...ds, aggregating about eighty tons, have been shipped to the smelter, and returned from $37 to $62 a ton for all values, and almost two car loads are ready to ship. Assays have run as high as 35 per cent. copper, $15 gold and 40 ounces silver.

Work on the Helena Group.

During the winter the right-hand cross-cut will be driven 100 feet further, and upraises from it will be made to the upper tunnel at several points through the great ore body. The ore thus blocked out will be stoped and will be ample for continuous shipments. Next week another tunnel will be started 400 feet further down the mountain, into the same body of ore, and will be continued right through the mountain. This ledge is exposed through eleven claims, and two miles distant shows thirty feet of solid ore. In the spring another tunnel will be started 2,000 feet further down the mountain and will be run right through, giving a depth of fully 3,000 feet. The wagon road will be extended to it, so that all ore can be hauled out. In a few days a contract will be let for a Holliday cable bucket tramway 6,600 feet long and with a capacity of eight tons an hour, to extend from the present tunnel to the mill site on Deer creek, and this fall a concentrating plant with crushers, rollers, jigs and settling vats, the total capacity being 25 tons a day, will be erected at the tramway terminus. This machinery will be built at Everett and an effort will be made to erect it before winter sets in, and next spring the wagon road will be changed into an electric railway.

The Helena series of ledges only comprises a few of those which intersect this ridge, for Messrs. Lundlin, Jackson, Johnson, Kennedy and others have located a large group of claims on others parallel with to the north and south for a distance of two miles.

The Deer Creek Company has also bonded the Chicago and St. Louis, which were discovered by an outcrop on the bank of the north fork of Deer creek, above a series of falls 175 feet in height, the owners being L. W. Myers, of Silverton, Samuel Hobbs and W. F. Brown, of Everett. The ledge is six feet between walls and is all concentrating ore, with a pay streak on each wall. A tunnel was run 100 feet on one wall, but left the pay streak to one side, so a shaft was sunk twenty-two feet at the tunnel mouth and showed all the streaks to unite twenty-two inches wide. Another tunnel, 100 feet above, is in forty feet and shows a 12-inch pay streak. It is intended to run a cross-cut from the foot of the falls to connect with the shaft, which will give a depth of 200 feet and will drain the mine. The pay streak assays about $50 for all values, carrying about 25 per cent. copper, and the remainder of the ledge ranges from $6 to $12, so that it will hardly pay for concentration. The Jackson is the extension of the ledge to the northeast, and the Hannah and its two northeast extensions complete this group.

The Deer Creek Company now employs about ninety men, twenty at the Helena group, ten at the St. Louis and sixty in building the road. This number will be maintained, if not increased, when the tramway and concentrator are erected and the stoping of ore admits of the employment of more miners.

The Bonanza Queen.

The next most important group, so far as development has shown, is the Bonanza Queen group of ten claims, owned by J. F. Bender, Z. W. Lockwood and A. Sutherland. They were bonded in 1893 to the late Peter Berliner, of Everett, who was afterwards killed on a railroad in Mexico, but the panic compelled him to give them up. Negotiations are now in progress for a bond to another mining man who has ample capital to develop the property on a large scale, and will probably be completed in a few days. The main ledge, on which are the Bonanza Queen, Silver King, Silver Coin and Silverton, crops out in a gulch running down to Deer creek, its course being from southeast to northwest, and some prospectors claim that it can be traced in one direction through the Sultan basin, where Thomas Lockwood's claims are located on it, over to Silver creek, and in the other direction to the Sauk valley. The ledge is sixty feet wide and the gulch where it was discovered was formed by the water wearing down the ore between high granite walls. It can be seen cutting across a lateral gulch into the mountain towards the north forth of the Stillaguamish, its course being clearly traceable wherever the rock is exposed. On the line between the Bonanza Queen and Silver Coin a tunnel has been run forty-two feet and a cross-cut from it eleven feet towards the wall is all in ore, which carries chalcopyrite assaying 26 per cent. copper and upwards, besides gold and silver, arsenical iron running $27 gold and 16 ounces silver, and black oxide of copper which assays as high as 44 per cent. copper. Another tunnel has been run fifty-five feet at a point 250 feet lower and showed ore until it was run to one side into softer material with the intention of cross-cutting into the ore again. On the Silver King, 3,000 feet northwest of the upper tunnel, is another tunnel, which has been driven sixty feet in ore. In the ledge is a streak of about six feet of crystallized lime carrying mineral, and with the richest streaks on each side, which would be taken by smelters for flux at a premium. On a ledge parallel with the Bonanza Queen on the east are the Oregon, Sutherland, Portland and Astoria, of the same group. The ledge is nearly sixty feet wide, with several good pay streaks of similar ore to the Bonanza Queen, and has been well exposed by a slide which occurred last spring above the camp. A tunnel has been run twenty feet, showing veins of chalcopyrite, black oxide and galena. The galena assays $60 gold, and surface ore taken above the tunnel assayed $27 gold, 16 ounces silver and 3 per cent. copper. On a cross ledge of white quartz fourteen feet wide the same owners have the Salem, on which a 30-foot tunnel shows two feet of solid white iron ore, with some copper, assaying 11 ounces silver. There are several other good streaks outside that in the tunnel. On another cross ledge parallel with the Salem the same parties have the Dixie. The ledge is twelve feet between walls and a 20-foot tunnel shows a wide streak of white iron rather less in value than the Salem.

