NEWS OF THE MINING WORLD.

MANY ENTERPRISES DOING WELL IN THE BLACK HILLS.

Some New Discoveries in Idaho—Northern California to Be Explored for Coal—The Tariff on Lead Has Not Helped New Mexican Miners—Navajos Say Tacy Will Kill Whites Who Invade Their Land.

DEADWOOD, South Dakota, May 19.—The Cora Company has of late been taking out some high grade ore, assays of which give returns of $200 in gold and silver per ton. A shipment will soon be made.

The owners of the Bullion mine have begun shipments of ore to Omaha. About thirty-five tons of ore, assaying from $30 to $45 per ton, have been taken out, and a portion of this has been shipped already. Several tons of assorted ore are stacked up on the dump, assays of which have been made, showing $100 and upward in gold and silver per ton.

At the Ontario Wanda work continues, with results satisfactory to the management. A good grade of ore is being taken out, and shipments will be resumed at any early day.

The management of the Rainbow Mining Company will commence in a few days taking out ore and hauling the same to the new Keystone chlorination works. They report sufficient ore in sight in the various openings on the property to keep the plant in constant operation.

An important deal concluded during the past week was the sale of four-tenths of the Little Bonanza and Pin and Perry lodes in Fantail Gulch to the management of the Deadwood chlorination plant for $10,000.

Negotiations for a lease of the Uncle Sam mill to the Big Mission Mining Company have been about concluded. Ore from the mine will be hauled to the mill by the Black Hills and Fort Pierre Railroad at the rate of 50 cents per ton. The mill will crush something like 200 tons of ore per day or all that one narrow gauge train of twenty cars can haul.

At the R. B. Hayes mine there are about 100 tons of ore on the dump and in the bins carrying sixty ounces of silver per ton, besides a good percentage of lead. As soon as transportation can be secured it will be hauled to the terminus of the B. H. and Fort Pierre Railroad for shipment to Omaha.

At the Bianquilla no change is noticeable, and the exploration tunnel continues in ore that assays from $35 to $100 or more per ton, and it will provide of the big lenders with railroad facilities. A train load of gold, silver, and fluxing ores could be shipped from this property every day.

The Bristol Company is rapidly pushing its tunnel, in the face of which the vein is now two feet in thickness. In the progress of the work several tons of ore have been extracted of an average value of $28 gold per ton, a car load of which will be shipped to Omaha during the coming week. A large amount of second-class ore, assaying from $14 to $20 gold per ton, is now on the dump awaiting facilities for home treatment.

Superintendent Delmers of the Keystone chlorination plant, located at Garden City, reports good progress being made in the completion of the works, which will be ready to start by June 1. The large roaster, weighing 52,000 pounds, has been put in place and a trial of the engine has been made, which shows everything working in good order.

The Calumet Mining Company have applied for amended articles of incorporation to enable them to conduct a more extensive business than they have done formerly. Their principal place of business will be changed from Sturgis to Deadwood.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Iron Hill Mining Company will be held June 2. A fight, similar to the one last year, for the control of the mine is expected.

The Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad Company has almost completed laying their track up the Bald Mountain and Ruby Basin, and will be in condition to begin hauling ore in a few days. Trains now run up both to Lead City and Central City from Deadwood, and including ore and passenger trains, thirty-four come into and go out of Deadwood daily.

ITEMS FROM IDAHO.

IDAHO CITY, May 15.—This will undoubtedly be the most prosperous year for mining that we have ever had. As far as heard from all of the mines worked during the year yielded profits, and many prospects have been developed into mines. At Rocky Bar, Elmore county, the Atlantas Company is opening a large amount of stoping ground in the Elmore and will start up their mills soon. One is a ten and the other is a fifty stamp. The mine paid well and the new ground opened below yields still richer ore. Several other mines at Rocky Bar are working, the ore from which will be crushed soon. The sale of the Buffalo and Monarch mines, at Atlanta, fifteen miles north of Rocky Bar, has given a new impetus to that camp. These mines are on the Atlanta vein, which is from sixty to eighty feet wide and crops out for five or six miles. They carry gold and silver but are worked principally for the white metal, and the companies operating them did well until depth was reached and much water encountered. They must now be handled by companies able to erect powerful pumps and hoisting works. Judge V. S. Anderson has sold them to a London company for $3,500,000. The belt in which the Atlanta is situated is very rich and extensive, and many of the mines have paid well in the past, although worked by men who were entirely without means with which to open them up.

