-road was 2 miles from the ranch. As we crowded to the door, we saw "something was up," for Dyer, the driver looked excited.

"Mornin', gentlemen," he said. And then to Boss Fleming: "Fleming, I expect to be held up over by Five-Mile creek. Can one of the boys go with me? I'll get another man at Parker's, and I reckon three will be enough."

"Why, yes, of course," was the reply; "you can have more if you want 'em. I'll go myself. But why didn't you bring guards, if you're carrying any valuables?"

Dyer explained. The night before he had noticed three suspicious-looking characters in town, and observed that they eyed him considerably. This morning he had started early, hoping to pass all the places favorable to a "hold-up" before the three tough-looking gentlemen had time to get located. He had felt a bit backward about bringing guards, as he did not like to appear cowardly, and, besides, his suspicion might be groundless, and the laugh would be on him. There were no valuables except the mail bags.

But the three strangers had passed him a mile back, evidently in a hurry to get somewhere; hence his visit to the "HX."

Fleming turned to get ready to go—he was not the man to send somebody else into danger—but was met at the door by Billy, "heeled" with two revolvers and a Winchester.

"Hello, man!" ejaculated Fleming. "Didn't you hear me say I was going?"

"Don't care ef ye did," answered Billy, curtly. "Th' plenty work t' do, an' my laigs is too stiff t' straddle any blame bronco." And he climbed painfully up onto the driver's seat, and the stage rolled away, leaving us staring at each other, unable to believe our eyes.

The stage did not reach the Five-Mile, nor did it reach Parker's. At a place two miles west of the "HX," where the road traversed the edge of a bluff overhanging a deep ravine, there were three shots fired, and brave Walt Dyer and his two team-leaders fell onto the road. Then there were more shots—a rattling fusillade for two or three minutes—then silence.

When we got to the scene, we saw Billy Brag lying across the body of the driver, supporting himself on one elbow, and keeping "the drop" on a man who stood holding up one arm—the other was shattered, and hung limp. Two dead men, besides Dyer, lay in the road. The wheelers were quiet now, but their hoofs had cruelly mangled the bodies of their prostrate comrades in front.

"I knowed ye'd come, boys," said Billy, "else I'd a hed t' kill this 'un, 'stead o' savin' 'im fer a leetle necktie-party. They got Dyer, fust lick, but w'en they run up agin Phin Ellsworth, they ketch'd er h—1 ov er feller. Guess I kin die off real peaceful, now."

But he did not die. With a ball in his leg, another traveling around somewhere on his inside, and a wound in his throat, which causes his voice to break in a ludicrous way, he still lives and brags of this very exploit.

The Whereabouts of Charles Dickens's Family.

In a recent interview, Charles Dickens, the son of his father, said: "My sister Mary, the second of the family, is unmarried and manages a type-writing establishment in this very building. My second sister, Catherine Elizabeth Macready, married Carlo Pellegrini, the artist, and is an artist herself, as you may know. My elder sister does not do any literary work. She edited my father's letters, but at present she has nothing to do with literature. I have two brothers in Australia. The elder, Alfred Tenyson, is in business as a merchant in Melbourne. The youngest, Edward Bulwer Lytton, is connected with the sheep-farming interest, and is a member of the New South Wales parliament. I have, also, another brother in London, Henry Fielding, who has a very large practice at the bar. Those of my brothers who are dead were Walter Lander, Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, the latter of whom died at Moline, Illinois and is buried there on the beautiful bluff overlooking the Mississippi. All my brothers were named after literary men. My second sister was named after Macready, the actor. With regard to myself, I edit All the Year Round, and Household Words as well. I have, also, a large printing business, and in the winter I travel all over the country giving readings from my father's works, the same as I gave in America. They are those that he used to read himself."

A Perfect Cure for Drunkenness.

N. Helmer, a New York chemist, writes to the Sun: "I have long ago come to the conclusion that peroxyde of hydrogen—(H₂ O₂) the ideal tonic, without any reaction whatever—is a perfect cure for all inflammatory diseases of the blood, of which drunkenness is one. I was forcibly struck with the impression that this secret bichloride of gold—if it does what is claimed for it—and peroxyde of hydrogen are one and the same thing."

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James McMunn of Edmonton, Alberta, received a letter from W. R. Lloyd, dated 40-Mile creek, Yukon river, Alaska, September 3rd. The letter says: "This country is full of hardships; a very bad country to get through to prospect, and half the time very little to eat. The boat that comes here does not bring enough provisions to last from one year to another. There are about 125 miners here on an average. The diggings are not very rich, but we can find gold almost anywhere. There have been some nice nuggets found this summer, one \$235, one \$97, and several from \$25 to \$50. We are looking for good rich diggings yet. The country is frozen up so hard it takes a long time to prospect a creek or gulch rightly. It gets too cold to work during September, so we can only mine 3 or 4 months a year."

