

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE HOPE MINE AND MILL

OLDEST PROPERTY IN THE DISTRICT

The Hope Was the First Silver Mill Built in Montana—It Is a Good Mill Yet.

THE Hope mill, a picture of which appears among others presented in this issue, was built in 1867 and is one of the most perfect and complete wet crushing plants in the west. It is built of stone and wood, the main building being 70x80 feet. It contains ten 850 pound stamps, six combination pans, having a capacity of one and one quarter tons per charge; three settlers and three agitators in which the slime drawn from the settlers are still longer kept suspended in water until the loss of quicksilver is reduced to a minimum. As the ore is free milling it is crushed wet, passed into vats, thence into pans, where it is chemically treated; thence into settlers, from which the quicksilver is drawn charged with the extracted metals. About 25 tons per day represent the amount of ores treated, the per cent of saving approximating 77 to 84 hundredths of the battery assays.

then called, purchased the interests of the several owners of the Comanche lode and other claims in 1867 and commenced active development. The mine was opened and mill construction vigorously pushed. Philip Deidesheimer was placed in charge. He broke ground for the present mill and secured water rights and millsite privileges. He also built the present wagon road up Flint Creek canyon. In the fall of 1867 Mr. Deidesheimer was succeeded by Horace Countryman. This gentleman was an exceptionally good millwright and under his supervision the Hope mill was completed. The building was entirely of stone and constructed throughout in the most massive manner possible. In later years it was somewhat remodeled and various changes were made, but as a whole the building is the same as when first erected.

The machinery installed was of the most costly and modern type obtainable, and the expense of transporting it to this country involved the outlay of a large sum of money. The bringing of the machinery here by oxtrain and steamboat equaled 50 cents per pound throughout. From this it will be seen that silver mining in Montana in the sixties was attended with difficulties un-

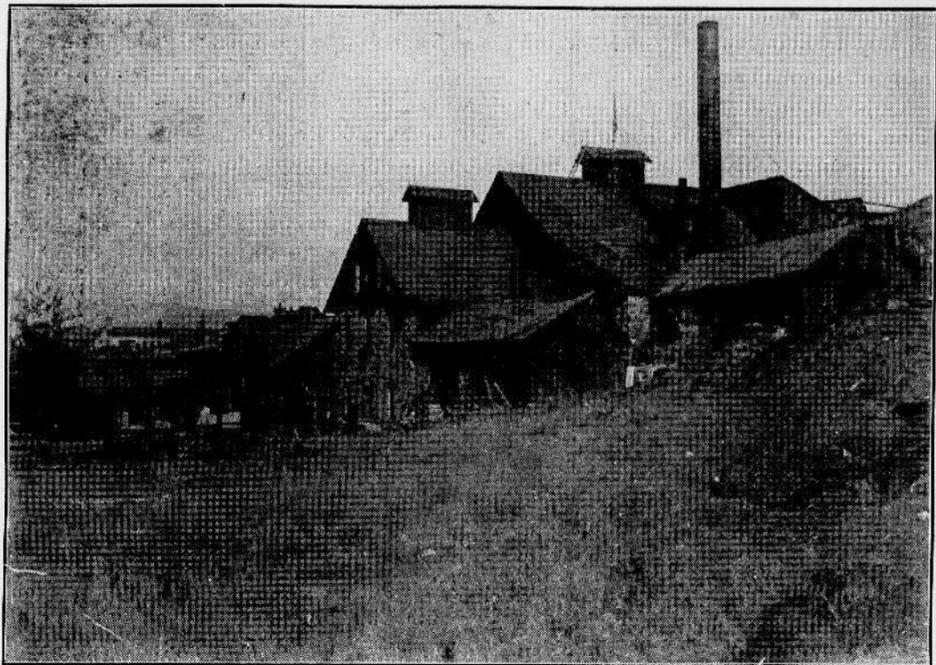
known to mill builders of the present day.