M. H. Kempner has brought to town several large specimens of silver ore from the Moscow, in El Dorado district, between pieces and dinner. The vein has just been tapped by a tunnel, where a body of four feet of very rich silver ore is shown. Some rock from the surface of this mine, worked in the Elmira mill, at Banner, two years ago, yielded large returns. Work is progressing on two or three other mines there that show well.

The tunnel running to tap the Chickamon is in 192 feet. A heavy flow of water is now coming out of the tunnel, showing that the vein is nearly reached. Should it be as good where tapped as on the surface a large mill will be erected this year.

The Sunlight, a mile east of the road between here and Boise City, is turning out to be a valuable mine. It has been followed by a tunnel 150 feet, all the way in good ore. In the face of the tunnel there is a large body of ore rich in chlorides of silver. The owners, Dunnigan and Surflest, talk of erecting a mill soon.

The Whitney mill at Pioneer commenced crushing on last Tuesday. This mill was erected last year, but finished too late for a run, as it is run by water power, and the ditch could not be covered in time to prevent its freezing up. The mine from which the ore is extracted is known as the Rocky Bar ledge. The large body, however, and clean extraction makes the mining and milling so cheap that it will pay well. Heretofore but little attention has been paid to those large veins of low-grade ore, although the Gold Hill at Quartzburg has paid large and regular dividends for over twenty years.

Stages are now running between this place and Banner, and freight teams can get to that place with supplies in a few weeks when the Elmira twenty-stamp silver mill will resume crushing. If the pending sale of the east extension of the Wolverine, Galveston, and one or two other mines there is consummated, the chances are good for the erection of another mill this year. It is hoped that such will be the case, for the Banner is a great mineral belt—one that will add largely to the output of precious metals from Idaho when properly developed and worked.

John Foster has been at work all winter in the Seafoam district in the northern end of Boise county. He has extracted ore that will yield from 200 to 400 ounces silver per ton, with a good deal more in sight. A rich strike has also been made in the Blackhawk mine. Seafoam is an isolated district, only reached by trail through the Sawtooth range of mountains, yet during the past three years a good deal of very high-grade ore has been shipped. What is needed in that section is mills and smelters. When these are secured many of the undeveloped prospects will be worked, when there will be employment for two or three thousand more.

COAL IN CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 18.—The discovery of a seam of coal of extra good quality near Anderson, Shasta county, is attracting considerable attention. San Francisco capitalists are preparing for a thorough and systematic exploration of the northern part of the State, believing that profitable coal mines can be developed there.

The Bunker Hill mine, Amador, has a twelve-foot vein of ore that runs from $55 to $60 per ton. The Plymouth mine is developing a good ore body, and sixty stamps in the old mill will be started soon. The Kennedy mine, Amador, has paid dividends to date amounting to $3,737,800. All the hoisting machinery of the Hex mine, Amador, has been purchased for the South Eureka.

Instructions have been sent from New York by Dr. Pierce, President of the Big Bend River Company, to resume work on the mine near Oroville.

A gold brick weighing 263 ounces is the result of a partial clean up of the month's run of the North Banner mine, Nevada county.

A rich strike of gold-bearing gravel has been made in the Occidental drift claim, Sierra.

San Francisco capitalists are negotiating for some of the lead mines at Hamilton, White Pine district, and the prospects are that active operations will begin this year. The camp is attracting many old miners back to Nevada.

NEW MEXICO WANTS FREE SILVER COINAGE.

SILVER CITY, May 19.—No Mexican ore is now being received by the smelters in New Mexico through El Paso, and ore is not being handled by the El Paso smelters except that which is received over the Southern Pacific Railroad. The very high water in the Rio Grande has shut out the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad from all communication with El Paso, and about eighty miles of track between Rincon and El Paso have been abandoned for several days. The water is higher than it was in 1884, when through traffic was suspended for about three weeks, and it is hardly probable that the smelters will get much Mexican ore for two or three weeks to come. The yards at El Paso are flooded, and although the river is reported to be falling in the northern part of the Territory there is not much prospect that it will be much lower until the snow in the mountains of northern New Mexico and Colorado is gone, which will hardly be before the middle of June. Until that time there will be little or no Mexican ore brought in over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and the New Mexico smelters will have to run on New Mexico and Arizona ores.