On extensions of the Bonanza Queen ledge D. K. Sutherland, J. D. Sutherland and C. E. Anderson have the Lottie B. and Carrie J., and on the Oregon ledge the Annie S. and Stockton, which they have bonded for $50,000 for one year from December 1, 1896, to R. B. Symington, of San Francisco, representing an English company. A tunnel run thirty-one feet on a pay streak in the Stockton, from which a cross-cut will be made, and shorter tunnels on the other claims, show ore bodies equal in size and value to those of the Bonanza Queen group.

On Long Mountain.

On Long mountain D. C. and W. R. Crawley, W. J. Dean, W. W. Rhodes and Lou Myers have the Copperhead group of seventeen claims, on a series of seventeen ledges and stringers. The principal ledge is the Four Aces, on which are four claims and which is twenty-two feet wide, with a pay streak showing on the surface which in one place is two inches and widens in places to five feet. The ore is copper pyrites, running lower in copper but higher in gold than the group owned by the same parties across the river, assays ranging from $18 to $40 for all values. The Copperhead ledge, on which there are four claims, shows four feet of the same kind of ore, and the Idle shows two to six feet of ore carrying white iron, with gold and silver, and little copper. The best ore in the group is on the Sunbeam stringer, which is eight to ten inches wide and assays $50 to $70, including 10 per cent. copper. On the Four Aces ledge George Hodgins and J. W. Hawks, of Snohomish, have the Northower and Louise, on which they have begun work. On the west end of Long mountain R. C. Myers and A. D. Sperry have the Dry Creek group of four claims on a nine-foot ledge capped with serpentine, in which there is a 24-inch pay streak of arsenical iron assaying $2 to $7 gold and silver and a small percentage of copper. A ledge about similar to this ledge was found in the gulch below it and assayed $400 gold and silver.

On the extension of the Oregon ledge S. H. Packard, A. W. Hawks and D. C. Johnson, of Snohomish, have the Nemo and Nebo located along one spur, the Electro on another and the Nero and Goldbug on a third, all running into the Oregon ledge. On the Nemo they have run a tunnel 175 feet on the spur, which is white quartz carrying arsenical iron and copper pyrites, their purpose being to strike the ore body which crops out 200 feet above and to cross-cut the Oregon ledge. The tunnel shows about three feet of ore in spots, assays of which run from $8 to $15 gold, with very little silver and some copper. The tunnel is almost at the foot of the mountain, within 150 yards of the railroad, so that operations will be very cheap. On the same spur as the Nemo and Nebo, J. H. James has the Lily James and has traced the ledge from the footwall to a width of twenty feet. The whole width is more or less mineralized and there are streaks of white iron assaying $7 gold and silver and upwards. A tunnel has been run eighty feet on the footwall, but the ledge has not yet been cross-cut.

Half a mile from the wagon road, on the right fork of Deer creek, is the Colts group of four claims, owned by Bert Horton and David McRae, on a ledge ten feet between walls, with three feet of rich ore, and the remainder concentrating. On the Colts, which is near the summit, are two tunnels fourteen and sixteen feet, on the ledge, and on the Colts No. 44, 3,000 feet below the summit, a cross-cut is in fifty-five feet and will strike the ledge at a depth of 100 feet in ten or fifteen feet more. The ore is chalcopyrite, assaying 26 per cent. copper, 15½ ounces silver, $3.40 gold. A trail has been cut from the wagon road and the owners expect to make a shipment before winter.

The Wildcat Group.

