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SLOCAN NEWS

Camp Gossip Concentrated for the Benefit of the Paid-Up Subscriber.

LOCAL CONCENTRATES

J. K. Clark made a visit to Rossland last week.

Byron N. White and J. L. Retallack were in the Slocan this week.

The old time-table will be resumed on the N. & S. after October 15.

J. W. Balmain will superintend the building of the school at Sandon

James McPhee, a popular electrician of Nelson, was in town last week.

BORN.—In New Denver, on Sept. 17, the wife of W. C. E. Koch, of a daughter.

James Cameron came down from the Idaho on Monday for a short vacation.

The Arlington mining company will erect an office building at Slocan City.

Apples are selling at 50 cents a barrel in Ontario. Here they bring $2.50 a box.

The new cottage of Chas. Strickland, Seventh street, is receiving a coat of paint.

Michael Grady was in town on Saturday. He has closed his Springs for the present.

Service will be held in the Presbyterian church on Sunday at 11 a. m. All cordially invited.

A large shipment of brick from the New Denver brick yard was made to Slocan City this week.

Mrs. N. C. Dingman and children will leave today for Spokane, where they will spend three weeks.

The Methodist parsonage has been plastered throughout, and otherwise made more comfortable.

Gilbert Stanley, the old-time newsdealer of Nelson, is thinking of taking a trip south for the winter.

The boys and girls of the Band of Hope will give a social to the public on Thursday evening, Sept. 27th.

Services will be held in the Methodist church next Sunday, both morning and evening. A. E. Roberts, pastor.

Mrs. Geo. Garrett left on Friday to attend the funeral of a younger sister recently deceased at Maple Creek, N. W. T.

Howard West has about finished the work of clearing his Union bay property, and will have it ready for tree planting this fall.

The Union street residence of B Byrnes has been greatly improved in appearance by the application of a handsome coat of paint.

New Denver can turn out more "dead marines" than both the South African and Chinese wars combined. Another carload was sent away Friday.

Percy Altaffer, who has been in the Slocan hospital since June 2nd, suffering from a broken leg, has nearly recovered and expects to be out in a week or two.

Better care is taken of the roads and trails this season, under the careful supervision of Road Inspector Moore, than has been shown in previous years.

The past month has been perfect road building weather, but the government evidently prefers to wait till winter begins before starting the Silver Mountain road.

The New Denver aggregation of base ball players went to Silverton Sunday and allowed the Four Mile team to beat them by a score of 25 to 10. A return game will be played at New Denver.

Palma Angrignon has repainted his home, on Josephine ave., inside and out, and will soon occupy it. It has been made replete with all modern conveniences and is one of the most comfortable homes in New Denver.

The citizens in Nakusp talk of organizing a company to pipe the water from the Hot Springs, seven miles back of that town. The water carries 127 degrees of heat, and bringing it to Nakusp would make that town a great health resort.

The Standard Oil Company showed in court at a trial in one of the western states that coal oil costs just 29 cents a barrel to produce. This doesn't explain why it costs 15 and 90 cents a gallon in the Slocan. "But then, there's the freight, you know."

The Slocan mining division is not one of "one-mine camps," but on the contrary each camp is headquarters for several distinct mining companies whose operations extend farther than one particular spot. Thus it is a good district for laboring men and investors

A second copper furnace starts up this week at the Trail smelter to treat Centre Star ore. That mine is to furnish the smelter 300 tons of ore per day. It is the intention to add two lead furnaces and another large copper furnace, thus doubling the present capacity of the smelter.

Sandon people want a skating rink this season. In another month or so the season begins there and good skating can generally be counted on for a period of four or five months. As Sandonites have none of the pleasures afforded by such a magnificent body of water as Slocan lake, the town should provide a rink at any cost.

The sidewalk from the Record office along the government reserve to Sixth street and from Sixth street to the wharf is in a most disgraceful condition. Perhaps if someone would fall through some of the numerous holes and break a leg or neck the government would put the walk in repair. Here's a chance for the martyr who was not permitted to throw his life away in South Africa.

A movement is on foot to have New Denver incorporated. The feeling of the citizens is that they would rather pay heavier taxes and have the money spent at home, than to go on in the present way, paying heavily into the Provincial treasury and receiving little or nothing in return. If the town was incoporated it might have better school facilities, as well as many other things in the way of public improvements.

SLOCAN MINERAL FLOAT

The Arlington flume was laid this week.

Operations are to be commenced on the Ruth No. 2.

S. T. Walker was called to Vancouver this week in connection with the pending deal on the Frisco

The Payne shipped 180 tons of ore last week. Last Chance 119, Ruth 71, Noble Five 82, American Boy 21, Two Friends, 20.

The third payment on the Black Hawk and Daisy bond was made last week to D. Graham and J. Rae, of Slocan City, by Ernest Mansfield.

Assessment work on the Black Diamond, on Four Mile creek, about four miles from the lake, has shown up a strong quartz lead showing galena and zinc.

Eastern capitalists have bonded the Kaslo group, situated near Cody, and will start a force of men to work this week. The terms of the bond have not been made public.

The approximate value of the ore shipped from Slocan lake properties since January 1st, is a quarter of a million dollars The Bosun heads the list. The value of all the ore shipped from the Slocan will reach, approximately, $1,500,000.