The change in the ruling in reference to the admission of lead ore from Mexico is welcomed by a great majority of miners in this Territory, because cheaper lead means cheaper treatment of dry ores. Fully ninety per cent. of the lead produced in this Territory is produced from ores carrying silver enough to pay most, if not all, of the expenses of mining. Lead ore which carries no silver cannot be mined profitably in New Mexico now, and could not be if there was an absolutely prohibitory tariff on foreign lead, because lead can be produced much cheaper in the Mississippi valley than it can be here. The tariff was put on lead ore ostensibly for the purpose of protecting the American miner, but it has not had the effect of increasing his wages or the output of lead. Cook's Peak is now the liveliest lead camp in the Territory, and the ore there runs from 14 to 60 ounces in silver per ton. The free coinage of silver would be of much greater benefit to this camp than a tariff on lead, and the same is true of nearly every lead-producing camp in New Mexico.

The development which has been going on in the mines of the Silver Creek district for about two years is showing that the mines there are second to none in the Southwest. More than $100,000 have been expended in the mines there in development in two years, and it has been done intelligently. Enough ore has been exposed in one mine there to keep a twenty stamp mill constantly at work for ten years, and the ore is of a sufficiently high grade to pay handsomely for working. A large mill will be built to work this ore, but it will probably not be commenced until next year. The owners believe that they will have ore enough exposed to justify them in building a 100-stamp mill, which will be much larger than any now in the Territory. The camp is in one of the most rugged portions of the Southwest, and it is more than sixty miles from this place, which is the only practicable railroad shipping point. There is plenty of water in the camp for milling purposes, but bullion and concentrates will have to be shipped to this point.

Most of the grading of the Silver City and Northern Railroad has been completed, and Hanover and Georgetown ores will be shipped over that road before the first of July.

INVADING THE LAND OF THE NAVAJOS.

FORT WINGATE, N. M., May 23.—Detachments which have just returned from recruiting service on the Navajo Reservation, bring reports indicating prospective and perhaps serious trouble on that reservation. The Navajos say that their rights are being invaded by prospectors from Colorado. The difference arose upon the question of the right to prospect for gold in the Carizo Mountains, near the border of Colorado. The miners say they have a right to drive stakes wherever they please, whether it be on the property of a white man or an Indian, so long as that property gives any indication of yielding gold metal.

The Indians say they have no right to come upon their grant, and, furthermore, that they will kill all the miners they find there. What makes the matter serious is that the prospectors seem to go about armed and the Navajoes also mean what they say.

PROGRESS IN ARIZONA.

TUCSON, May 16.—From Henry Beuhman, the County Assessor, who has just returned from a trip in the country, it is learned that mining and other interests are very quiet around Crittenden, but around Harshaw things are getting into good shape again. The mine and mill belonging to James Finlay has been leased to his former miners, who will start the mill in about a week. The Trench mine, owned and operated by Charles Marsden, gives steady employment to about twenty-five men. The ore is hauled to the railroad on teams.

The old Mowry mine is looming up in great shape. The new extension is said by the miners working there to be immense. This mine employes about twenty men. The ore is excellent for smelting purposes and finds ready purchasers. The Antelope mine, owned by Royal A. Johnson and others, near Tucson, is turning out to be one of the finest prospects in this section. They have now on the dump 100 tons and can take out 500 tons more without doing any development work.

The year 1891 marks a new era in mining in Mojave county. Heretofore the miners depended on the old windlass mode of hoisting ore and water from their mines. Now every mine of prominence is having steam. A number of mining men from Colorado will arrive in a few days to inspect the famous McCracken property at Signal, with a view to purchasing it.

It is said that the recent strike of ore between Ehrenberg and Aubery landing, on the Colorado River, is very rich, the ore assaying up into the thousands. A large number of men have gone there, and from present appearances it is destined to be a big camp.

The water in the C. O. D. mine is now at the 150-foot level, and a large stream is kept constantly running down the cabon from the shaft. The new concentrating plant will probably be in running order in two months. James Dunden, and his brother-in-law, Ike Hunt, had two tons of ore from the Rip Van Winkle mine which worked over $600 per ton. The ore was from the surface, and was the first free-milling ore that has been seen in that part of the country for many a day. The whole Globe district is thoroughly mineralized, and has been better prospected than almost any other part of Arizona, though mining is yet in its infancy there.