On the mountains overlooking Deer lake A. Cleveland and J. F. Klein, of Monte Cristo, have the Wildcat group. The Wildcat, Otillie and Granite are on a ledge which runs through the mountain west of the lake, across the divide to Martin creek. The ledge is four feet wide, carrying chalcopyrite clear across, but no assays have been made. A tunnel is in sixty feet on the Wildcat and another the same length on the other claims. On the mountain southwest of the lake they have the Lakeview on a six-foot ledge, shown up by a 40-foot tunnel. On the Cameron and Homestake, which run across the head of the lake, they have a body of quartzite seventy to ninety feet wide, carrying white iron, and are running a cross-cut. They are also cross-cutting a ledge of black sulphurets eighteen to twenty inches wide on the Highland, which is above the Homestake.

On Clear creek, beyond the Helena group, is the Grizzly group of four claims, located by Louis Lundlin and N. Montan, with whom J. J. Smith, of New York, and Dr. Lyons, of Seattle, have joined in organizing the Clear Creek Mining Company. They have two ledges, twenty-five and six feet wide, carrying high grade copper ore, including chalcopyrite, black oxide and bornite. Assays show from 25 to 45 per cent. copper, and the value in gold, silver and copper is about $100. In the smaller ledge a 24-inch pay streak is being shown up by a shaft and tunnel, on which work is now in progress, and the larger ledge shows several good streaks. This company intends to extend the Deer creek road over the divide to the property and will work through the winter.

Extending across Clear creek, just below this group, is the Asbestos group of six claims, located in a double line of three each by R. C. Myers and Louis Callihan last summer. Against a granite wall running northeast and southwest is a great dike of talcic asbestos varying from 30 to 150 feet wide, which stands up seventy-five feet above the rock on each side. This material is used to give body to paper and specimens examined by skilled men at the Lowell paper mill are pronounced superior to that brought from New York by that company. On the surface this material is of a greenish tinge, but deeper down is expected to be pure white, like the New York product. Against this dike is a body of mineral apparently carrying nickel and cobalt, about 500 feet wide, and throughout its width are large pockets of very tough fibrous asbestos. The wall of this deposit is a serpentine dike 150 to 400 feet wide in contact with a hard black flinty slate.

The Arlington.

A series of four or five parallel ledges of white quartz carrying chalcopyrite and some galena has been traced from Martin creek across the mountain to Deer creek. The principal ledge is the Arlington, which shows up seventy-five to eighty feet wide on the Arlington claim and has been traced four miles across Deer creek. The Arlington is now owned by the Martin Creek Gold and Copper Mining Company, organized by John Durgin and R. Thompson, of Everett, and George O. Mosher, of Silverton. The ledge crops in two gullies, in one of which a tunnel was run on it for twenty feet, and 1,000 feet further down the mountain a tunnel has been run twenty-five feet on the footwall. After driving it seventy-five feet further the owners will cross-cut to the hanging wall, their plans being laid to work through the winter. Assays show 22 to 27 per cent. of copper, besides some gold and silver. On the west extension of this ledge A. D. Sperry, William Matsdorf and George O. Moshier this year located the Anaconda and two extensions. On the east extension A. Iverson, S. W. Munger and William Matsdorf have the Golden Cord, on which a tunnel is in fifteen or twenty feet, and Messrs. Moshier, Iverson and Sperry have the Golden Cord Extension No. 1, on which they are about to run a drift. The Climax and Knoxville, on the east of Deer creek, owned by Hugh Kennedy and others, and the Bunker Hill, further to the east, owned by Charles Sperry and John McCartney, are also believed to be on extensions of this ledge. On a six-foot ledge parallel with the Arlington, Joseph Crane and Thomas Wilson have the Baby Lode and its extension, on which they have run a short tunnel. On the west extension of this ledge Andrew Boyle and A. Iverson have the Doubtful and an extension, and on its east extension R. C. Myers and John McClellan have the Gem, Jewel and 16 to 1, these three claims also having a parallel ledge thirty feet wide. On another parallel ledge six feet wide the same owners have the Know Nothing and Surprise. All these claims were located this year and no work has yet been done on them.

Good Copper Ledges.

On the divide between the Stillaguamish and the Sauk, at the head of Perry creek, which enters the Stillaguamish three miles above Silverton, Theodore Lohn has a group of about twenty claims on a series of well-defined ledges of copper ore ten to twenty feet wide, carrying a small proportion of galena. The ore carries from 6 to 20 per cent. of copper, besides gold, silver and lead, and assays about $50 for all values, carrying less gold but more silver than the Helena group. Mr. Lohn has been at work steadily for about four years, having formerly gone in from the Sauk, but this year has cut a horse trail from the Everett & Monte Cristo railroad. He has run a tunnel about sixty feet on the Fanny D. and lesser tunnels on several other claims, showing up the several ledges well.

