

## KOOTENAY

Presents an Unequalled Field for the Developer of Mineral Claims showing Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead, and Zinc, as well as for the Investor in Producing Mines.

SECOND YEAR--NO. 7.

## The Tribune

NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1894.

## RAILROADS

Already Completed or Under Construction and Steamboat Lines in Operation Make the Mining Camps and Towns in Kootenay Accessible the Year Round.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

## NEW DENVER AND THREE FORKS

## ARE HAVING THEIR SHARE OF BOTH BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

For Once Cash is Actually Disbursed to the Men Working on the Nakusp & Slocan Railway at the Point at Which They Did the Work.

NEW DENVER, December 21st. Citizens of New Denver now pay the enormous sum of \$25 a month and receive in exchange an adequate mail service. This is a desperate tax even on New Denver and would undoubtedly bankrupt the Dominion of Canada. It is absurd to expect the Dominion to spend such a sum to secure a good mail service to a town like New Denver.

Another concert hall was given here on Friday. Two short dramatic sketches were added to the usual programme of songs and recitations, and were very well received. After the concert was over twelve couples took the floor and dancing was kept up till the moon got tired and went to bed.

On Saturday an event of tremendous importance occurred, nothing short of a list to New Denver by the railway paymaster. He was pretty well heated too, and paid everything up to date. Oh, the endless results of public and private selfishness! He was very well received and the town has been having a gay time since. His arrival gave another admirable object lesson to the people of West Kootenay, namely, that satisfaction has been kicked out of certain outlets. This applies both to the government and to the Nakusp & Slocan Railway Company.

N. J. McNaught, has come in here with a wife to spend the greater part of the winter and personally superintend work at the Alpha. The mine has been started again.

J. A. Finch has also been here this week and has been collecting with various claim owners on four-mile in a way that looks like more death in a while. It is rumored that he will shortly add the "Vancouver" and "Mountain Broomer" to his interests on four-mile creek. Next summer there will be a number of men at work in there if things go right.

New Denver is the liveliest town for amusement in Kootenay just now. The Casino Comique company is about to invade us today and carry off some of the best change around town. Opinion is divided as to the desirability of this invasion. Some think it will accustom miners and the people of Three Forks to New Denver when they want to spend themselves, and others that it will take more money out of the town than it will bring in.

On Monday night there is to be a bull at Three Forks, and a large sleighing party is being got up in New Denver to take part in the festivities. The weather is perfect for sleighing and the moon in good season. The party should have a high old time. It is to be hoped they will weather the box canyon on their way home.

Next Tuesday night an entertainment will be given in the Methodist church to pay for an organ. Mr. Turner is very kind about lending the organ for town concerts and always looms up at them as large as life himself; so his own show on Tuesday night will be well patronized.

Bruce White was in town on Friday. He reports everything lovely at the Slocan Star.

Over \$20,000 in cash and bank checks is said to have been paid out in and around New Denver on Saturday.

Contractor McMartin is going around with a smile on his face an old broad. It is an open secret that he is making a big clean-up on his contract. Not only has he got the heaviest work on the road but he knows how to handle men and material to the best advantage. When he puts a few men to work in making necessary alterations in the wagon road the results are surprising to people accustomed to government methods in building roads.

A snowslide came down between New Denver and Three Forks on Thursday. It was not a very big one, but it was a good thing the trestle the railway company is building across that particular draw went there.

A big mud bank on this side of the river has been sliding. Some amateur road builders did their best to fix it on Friday.

NEW DENVER, December 30th. J. A. Finch bought the Cezubazara mineral claim and a three-fourths interest in the Wakelid mineral claim during his visit to New Denver. For the Cezubazara he paid \$5500, 10 per cent cash. The owners were George Fairbairn and Frank Culver. The price given for three-fourths of the Wakelid was \$6750, on the same terms. George Fairbairn was the owner; the remaining quarter belongs to W. H. Smith. Both claims adjoin the old and Robinson group, of which Mr. Smith has already acquired control.

Last Sunday and Monday were prosperous days in New Denver and Three Forks. The saloons reaped a harvest. Two hundred and fifty-five in cash were taken over the bar at Three Forks on Christmas day alone.

On Christmas night a large party went from New Denver to a dance at Three Forks given at Mr. Bowen's restaurant. There were sixteen ladies present at the ball and old-timers said a year had made great changes. Bruce White, Hugh Mann, McMartin, and P. Angrignon deserve thanks of the community for their

kindness in putting their teams and sleighs at the service of the guests from New Denver.

New Denver has been now fifteen days without a letter from the coast, the east, or Europe. A large newspaper mail came in last night. Nobody knows where the letters are.

C. B. Perry expects to complete the survey of the townsite in two days.

The entertainment given last Sunday night by part of the Kaslo comique company was a success, and a thoroughly quiet, decorous show. Another onslaught is contemplated tomorrow. A certain section in the town has had its finer feelings outraged by the fact that these entertainments are being given on Sundays. Arrangements are being made which will allow of some other night in the week being used for the show.

Hugh Mann is doing well on his contract hauling ore from the Slocan Star. Two hundred tons are now stored at Three Forks.

A party of engineers connected with the Nakusp & Slocan railway have been making a preliminary survey between Three Forks and Sandon creek.

The grade on the Nakusp & Slocan railway is now complete at the Three Forks end and is practically all finished except some heavy work in the canyons at the shore of Slocan lake near New Denver. It is expected that January will see the last shovelful.

Three Forks received little or no benefit from the railway laborers. When they got their money they immediately poured it into New Denver to spend it.

A number of men are spending the winter at the mouth of Sandon creek in the expectation of a town springing up there next spring.

## FIGHTING FREE LEAD.

Claim the Wilson Bill Will Close Every Lead Mine in the United States.

The lead mine owners and a few of the smelter men in the United States are making a fight against the Wilson tariff bill, and the following letter is being circulated:

THE ST. JOSEPH LEAD COMPANY,  
35 LIBERTY STREET,  
NEW YORK, December 11th, 1893.