WON'T STAND IN A THIEF'S SHOES,

Although They Are His Own and Were Stolen by an Ungrateful Guest.

The meanest thief who has appeared in the Harlem Court within a year had to be released by Justice Diver yesterday owing mainly to the absence of the complainant. The prisoner is William Sutcliffe, whom the police know also as O'Brien.

Last Tuesday night he rapped at the door of Joseph Doyle's shanty on the rocks at Madison avenue and 117th street and said he was homeless and wanted shelter for the night. Doyle made him up a bed on the floor. Sutcliffe arose before any one else was awake the next morning and slipping into Doyle's shoes, which were much better than his own, stole out of the shanty. Doyle had to send out to a neighbor and borrow a pair before he could go to work. He is a hod carrier. On Saturday night he met Sutcliffe on Third avenue with the stolen shoes on his feet, and had him arrested.

"Make him give the shoes up when the Judge holds him for trial to-morrow," Sergeant Thornton said to Doyle at the station.

"They're no good to me now," said Doyle. "I niver stood in a thief's shoes yet, an' please God I niver will, even though they were stolen from me before he had the chance to walk in them."

Yesterday Doyle failed to appear in court. The prisoner's mother said she had made good the loss of the shoes.

THE REV. DR. BURRELL INSTALLED.

Dr. Talmage Helps on the Ceremony with Some Witticisms.

A Pretty Frame Edifice Blessed Yesterday By Archbishop Corrigan.

The Rev. Dr. David James Burrell was installed as one of the ministers of the Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, yesterday afternoon. The Rev. Dr. Talbot W. Chambers presided, and the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage preached in a Dutch Reformed gown. His text was: "The statutes of the Lord are right."

"These young scientists with Darwin under one arm, and a collection of bugs and grasshoppers under the other," Dr. Talmage said, jocularly, "make me sick. As soon as they know the horns of a beetle from the colors of a wasp, they begin to patronize God Almighty." Dr. Talmage said that the city needed just such a man as Dr. Burrell, one who would "teach the Bible, and the whole Bible, and not the Bible in spots."

Dr. Burrell preached in the evening. He is a Pennsylvanian, and was graduated from Yale College in 1867. He left the Northwestern Seminary in Chicago three years later. He comes to New York from the Westminster Presbyterian Church, in Minneapolis, where he assumed pastoral duties in 1887.

An Aged Female Tramp.

NEW HAVEN, May 24.—Probably the oldest female tramp in America was arrested here to-day, and will be arraigned in the Police Court to-morrow. She is 84 years old and as spry as a kitten. Her name is Catherine Warner. Her face is shrivelled and encased in a black quilted hood, and she carries the regulation stick and bundle of the "profession." She came from Hartford yesterday, covering nearly forty miles. Her regular route is along the shore from Bridgeport to New London, then inland to Hartford and back to Bridgeport. Although nearly a century old, she can cover more ground in a day than any male vagrant known hereabouts, and is well preserved. She fell into the hands of the police owing to an indiscreet use of stimulants.

THE THIRD PARTY IN NEW YORK.

How One of Its Leaders Rattled Off Several Notions About It.

A worker of the new third party, who does not appear before the footlights, has given a SUN reporter some information about the projects of the party in this State. He said:

"If the People's party is to make a show in the elections in New York, either next fall or next year, there must be a consolidation of elements that will not be easily brought about. It will be hard to get the Farmer's Alliance in this State to back up the Cincinnati Convention. It is pretty strong in some counties, but nearly all its members are opposed to the idea of turning it into a political party; and as to the other agricultural organizations, they will stand out against the idea, unless there is an earthquake. If an election was to be held now, the new party, according to our advices, would not get 10,000 votes from the farmers of the Empire state. But we believe they can be stirred up before the next Presidential election, and the Agitation Committee may find some way of shaking things when the struggle is on.

"The thing to be done is to consolidate the elements, if they can be consolidated. For it is not here as it is in the Western States, where the corn-raisers rule the roost as well as the roast, and where the old parties are sure to be knocked out. How are we to consolidate? That remains to be found out after we have tried.