Ernest Mansfield has received an extension from Mrs. J. E. Harris on the property he bonded in the White Grouse country last year. It is the intention to organize a strong company and commence extensive operations next year. The properties run high in copper with good values in gold and silver.

The probabilities are that New Denver will get a small grant for the improvement of the Government property.

THE SIDING STATION.

All things come to—New Denverites. It's only a question of waiting, and that's easy. Early in the last year of the 19th century, one calm winter's evening—Sunday—the fire fiend came and licked up the C. P. R. ticket office—misnamed a station—at the siding. Within the walls of that station stood a veteran stove, too badly delapidated to stand fixing, and minus two legs. The station was a complete loss, and the stove went with it. That was long ago. At once the ball of red tape was unwound and measurements were taken pro and con, or words to that effect, to set apart a certain percentage of the net earnings of the company for the erection of a new station and the purchase of a stove with legs. Gradually the money was hoarded, until the handsome sum of $500 was raised, when contracts were let and orders given to the mill men for the timbers for the building. Tuesday a force of laborers came down from Sandon and the great work was started. The station will be ready for the stove in about two weeks.

ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY.

A meeting was held in Bosun Hall Saturday night for the purpose of inaugurating a movement looking to the formation of a local company to take over and operate the New Denver electric light works. The attendance was large, but owing to the unpreparedness of those having the meeting in charge, little business was transacted. Figures were produced showing the approximate cost of installing a plant to be operated by water power and the purchase of dynamos, etc., with a capacity of 750 lights. It was generally conceded that the present dynamos would be of little use and therefore the meeting favored the purchase of a new plant throughout. The cost of this would be in the neighborhood of $5,000. A company will, in all likelihood, be organized with a capital stock of $10,000 The intention is to light Silverton as well as New Denver.

THE TAMARACK BONDED.

A Seattle company represented by J. F. Holden has taken over the Tamarac group, situated on Springer creek, on a bond running one year of $25,000. The first payment will be made in 90 days. The Tamarac is a very promising property and has been under bond before, but was thrown up before it was properly exploited.

Wilson Creek Property.

Herbert Thomlinson is showing some very fine samples of ore from the Stanley, his property located on Wilson creek, about one mile and a half from the lake, upon which he has done upwards of $500 worth of work He has exposed two parralel ledges running south-east and north-west, and in width from three to five feet Both have well defined walls, and lie about 75 feet of each other The ore is running with quartz, and carries gold and silver, with a small percentage of lead.

The Le Roi's Great Ore Body.

A private letter from Rossland says that Dr. G M. Dawson, after a full examination of the Le Roi, reports that there is $10,000,000 of ore in sight, and adds that tests have been made with diamond drills to a depth of 2,000 feet beyond the present workings, and ore of a higher grade than that now being got out has been found.

Cathartic Pills.

There is a fraternal quotation that runs something like this: "If fraternal love held all men bound, what a grand world this would be." An eastern druggist, more enterprising than polite, perhaps, has adapted the quotation to his business, making it read, "What a run we'd have on Cathartic pills."

The wagon road is a little slow in coming to town from Silver mountain, but Williams is always in the old stand waiting upon the many customers that are ever in evidence at his establishment.

Last week 20 tons of ore was shipped from the Two Friends.

NOME IS ALL RIGHT.

C. Kearney Hammond, writing to the Sandon Paystreak from Nome, Alaska, says:

I have spent one of the pleasantest summers of my life right here in Nome. The weather has been beautiful, with the exception of an occasional rain storm. As to the hardships, I don't see as there are more to endure than in any other new mining camp, and as for travelling, you can take a horse any place within 500 miles of here and find feed for him, and team and wagon can go any place near by within a radius of 100 miles. As to the mineral wealth, will say that from what I have personally observed I believe this will be one of the greatest mining camps, if not the greatest, yet discovered in point of gold production. I will give you an instance of a strike made on Nichola gulch last July. Party had bench claim of twenty acres. He sunk 12 feet and uncovered a 5-foot paystreak of gravel from which he extracted 248 ounces of gold with a hand rocker in 10 hours, and which, since that time, has averaged 134 ounces of gold per day of 10 hours per rocker. If five acres of this 20-acre claim holds up this record until mined out it will produce something like twenty-five million dollars. Every claim on Anvil and Dexter is a paying proposition, although several are idle on account of litigation. To the north, Oregon creek and Point Clarence district are showing up big To the south, Council City and Golden Gate districts are panning out well. Dry creek, Snow gulch and others are making good showings, notwithstanding the dry season. Most of the people have been here only about three months and consequently have not had much time to prospect. Too many broke people came here with the rush and as development was not sufficiently advanced there was no employment for them. But those who came prepared to hustle and with sufficient to establish themselves are doing well. As to sickness here, I am reliably informed that there have been only some 28 cases of smallpox here, all of which were contracted on the steamer coming up. There is not now a case in the country. There has been some typhoid and pneumonia, but not more than in other new places which have not proper sanitation and established health laws.

Well, I guess I have told you as much as you care to know of this country. Bob and I are both well and have no room to complain of our change, although we often think of and long for our Sandon friends and relatives.