Gentlemen: The new tariff bill imposes a tax of 15 per cent ad valorem on lead dross and on lead in lead ore, and allows all lead in ore which is higher in silver value to come in free. The provision in either clause will paralyze the lead industry in this country.

The former will be 15 per cent on the lead price at Spanish or Mexican ports, which price is not above the equivalent of one and one-half cents a pound or say about one and one-fifth cents a pound duty. The latter means free lead in vast quantities, or allowing that lead comes in half-and-half on the above schedules the duty on the total quantity will be on the average only ten cents per 100 pounds. At present that would mean refined lead laid down at \$2.35 to \$2.40 in New York city, which price for lead would not only allow one and one-fourth cents per pound to the western shipper, any American mine owner can calculate where he will come out on that. Nor must we be deceived by the specious plea of those who desire this low tariff, and say that the demand from America will advance the European market to a three and one-half cent limit, for the best authorities state that Spain, Australia, and Mexico can turn out 50,000 tons per annum from their reserves without advancing prices more than one-quarter of a cent per pound.

We, therefore, strenuously urge every miner to write to his congressional and senator a protest against those lead clauses, and we also urge every mining camp to organize a movement against it and to unite and form a general state committee and to have them organize a general central committee. We also urge all officers of leading mining companies to write and authorize Hugh N. Camp, 35 Liberty street, New York, to attach their names to a petition to the committee of ways and means praying them to alter the bill so as to give lead ores, drosses, etc., a reasonable protection. The amount of the product of their several mines should also be added, so as to give weight and value to the petition. Work in this direction will pay better than mining just now. (Signed) The St. Joseph Lead Company, Hugh N. Camp, treasurer, Missouri; Desloge Lead Company, Firman Desloge, president, Missouri; Doe Run Lead Company, C. B. Parsons, vice-president, Missouri; Picher Lead Company, O. H. Picher, president, Joplin, Missouri; Bunker Hill & Sullivan Mining Company, P. W. Bradley, manager, Wardner, Idaho; Samuel W. Hauser, ex-governor of Montana, Helena, Montana; Old Jordan & Galena Mining Company, A. P. Holden, Salt Lake, Utah; National Smelting & Refining Company, Barton Sewell, president, Chicago; William C. James, Salt Lake, Utah; L. E. Holden, Cleveland, Ohio; Senator D. H. Moffat, president Amethyst Mine, Denver, Colorado.

## Change in Time-Table.

The Nelson & Port Sheppard time-table will be changed next week, in order to allow the train crew to lay over at Nelson instead of at Marcus. At Nelson there is more or less switching to be done, and as arranged now the train crew has not the time to do it. Next week the train will leave Nelson at 7 a. m. on Tuesday and Friday, and arrive at 5:10 p. m. on Wednesday and Saturday. After a while the railway management will learn that the place at which its business originates is the place to keep its train crews. The business of the Nelson & Port Sheppard originates in the Kootenay Lake country, not around Marcus, Washington.

## SLOCAN'S FIRST BOOMER

Reaches His Mecca in South Africa and Makes a Winning on the Way.

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa, November 18th, 9 a. m.—Temperature 72, clear and blue and breezy.—Arriving here at 6 a. m. on the 16th, I made the trip in just 38 days from Vancouver. Cost entire, first class to London and second class to Johannesburg, \$850.

The voyage from Southampton to Cape Town is one of pleasure never to be forgotten. The great ship Scot is a floating palace hotel, with its ever changing program of instrumental concerts, vocal concerts, amateur performances, games of cricket and foot ball, and to finish up two whole days were devoted to games and athletic exercises, everything from climbing the greased pole to tug-of-war. Strange to say, in the tug-of-war the first team won over all competitors, which were as follows: Fremont, sailors, third class, and second class. Pools on the ship were sold daily. One of £30 was captured by a very worthy party, whom modesty forbids, etc.

The highest temperature experienced was near the equator, namely, 81. On all other days the thermometer ranged from 70 to 80.

And now comes Cape Town. When the great ship touched the African dock the writer was the first ashore amid the cries of the Kaffirs, Malays, Abyssinians, a mixed gargon not understandable, but not so bad indeed after two weeks in the same room with a Lancashire man, a Dutchman, and an Englishman. When old England teaches her sons to talk, and accepts the decimal system of reckoning, and changes the present abominable system of railway carriages, she will have made another step toward those improvements which I am prouder than ever to know our own glorious and intelligent country always takes the lead in. Cape Town—progressive and prosperous, beautiful beyond anticipation, thermometer 90, breezy as a fan, beautiful park with a thousand Malay and Kaffir girls camping, a thousand richly dressed white babies, at 4 p. m. a brass band of 20 pieces alternating with the bagpipes of 12 sturdy Highlanders.

Nine p. m. and we are off amidst the hurrahs of hundreds (for the arrival and departure of the Scot's passengers is a marked occurrence) for Johannesburg. The first 500 miles after leaving Cape Town the country resembles very closely the sage brush lands of Nevada and is equally as monotonous. The latter part of the journey, however, carries you through ostrich farms, millions of goats, sheep, and oxen, and past a thousand estates of surpassing beauty. At 5 p. m. we open our eyes at Blaud frontiers, 10 miles from Johannesburg. What a sight, in the clear cool African morning to see from the pinnacle the dumps and stacks of the hundreds of mines and mills: the passing panorama, as we sped to our destination, of thousands of naked Kaffirs, going hither and thither, night shift and day shift; miles of ox teams with thousands of tons of merchandise for interior distribution; thousands of mules in teams of 4 to 6 span, heavily laden; the whistling, roaring, and grumbling of the engines, mills, and machinery; and with all a matchless African morning, for on God's green earth you find it nowhere else.

Well, here we are, 6 a. m. November 16, in Johannesburg, a golden Johannesburg, with her record of 136,682 ounces of pure gold for October, valued at \$2,753,740.