This district combines many elements required to make a good copper camp, among which proximity to a railroad and consequent cheap and quick transportation are the principal. Another is the facility with which the ore bodies can be tapped at great depth with moderate expense. It is easy to conceive that, when one has to climb a mountain in many places by means of steps dug in the earth or chipped in the rocks, a tunnel will not have penetrated far from its base before there will be an immense depth of ore open to stoping above. It is stating the facts moderately to say that, in a 100-foot tunnel, a foot of depth will be gained for every foot mined horizontally, and from that point onward the gain in depth will be greater until the tunnel is under the summit, so that a 1,000-foot tunnel will often bore under a summit 3,000 feet above. This means not only the blocking out of great ore bodies at small relative expense, but that on being taken from the mine the ore can be loaded on wagons to be hauled to the railroad, or a concentrator can be erected in the valley near the mouth of the tunnel. The estimated cost of mining is $1 a ton, hauling to the railroad costs $2, railroad freight $2, smelting $6, making the total charge $11 a ton. A concentrator on the ground will reduce five tons into one and thus reduce all of these expenses except mining to one-fifth of their present amount, with the addition of $1 a ton of ore for concentration. On this basis the lowest grade ores can be mined and treated at a large profit. L. K. HODGES.

FIGHT WITH A TUSKER

Lively Chase After a Rogue Elephant in India.

HE IS FINALLY RUN DOWN.

Two Bullets Ended His Reckless Career—He Was an Outcast of the Jungle.

American Field.

I had just settled down in the Wainaad plateau, in southwestern India, as a coffee planter. No doubt, there was money to be made out of the "biz," as some of you across the pond would put it; it was also a wild, jolly, rollicking one; it was also independent. Withal, you wanted a large stock of philosophy when you awakened of a morning to find the hard and loving labor of weeks, perhaps months, pitilessly destroyed. Naughty elephants, audacious bears and wild boars, even shy, but destructive sambars—these were some of the many visitations of the "siller-seeking" exile. The elephants were about the worst. They infested the dense inner jungle and forest tracks of Wainaad, and in the course of their periodical rambles they were wont occasionally to visit the native villages and European plantations and do incalculable damage before saying good-bye.

One particular night, during the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," I was rudely awakened by a most unearthly screaming and yelling and trumpeting just below my bungalow, and on rushing out to ascertain the cause of the hullabaloo, I saw a huge black monster of an elephant bolting, full tear, past my grounds. He was off like greased lightning past my lines and garden, and out into the wild country beyond. On loking about, I found to my intense disgust and dismay that the rogue elephant, as it was, had knocked down the coolie lines as though they were so many nine-pins, sending the Canarese men, women and pickaninnies yelling all over the shop. But this was not all. My splendid nursery, over which I had spent so much labor and patience, and on which I had built big hopes, was trampled up beyond all earthly recognition.

Now, a rogue elephant is a very Ishmael of his tribe. He is an outcast who has been driven out from the herd to lead a solitary life, in the course of which he proves himself more than unusually cunning and as vicious and ferocious as you could imagine. To deal with him, therefore, requires all the nerve and skill and taxes all the resources of the hunter. On the eventful night I allude to, although there was a bright moon shining, I could do nothing to the intrusive pachyderm, for the rapidity of his movements precluded the chance of my being able to get out my gun in time to have a shot at him. But he had gotten my Scotch blood up, and I swore I would follow his spoor the next day and find him cost what it may. Either he or I must get smashed.

Preparing for the Chase.

I rose betimes, got hold of a couple of plucky little "shikaris" or hunters—good trackers, and to be relied upon in a scrimmage—and taking my servant with light provisions to last a couple of days started on my expedition.

From the plainly visible spoor I could clearly see that my enemy was a veritable monster, for his stride was remarkably long; and judging from his endeavors to root up a young fruit tree, I could also conclude that he had a very formidable pair of tusks, worth a big effort to secure.

Proceeding along the line of the spoor I discerned that the enemy had gotten over some high land not far from the plantation, and then had made his way into a belt of dense jungle land. I knew then that we had a stiff job before us, for, as you will admit, it is no child's play to follow up a vicious rogue elephant into the unknown and pathless depth of a dense tropical forest with a heavy undergrowth of bamboo and rattan, and all sorts of noxious creepers, and fight the brute in there. Yet, on we trudged, manfully, my loyal little trackers and my faithful "chokra" (servant) keeping up pluckily.