Ed. Matthews is well. Dave King has whiskers Tom Gibson is up Yukon way. Jimmy Latham is not married, but Bob says the big thing is apt to come off any time now. Regards to every one. C. KEARNEY HAMMOND

GREATEST STRIKE IN HISTORY.

A despatch from Indianapolis, dated Sept. 14, says: At 5:15 o'clock Tuesday afternoon President Mitchell and Secretary Wilson of the Union Mine Workers affixed their signatures to the document which will call 142,000 miners of the Pennsylvania anthracite region from their work Monday morning and precipitate one of the most gigantic strikes in the history of the labor world The document was the official endorsement of the request of the anthracite miners to strike It was considered by the national executive board of the United Mine Workers last week, and when the board adjourned to indorse the strike all power was left in the hands of the president and secretary. The official order to strike was sent to the three Pennsylvania districts. The order is a simple recital of the proceedings of the three bodies in applying for authority to the national board to strike and a formal announcement that the application is indorsed and the strike ordered.

Esler Is Dead.

A. M. Esler died suddenly in Montana last week, aged 65 years. Esler built the first smelter in Montana, and was prominent in mining for many years. At one time he was interested with A. H. Kelly in the Dandy, near Nelson, and with Col. Topping in the Ollie. He was very prominent in developing the resources of the Coeur d' Alene district in Idaho.

ORE DISPLAY

The Slocan to be Well Represented at the Spokane Industrial Exposition.

NEW DENVER ORES.

The New Denver exhibit to the Spokane Industrial Exposition was shipped to-day, the committeemen Messrs. Avison and Vallance having devoted several days to collecting the ore samples. The display is the best that has ever been sent from New Denver, and if the other towns in the Slocan do as well, this district will have good reason to feel proud of its ore exhibit. To the untiring efforts of Messrs. Avison and Vallance is due the success of the undertaking.

The properties sending samples are nearly all located within a mile or two of New Denver. A few are located elsewhere, but the owners reside here, and as the ore has never been exhibited they take this opportunity of showing what they've got. The Goat mountain properties sending samples are the Mollie Hughes and Turris. From Silver mountain the California, Marion, Hartney, Merrimac, Sinfi, Home Run, Ruby, Convention, Eclipse, and Mountain Chief, furnished good samples, and the lake shore properties, Bosun and Neglected are represented. The samples from the Marion, Bosun, Home Run and Mollie Hughes are of extra size and beauty and will set off the exhibit nicely. Wilson creek is represented by only one sample, that from the Windsor group, but this will be sufficient to show the character of the ore discovered there. Samples are also sent from the Young Bear group, Springer creek, owned by Messrs. McPherson, McCuaig, etal, of New Denver, and from the Hope No. 2, Lemon creek, owned by Messrs. Sheron and Crofford.

In all 20 properties are numbered in the exhibit, which will make a very creditable showing indeed, and will, in a measure, at least, do honor to the energetic efforts of Commissioner Copeland, who is sparing no pains to make the exhibit the leading feature of the Exposition.

LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION.

The convention of the Liberal-Conservative party of Yale-Cariboo constituency called to nominate a candidate to contest the coming Dominion election convened at Revelstoke on Friday, with fifty-odd delegates present in person. R. F. Green, of Kaslo, by virtue of his being the vice-president of the party organization for the constituency, called the convention to order.

The convention nominated A. H McNeill, of Rossland, to contest the Yale-Cariboo constituency in the interests of the party. Mr. McNeill is a native of Prince Edward Island. He has lived in this province since 1891, and has resided at Rossland since 1896. He is a lawyer, and is building up a good practice. He is well liked by his friends, and stands well in Rossland with all classes.

The following platform was adopted by the convention:

"We, the delegates of the Liberal-Conservative party of Yale-Cariboo constituency in convention assembled, re-affirm the principles of the old party, and more particularly that cardinal principal, protection to home industries, and that that principle be carried out so that all sections of the country shall equally share its benefits.

"The one industry on which the prosperity of this constituency is almost wholly dependent is mining: and we believe that our mining industries are as fairly entitled to protection as the manufacturing interests of Eastern Canada: therefore, we advocate that the duties on lead and lead products be increased, so that they shall be as high as those now imposed by the United States on the same articles.

"That the output of the precious metal mines of Canada is largely increasing, therefore, we favor the establishment of a mint, so that the specie in circulation shall be that of our own instead of that of a foreign country.

"We advocate the restriction of the immigration of Chinese and Japanese and all classes of people who cannot become good citizens of the Dominion of Canada, and suggest the adoption of the principles of the Natal Act.

"British Columbia has not now the representation in the federal parliament that she is entitled to: therefore, we advocate that when the redistribution of seats is made that this constituency shall be given representation according to its population."

HOME FROM SYDNEY.

Angus McInnes returned Monday from his visit to Sydney, N. B., and is enthusiastic about the wonderful possibilities of the coming Pittsburg of Canada. Since the American Steel Company began operations there, Sydney has grown from a town of 1,500 inhabitants to a city of 20,000, and the prediction is made that in less than 10 years its population will have grown to 100,000. One cannot realize the immense amount of building that is going on there without seeing it. The Steel Company is erecting buildings of stone covering acres of ground. The foundations for the walls are wide enough to drive a team of horses over. The company is building 1,000 coke ovens for its own use, and will soon enter into competition with the world in building steel vessels and great steel bridges, guns, etc. Sydney has advantages that are ahead of any other steel works in the world, and the American company is taking advantage of its great natural resources. At present 3,000 men are employed by the company, but this force will be doubled in a short time. Mr. McInnes counted 240 steam and sailing vessels in the harbor, loading and unloading and lying at anchor, as he passed out of the harbor. This will give some idea of the immense shipping business that is carried on there.