J. F. WARDEN.

## Fundamental Poker Rules.

The following fundamental rules regarding the great American game were formulated by a distinguished lawyer of New York City who hails from the Western Reserve in the state of Ohio, and whose playing of the game has convinced many a worthy opponent that he must have acquired the knowledge with his alphabet:

If poker is its primary law, Call, but don't raise a one-cent draw. Unless to your own hand you pull in at least a good, solid or full. The money of him is proved. Who draws to flushes twice removed, to give about to give about to give about. The perils of the middle straight. These simple rules, with more I know. They teach in school in Ohio.

## Steamboat News.

The only news that could be gleaned from steamboat men this week was the question, "How cold was the weather last winter?" While the question is not news in itself, answering it may be considered news. The coldest weather last winter was during the last week in January, the thermometer at the government office registering 14 degrees below zero. Steamboat men may consider the present cold snap over, as it has already lasted as long as any of the cold snaps that occurred during the last three winters. Ice in the outlet need not now be looked for before the last of the month.

## Nelson School Report.

At the recent half-yearly examinations the following pupils were promoted. The numbers affixed represent the per cent of marks obtained:

Class IV to class V: Percy Giepel, 73; Mary McDonald, 68; Mabel Odwell, 58; Willie Turner, 51. Class III to class IV: Amanda Barker, 99; Clarence Graham, 85; Clarence Green, 67; Paul Brown, 55. Class II to class III: Willie Pigeon, 83; Leo Buchanan, 70; George Robinson, 62; Myron Graham, 55. High I to II: Sadie Stewart, 61; Nellie Marshall, 61; Olive Pigeon, 55. High I to II: Victor Bafinski, 50. Number promoted, 31; average attendance, 29; punctuality, 74.

STELLA KANE, teacher.

## RUNNING BEHIND.

The Dominion of Canada Did not Pay its Way in 1893-3.

The public accounts for the year ending 30th June, 1893, have been issued by the Dominion government. The total revenue received was \$38,168,708. The expenditure charged to interest was \$36,814,032, and expenditure charged to capital \$3,800,800, making a total of \$40,704,832. Excess of total expenditure over revenue \$2,536,124. Of the capital expenditure \$2,782,490 was expended on government railways and canals, \$181,877 upon harbors, graving docks, etc., \$115,038 on Dominion lands, and \$811,304 paid out to subsidized railway companies. Compared with those of the preceding year, the accounts of 1893 show an increase of over \$500,000 in the net debt, and an increase of \$5,000,000 in the gross debt of the Dominion during the year.

The total receipts from Dominion lands last year amounted to \$285,507, while the expenditure for surveys, management, etc., aggregated \$251,218. Custom receipts show an increase of \$452,944; excise receipts increased \$142,200, postoffice receipts increased \$120,762. The revenue from railways and public works, \$188,307. Contributions to the superannuation fund increased only \$500, though the aggregate of allowances increased over \$10,000; payments into the fund aggregated \$61,000 while the allowances paid amounted to nearly \$204,000. The postoffice expenditure exceeded the revenue from that source by over \$1,500,000.

The outlay for interest on the public debt, management of sinking fund, etc., reached \$12,116,238, and increase of \$140,863 over the amount paid in 1892. The interest on debt payable in London last year reached \$7,700,000.

The deposits in the government savings bank last year amounted to \$3,410,000, while the withdrawals aggregated \$3,533,001. Banks in Nova Scotia and Manitoba show an excess of withdrawals over deposits. The return of the postoffice savings banks show \$11,000,000 deposited and \$10,000,000 withdrawn, while the interest allowed depositors in the year was \$1,365,802. The bounties paid to manufacturers of pig iron last year reached \$93,895, and to manufacturers of beet root sugar \$20,508. The duties collected on Chinese immigrants aggregated \$113,491.

As a result of the Hon. Mr. Haggart's efforts to improve the management of government railways, the receipts from the Intercolonial and Cape Breton roads reached \$3,065,499, an increase of \$120,067 over those of the preceding year, while the operating expenses of these roads were reduced from \$3,439,577 to \$3,017,077, leaving an excess of earnings of \$17,821. The operating expenses of the Prince Edward Island railway exceeded its earnings by \$63,731, leaving a net deficiency of \$45,910 on government railways for last year.

## A Shooting Affray at Donald.

On the evening of December 22nd Harold Redgrave, provincial policeman and son of sheriff Redgrave of Donald, shot and seriously wounded John Barr, foreman of a logging camp belonging to the company operating the big sawmill at Beaver. The two men had a discussion in the Forrest hotel, at Donald, which was not of a character to lead those who heard them to believe it would end in any serious trouble. They left the hotel together. Shortly after Barr returned with a bullet hole in his upper lip from which the blood was pouring. He said that Redgrave had turned on him suddenly and shot him. The ball entered Barr's lip and lodged in the muscles of the face. Dr. Symonds was soon in attendance, but owing to the great swelling the bullet had not been located at latest advices. Mr. Barr is a very powerful man, and to this is due the fact that he has walked to the hotel after receiving the wound without assistance, leaving a red trail of blood behind him. Redgrave kept out of the way until Saturday night, when he was found at home and arrested. Barr has been removed to the hospital at Golden, where he is getting on fairly well. There was a witness to the shooting. The story goes that the two men left the Forrest hotel with the intention of having a fight, and they took this witness along to see fair play. Redgrave was too big for him and suggested that they return to the hotel. Barr would acknowledge before the men at the hotel that he had backed out. On their way back Redgrave suddenly drew his revolver, saying, "You are making a damned fool of me," fired, turned, and fled. Barr has been refused.