We rested at noon for a meal and a smoke, and after an interval to brace up off we started again. Evening came down on that great forest, which we had now fairly entered, and still we seemed as far away as ever from our gigantic foe. The short twilight soon gave way before the light of millions of twinkling stars and a little later a beautiful bright moon came out and cast a radiance over the solemn foreign depths, transforming them as if by magic into an exquisitely beautiful fairyland, such as we see but in dreams. Countless denizens of the insect world came out of their silence and started buzzing on all sides. Wierd cries of wild beasts, the eerie songs of night birds, and low, ominous growls and grunts echoed and re-echoed in the long, deep, shadowy forest avenues. Now and then the wild dogs started a fiendish yell, now and then the bell note of the fleeting sambur glided on the slumbrous breeze, or a scrunching of the thick masses of reeds warned us that some great chieftain of the forest was breaking his undisputed way through the low jungle.

It would have been sheer madness to go further, so we agreed to spend the night where we were; and strong, but safe, it rough, litters were constructed among a couple of trees for the purpose; and thus we passed the night in that perilous and awful jungle. My trackers kept watch by turns for the foe, but he did not show up. Though our beds were not exactly of down, and our pillows were pretty hard, we rose thoroughly fit and refreshed, and having made and partaken of coffee, and indulged in a few biscuits and some dried meat, we started onward determined more than ever to find our foe and speak to him in the deadly language of powder and lead.

The trackers said that the gods were in good spirits that morning, and we would go home triumphant. I hoped so. But, just then, I had enough to do in getting through tangled masses of thick, gigantic creepers. It was hard work, but the continuous state of excitement impelled me on. Suddenly, the foremost of my hill men—he was alongside me—with that instinct so characteristic of all children of the forest, touched me on the shoulder and whispered: "He is in the neighborhood; be very cautious."

I took his advice, but I am blowed if I knew what direction to look for the foe. Into a particularly thick and impenetrable patch of shola just in front of us, to the left, my hill man started, and I did my level best to keep up with him. In and out we crept through the thick net of reeds and rattans and creepers. Inch by inch we crept along, our guns having to be borne with the utmost care. As regards the whereabouts of the tusker I was still ignorant. I trusted my "shikari" to enlighten me at the right moment. The breeze was in our favor, so we were not afraid of the monster getting scent of our approach. Like snakes we glided on stealthily, my heart beating loudly, while wicked gnats and fiendish mosquitoes made savage onslaughts on my poor face, already bruised and knocked a good bit out of shape by those vile thorny creepers. At length the patch suddenly grew a little more open, when we reached it, just by a little swamp of water. Suddenly my man griped me tight on the arm and simply said:

"Look up and get ready to fire."

This recalled to me the very important fact that not only had I to contend with the unfriendly jungle, but I had also to make preparations to confront a far more serious difficulty. I contrived to get on my legs and steady myself a bit. Looking ahead in the direction Moopen, my tracker, had indicated, what should I see but my huge, fierce monster of an enemy right in the center of a neighboring patch, glaring at me defiantly with his trunk aloft. He was hardly sixty paces from me, and, if I fired and missed, certain death of a most horrible nature stared me and my tracker in the face. Our other two men had been left behind a little way. There was no cover we could take refuge in or behind. In fact, the merest movement in that infernal labyrinth was a job of considerable difficulty. The prospect was not alluring.

As soon as I rose and found my foe, I gave one good look to see if my gun was safe. Then I took aim. I could see that as I pulled the trigger, my enemy started toward me on a mad, murderous charge, trumpeting with diabolical sound that at once reminds the coolest-nerved hunter that he stands a chance of going under an elephantine foot. But I had just half a second's time to plant both bullets in his brain. Bang! Bang! bellowed out my brave old gun. But, great Scott! the huge brute still came careening along wildly. Had I missed? The thought was maddening. Instinctively I clutched at my other gun, but with a feeling that it would be no use. Anyway, I would die game. I shouldered the weapon, but too late to have another shot, for, within eight paces of me, down with a mighty thud, the dreaded Ishmael of the forest, the outcast and the cursed one of the villages dropped heavy in his tracks and died like the brave, reckless forest anarchist that he was.

Not knowing that he was about to roll over, I had rushed aside and advanced in order to get the best possible shot at him. And that move cost me dear. For as he rolled over his huge trunk caught me on the flat of my poor stomach, and sent me flying into that abominable swamp which I have told you about, and I firmly believed that eternity had come for me. Moopen dragged me out and rubbed the mud and slush from my nose, mouth and eyes, and when my vision was restored the first thing I saw was that little scoundrel, Moopen, trying hard to make me believe that he hadn't been smiling.

The delight of the native villagers was unbounded when we returned and told them the wondrous story; but, all the same, I stuck to the tusks, and they were mighty big, you bet.

GAMIEST OF INSECTS.

It Is the Mantis of Argentina, and Fights to the Death.