B. C. LOOKING UP.

Clarence McCuaig, in concluding a lengthy interview in the Montreal Gazette is quoted as saying: "There can be no doubt but that Province will soon attract the attention of capitalists in all parts of the world. No doubt many Canadian investors have had their confidence shaken in mining investments during the past year, and they have had sufficient reason undoubtedly, owing to the temporary stoppage of dividends of the large mining companies, and the great shrinkage in the value of their shares caused by the loss of confidence, aggravated by financial conditions which have prevaled. I look, however, for returned confidence, as the Payne has already resumed the payment of regular quarterly dividends, and the Republic mill, before the end of September, will be turning out gold bricks. The Centre Star and War Eagle will soon be shipping to the smelter. The North Star is paying regular dividends, and earning a fat surplus, and the New Year should see all of these companies in great favor again."

The Hoodoo Sold.

A cash sale was put through on Friday by J. M. M. Beneduin for the Hoodoo claim, situated near the Howard Fraction group, on Gold Hill, Lemon creek. There was a number of small interests in the property held in Slocan City, for which the owners received $2,000 cash. Two veins are exposed on the ground, from which good values in gold have been obtained.

All things come to him who waits, may be an ancient fact, but it applies to the wagon road from Silver mountain with equal force that it does to the millions that Williams will eventually make from using printer's ink regularly.

THE LEDGE is two dollars a year in advance. When not so paid it is $2.50 to parties worthy of credit. To barbarians east of Lake Superior it is $1 a year. Legal advertising 10 cents a nonpariel line first insertion, and 5 cents a line each subsequent insertion. Reading notices 25 cents a line, and commercial advertising graded in prices according to circumstances.

FELLOW PILGRIMS: THE LEDGE is located at New Denver, B. C., and can be traced to many parts of the earth. It comes to the front every Thursday and has never been raided by the sheriff, snowslided by cheap silver, or subdued by the fear of man. It works for the trail blazer as well as the bay-windowed and champagne-flavored capitalist. It aims to be on the right side of everything and believes that hell should be administered to the wicked in large doses. It has stood the test of time, and an ever-increasing paystreak is proof that it is better to tell the truth, even if the heavens do occasionally hit our smokestack. A chute of job work is worked occasionally for the benefit of humanity and the financier. Come in and see us, but do not pat the bull dog on the cranium, or chase the black cow from our water barrel: one is savage and the other a victim of thirst. One of the noblest works of creation is the man who always pays the printer; he is sure of a bunk in paradise, with thornless roses for a pillow by night, and nothing but gold to look at by day.

R. T. LOWERY, Editor and Financier.

THE LEDGE.

A pencil cross in this square indicates that your subscription is due, and that the editor wishes once again to look at your collateral.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1900.

FROM THE EDITOR'S UPPER STOPE.

The Government have issued regulations concerning the bubonic plague. It is a good thing and should be widely advertised.

The outlook for white metal continues bright, and in consequence the stock of several Slocan mines has advanced in price recently.

Without printer's ink the world would not know much. It is also a great cure for financial depression when taken regularly in large doses.

Nelson is one of the most progressive towns in the west. Its citizens are up-to-date in everything, even to reading this paper regularly.

The C.P.R. has reduced the passenger fare in Manitoba to three cents a mile. If the Government owned the road the fare would be less than a cent a mile.

Every one who has read history knows that Rome was not built in a day. Ages from now the new people of the world will be reading the same about New Denver.

The Crow's Nest Coal Co. made $47,000 during the past year. The money went into the pockets of eastern capitalists instead of to the people of B. C., where legislators are so adept at giving away the country's assets.

From the delay evinced in the building of the wagon road up Silver mountain the Government probably prefer doing that kind of work when it is raining or snowing so that there will be no danger of any of the men being sunstruck.

The sanitary law enforced in the Slocan towns since 1897 does not seem to be entirely satisfactory, although it is a source of constant expense to the people. The Government might take a look into this unscented but important subject.

The working of claims on the royalty or leasing system has proved very successful in Colorado, and there is no reason why the same results could not be obtained in the Slocan and other parts of Kootenay. This paper would like to hear the opinions of practical men upon the subject.

Politics will soon be raging in Canada, and many a lie will be spoken, many a head broken, before the final day is reached and the counting of the ballots proves which brand of partyism is the most popular in the most governed country of its populative size in the world.

Some newspaper editors are very kindly warning stamp collectors "to be very careful about purchasing the Mafeking siege issue, for the market is flooded with counterfeits." The advice is unnecessary. What's the odds if they are counterfeits, so long as they satisfy the cravings of the stamp maniac?