The ores of Hope hill are free milling and therefore susceptible to treatment by pan amalgamation. The Hope mine largely furnished the supply used up to '76. Since that year the Emma, Potosi and Porter have contributed their quota. In later years nearly all of the ore milled has been taken out through the Jubilee tunnel, which was driven to connect with old workings in order to save expense of hoisting. The mineral deposits of the hill occur in immense beds and are of the type known as "blanket veins." The chambers are often of immense extent, furnishing every grade of ore from specimen rock assaying in the thousands to low grade quartz that will not justify treatment. The enclosing country is of the secondary formation, the older limestone constituting the foot wall. The strike of the veins are nearly north and south with a variable dip to the northwest, while the outcrop is boldly pronounced and, in some instances, high grade rock.

To give a detail description of the mines of the company in this district would consume a great deal more space than we have at our disposal. This will be readily realized when we state that the corporation own upwards of thirty lode claims covered by patent. Of the mines of Hope hill none are regular fissures, but a series of pockets of ore in lime stone.

The occurrence of numerous faults in the mines of this hill indicates a remarkably disturbed condition in the enclosing country. In many instances the ledge, or chamber, has dropped perpendicularly a distance of 75 feet, thus rendering the work of exploration most tedious and costly.

The first claim located on the hill was during the summer of 1866. At this time Charles Frost, Dan and Sandy Brown and Dan Chisholm located the Comanche and the Eastern Comanche



The Hope Mill at Philipsburg—built by Philip Deidesheimer in 1867.

claims. The Comanche was a 2,200 foot claim, sub-divided into eleven locations of 200 feet each.

It is estimated that since the construction of the Hope mill over 2000 tons of quicksilver have been used in amalgamation while the amount of salt used in the same length of time has been so enormous that no two men can agree within hundreds of tons of the probable consumption.

Since the 1st. of December of the

present year the Hope mine and mill has been shut down, but notwithstanding there are few people familiar with the record of this property who would not attest that the Hope is as good a mine today as at any time in its history and is still entitled to a place in the list of Montana's producing mines. As an illustration we will mention that as far back as 1880 Charles Clark, then superintendent of the Hope, gave it as his belief that this old and faithful producer had survived its period of usefulness and

would never again enter as a factor in the production of precious metal in Montana. That his predictions were founded upon very fragile grounds has been demonstrated time and again since.

If you would have an appetite like a bear and a relish for your meals take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They correct disorders of the stomach and regulate the liver and bowels. Price, 25 cents. Samples free, at M. E. Doe & Co's drug store.

DAN MASON'S CHRISTMAS

Continued from Page Six.

talk of murder?" said Mason. "I'd be making the world better to put you out of it. Besides, I'd only be ridding the officers of a dirty job. You're a spy, Tom Markham, and, according to the laws of war, you're to be put to death. I send a bullet through your head, and the thing is done neat and quick."

He stepped back a little and cocked his rifle. The man threw up his hands again and begged for mercy. Standing farther away now, Mason could scarcely see his face. The moon was hidden now by a drifting cloud, and the shadows had come over the glen. There was no sound in the woods about them. His comrades had returned to camp, having finished their part of the task. He looked up at the hill where the army lay. It was bright with many lights, and now and then he saw a dark tracery appear upon its luminous shield. He knew that it was the soldiers passing and repassing between him and the fires. He would be back with them soon, and there would be one scout less in the world. There was satisfaction in the thought that his own hand would achieve the good work. The fierce mountain blood was hot in his veins and called for the death atonement upon the man who had done him a wrong.

"The shepherds went their hasty way And found the lowly stable shed Where the Virgin mother lay; And now they checked their eager tread, For to the babe that at her bosom clung A mother's song the Virgin sang."

The hymn had died for a little while, but now it rose again, borne aloft by a hundred voices, louder, clearer than ever, and filling the night with melody. All other sounds were hushed at the distance. It alone sounded in the ears of the two men—the one who knelt and begged for mercy and the one who stood over him, cocked rifle in hand. That same sense of awe which he had felt earlier in the evening and then had shaken off began to steal over Mason again.

"Dan! Dan! Do you hear that?" suddenly cried the man.