"Here is one of my pets," said a naturalist, and he held out to me a branch of a tree almost denuded of leaves, writes C. F. Holder. Those which were still clinging to it were dried and shriveled. I looked earnestly, following up the twigs one by one, then examining the leaves, but failed to discover the pet.

"The very fact that you can not find it," said the naturalist, smiling at my confusion, "adds to its value, and I can only tell you that my pet, Liane, is before your eyes."

I scrutinized the branch again, looking for some very small creature that I might have passed over. Suddenly I saw one of the twigs of the branch suddenly rise, moving upward in a most deliberate fashion, and then I caught the outline of the pet, a huge walking stick or mantis, so closely resembling the twig that had it not moved I should probably still have failed to distinguish it. Liane was like a puzzle, difficult to make out, but once fixed in the eye, very distinct and pronounced.

The insect was a giant of its kind from the forests of the Argentine Republic. It was nearly six inches in length, and imitated a twig so exactly one might believe a dried branch had in some mysterious way been endowed with life. It was a weird, uncanny object, with its wooden appearance, its black staring eyes, its slow movements, looking more like some grotesque figure of the imagination than a real insect in the flesh.

"As quiet as it is," said its owner, "it can move with remarkable speed, and when I caught it Liane was engaged in a veritable tug of war with a bird which it was endeavoring to tear from a limb; a struggle in which it was finally successful. You see besides the legs, used for locomotion, it has two claspers—serrated or saw-like organs—which are used very much after the fashion of the claws of a crab, to seize its prey and hold it to the mouth.

The mantis had crept along the limb just as you have seen it now; raising one leg so slowly that it would not have been noticed. Finally a bird about the size of a hummer, not suspecting that the twig was a living ravenous enemy, alighted near it. I could only think of a tiger crouching for its prey as I could see the wooden limbs seemingly contract; then, like a flash, out went the toothed claspers fairly encircling the unfortunate bird that struggled in vain to tear itself away from the knife-like weapons. The more it struggled the deeper into the trap it fell; the insect simply clinging to the limb rigid and fixed, pressing the victim tighter and tighter and finally killing it.

"This giant mantis was discovered by Burmeister, the naturalist, and in all probability is the largest of its kind. In passing through China I frequently saw the mantis kept as a pet, and secured a number myself. They were not as large as the South American specimens, but were even more pugnacious, showing a sly cunning that was remarkable in so sluggish an insect. I first noticed them in the market places, where they were sold in little wicker baskets. One day I met a Chinaman in one of the narrow streets of Canton carrying a long pole over his back upon which were strung a number of baskets, each containing a mantis. The person not familiar with them would hardly believe that the baskets each held a living animal, as the uncanny wooden creature clung to its prison bars closely and imitated it very perfectly.

These specimens were not kept as pets; on the contrary, they were valued for their fighting proclivities, and were a prolific source of revenue to the men who exhibited them. The method was to go about the city, and when a crowd was found most likely to enjoy a contest they were taken indoors and the insects placed upon a table, about which the audience gathered. The insects, when opposed to one another, would invariably begin a cat-like approach, creeping slowly along like mechanical toys. When in close proximity, they suddenly threw off their apparent lethargy and rushed upon each other, showing great ferocity and striking heavy blows with their saber-like claws; then they would retreat and maneuver about each other, one rushing in and delivering a savage blow, precipitating the contest until both were cut almost in pieces. These contests are very popular with the natives, who sometimes wager everything, even to their last possession, on a favorite.

An Ancient Pick-Ax.

A pick-ax at least 3,000 years old has recently been found in a cove at Norfolk, England. It was made from the antlers of red deer. Finger prints are still preserved on the handle. The workman who used it was doubtless one of the ancient miners who dug up the ore that formed the basis of the traffic between the Phoenician merchant sailors and the Britons. He had left his pick-ax in the gallery one evening on quitting work for the day. The gallery fell in over night and he had found it impossible to recover his tool. For 3,000 years it remained exactly in the position he had left it.

CIGARETTE JOHN.

Oh, Jonathan Jones was rugged and strong
And he stood just six feet four,
And he could push a wheel, with muscles of steel,
Two hundred miles or more.

His heart was oak, of leather his lungs
And his voice like thunder rang.
He would expand his chest and smite his breast,
With many a thump and bang.

And not one man in all that town
Reached the button on top of his vest,
He'd cry in glee, you can't kill me
But the cigarette did the rest.

One day he smoked one of the coffin tacks
And thereby sealed his fate,
For with deadly art, a smoker's heart
Soon put him out of date.

Full thirty or more he'd inhale a day
And his clear blue eyes grew dim,
And the cigarette gay, was heard to say,
Oh, but I won't do a thing to him.