About Pilots

This world is full of pilots. In fact, it is made up of pilots—everybody is a pilot of some kind. There are sea pilots, land pilots, sky pilots, journalistic pilots and Pontius Pilots. Most people are Pontius Pilots. They are Pontius Pilots because they haven't the moral courage to be anything else. All Pontius Pilots are moral cowards. To be a successful Pontius Pilot you must be a coward. If you are not a coward you can't be a Pontius Pilot. Pontius Pilots think for themselves and act as other people think. Whatever the ragtail-bobtail-rabble demand, Pontius Pilots do. Any fool can be a Pontius Pilot. Sky pilots are sometimes Pontius Pilots at heart, so are all other kinds of pilots. But sea pilots are never land pilots, and land pilots are never journalistic pilots. To be a sea pilot you must have some nautical sense; a land pilot needs nerve, a sky pilot faith and a journalistic pilot money. Without the almighty dollar the journalistic pilot will die; without faith the sky pilot will go hungry; without nerve the land pilot will become a wreck, and without nautical sense the sea pilot will find a watery grave. Journalistic pilots are born, not made. Other pilots are made, not born, and some make themselves. Pontius Pilots grow. You can shake them from the bushes of pride, conceit, avarice, greed, faint heartedness. They are baked in shallow pans, seasoned with cowardice to suit the taste, and served with ignonimy on the side. All pilots sometimes lose their bearings. Sky pilots get shunted off by bigotry, or fall into the sump of sin; sea pilots are drawn away from their course by false signals; land pilots go down in the fogs of despair, and journalistic pilots get lost when the flow of milk and honey, cocktails and lucre, washes out the trail. Pontius Pilots never have any bearings to lose. Sky pilots blaze the trail for the souls of men, land pilots for the feet, journalistic pilots for the head. Pontius Pilots blaze the trail to hell.

Practical Advice

Mining men of Colorado are recognized as men of hard practical sense. They have adopted the business of mining not as a game of chance but as one of the surest money making businesses in the world. They do not trust to chance, but by thorough investigation and careful investment they enter upon any new proposition sure winners. They have made mining pay, not because they have had vast ore bodies of great richness, but because they have put their practical business training into use. The Mining Reporter, of Denver, Col., gives an idea of how they proceeded about it in the following:

"If you are contemplating an investment in mining in any part of the West, investigate along some of the following lines:

"Send for a copy of the local paper and give it careful study. If you observe that it contains a number of patent application advertisements, you may be assured that the mine owners think well enough of the region to secure a perfect title to their ground. If you observe in it the card of two or more deputy United States mineral surveyors, and of several assayers, you may safely conclude that the district is an active one, that the prospectors are interested, and that the professional men are making a fair living. If you find the advertisement of a sampling works, or of parties who buy ore, it is a sure proof that a number of the mines are producing with considerable regularity, and that some of them are making money. Or in the absence of this testimony, if a railroad has been built to the town, the same conclusion may safely be drawn. If the paper contains the advertisement of one or more banks, the prosperity of the place may be considered certain. It is then only necessary to ascertain whether it is what the miner calls a 'One Mine Camp' or otherwise. One mine camps are settlements around a mine which has proved to be pre-eminently profitable. In such places the mine generally owns the principal stores and the bank, is interested in all the public utilities such as water, light and telephone plants, and does not encourage the coming of outsiders: and outsiders will often do well to stay away from such districts, for the proper place to search for a bonanza is at some little distance from one already discovered.

"Usually the local weekly publication will, to the careful observer, tell a plain story. If the signs mentioned are found, open correspondence with an assayer and surveyor, enclosing a cash fee of say $10 in your letter, and ask their professional view on the locality. These people are generally gentlemen and men of honor. Often they are college graduates. Their opinions are worth having. After obtaining them, if the outlook is favorable, subscribe for the local paper and also the weekly mining journal of the nearest large commercial centre. Study both carefully as they come along, and explore the advertising columns of the latter for the names and addresses of mining engineers who make it a business to report and examine mines. Address two or more of them, and enclose a $25 fee, asking frankly their opinion of the camp. Finally, if the general report on the whole is favorable, take the train and go right to the district and examine the proposition yourself. There is no mystery about the business of metal mining. Any man of average common sense can, if he will take the time, satisfy himself whether the property before him contains the elements of success or failure. There comes a time, it is true, when it is proper and necessary to purchase trained practical assistance and professional advice; but if a proposing investor will first personally look into the proposition offered in about the way suggested, he will be entirely capable of deciding whether the expert to whom he finally applies for information is worthy of the trust reposed in him. There are rascals in all professions. There are many shysters and quacks among mining engineers as among lawyers and medical men. A glib tongue and an attractive presence will cover much mental vacuity, except to those who know. It is a fact which may be easily demonstrated, that the bulk of failures in mining are due to the inertia of the investor, who is too lazy or too busy to think for himself."

MINE SALTING.

Charles M. Dobson, in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, tells of the various tricks employed in "salting" a mine.

"I was examining a 'proposition' in Shasta County, California," he says, "on the boundary line of Trinity County. The vein was of great size and was manifestly of low grade. I carried a map of the mine, and every ten feet I had the miners take out about 150 pounds of ore, which was thrown on an iron plate, 4x5 feet, previously swept and carefully cleaned. The ore was piled up into a cone and quartered. The diagonal quarters were taken, and these in turn coned and diagonal quarters taken, until I had about a pound of ore thoroughly representative of each ten feet of the mine. Each sample was put into a $50 silver sack of stout canvas and sealed with my private seal. The sack was numbered and a corresponding mark made on the map so that I should know just how the vein ran. As I took some 200 samples, it soon became impossible to 'pack' these along the levels, down the shafts and up the upraises. To watch them would have required a detective to each sack.