"Yes, I hear it."

"Do you know what it means?"

"Yes; it is Christmas night. You need not tell me that. I know it. What have you or the likes of you to do with such a night as this?"

Markham looked up into his face.

"It's not me, Dan; it's you that ought to think about it," he said. "It's murder, Dan, if you kill me—an unarmed man. And think of it, Dan, on such a night as this—Christmas night, with that song ringing in your ears. Whenever you lay down to sleep, you'll hear it again."

"The shepherds went their hasty way, And the note penetrated all the woods and seemed to Mason to increase in fullness. It annoyed him. He wished they would stop. There had been enough of such sentiment. He was not a weak child to be turned aside from his just revenge. He was merely the executioner whom this criminal deserved.

"Say your prayers, if you know any to say!" he exclaimed roughly. "Your time's short, and it's going fast."

"Dan, Dan, you won't do it!"

"I will."

"Listen how they sing, Dan! Are you any better than they are? This is the night that a man ought to forgive his enemies. You wouldn't murder me on this of all nights in the year! Remember, Dan, that we were friends once. You won't forget that, will you?"

"You forgot it," said Mason.

He looked again at the kneeling figure and thought how he had longed more than two years for this moment. He had often pictured it to himself and had imagined in advance the joy which now he did not feel. How could he with the words of that song ringing in his ears? If it were only any other night!

"It's not murder; it's a punishment," he said at last.

"It is murder, and you know it, too, Dan! That sound would haunt you! Listen to it, Dan!"

"The shepherds went their hasty way And found the lowly stable shed."

It was growing darker and darker in the glen as the drifting clouds piled up between them and the moon. Mason could scarcely see the outlines of Markham's face, and he was glad that the suppliant's look was not visible to him. He knew that the man's face expressed abject entreaty. He raised his rifle again and leveled it, but his finger would not press the trigger. The warning hymn sounded in his ears and echoed again and again.

"Don't kill me, Dan!" said the man. "Take me a prisoner to the camp."

"And if I do," replied Mason shortly, "they'll hang you for a spy. Don't forget that."

Markham was silent.

The song did not cease. It seemed now to Mason that it was addressed to him alone. "Would it be murder, and not a punishment, as Markham said? What would he think of himself in the morning? Could he return to the campfires and sit calmly by his comrades, singing of Christmas night?"

"The shepherds went their hasty way."

"Dan!" said the man.

Mason did not answer.

The song swelled into a great volume of sound, filling all the woods and echoing about them.

Mason felt that it was calling to him, and he could not refuse to listen if he would.

"Goodby," he said.

He turned about suddenly, leaving the kneeling man in the glen and, putting his rifle on his shoulder, walked back to camp, while over his head rolled the words of the hymn:

"The shepherds went their hasty way And found the lowly stable shed Where the Virgin mother lay."

Alabama was long ago nicknamed the Cotton State, being centrally located in the cotton belt of the south.

It Spread. Patience—Did Peggy advertise an announcement of her engagement in the newspapers?

Patience—No; she didn't have to. She told all her girl friends that it was a secret.—Yonkers Statesman.

MISTLETOE TALES LEGENDS ABOUT THE FLORAL EMBLEM

MISTLETOE, associated with both comedy and tragedy, owes its elevation to the glory of a prominent Christmas decoration to the relics of Druidical superstition and again, even further back, to traditions of Norse mythology, in which it played an important part.

Long before kissing was invented or ballads were made and sung the mistletoe was a sort of fetish and is as capricious as most heathen deities, inasmuch as it has a marked preference in the choice of a tree to grow upon, the oak, the larch and the pear being the least favored, while it loves the poplar, hawthorn, lime, maple, mountain ash and, first and foremost of all, the apple tree. It roots firmly, grows slowly, gradually stifles the tree it embraces and then dies itself! In ancient lore it had rare medicinal virtues, but these have found oblivion with the lapse of time.