## The King of the Trotting Turf.

The trotting campaign of 1893 is over and Directum is the king of the trotting turf, having started fifteen times and won every race he entered, making a record of 2451 and winning \$25,150. It must be understood that Directum did not start during the trotting season until the meeting was held in New York. There is no doubt but that his windings would have run close to \$50,000 had he not been forced to skip from Cleveland to New York, as while it interfered with the events at the meetings between the dates named, he was also struck out of the free-for-all at Chicago, in which he could not have failed to have got a piece of the money and possibly the largest slice of it. Directum is owned by John Green, an Irishman, who is postmaster at Dublin, Contra Costa county, California. How Directum was

named there is quite a humorous story. His owner called to see editor Laying in San Francisco. He described his trot, and Mr. Laying, who is of a cheerful disposition, said: "Yes, my friend, I know the breeding; it's capital. He's too good for a poor man's horse. You should be able to get a good price for such a colt." "But I'm not a poor man," insisted the son of Erin. "Don't want to sell, but want a good name for him." "By Director," mused Laying. "How would Director do?" "What does that name?"

"Well, that's Latin for direct." That's his name," said the venerable, wealthy, and eccentric old Irishman, and editor Laying is now his best friend and turf director. Salisbury had the horse on shares this season. The owner talks about racing Directum himself next year, securing his own driver.

## A Convention Call.

The electors of West Kootenay who favor nominating a candidate (or candidates if the district should be given more than one member) for member of the legislative assembly, at the next general election, are requested to elect delegates to a nominating convention, to be held at Nelson, on Saturday, April 12th, 1894, at 2 o'clock p. m., the primary election for the election of delegates to be held on Saturday, February 21st, 1894, between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock p. m. Citizens whose names are on the voters list alone to be allowed to vote for delegates. Representation in the convention to be as follows:

Precinct or voting place.	Number of delegates.
Gleicher House.	1
Revelstoke.	2
Revelstoke Station.	2
Revelstoke.	2
Big Bend.	1
High Landing.	1
Laurel City.	1
Port Hope City.	1
Pine Valley.	1
Nakusp.	2
Robson.	2
Trail.	2
Vancouver.	2
Van Horn.	2
Nelson.	5
Balfour.	1
Highland.	1
Lykens's Custom House.	1
Ainsworth.	2
Kaslo.	2
Watson.	2
Three Forks.	2
New Denver.	2
Silverton.	1

Delegates-elect, if unable to attend the convention, shall have the privilege of transferring their credentials to parties who can attend. Delegates' credentials must be signed by the two judges and the clerk of the primary election, the judges and clerk to be chosen by the voters present at their respective polling places immediately prior to the hour of opening the polls. Delegates must be registered voters.

## The First Round Fought.

This week Kaslo had another session of court in which the legal lights in attendance contended that two justices of the peace had the right to pass on the validity, or constitutionality, of a law. The proprietor of the Comique theater was arraigned for refusing to pay the license fee required by the License By-Law of the City of Kaslo, and the hearing was had before justices-of-the-peace Stone and Buchanan. The city was represented by Mr. McAnn and the theater proprietor by Messrs. McArthur and Abbs. The defense put in no evidence, but moved for a non-suit. The justices gave a verdict for the city, assessing the defendant with a fine of \$50, or thirty days in the lockup. An appeal was taken on twelve points, the main ones being that a license of \$10 a night was prohibitive; that the Comique was not a theater under the act; illegal exclusion of evidence; that no person was empowered by the city to collect licenses, and if such power had been granted officer Sherwood, he could not transfer that power to constable Graham with whom he had exchanged places; that the License By-Law was illegal because passed by a council three of whose members were disqualified through selling merchandise to the city. The appeal will be held in the county court at Nelson in May. The defendant was required to enter into bonds of \$100. Thus endeth the first round in the battle for the suppression of variety theaters in Kootenay.

## Corsets and Athletics.

A Toronto paper prints the result of an interesting experiment made by a dozen young women under the direction of Dr. Sargent, to determine the influence of tight clothing upon the action of the heart. The test was the running of 440 yards in loose gymnasium garments, and wearing the same distance with the corsets on. The running time was two minutes thirty seconds for each trial, and in order that there should be no undue excitement or depression following the test, the second trial was made the next day. Before beginning the running, the average heart impulse was eighty-four beats to the minute. After running the above-named distance the heart impulse was 152 beats to the minute, the average natural waist girth being twenty-five inches. The next day corsets were worn during the exercise, and the average girth of waist was reduced to twenty-four inches. The same distance was run in the same time by all, and immediately afterward the average heart impulse was found to be 108 beats per minute. Dr. Sargent says that he never feels justified in advising an athlete whose heart impulse is 160 beats per minute after a little exercise to enter a running or rowing race, and from this may be inferred the physiological loss entailed upon the system in women who force this important organ to labor under the disadvantage of a tight corset.

## A FEW PERTINENT QUESTIONS

THAT SHOULD BE ANSWERED BY THE ONE ORGAN ON THE MAINLAND

Of the Present Provincial Government, but that will not be answered, because by answering them the Organ can only show how inconsistent it is.

The Vancouver World wars the provincial government against guaranteeing interest on the bonds of the British Pacific Railway Company, whose projected road would open up Northern British Columbia to the settler and capitalist, but at the same time open it up in such a way that little of the traffic would go to Vancouver. The World says: "We have deemed it our duty to warn the government of the danger of undertaking a responsibility in this matter that must end inevitably in financial disaster, and prove to be a mill-stone around the necks of a people already the most heavily taxed and the greatest debt bearers in the Dominion. The land in its present condition is practically valueless. It lies in its virgin condition, but once it is sold it begins to yield taxation to the province for the carrying on of public works, and the country then, as a whole, is recouped for aiding enterprises which are calculated to develop our latent resources without in the slightest degree interfering with its credit in the monetary centers of the globe."

The World is not at all consistent. If the people of this province are already the most heavily taxed and the greatest debt bearers in the Dominion, that condition must have been directly the result of the extravagance or the ill-advised legislation of a government whose every act has been supported by the World. Again: If it is, as the World claims it is, an "outrageous proposition to attempt to handle the British Pacific project at present," will it not be equally an outrageous proposition to guarantee the interest on the bonds of the Ashcroft & Cariboo Railway Company? Yet, if we mistake not, the World has never denounced that scheme. In this connection, the World might be asked a few pointed questions, as it is the only mouthpiece on the Mainland of the Davie government.