"I went on to calculate the amount in cubic feet of ore exposed in the shafts, upraises and levels of the mine. To determine the tonnage of ore, it is necessary to remember that about 15 cubic feet of quartz make a ton. I had the samples brought out by the miners, boxed up and sent for assay to an eminent firm in Chicago. I went to Chicago to learn what the assay showed as to the amount of gold and silver in the samples: the chemist said that the ore was of extreme richness. Gold had been recovered indicating between $800 and $400 to the short ton of ore.

"'That can't be,' I declared.

"'It looks suspicious,' he admitted. 'It certainly is not in the ore if appearances go for anything.' They do go for a great deal, for a competent man can often guess within $5 or $6 of the ton value of ore by merely making a rough pan test.

"'Were the seals intact?' I asked.

"'Oh, yes,' he replied; 'the sacks had not been tampered with.'

"'You've been handling some rich ore,' I told him, 'and probably have yourself 'salted' accidentally with some of the rich particles.'

"No, he replied; he had been most careful. So samples of the pulp he had made were sent to New York for check assays. In this pulp the ore is reduced to such fineness that it will all pass through a mesh with 6,400 perforations to the square inch, a little coarser than ordinary flour. The reports from New York verified the Chicago assays to the third figure in decimals. Crushing the ore in an iron mortar and panning the result showed that the assays could not be right. Yet how had the samples been 'salted?'

"At last an idea occurred to me. Had the sacks been preserved? Yes. We washed them in a solution of cyanide of potassium. We drew off the liquid a few days after that, and our tests for the determination of gold showed that those sacks were worth $72,000 per ton of sacks. Afterward it was confessed that while I was figuring on the ore in sight, a man with a hypodermic syringe full of a solution of chloride of gold had thrust the needle through the canvas and injected the fluid on the samples of ore. It had dried on the cloth, and thus gave proof of the fraud."

Any person being the head of a family, a widow or a single man over eighteen years of age, and a British subject, or an alien proposing to become a Brstish subject, can pre-empt 160 acres of land belonging to British Columbia, west of Cascade Mountains, or 320 acres east of these mountains, at $1 per acre. Two months' leave of absence under the Land Act, and an additional four months for sufficient cause, when applied for to the Chief Commissioner, can be had in each year till the Crown deed is obtained. A certificate of improvement showing that the claim has been improved to the extent of $2.50 per acre is necessary before a Crown deed can be issued. Timber and hay lands may be leased from the Government. Timber lands pay a yearly rental of 15 cents per acre, and a royalty of 50 cents per 1,000 feet of all logs cut. Leases of land for other purposes may also be granted by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council.

Williams has a line of green peppers that are the hottest things in the camp. Warm yourselves with them when the weather gets cold.

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THE SCARLET LETTER.

They lead a woman in the market place,
Graceful of form and beautiful of face.
And all around the hissing people mock and jeer
Around the sinful woman standing here.
A crim son robe her beauty must adorn,
Never for pride, but badge of the world's scorn.
For in her arms—dear God that this should be—
Lies the white soul of nameless infancy.

Slow speaks the judge, stern Puritan and cold,
"Woman, the measure of thy sin is told
Now name thy guilty partner that he win
Justice with thee and punishment for sin.
Though great thy crime, we hold him lost with thee;
Nor shall we bid him from thy doom be free.
Speak, though our highest should be found most weak.
Pastor of God, bid the vile woman speak!"

The white faced man of God drew near, and low
His voice: "I bid thee to the people show
That devil hidden within a human form
Who tempted thy fair head to brave this storm.
Nor fear, nor scruple of thy woman-heart
Forbear to let the guilty bear his part.
Or high or low the station. His the blame.
Then, Hester, speak, and bid him share thy shame."

And she, the saddest woman ever born,
Lifted unshrinking eyes and smiled in scorn.
"Name him, my love, sole joy of my sad life?
Name him, whose lips in love have named me wife?
Wreak all your vengeance on my guilty head,
Since I alone his feet astray have led,
And lade him listen to Love's fatal tone.
Mine is the sin. The child is mine alone."

No woman heart did pity her. She stood
Alone in her dishonored womanhood,
Her white face as a star the throng above,
Sinful, but more than mortal through her love.
The scarlet letter gleamed upon her breast,
Where firm she stood, the mark of jeer and jest;
Lost and forsaken, faithful in her shame,
With true lips locked above her lover's name.

Years after, and again the market place
Surged with a mob about that woman's face.
Her slight arms held the falling form of him
Who spoke his shame from out death's shadow dim.
They three alone, the sinners and the wronged,
Nor heeding how the curious faces thronged.
Death tore the mask aside and showed impressed
The scarlet letter on their pastor's breast.

—Beatrice St. George, in Brann's Iconoclast.

TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

That Meted Out to the Boer Soldier for Sleeping at His Post.