"The Citizens' Alliance is just beginning to organize here. We have a branch in this city, and other branches in other cities of the State. It grew out of the Farmers' Alliance Convention at Ocala, but it takes in people of all pursuits, and is especially anxious to link the city voters with the rural voters. We can tell how it goes by next November.

"The papers say that the new People's party is a Socialist movement, and don't seem to know that the Socialist party is against fusion, fusion and tongue. The Socialist party has put up its own State ticket in this State, and at its Convention in Albany last week it adopted a resolution that it would nominate its own particular candidate for the Presidential election of next year. The Socialist party will never unite with the People's party, and you may be sure that the People's will not go into it. The two platforms differ from each other in every way, and they can't be reconciled. You may be sure of that, to begin with.

"We can next count out the Single Taxers of Henry George. They tried to get a plank in the Cincinnati platform, but they could not do it, though they raised a political storm in New York a few years ago. The People's party is opposed to their doctrine, and they are opposed to the People's party. So much for them.

"Then there's the old Greenback party that has never been able to make any kind of show at the polls in any election in this State. The People's party supports the Greenback theory, but it has two or three other theories that are not in favor with Greenbackers generally. There are some of the old Greenback leaders at the Cincinnati convention, but experience has shown that they can't give much strength to the People's party.

"We are expecting to be able to draw in the American Federation of Labor, and that would amount to something. I'm not sure that Gompers went to Cincinnati at the time of the Convention and attended its sessions, but he was there as a looker-on, not as a delegate, and he did not represent the Federation there. He says that his organization has nearly a million members, and is very strong in New York State, but that it is a very conservative body, so far as political action is concerned. At its Convention in Detroit a short time ago the subject was introduced, but the Federation positively refused to take a hand in getting up a new political party, and declared that it would not commit itself on party questions. I think that Gompers himself and some of the other leaders of the Federation are in favor of a new party, and we will see the sentiment of the organization when its next Convention is held.

"Powderly, too, of the Knights of Labor, was present at the Cincinnati People's Convention, but he was not a delegate there, did not represent his order, and did nothing to assist in the Convention. He was curious to see how the Convention worked. He has been very anxious for some time to unite his forces with those of the Farmers' Alliance, and he is ready to favor the new party as soon as he has reason to believe it is strength.

"Then there's the Nationalist or Bellamyite sect that we expect to take in. It is pretty strong in Massachusetts, and has a regiment of leaders there, but it does not amount to anything in the State of New York. It will be the Mugwump ring of the People's party, and will have to get along with the Western Alliance branches of the party.

"Then there are the cranks of all kinds who want to get a place in the People's party. They may be an element of weakness, but they can't be kept out, and are to be counted by the thousand. We will get their votes in the State of New York, and in the other States.

"How are we to consolidate all the incongruous factions in the new party? That is the business that is now to be taken in hand. It will be a hard job, but some hard jobs have been done in this blooming country. We expect to make the People's party felt in Congress and the State Legislatures; we expect to put up a Presidential candidate next year, and throw the election into the House, and we expect to warn both the old parties that we are here!"

GEN. A. P. WOOD'S WILL.

A Contest Begun in Behalf of a Disinherited Grandchild.

SYRACUSE, May 24.—The contest of the will of the late Gen. Daniel P. Wood, President of the Onondaga County Savings Bank, which developed before the Surrogate yesterday, threatens to embroil some of the leading families of Syracuse and lead to family revelations of the most unfortunate nature. Gen. Wood's fortune is variously estimated at from $150,000 to $250,000, and by his direction goes to his widow during her lifetime, and to his daughter, Mrs. Mary C. Williams of Baltimore, wife of a professor in the Johns Hopkins University, at her death. A trust fund is provided for Gen. Wood's son, a hermit, who incarcerates himself in the parental residence and refuses to see even members of the family. The contest is made on behalf of a seven-year-old grandchild, the son of his deceased daughter, whose husband is A. Ames Howlett of this city, son of Alfred A. Howlett, President of the Salt Springs National Bank. The father of the contestant is a railroad contractor in North Carolina and a young man of very large means.

The will of Gen. Wood disinherits his grandchild, notwithstanding that it has been generally believed in both families that he was to be handsomely remembered. The General was very fond of the boy, who lived at his house much of the time. Mr. Howlett being absent in North Carolina, Gen. Wood once made a will, it is alleged, in which the contestant was a large heir. This will is missing, and the one offered for probate bears date of 1872. There are two codicils, however, one dated only five weeks before Gen. Wood's death, which gives the sole control of the estate into the hands of Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Williams.