1. Was the building of the Canadian Pacific railway of advantage to British Columbia, and has its building developed latent resources from which the people will, in time, recoup the amount the government expended in building the road?

2. If the guaranteeing of interest on the bonds of railway companies whose roads are feeders to the Canadian Pacific is a good thing for the province, would it not be equally a good thing to extend like aid to roads that are independent of the Canadian Pacific?

3. Are not men like Alex Ewen and John Hendry and Peter Dunley and Major Dupont (all old-time residents of the province and whose every interest is in the province) as fairly entitled to government aid in building railways as such men as Frank Barnard and John Andrew Mara and Harry Abbott and their associates in the Nakusp & Slocan Railway Company?

4. If it is an act of wisdom to use the credit of the government in bolstering up property values in established towns like Nakusp and Vancouver, would it not be equally wise for the government to use its credit in maintaining property values in other established towns—towns like Kaslo and Victoria, for instance?

5. If the people of British Columbia are debt-ridden and taxed-to-death, who is responsible for it if not the men now running the provincial government?

## Sets Himself Right.

NEW DENVER, December 30th, 1893. TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE: In your issue of the 23rd you advertised on my conduct in proposing a resolution that the attorney-general be invited to use his influence to settle the New Denver townsite dispute. In doing so, you make two mistakes which it may perhaps be worth while to correct. In the first place you say, "as solicitor, he should try his client's case in court, not at a public meeting." That is excellent advice, for which I am much obliged to you, but as you seem to suggest that I acted differently, I may say that neither I nor anyone else at the meeting either alluded to any point in the case, or declared any bias in favor of either of the parties. You then go on to say: "As a citizen he should keep his nose out of a business in which he is not interested to the extent of a baw-see." Here again you are not quite accurate. I have an agreement for the sale of two lots in the disputed tract, on which I have already made my first payment; and I have also an interest in the government part of the townsite, which has somewhat depreciated in value owing to the building depression caused by the dispute on the adjacent tract. Yours truly, R. B. KEAT.

## Off the Rocks.

The steam-tug Kaslo has been floated off the rocks, and is now in Kaslo bay buoyed between two barges. It is thought the hull is not damaged to any great extent, and the greatest expense the owners will be put to is in hauling her on the ways. When hauled out, the cabin that was washed away will be replaced by one in which passengers can be comfortably accommodated, as it is the intention of the owners to make the Kaslo a passenger as well as a tug boat.



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# BANK OF MONTREAL

Capital, all paid up, \$12,000,000  
Reserve, 6,000,000

Sir DONALD A. SMITH, President  
The GEO. A. HURDMAN, Vice-President  
R. S. CLOUSTON, General Manager

NELSON BRANCH  
N. W. Cor. Baker and Stanley Streets.

BRANCHES IN  
LONDON (England), NEW YORK, CHICAGO,  
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Buy and sell Sterling Exchange and Cable Transfers.  
GRANT COMMERCIAL AND TRAVELLERS' CREDITS,  
available in any part of the world.  
DEPOSITS ISSUED; COLLECTIONS MADE; ETC.

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.  
RATES OF INTEREST (at present) 3 Per Cent.

## HOW WILD BILL DIED.

In the New York Sun a few days ago there appeared a little article, copied from the Denver Republican, and headed "How Wild Bill died." The article as a fairy tale, is not uninteresting. It gives what purports to be an interview with a "Mr. Adler," who "has known almost all the pioneers of the west and was a friend of that picturesque figure in western history, Wild Bill." This "Mr. Adler," we are told, was within a few paces of Wild Bill when that celebrated man was killed, and knows all about it. According to him, Wild Bill was a card sharp, who occupied the same cabin with "McCaull," who shot him. The two of them were in the habit of fleeing strangers, in partnership, and it was over one of these cherry little affairs that they fell out. This is the gist of the tale, but it has some other rather fine details in the line of fiction. For instance, "Mr. Adler," tells the Denver Republican how Wild Bill made his first appearance in Deadwood one day, "with his long yellow hair pouring down his shoulders, his sombrero cocked sideways on his head, and with two ivory-handled pistols in their holsters, swinging at either side." He was, it seems, "an inveterate card player, and cheated and robbed at the tables with the easiest grace imaginable." And when "McCaull" finally shot his alleged partner in the back of the head, "Wild Bill fell over with his face among the poker chips." Good heavens, as a rule, shy about going into details. It is in little places that a fraudulent armor is fatally defective. If "Mr. Adler," whoever he may be, had merely stated that he was near Wild Bill when the termination of that frontiersman's career occurred and had "stood pat," there would have been nobody to deny his statement, and he might have continued to pose as the familiar of pioneers in general and this one in particular. But the facts in regard to "Mr. Adler's" story are that Wild Bill did not live with "McCaull" (whose name, by the way, was "McCaull") in a cabin, nor did he live in a cabin at all. Wild Bill did not have "long yellow hair," but brown hair; his "two ivory-handled pistols" were just one old-fashioned Colt's revolver of the regulation army pattern, with blue steel barrel and wooden handle. There were no poker chips used in the game where he was killed, and at ends he stood about as much chance of cheating anybody as a bull pup would stand of making a jargon-chromometer. I myself am not a dazling expert in the art of poker, but in a single day I won from Wild Bill forty freecocks, he winning two.