The Republican national convention to nominate candidates for president and vice-president will meet at Minneapolis, Minnesota, on June 27th, 1892.

The contract for the construction of the Great Northern railroad, from Puget sound to the summit of the Cascade mountains, has been let, and work will begin as soon as men and outfits can be put on the ground. This section is 80 miles long and follows the Snohomish river.

Kootenay (Idaho) Herald, 28th: "Major Ronan and 5 Kootenay chiefs passed through town en route for the Flathead reservation in Montana. The Indians go to look at the country, and if satisfied the whole band, now residing in the Kootenay valley, will be removed to the Flathead reservation."

The New York municipal council of the Irish National League have passed resolutions declaring it necessary to solemnly warn the people of Ireland that they can receive no further support, moral or financial, from the United States until they call a halt in the war of factions and reunite.

There is now in China a comprehensive system of telegraph lines running to all parts of the country. The governors of the provinces keep watch over the lines, and take care that they are maintained in working order. The Pekin gov-

ernment is now preparing to establish a railroad system not less comprehensive, with main and branch lines extending over the empire from its northern boundary to the seaboard. Ship loads of rails have arrived at Shanghai within the past few months, and it is reported that the work of laying them will be begun early next year.

G. W. Rasure, the cowboy evangelist who made himself notorious in and about New Westminster by his antics and business transaction, is now in England, where he is living with a woman whom he passed off as his sister in New Westminster. The latter-day evangelist generally turns out to be a fraud.

The mineral exhibit sent from British Columbia to the Toronto exposition has been placed in the Canadian Institute in that city.

General Fonseca, president of Brazil, has resigned office and been succeeded by general Peixotto. It is thought this action will restore tranquility to the republic.

A survey has been run up Merced river, California, to the forks, and thence following South Fork via Wawona and Big Trees and Law Pass over the Sierra Nevada mountains. It is stated that the Rio Grande railway is looking at the pass for the purpose of reaching the Pacific coast. The route is lined with producing mines, and the country has the advantage of being within a few miles staging of the famed Yosemite valley.

The New Westminster Southern railway was formally opened for traffic a week ago Friday. Through trains will now be run between New Westminster and Seattle.

Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, earl of Lytton, British ambassador to France, died suddenly at Paris, on November 24th, from heart disease; age 60.

A Bursting Boom.

This week while towing a boom of logs from the upper end of Kootenay lake to the sawmill at Pilot Bay the machinery of the Surprise got out of order and she had to make the run to Pilot Bay for repairs, the boom being first towed to a sheltered place on the east shore. Before the Surprise got back a storm blew up, which broke the boom fastenings, and the logs are now scattered for miles up and down the lake.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Ainsworth will yet boast the finest hotel in the Kootenay Lake country—"Rorey" McLeod's. The building is a 3-story one, with a frontage of over 80 feet on the lake. Part of it will be ready for occupancy by Christmas.

The Tenderfoot machinery is all in place, and will be started up next week. If work at the United would only be resumed, "Tenderfoot City," with its 3 steam hoisting-works, could put on airs over any of its neighbors.

The trail from Kaslo City to the Slocan district is within 2 miles of Bear and Fish lakes. It is reported a first-class one as far as built, with an easy grade. Ten men are at work on the trail and 13 more on a survey for a wagon road. At Kaslo City a store and a blacksmith shop are being erected. As soon as the men now engaged on the wagon road survey and trail are through they will be put to work clearing 100 acres of the townsite. It is also said the company owning the townsite is making preparations to put in a sawmill at Kaslo City.

J. E. Mellor, a Nelson capitalist, has purchased a half interest in the Idaho, and that boat will be hereafter in his charge.

J. A. Melville, an architect and builder who did much figuring in Ainsworth this year, has gone outside, and is mourned for by several creditors.

Dr. Hendryx, accompanied by Mrs. Hendryx and his brother A. B. Hendryx, came in on Thursday by way of Little Dalles. The dr. and Mrs. Hendryx will hereafter reside at Pilot Bay. A. B. Hendryx is in to take a look at the smelter site, being largely interested financially in the new smelter.

On her last trip up the lake the Midge and captain Davies met with a mishap. A heavy sea was shipped, which carried away the boat's bucksaw and the captain's latest novel.

C. W. Bask of Balfour returned this week from Trout lake, where he had gone to make surveys of land for R. F. Green and J. Fred Hume. He reports that country a favorable-appearing one for the prospector, and says the snow is about 2 feet deep on the Lardeaux trail.

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