As Gen. Wood was stricken down with paralysis a year ago and was reputed the city to be mentally unsound, the claim that he was incompetent and unduly influenced will be raised in the contest. Mr. Howlett is understood to have made the contest for reasons other than to get a share of the estate, as both father and grandfather on the Howlett side are very rich, making other provision for the child inconsiderable. The litigation is probably to establish a question of right and wrong, and, as the honor and conduct of the families will be involved, a deplorable scandal is likely to follow. The families on both sides are among the wealthiest and most prominent in Syracuse.

CITY ISLAND'S NEW CHURCH.

Archbishop Corrigan went to City Island yesterday morning to bless a church for the Catholics of that place. He was assisted by his secretary, Mgr. McDonnell; Dean McKenna, pastor of St. Raymond's Church, Westchester; the Rev. Dr. D. J. McMahon of the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, West Farms, and Fathers Morgan J. O'Connell, John A. Waters, and James T. Barry. When the Archbishop had blessed the church exteriorly and interiorly, mass was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. Charles M. O'Keefe, the pastor of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo in West 141st street. During the mass the Archbishop delivered a short sermon. A large number of people from Westchester attended the services.

The City Island church is in charge of the priests of St. Raymond's, West Chester. Since 1885 mass has been celebrated every Sunday at City Island. Before that time services for the Catholics there were held about once a month. Dr. O'Keefe was pastor at West Chester when the new order of things was introduced. A few months ago Dean McKenna, the present rector, determined to build a church for the City Island Catholics. The new place of worship is a pretty wooden structure, and will accommodate about 400 persons.

Not Too Old to Quarrel.

August Normand, 88 years old, has a saloon at 8 Goerck street. His wife, who is 60, helps him manage it. On Saturday Normand told his wife that she was too old to spend so much money for dress, and she made a similar charge against him. They quarrelled, and the old man seized a cheese knife and vowed he would end her extravagant career. She ran out of the saloon and went to the Essex Market Police Court, where she made a complaint. Court Officer Rooney found the old man sitting on the bar with the cheese knife in his hand. He was arrested. Justice Ryan yesterday held him for further examination.

MRS. BATES'S PHANTOM PICTURE.

The Mysterious East Thompson Photograph Attracting Much Attention.

PUTNAM, May 24.—The "spirit picture" in a window pane in a photograph of Mr. Windsor Bates's old farmhouse in the country village of East Thompson, in northeastern Connecticut, has excited much interest on the part of Spiritualists in all parts of New England. Many people have visited East Thompson and carefully examined the photograph, others have written to Mr. Bates, inquiring about it, and not a few persons have written to the State newspapers, seeking to explain the phenomenon according to natural laws. Boston newspapers vainly tried to induce Mr. Bates to allow them to publish a copy of his extraordinary picture. He is glad to show it to any one, but he does not seek notoriety.

THE SUN recently described the spirit photograph. It is that of Mr. Bates's home, an old-time Connecticut farmhouse, not far from the railroad depot in East Thompson, that was taken three years ago by a strolling photographer, a stranger. The front of the house is depicted, with Mr. and Mrs. Bates, who are each over 70 years of age, in the foreground. There was no one in the dwelling at the time. Yet in a pane of glass in the upper sash of one of the windows—the sash is six feet from the floor—is the likeness of Mr. Bates's mother, Sally, who had died at 95 years of age three years before the photograph was taken. The phantom picture is in a window at which Mrs. Sally Bates used to sit and sew, now and then lifting her head and looking out into the pretty village street. In the picture her face wears a mild, inquiring, and benignant expression. "A very intelligent look," Mr. Bates says, "intense," he adds. "I used to see her often, in the same pose and with the same expression, gazing at me as I passed in front of the house."