The last days of this man's life in Deadwood were interesting. I know all about them, because I was there. I was the guest of Wild Bill and his partner, and lived with them. The partner was a nutty, handsome, courageous little man named Charles Uter. He was called Colorado Charley, and was the dandy of that country. He wore beaded moccasins, fringed leggings and coat, handsome trousers, fine linen, revolvers mounted in gold, silver and pearl, and a belt with a big silver buckle. He was a blonde, with long hair and a moustache and imperial, and "Calamity Jane," who bossed a dance house, had it as her sole ambition, aside from the consumption of all the red liquor in the gulch to win him. Mr. Uter had one habit that was rather startling in that community. He took a bath every morning, and people used to come out and view the process with interest not wholly unmixed with wonder.

Charles Uter and Wild Bill (whose real name, by the way, was J. B. Hickock) used to live across the creek from the main part of the settlement, which at that time consisted of two lines of shanties along the sides of an irregular mass of stumps and mud, which formed the solitary thoroughfare. Uter slept in a tent, between fine California blankets, and he had a real mirror, and real combs, brushes, razors, and whisk brooms. Bill was less finicky about his quarters. He slept in a big canvas-covered wagon, rolled up in an army blanket. Every morning, just before breakfast, he used to crawl out, clad in his shirt, trousers, and boots, tie his hair in a knot at the back of his head, shove his big revolver down inside the waistband of his trousers, and run like a sprinter down the gulch to the nearest saloon. In a few minutes he would come strolling back, with a cocktail or two stowed away where it would do the most good, and would complete his toilet.

It is true that he played cards a good deal. But he could not have cheated a

blind baby. Almost every day his partner used to "stake" him to card money. If he ever won nobody knew it. And, besides, the crowd that was congregated in Deadwood City in those early days was a fine sort of gathering for a poker sharp to daily with. It was probably by all odds the toughest outfit ever brought together in one community. Virginia City, Pioche, Cheyenne, Laramie, and all the other choice spots of the west poured the most efficient of their star criminal citizens into Deadwood gulch, and of the 14,000 or so inhabitants in August, 1876, about 10,000 would have started out large beads of gold, apprehensive sweat upon the stone walls of any penitentiary in the world. They were a cowardly skulking crew at that. One afternoon Bill, Uter, and I were walking along the street when a row began in one of the shanties that did duty as a saloon. Everybody rushed in. "Wait a minute," said Bill. "Pretty soon somebody in there will pull a pop, and you'll see 'em come out."

Pretty soon somebody did pull a pop, and the crowd came. The came so fast that they brought the whole front of the building with them. Bill said he thought it was a breach of hospitality for a man's guests to carry away the bulk of his house like that. At night, over in camp, we used to have supper along about sundown. There was generally elk meat, or bear steak, or, once in a while, beef, fried potatoes, flapjacks, and coffee. Uter usually did the cooking, while Bill sat around and smoked, and indulged with his partner in that kind of repulsive which abounds on the frontier, and consists chiefly of bold and ingenious profanity. Sometimes California Joe, a long-whiskered old fellow, who would have instantly shot anybody who dared show him the celebrated greeting, "Good morning! Have you used So'n's soap?" would come over to sup, and would afterward go stertorously to sleep, sitting on the ground with his back against a tree. And there was "Bloody Dick," who never saw blood except on the moon, and who started to ride Uter's Pony Express, and too, he has come back by now. Then, too, there were other droppers in, for Uter was hospitably itself, and he could cook in a way that entitles him to a high place in the heavenly culinary department, if there is such a department. After supper the pipes were lighted and Bill would tell stories—stories of New York, and Boston, and Philadelphia, and other cities, where his companions had never been. Whenever any of them ventured to express a doubt as to his veracity, he would turn to me and ask me if he had not adroitly seized me. I always said that he had rather understated than embroidered the situation. I love truth, but I do not yearn to obtrude my preferences so far away from home. They were great stories that Wild Bill told, and as his other hearers knew nothing about them, and I didn't contradict him, he had a pretty fair margin for the play of his imagination.

Just met Wild Bill the day I reached Deadwood City with a letter of introduction to Uter from his brother, whom I had met on the way in at Johnny Bowser's ranch on the creek. I was up there partly for experience and partly for a journalistic kindergarten, called the Springfield Republican. Mr. Uter received me with wide open hospitality, and we started out to hunt up his partner. It was about the middle of a bright sunny afternoon, and we found Wild Bill sitting on a board which was lying on the ground in front of a saloon. His knees were drawn up in front of him as high as his chin, and he was whittling at a piece of wood with a large pocket-knife. "Get up, Bill," said Uter. "I want you to shake hands with a friend of mine."

Wild Bill slowly arose. He came up like an elevator, and he came so high that I thought he was never going to stop. He was unusually tall, and quite spare as to flesh, but very brawn and muscular. His skin was pallid from the use of powerful mineral drugs, and his grayish eyes, which were just beginning to regain their power after almost being blinded altogether by a terrible illness, were rather dull and expressionless in repose. One day afterward I saw them glitter with a sudden fire, that was strangely luminous, and I realized what this man must have looked like when his blood was up. But, at our meeting, when he folded my hand in his big, strong fingers, his face was almost expressionless, and his eyes were more or less lidded.

We walked about the town from time to time, and saw the sights. There were plenty of them to see—shooting scrapes, stabbing affairs, a lynching, fistfights, and various kinds of shindies of high and low degree. Two men, one afternoon, had a duel with six-shooters across the street. They were not armed, but during the whole fusillade Bill stood near the belligerents, passing derisive remarks on their lack of ability to hit anything, and apparently unconcernedly amused as if the fighters had been merely throwing soft boiled potatoes at each other.

Later in the week, long after midnight, we were lounging at the end of the bar, when a row broke out. The proprietor of the place produced a sawed-off shot gun, loaded about eight inches deep with various missiles of fire, and started to go toward the rest, but Bill's heavy hand on my shoulder held me fast. When the room was empty, Bill said: "Young man, never run away from a gun. Bullets can travel faster than you can. Besides, if you're going to be hit, you had better get it in front than in the back. It looks better."