Cigarette John they called him now,
He'd a cough way down in his boots,
And one clammy day, they laid him away,
"Done up" by cigaroets.
Waterville, Me. A. O. ELDEN.

Martial, the Latin satirist, wrote epigrams when he was only 12 years old.

STEAMERS.

FLY ON THE "FLYER."

SEATTLE TO TACOMA.
Four round trips daily, except Sunday. In one hour and twenty-five minutes.
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Regular daily trips, Seattle-Tacoma route as follows:
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Single fare, 50c; round trip, 75c.
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Landing at Northern Pacific wharf, Tacoma, and Commercial dock, foot of Marion street, Seattle.
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The magnificent steamers Umatilla, City of Puebla and Walla Walla ply between Seattle and San Francisco, calling at Port Townsend and Victoria, B. C., as follows:

Leave Seattle for San Francisco, 8 a. m.	Due San Francisco, a. m.
October 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29.	October 7, 12, 17, 22, 27.
November 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28.	November 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, December 1.

Leave San Francisco For Seattle, 9 a. m.	Due Seattle, a. m.
October 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31.	October 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29.
November 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30.	November 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, December 3.

The magnificent steamer City of Topeka leaves Seattle at 9 a. m. for Alaska Oct. 14, 29, Nov. 13, 28, Dec. 13, 29; due back at Seattle November 25, December 10, 25, January 10.
The company reserves right to change steamers or sailing dates.
J. F. TROWBRIDGE, P. S. Supt., Seattle, Wash.
Goodall, Perkins & Co., General Agents, San Francisco.

SAN JUAN ISLANDS.

STEAMER LYDIA THOMPSON,
Carrying United States mail, leaves City dock foot of Main street, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 a. m., for Port Townsend, San Juan islands and New Whatcom. Returning, leaves New Whatcom Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 4 a. m.

TIME CARD IN EFFECT JAN. 1.
North bound—Leaves Seattle 1 a. m.; leaves Port Townsend 6 a. m.; leaves Friday Harbor 10:30 a. m.; leaves Roche Harbor 11:45 p. m.; arrives New Whatcom 6:30 p. m.
South bound—Leaves New Whatcom 4 a. m.; leaves Roche Harbor 10 a. m.; leaves Friday Harbor 11 a. m.; leaves Port Townsend 4 p. m.; arrives at Seattle 7:45 p. m.
J. R. Thompson, manager-owner. Lilly, Bogardus & Co., agents. City dock. Telephone, Main 87.

OLYMPIA, TACOMA AND SEATTLE ROUTE.
S. Willey Navigation Co.'s steamer MULTNOMAH.
DAILY TIME CARD.

Leave.	Arrive.
Olympia at. 6:30 a m	Tacoma at.. 9:30 a m
Tacoma at..10:00 a m	Seattle at...12:00 m
Seattle at... 1:00 p m	Tacoma at.. 3:00 p m
Tacoma at.. 3:30 p m	Olympia at.. 6:30 p m

CITY OF ABERDEEN.
Daily except Sunday.

Leave.	Arrive.
Seattle at.. 7:30 a m	Tacoma at.. 9:30 a m
Tacoma at..10:00 a m	Olympia at.. 1:00 p m
Olympia at. 2:00 p m	Tacoma at... 5:00 p m
Tacoma at.. 5:30 p m	Seattle at.... 7:30 p m

Fare between Seattle and Tacoma, 25 cents. Landing at Seattle City dock, foot of Main street.
LILLY, BOGARDUS & CO., Agents. City dock. Telephone, Main 87.
Capt. L. Willey, Manager.

PUGET SOUND & ALASKA STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

VICTORIA ROUTE.

STEAMSHIP CITY OF KINGSTON.
Between Tacoma and Victoria, B. C.

8:00am	Lv	M	*Tacoma	110	Ar 4:45am
10:15am	Lv	28	Seattle	82	Ar 3:00am
1:30pm	Lv	72	Pt. Townsend	38	Ar 11:45pm
4:30pm	Ar	110	Victoria	M	Lv 8:30pm

*Daily except Monday.
This steamer furnishes first-class accommodations, carrying both freight and passengers, and leaves from Yesler wharf, Seattle.
For rates, etc., inquire of
G. F. THORNDYKE, Yesler wharf, Seattle.
I. A. NADEAU, General Agent N. P. Railway.

PORT ORCHARD AND PORT WASHINGTON ROUTE.
STEAMER A. R. ROBINSON,
Carrying U. S. Mail.
On Port Orchard and Port Washington route, leaves City dock, foot of Main street, 8:30 a. m., calling at South Beach, Burchell, Brick Yard, Bremerton, U. S. Navy Yard, Sidney, Charleston, Tracyton, Chico, Silverdale. Leaves Port Orchard navy station at 2 p. m.; arrives Seattle at 4 p. m. E. N. Robinson, master. Lilly, Bogardus & Co., agents. Telephone, Main 87.