Mr. Bates, who with his wife is a devoted Methodist, does not attempt to account for the appearance of the likeness. "It is simply very strange," he said to a reporter. "The face in the window is that of a very aged lady that unmistakably is like that of old Mrs. Sally Bates, but the picture does not portray the whole head and face clearly. The contour is not sharply presented, and the chin and ear are not perceptible; but the eyes, nose, and mouth are plain enough. On the head is a white cap such as Mrs. Bates used to wear, and behind her is a plain white window curtain pulled down. The likeness to Mrs. Bates is so marked, moreover, that every neighbor of the Bateses, after seeing the photograph, said at once: "Why, that's Mother Bates!" There is a misty, gray aureole about the head.

Among the persons who have tried to explain the apparition in a rational way is "E. J. C." of Colchester, who offers this ingenious suggestion: "A lady was standing at a window during a severe thunder storm; a sharp flash of lightning blinded her as she stood there. Soon after one of her family, while out of doors, saw, as he supposed, the lady standing at the same window, but leaned forward that she had not been in the room at the time. Investigation proved that the lightning had photographed her on the window pane. Is it not possible that the same explanation might be applied to the case in East Thompson, the camera having revealed what no one had discovered, or what was not discernible to the naked eye?"

E. J. C.'s explanation apparently overlooks the fact that the picture of Sally Bates is not on one of the panes through which she used to look, but in the upper sash of the window. If his theory is true, the lightning must have picked up her likeness and tossed it against a pane that was three or four feet above her head when she was sitting. Mrs. Bates was only about 5 feet tall.

A Hartford man, Dr. Frank English, has this to say about the spirit picture: "Why make such a how-de-do about that 'spirit' likeness of Mrs. Sally Bates? Why attribute 'spirit' influence and 'spirit' presence? Would it not be better to first ascertain if the phenomenon is not subject to other causes of which science takes cognizance? I offer a suggestion for a solution of the matter. Let duplicate photographs be taken by different artists, and the negatives be carefully developed, and the probabilities are that the 'picture' will be reproduced. Or remove the glass from the window, take it to a photographic gallery, and see if the 'spirit' face is reproduced.

"I would ask if it is not possible, and even probable, that the likeness is on the window pane, photographed there at some period anterior to the lady's death, somewhat as images are imprinted on the retina of the eye? While not disposed to ridicule the mysterious phenomena frequently presented to our view, I think it is always best to subject such to rigid scrutiny and ascertain if they can be explained by physical laws, before attributing them to ghostly influence."

The window pane in the Bates farm house answering to the pane in the photograph in which the apparition appears apparently is no different from the other window glass in the dwelling; it is clearly transparent and apparently free from marks of every kind. Moreover, the expression of the spirit face is not the startled one of a person surprised by a thunderbolt, but is serene and composed.

E. J. Bates, who is a commercial traveller of Thompson, has the queer photograph in his little country store near the railroad station in East Thompson, and is glad to answer all questions about it. About his mother's customs, he says: "nothing is more natural than that she should be photographed in the window of the 'sitting room' in which the likeness appears. That was her especial room for years, and she spent most of her time there. It was her habit when a team went by the house or anything unusual occurred in front to rise and rush up to her window, stand on tiptoe, and peer down the road. She was a small woman, and her head did not rise above the lower sash." The picture has not faded at all, as spirit photographs are said to do, but is as clear and distinct as three years ago.

A BADLY DAMAGED PRISONER.

His Offence Not Very Clearly Explained by his Captor.

Patrick Powers of 22 Chambers street, a retired policeman, was led a prisoner into the Tombs Police Court yesterday morning by Policeman Kinsman of the Elizabeth street station. Powers's head was bleeding, and he was supported on either side by a friend. He was groaning with pain, and had it not been for his friends would have fallen in a heap on the floor. He was led to a seat, while Kinsman stepped up to make a complaint of attempted felonious assault.

Kinsman told Clerk Seltman that Henry Moore, a butcher, of Pearl and Centre streets, had called him into his shop at 7½ A. M. and told him that the prisoner had stolen a knife from the shop and was threatening to kill people with it. The butcher pointed out Powers on the other side of the street. "Did you arrest him on the complaint of the butcher or for assault?" asked the clerk.

"I arrested him for attempted assault," replied Kinsman. "I went across the street and asked him for the knife as I did not see it in his hand, but he refused to give it up. Suddenly he drew it out and was about to plunge it into me, when I hit him with my club and then arrested him."

Just then Clerk Seltman was called away. In five minutes he returned. "Then, of course, you charge the prisoner with attempted felonious assault," he said.

"No," replied Kinsman in a hesitating way, "only disorderly conduct."