Poor Bill got his in the back after all. He was a most wonderful master of the old-fashioned, thumb-cocking, army revolver. I have tossed up an empty revolver to a crowd of fifteen feet in the air, and he has hit it with two bullets from the same weapon before it struck the ground. He could shoot quite as well with his left hand as with his right, and he was so sure of whatever he went after that once in Hayes City, it is said, when he killed two negro soldiers who came in to "do him up," he wanted to bet there wasn't an inch difference in the spots where he shot them.

I said to him one morning as he was lying at full length on a big log in front of

Uter's tent, "How can a man who is being shot at by two or three other men retain such complete control of his nerves as to shoot back with accuracy?"

"Well," he replied, after a pause, as if he had never given the matter much thought, "when a man really believes the bullet isn't aimed that is going to kill him, what in hell has he got to be afraid of?"

Wild Bill was everything but a rufian, under ordinary conditions. It was strange to note the control in which he was held by Uter. I was never quite able to decide to my own satisfaction whether Uter amused or awed him. But certainly I never heard anybody take "roastings" with as little concern as that with which Bill used to take the fierce tongue lashings of his dudsque little partner. I suppose, perhaps, they fully understood each other, and knew perfectly well that behind all the words there was an impene-trable wall of manly affection.

Uter's greatest hobby was neatness, a thing which most plainsmen knew nothing of. He positively would not permit Wild Bill, or California Joe, or "Bloody Dick," or any of the rest of them to enter his tent. That, he declared, was a shooting point with him. One day Bill did not get home until after breakfast was over and everybody gone. He brought with him a very superior article of Deadwood jag, and Uter's fine blankets, seen through the open flaps of the tent, were more of a temptation than he could endure. Pretty soon the big fellow was snoring calmly, rolled up in Uter's bed-clothing, and there we found him, Uter and I, when we came over to camp an hour or two later. "Colorado Charley" was at first amazed by the presumption of his partner. For a moment, he stood and fervently cursed the unconscious sleeper, and then, catching him by the heels, dragged him bodily out of the tent upon the ground. After that he ran in, pulled out his blankets, and hung them up on the surrounding trees, all the time straining his vocabulary for fresh epithets to hurl at the offender. During the whole proceeding Bill stared at him with lazy lethargy, and then, with a parting grunt, climbed into his wagon and went peacefully to sleep again.

Deadwood City, full to overflowing with thieves, assassins, "skins" gamblers, and other elements of disorder, was rapidly coming to the point where some sort of government was necessary. At such times on the frontier there is always a struggle, and usually a hand-to-hand combat between the lawless and the orderly classes. Wild Bill had been marshaled in other similar places, and people began to talk of him for marshal of Deadwood. That outcome everybody knew, would mean a short shift for crooks and disturbers.

In the town there was a man named Jack McCaull living under an alias. He was in the condition technically known as "stone broke." The agitation of the marshaling was growing warm. The thieves and "skins" saw their inevitable end drawing near. It began to go round that Wild Bill could never hold office in Deadwood City. A rumor reached Uter that the big plainsman, who had ruled half a dozen towns, was to be assassinated. That evening he came over to camp looking serious.

"Bill," said he, after supper, "it's pretty dull around here, don't you think?"

"Well, it might be a good scheme to organize a little party," continued Uter, persuasively, "and go over to Standing Rock and cut out some ponies."

By "cutting out ponies" Uter meant the swooping down of a few white men upon a herd of Indian ponies, driving them off and selling them—a plan which, in the easy morality of the prairie, is perfectly legitimate where Indians are concerned.

Bill was silent.

"Joe will go along," resumed Uter, urgently, "and so will Richardson (I wasn't so sure about that), and a dozen others. Will you go?"

"Not a d—d foot."

"Why not?"

"Well, those fellows over across the creek have it laid out to kill me, and they're going to do it or they ain't. Any way, I don't stir out of here, unless I'm carried out."

That was when I saw the quick flash of ferocity in Wild Bill's eyes.

The conversation ended at this point. Everybody knew it was useless to argue with Wild Bill when his mind was set, and so everybody went on about his business as before. Two days afterward "those fellows over across the creek" carried out their proposition.

Five men, among them Wild Bill, were playing draw poker in a shanty saloon. Standing about were a dozen others looking on. Bill's back was toward the door. Seated next him to the left was an elderly man with his back against the wall. Something had been said about his changing seats with Bill, and after that hand the exchange would have occurred. Human life hangs on slender threads. With his back to the wall Wild Bill would have been safe enough, because few men would have dared to attack him openly.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, without even the knowledge of those standing nearest to him, an undersized man right behind Bill's chair, a man whom Bill had never seen in all his life, shoved a six-shooter to his head and fired. There was a muffled report. Bill partly straightened up, and then fell over sideways, dead. The undersized man ran out. The elderly player dashed through the back door and up the side of the gulch, shouting "Murder!" The town was in an uproar. There was a "miner's jury," consisting almost solely of skin gamblers, to sit on the case. To them the assassin told a prearranged story of how his only brother had been shot by Wild Bill, and how he had nobly avenged that brother's death. It was all a wild fable, that trial, just as Uter and his friends knew it would be, and the murderer was set free. Until now he had been absolutely without money. In a few days he turned up in Laramie City with plenty of free gold in his possession, and boastfully declared

that he had slain Wild Bill in single combat. Where did he get the gold?

McCaull was arrested and taken to Yankton. Uter pursued him to the very scaffold, furnished the witnesses, paid their expenses out of his own pocket, and fairly convulsed the wretched coward, who snivelled and whined like a horsewhipped hound when it came to the final show-down. Uter was faithful to his old friend to the last. Wild Bill was buried at Uter's expense. It is a late day to plaster the mud of falsehood over the memory of this fallen giant of the frontier.

A lock of the dead man's hair was cut off after his body had been prepared for burial. Uter took half the long brown strand and I have the other half to this day. It is as glossy as spun glass and as soft as down. Near the roots there is just a touch of roughness, where the life blood of a brave, great-hearted American gushed out as the assassin's bullet burst through his brain.