It is an article of faith with many people that a Boer commando is a mere mob, that its leaders exercise no control over men in laager or on the field, and that punishment for crimes is a thing unknown. But this is far from being the case. It is quite true that a Boer soldier does not know how to click his heels together, turn his toes to an acute angle, stiffen his back, and salute every time an officer runs against him. He could not properly perform any of the very simplest military evolutions common to all European soldiers if his immortal welfare depended on it. That is why he is such a failure as an attacking agent. Still, in spite of these things, the Boer on commando has to submit to very rigid laws. The penalty for outrage, or attempted outrage, on a woman is instant death on conviction, no matter what the woman's nationality may be. For sleeping on sentry duty the punishment is unique; it is a punishment born of long dwelling in the wilderness. It is of such a nature that no man who has once undergone it is calculated ever to forget. When a clear case is made out against a burgher by trial before his commandant the whole commando in laager is summoned to witness the criminal's reward. He is taken out beyond the lines to a spot where the sun shines in all its unprotected fierceness. He is led to an ant hill full of busy, wicked, little crawlers; the top of the anthill is cut off with a spade, leaving a honeycombed surface for the sleepy one to stand upon (not much fear of sleeping while he is there.) He is ordered to mount the hill and stand with his feet close together. His rifle is placed in his hands, the butt resting between his toes, the muzzle clasped in both hands. Two men are told off to watch him. They are picked men, noted for their stern, unyielding sense of duty, and love for the cause they fight for.

These guards lie down in the veldt 25 yards away from the victim. They have their loaded mausers with them, and their orders are, if the prisoner lifts a leg, to put a bullet into it; if he lifts an arm, a bullet goes into that defaulting member; if he jumps down from his perch altogether leaden messengers sent from both rifles cancel all his earthly obligations. The sun shines down in savage mockery; it strikes upon the bare neck of the quivering wretch who dare not lift a hand to shift his hat to cover the blistering skin. It strikes in his eyes, and burns his lips until they swell and feel like bursting. The barrel of his rifle grows hotter and hotter until his fingers feel as if glued to a gridiron. The very clothes upon his body burn the skin beneath. He feels desperate; he must shift one arm, for the anguish is intolerable. He makes an almost imperceptible movement of his shoulder and glances towards his guards. The man on his right front lays his pipe quickly in the grass and swiftly lifts his mauser to his shoulder. The wretch on the ant heap closes his eyes with a groan, and stands as still as a Japanese god carved out of jute wood. The guard lays down his rifle and picks up his pipe.

The sun climbs higher and higher until it gleams down straight into the antheap; the scorching heat penetrates into the unprotected cells and enrages the dwellers inside. They swarm out full of fight, like an army lusting for battle. Their home has been ravished of the protection they had raised with half a lifetime of labor, and in a puny way they want vengeance. They find a foe on top, a man ready to their wrath. They crawl into his scorched boots, over his baked feet guiltless of stockings; they charge up the legs on which the trousers hang loosely, and as they charge they bite because they are out for business, not for a picnic. The very stillness of their victim seems to enrage them. The first legion retires at full speed down into the antheap again. They have gone for recruits. In a few seconds up they come again, until the very top of the heap is alive with them. They climb over one another in their eagerness to get in their individual moiety of revenge. Down into the veldschoon, up the bare hairy legs, over the hips, round the waist, over the lean ribs, along the spine, under the arms, round the neck, over the whole man, they go as the Mongolian hordes will some day go over the Western world. And each one digs his tiny prongs into the smarting, burning, itching poor devil on top of their homestead. He shifts a leg the hundredth part of an inch. The guard on the left gives his bandolier a warning twist, and glances along the long brown barrel that nestles in the hollow of his left hand.

The commandant comes out of the circle of burghers, looks at the victim, sees that the eyes are bloodshot and protruding far beyond their normal position. He is not a hard man, but he knew that the culprit had endangered the lives and liberties of all. "You will remember this," he says sternly, "you will not again sleep when it is your watch." "Never, so help me, God!" gasps the prisoner. "Stand down then, you are free." Quicker than a swallow's flight are the movements of the liberated man. He drops his rifle with a gasp of relief, tears every stitch of clothing from his body, throws the garments from him, and pelts his veldshoon after them. Some sympathetic veteran who has possibly in earlier wars been through the same ordeal himself runs up with a drink of blessed water. He does not drink it, he pours it down his burning throat, then sits on the grass, drawing his breath in long sobbing sighs, all the more terrible because they are tearless. From head to heal he is covered with tiny red marks, just like a school boy who has had the measles; in three days there will not be a mark on him, but he won't forget them, all the same, not in thirty-three years, or three hundred and thirty-three years, if he happens to have a memory of any kind at that period.

YON YONSON'S DESPATCH.

One awfully blizzardy night in January I was seated in the little dog-house called a telegraph office on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad in Illinois. The time was midnight, and I was deeply engrossed in that thrilling detective story, "Shadowed by Three," when the door flew open, and a specimen of humanity entered my office.

Several things were the matter with him.

He was nearly frozen, excited to the point of insanity, and could not speak English.

The purpose of his visit was made known by grunts, signs and a jargon of unintelligible language—he wanted to send a telegram, and I was to copy it from his dictation, and then send it on the wire.