Norse fables tell us that Baldur, the bright and beautiful, the god of light, was regarded with jealousy by some of the other deities, and Friga, to protect him, made everything in heaven and earth swear to do him no harm. But disregarding the mistletoe as being so slight and weak she omitted her precaution in its case. Loki, the malevolent fire god, seizing this chance, bewitched a twig of mistletoe till it swelled to the size of a spear and, slyly giving it to blind Hodur, told him to throw it among the gods when they were at play.

It struck Baldur and killed him, but Friga miraculously restored him to life and thereafter guarded the mistletoe, which the gods at her pleading decided should be unable to do any mischief again unless it touched the earth. For this reason it always hung on high, and the vigilant goddess was propitiated by a sign of amity and good will.

Many of the most important rites of the Druids were performed in connection with it, and today men and maidens hold that it constitutes a sanction for salutes that might otherwise be too daring. Yet the old mysterious glamour of its power to harm still clings to it and imparts a touch of superstitious witchery to the tragic fate of the gay young bride who, mad with merriment, hid in the oak chest that proved her tomb.

"Mrs. Small never mices matters," said the star boarder to the new acquisition.

"Not even when she is preparing the pies for the Christmas dinner?" asked the latter.

Askins—What makes you look so cheerful, Lanks?

Lanks (who boards)—Why, three of my fellow boarders were taken suddenly ill while eating their Christmas dinners—one with a stroke of paralysis, another with heart disease and the third with a fit.

"Great Scott! What cause for rejoicing is there in that?"

"Why, don't you see? I ate their shares of the dinner, along with my own, and so managed to fully satisfy my appetite."

THE NEW YEAR MINUET.

IT was danced in the hall by the fire's red glow.

For the palms hid the lamps at the side, And each form was outlined on the floor below.

While the shadows were spread far and wide, But the shadows were misty—a softened gray— In accord with the slow melody;

The light of the fire drove the dark lines away, In her dark eyes a fairer light shone, While it lent all a sweet mystery.

Both dancers were courtly and figures of grace, Yet the maid held her fancy alone;

The glow gave a blush to her beautiful face; In her dark eyes a fairer light shone, And then as she curtsied so stately, so slow, With the grace of an age that is past, It seemed like a dream of the long, long ago— Like a dream that I knew could not last.



So stately, so slow was each step that she made, And so graceful the head that she bent;

The old fashioned fan that at times cast a shade Such an air of true elegance lent;

The place of the dance gave a place to my thought, And I dreamed of the days that are dead;

The spell of the dance was by sorrow wrought, And the hurrying modern days fled.

It was peace, the sweet rest of the olden day When all foils were not overthrown,

When romance still lived and, as king, love held sway, Before Mammon to ruler had grown, And all those who watched were bewitched by the dance.

And they dreamed till the measure was o'er; Today was forgot in the short backward glance And the charms of the day gone before.

—Flavel Scott Mines in Ladies' Home Journal.

YULETIDE CUSTOMS.

How the Day is Observed in Many Countries.

In England in the early Anglo-Saxon days Christmas was celebrated with almost saturnalian revelries, the lords of misrule holding full sway, but the first breath of Puritanism scorched the zeal of the revelers, and it became a hel-

lous offense to so rejoice and be merry. The year 1643 saw the abolishment of all saints' days, and those who observed the "three grand festivals of Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, were heavily fined." With the restoration a sad penitence was not at a premium, but rather a merry one, and all the observances of these festival days were revived.

In old Seville and the other beautiful cities of Spain Christmas is largely an out of door celebration. The Anglo-Saxon idea of hearth and home is foreign to the Latin temperament, and the gracious climate lends itself to al fresco

In Italy Inspired by the ancient poetical thought of cheering the Virgin during the pangs of maternity, young men and maidens throng on Christmas eve before her shrines in Italy and play upon their guitars and mandolins, singing songs of praise. It is their part, too, to decorate the beautiful old churches most profusely, a loving service at which they spend the greater part of the night, refreshed by a collation after midnight mass.