LEANDER RICHARDSON.

## HOW TO AVOID TAKING COLD.

The Heroic Treatment Recommended by a New York Physician.

A recent article in the Cosmopolitan on the best methods of resisting colds will be of peculiar interest to women. Autumn, according to the writer, is the most favorable season for cultivating the power of resistance to disease, and the cure may be wrought at home, and without expense.

The first important point to be considered is the skin, for the skin supplements in functions almost every organ of the body. So intimately related to the vital processes is the skin that a burn of even slight severity extending over more than three-fifths of the body is usually fatal. The influence of cold upon the skin causes a temporary blanching of the surface. The minute blood vessels contract and the blood recedes and accumulates in deeper and more protected structures. The circulation, usually sluggish, is profoundly disturbed, the nervous system is profoundly impressed, and various undesirable symptoms indicate an imminent illness. These results attend because there is failure to react at the point of exposure, and prompt reaction presupposes pure blood and plenty of it circulating in a healthy skin. Pure blood can only be made from proper food—not medicine—assimilated during exercise in pure air, not too warm. A healthy skin is a clear skin, one from which all the organic debris has been removed by thorough washing, not by moistening the greasy impurities and then distributing them evenly over the surface—as we polish a shoe; nor, if it be permitted to add to the picture, by wiping off, woman fashion, with the corner of a towel through the week and taking a half-hundred sponge bath Sunday. Now the month's treatment recommended by the physician who wrote the article should be commenced immediately and consists in keeping the skin clean by frequent thorough and energetic bathing, followed by much friction. At the beginning it is well to employ massage occasionally until the skin becomes hardened to rough usage.

Immediately upon rising move leisurely about the room for a few minutes, day by day increasing the exposure of the body, until soon you can take an air bath of five or ten minutes' duration without discomfort. This exposure should always be followed by brisk rubbing before dressing. Soon the body may be dampened all over with the water consistent in water which is exposed overnight and is nearly the temperature of the room. Next use a sponge slightly moistened; then one which is not so dry. Soon the cold bath may be taken with impunity and may become more prolonged and more beneficial as the skin becomes accustomed to it. These baths must be followed in all cases by brisk and prolonged rubbing of the skin, and they are merely the skin gymnastics, not taking the place of the thorough cleansing bath, which must be attended to at some other hour.

As the weather becomes colder the morning temperature of the room and the bath should become gradually lower, until when you are habituated to them you may venture to open the window a little on warmer mornings and expose the nude body to slight draft. During the night the mucous membrane should be hardened by leaving the chamber windows open, guarding only against drafts. Keep the feet warm and dry, the body dry, and during the day remain outdoors as much as the weather will permit, resisting the impulse to put on heavy clothing. Avoid violent changes and the long-continued cooling of a single part of the body. Remember that the draught through a two-inch aperture is often more dangerous than the wind through an entirely open window, and that the Thanksgiving dinner is as active in causing a cold as the November blasts.

## How to Invest \$100.

A young man having made \$100 in any business will do right to reinvest in the particular business out of which he has made it, for if he has knowledge enough of any one thing, and ability sufficient to enable him to make \$100 out of it, he will, without doubt, by sticking to the thing he knows something about and developing it, soon turn his hundred dollars into a thousand. Then, again, if a young man has saved \$100 out of his wages as a mechanic or a clerk, he cannot do better than invest his first hundred, or at least a part of it, in acquiring a better knowledge of his trade or calling, say by the purchase of books on the subject, or by attending a business college or mechanical school. Knowledge is power, and to acquire more knowledge about a subject which one has already been able to make a little money out of, must of necessity enable a man to do better in the particular calling in which he has already had some success. On the other hand, if a young man's first hundred dollars comes to him as a legacy, or as the result of a game of poker, the best thing he can do with it is to place it in some savings bank at 4 per cent interest, where he will be obliged to give three months' notice before he can draw it out.

## LIMITED MATRIMONY.

California Courts May Decide as to the Effect of a Marriage for Six Months.

An interesting yet extremely ridiculous question has found its way into the California courts. The problem to be solved in all seriousness by the courts is this: "Is a marriage on the European plan valid?" In other words, is a contract of marriage stipulated to expire at the end of six months or a year a valid document? If the document be valid, is the limitation good? Does the limitation invalidate the contract? Can the relations of the contracting parties be legally laid aside at the end of the prescribed time? Would a child born after the limit has expired, and were the contract not renewed, be a legitimate child? It seems impossible that in this day such a question should be seriously raised, but as a matter of fact there has developed among the California lawyers some difference of opinion on the subject.

Six months ago Edward M. Bilkus and Lillie Mabney of San Francisco entered into a contract "to be married for a period of six months." A few days ago they again repaired to a notary's office and caused a second contract to be drawn up for another six months. The young couple maintain that they have the advice of good lawyers that the contract is good. The situation is such a novel one that several reputable lawyers have persuaded the young couple to permit the question to be submitted to a court of adjudication. Just how to get this before the court is the question. It can hardly be accomplished by divorce proceedings, neither could it be accomplished by criminal process. Lawyers, however, declare that they will find a way of bringing the matter to judicial notice, in order that the ridiculous proposition may be settled at once.

Some of the best lawyers in the state have taken an interest in the matter. Many prominent citizens declare that it is against public policy for such a question to be dignified by a doubt for any length of time. On the other hand, there are a few lawyers who consent to maintain the strict legality of the terms of the limited contract.

What must undoubtedly be the law on the subject was expounded by Henry S. Foster, one of the lawyers interested. Mr. Foster says: "In the first place the law in this state is never to dissolve a marriage agreement when to do so would be against the public policy. Surely no one will contend that it would be good policy for the state to permit limited marriages. Once married always married is a good maxim. If the contracting parties have assumed marital relations they are man and wife, though the contract read 'for a day.' The only question is to my mind, did the parties assume, willingly and honestly, the positions of husband and wife toward each other? The limitation clause is simply null."

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