Kinsman seemed restless and excited. One of the friends of the prisoner stood beside the policeman, and every once in a while would pluck at his coat. This seemed to rattle the officer more.

"Disorderly conduct?" cried the Clerk. "Why, you just told me that the man tried to stab you?"

"Oh, I was mistaken," replied Kinsman. "He had the knife up his sleeve, and when I spoke to him about it he let it slide about three inches down, so that I could see it. That was all."

The Clerk refused to take the complaint and notified Justice Taintor, who called the case. Powers had to be almost carried to the bar. He let his head rest on his folded arms and groaned continually. His son, who is a patrolman in the First precinct, stood beside him.

"Who clubbed this man?" asked Justice Taintor.

"I did," replied Kinsman.

"You did, did you? And what for, pray?"

"Oh, he was drunk and disorderly, and had this big knife up his sleeve."

"But did he try to use it?"

"Well," stammered the policeman, "I thought he was going to stab me, so I thought it best to subdue him."

"You succeeded admirably," said Justice Taintor. "I will refuse to take a charge of attempted felonious assault."

Justice Taintor then held Powers for examination on Wednesday on a charge of disorderly conduct. Ex-Coroner Michael Kennedy went on his bond.

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A SINKING HILL.

A Curious Phenomenon on the Tuttle Farm in Bloomfield, Conn.

HARTFORD, May 24.—Jeremiah Tuttle, a wealthy farmer of Bloomfield, has a hill on his big farm in that town that is sinking into the bowels of the earth. Mr. Tuttle has a beautiful farm, most of which is in a normal condition. There are great fertile meadows, wide reaches of noble forest, and here and there spacious pastures in which his blooded cows graze on herbage that is almost knee deep. The queer sinking hill is in one of the big pastures, in what Mr. Tuttle calls the "rock pasture." The grass is finer in that one than in any other pasture in the whole region. Exactly in the centre of the big lot is a hill, capacious of girth, but not more than twelve feet high. The oldest inhabitant in Bloomfield, who is upward of 85 years old, affirms that the hill is as familiar to him as any room in his own home, for many Bloomfield people have been in the habit of taking a "short cut" home across Jerry's rock pasture, and that he never noted anything odd about the hill until lately. Now, since the hill is said to be sinking, Bloomfield people avoid the rock pasture, for they believe it is enchanted.

A few weeks ago Mr. Tuttle sent his hired man, Michael Flannigan, who has worked on the Tuttle farm for years, to the rock pasture with the cows, and in half an hour Michael came home hurriedly with a startled look in his face. When he entered the pasture, he said later, he noticed that the hill had sunk down into the earth several inches since his visit to the lot a day or two before. To be sure that his opinion of the hill was a correct one he went close to it and took an estimate of its height. "Sighting across its top" at one time, he said, he carefully landmarked, and was satisfied it had gone down not less than eight or ten inches. After he had told his story, every one, Mr. Tuttle, too, guyed him mercilessly. But Michael doesn't drink, so he took the gibing good-naturedly, and persisted in affirming that his statement was correct. His earnestness finally impressed others, and Mr. Tuttle and some of the neighbors visited the rock pasture with Flannigan, whose declaration at once was seen to be true. The hill had sunk several inches since Michael's previous visit. Moreover, the hill is still sinking daily. Slowly and persistently it is being swallowed up. It is now only a slight undulation in the lot, and its top but a foot or two above the rest of the land there. What is the cause of this phenomenon no one attempts to explain, but the Bloomfield people are certain that within a week or two the hill will have entirely disappeared.

Connecticut's Champion Eater.

MIDDLETOWN, May 24.—The champion eater of Connecticut is a slim, hollow young man of this city, William Grissle, who has won a good deal of money by betting on his digestive powers. He was in the store of Michael Mulcahey the other day, and a smart young man from the city drew up a menu and bet $5 that Grissle couldn't eat all the articles therein enumerated. The wager was promptly accepted by the Middletown eater. A great crowd gathered and Grissle fell to and won easily. He ate three dozen raw eggs for a starter, next a large head of cabbage, then finished one pound of cheese in double-quick time, then half a pound of crackers, and washed the meal down with a schooner of beer. "I'm just a little hungry yet," said Grissle, setting his beer glass down.

Wanted—Females.

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