The nativity of my caller was Swedish. He repeated to me, I am sure, 600 times what he wanted to say in the message, and as he could only talk Swedish, I tried to make a message out of it, with English spelling. When, after almost coming to blows about the thing, I finally accomplished the task to the best of my ability, my attempts resulted in a message reading as follows:

"Ole Oleson, Monmouth, Ill.—Hess Hesson, hedeatlaiku accom heair savare ahashutehasel.

(Signed) YON YONSON."

This message I read over to the caller just as it sounded to me, and he nodded that it was all right; consequently I sent it to Monmouth, and the next thing I heard of it was three days later, when a dozen Swedes visited me to either find out why Ole Oleson had not come to our city or to do me bodily injury. The matter was left to arbitration, and when Ole was heard from, he explained that he did not understand the message. When it got to him it was adorned with all the fantasies of which such words in the hands of young operators are capable. His copy read:

"H. E. 6. H E. 6 Pdumukuocoom hay sa 44 are ahasshun Pazli."

After various diplomatic essays, it developed that my customer had been talking to me in "English" with a Swedish dialect, and that what he wanted to say was:

"Hess Hesson, he dead, he'd like you come here answer, he shoot himself."

Women inherit their religion, men inherit their politics, and all think they are thinking for themselves.—Henrietta News.

FOUND SOMETIMES.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flies by in a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your mind away,
But it's only a negative virtue,
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynics, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered today—
They make up the items of life,
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile—
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.

—J. F. Cooper.

THINKER'S THOUGHTS.

The theory of evolution encourages no millennial anticipations. If, for millions of years, our globe has taken the upward road, yet, sometime, the summit will be reached and the downward route will be commenced. The most daring imagination will hardly venture upon the suggestion that the power and the intelligence of man can ever arrest the procession of the great year. Moreover the cosmic nature born with us, and, to a large extent, necessary for our maintenance, is the outcome of millions of years of severe training, and it would be folly to imagine that a few centuries will suffice to subdue its masterfulness to purely ethical ends. Ethical nature may count upon having to reckon with a tenacious and powerful enemy as long as the world lasts. But, on the other hand, I see no limit to the extent to which intelligence and will, guided by sound principles of investigation, and organizing in common effort, may modify the conditions of existence for a period longer than that now covered by history.—Huxley.

GREATER USE OF MICA.

Owing to the present and probable future increasing demand for mica, particularly in electrical machinery, there is unusual activity in mica mining. The old mica mines west and south of Tres Piedras, New Mexico, have been purchased and are being operated by a Colorado company. In Custer County, South Dakota, according to the Black Hills Mining Review, about thirty old mica mines which have been lying idle for years are being opened. One of these, the McMakin, has to its credit a production of $1,000,000 worth of mica. The Lost Bonanza is another which produced 12,000 pounds of mica in one year. The Oom Paul, New York, Crown Hill, Monarch and several others are being bonded to the Monarch Mica Company, and mica is being now shipped in carload lots to Chicago, where it is sorted. Only about 7 per cent. will be large enough to work up into stove glass. There will be a large amount two or three inches square, which is set aside by itself. By a new process, these small pieces are separated into leaves, cut evenly, and are then laid into blocks, being cemented together with a transparent glue. By this process, any size block is made. This class of work is used almost entirely for electrical purposes. The fine mica is used for various purposes—principally for lubricators and for packing in electrical works. The supply of mica in Custer County is practically unlimited. The reason that the mines have not been worked before is that the mica industry is in the hands of a trust. The Chicago Mica Company, by using its patented process of cementing the sheets together, is able to break to a certain extent, the hold of the trust.

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CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

SADDIE Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: In Surprise Basin.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Arthur S. Farwell, agent for J. C. Ryan, No. B 12600, as to one-half, Joseph B. Bowes, No. B 36639, as to four-tenths, and Grange V. Holt, No. B 27934, as to one-tenth undivided interests, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 17th day of August, A. D., 1900.
8-13-00 A. S. FARWELL.

PHOENIX Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Silver Mountain.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Arthur S. Farwell, acting as agent for Evelyn M. Sandilands, F. M. C. No. B 39080, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under Sec. 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 27th day of August, 1900.
6-9-00 A. S. FARWELL.

CLIPPER Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Silver Mountain, near New Denver.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Arthur S. Farwell, acting as agent for the California and Clipper Silver-Lead Mines, Limited, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 37598, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 7th day of August 1900.
8-18-00 A. S. FARWELL.

THURSDAY FRACTIONAL Mineral Claim

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay district. Where located: North of the Payne mine.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Herbert T. Twigg, as agent for the Payne Consolidated Mining Company, Limited, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 39097, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvement, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 23d day of August, 1900.
HERBERT T. TWIGG, Agent.

MOUNTAIN CHIEF NO. 3, and SARNIA Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: About four miles up Four Mile creek, and adjoining the Essex and Ottawa.

TAKE NOTICE That I, D. A. McDonnell, F. M. C. 38978, acting for myself and as agent for Alfred Hill, F. M. C. 38972; Joseph Sturgon, F. M. C. 36282, and Florence Lawrence McInnes, F. M. C. 38916, intend, sixty 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 each of the above claims.

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

Dated this 2nd day of August, 1900. 8-9

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11:30 lv	N. Denver Ldg	ar 15:15
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15:15 lv	N. Denver Ldg	ar 11:30

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