Germany is the land of Santa Claus, the home of the beautiful legend of Kris Kringle, which is a corruption of Christ Kindeln, or Christ Child. While the good child finds little stocking laden with Kris Kringle's gifts, the

merriest child finds nothing but a birch rod placed there by the avenging Pels-nichol (St. Nicholas with the fur). Such an experience makes the small victim intensely miserable.

In Australia Christmas comes during the midsummer season. The mercury may register 100 degrees or more. Families, instead of being united, are divided, for this is the time of the long vacation. Still, English traditions are preserved. Plum pudding is the desert and holy the decoration. Moreover, the Australians have a decoration of their own—a crimson flowering shrub which they call Christmas bush and which blooms only in December.

Lost—Ladies purse containing about \$25 was lost on Broadway this afternoon. A liberal reward will be paid for its return. Please leave at post office.

If you want a nice, pure drink of beer call for Garden City Brewery beer, manufactured in Missoula—the best in the state. Strictly union product. For sale by D. H. McDonald & Co.

In Germany

In Italy

In Australia

Satisfaction

Insures success in the grocery business, and that is the reason of our rapidly increasing business. We handle goods of the best quality and sell them at prices that are always satisfactory

Apples, Oranges, Lemons and Bananas
Depend on their quality. We have the very best. Try them

Canned Fruits, Meats and Vegetables
Should be the best. Customers say ours are the finest and cheapest

We carry a full line of all kinds of groceries. Our goods are always strictly pure and fresh. Remember, we satisfy everyone

HUFFMAN, The Grocer

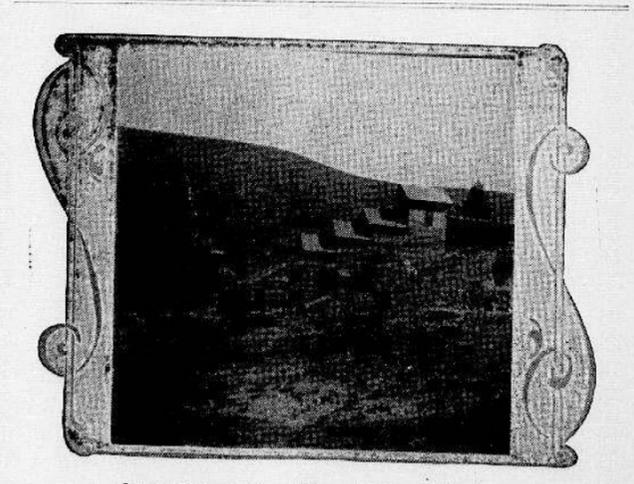
SWEET HOME MILL

MR. JAMES PATTEN'S MODEL LITTLE REDUCTION PLANT NEAR PHILIPSBURG

IN the immediate vicinity of Hope hill, about one mile north of Philipsburg, is located one of the neatest and most compact little quartz mills in the country—James Patten's Sweet Home mill. It is only of five stamp capacity, but it is not a toy although it works like a clock. During the year 1894 when all other works in this district were shut Mr. Patten conceived the idea that a little mill like this was just what he needed in connection with his Sweet Home mine and several other good mining claims he owned on Hope hill.

Several other gentlemen became associated with him and the mill was built. The site chosen is not in close proximity of Mr. Patten's mine, but the object sought was to obtain motive power at a moderate cost, and for this reason the mill was erected at a point below the pipe line of the M. and J. Kaiser Water company,

beyond the reservoir from which the city draws its water supply. A fall of several hundred feet is here secured and after running over a Pelton water wheel the water is conducted in an underground flume to the reservoir. For several years the mill was successfully operated entirely by water power, but during January, 1899, an exceptionally heavy run of ore from the Cuno Mine, which Mr. Patten had agreed to mill, made it necessary to install, additional power. A steam boiler and a 17 horse power engine was added and both steam and water has been employed for motive power since that time. The system of milling ores is similar to that in the Hope mill. The ore is crushed wet and passed into pans and then into settlers, from which the amalgam is drawn at regular intervals. Three men is all the force required to run this mill—two on day shift and one at night.



James Patten's Sweet Home Mill at Philipsburg.