STRAITS STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

STRS. GARLAND AND EVANGEL.
Seattle and Townsend-Neah Bay route. Steamer Garland leaves Yesler dock Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 2 a. m. for Port Townsend, Port Williams, Dungeness, Port Angeles, Port Crescent, Gettysburg, Pysht, Clallam Bay and Neah Bay; returning, arrives at Seattle 3 p. m. on opposite days. Steamer Evangel leaves Yesler dock for Port Townsend, Port Angeles and Victoria Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6:30 p. m.; arrives Seattle alternate days 2:30 p. m.

WHATCOM, SEATTLE AND TACOMA ROUTE—Take steamer Bay City for Anacortes, Fairhaven or Whatcom. Leaves Commercial dock, Tacoma, 2 p. m.; City dock (foot Main street), Seattle, 8 p. m.; Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Returning leaves Whatcom 8 p. m.; Fairhaven 8:15 p. m., and Anacortes 10 p. m., Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Fares—Seattle $1, or $1.50 round trip; Tacoma $1.25, or $2 round trip.
W. H. ELLIS.

THE ALASKA STEAMSHIP CO.'S STEAMER WILLAPA.
Capt. George Roberts.
Leaving Seattle for Alaska October 15, 1896, at 10 o'clock, and every fifteen days thereafter.
For freight and passenger rates apply to J. G. CARROLL, Agent, Schwabacher dock. Tel., Pike 65.
CHARLES E. PEABODY, General Manager, Seattle.

HOOD CANAL ROUTE.
U. S. MAIL
STEAMER DELTA
Leaves Galbraith dock, foot of Washington street, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock a. m., for Kingston, Port Gamble, Seabeck, Brinnon, Holly, Dewatto, Lilliwaup Falls, Hoodsport and Union City. Returns alternate days.
J. TROUTMAN, Master.
Telephone, Red 151.

VICTORIA ROUTE.

STEAMER ROSALIE.
Arlington dock, leaves for Victoria and Port Townsend daily, except Saturday, at 12:30 a. m.; returning leaves Victoria at 10 a. m. Steamer Idaho leaves for Port Townsend and way ports daily, except Sunday, at 7 a. m.; Sunday, direct, at 9 a. m.; returning, direct, leaves Port Townsend at 2 p. m. 'Phone, Pike 79.

IN EFFECT OCTOBER 1, 1896.
GREYHOUND.
Seattle, Edmonds and Everett Route.
Two round trips daily except Sunday.
Leaves Seattle 7:45 a. m., 3 p. m. Connects with steamer Mikado for Snohomish. Lands at Colman dock, foot of Marion street.
Leaves Everett 10 a. m., 5:30 p. m. Connects with steamer Flyer for Tacoma. Lands at Merchants' dock, Everett.
Seattle & Tacoma Navigation Company.
FRANK W. GOODHUE, Manager.

PACIFIC NAVIGATION CO.
Time Card in effect June 1, 1896.
SEATTLE, EVERETT AND WHATCOM ROUTE.
State of Washington leaves Seattle daily, except Saturday, at 10 p. m.
SEATTLE, EVERETT AND LA CONNER ROUTE.
Fairhaven leaves Seattle daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m.
Telephone, Main 278. Yesler dock.

PUGET SOUND & CENTRAL AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
Steamship Transit will leave Seattle for Central America on October 5th.
Regular sailings between Puget sound and Central American ports. General office, Mutual Life building.

STEAMERS.

THE VANCOUVER ROUTE.
STEAMER UTOPIA
Leaves Tacoma, 12 noon; Seattle, Yesler wharf, 8 p. m., Mondays and Thursdays for Port Townsend, Anacortes, Fairhaven, New Whatcom, Blaine and Friday Harbor, and Vancouver, arriving Vancouver 4 p. m. following day.
Fare to Blaine, $2; fare to Vancouver, $3. For further information apply to Yesler wharf.

L. & B. TRANSPORTATION CO.
SKAGIT RIVER ROUTE.
Steamer Champaign leaves Seattle Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 7 a. m.; Thursday, Oct. 8, at 7 a. m.; Saturday, Oct. 10, at 7 a. m. Leaves Mount Vernon, Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 7 a. m.; Friday, Oct. 9, at 7 a. m.; Sunday, Oct. 11, at 7 a. m., calling at Stanwood, Fir, Skagit City, Mount Vernon and Avon. (Tulalip going south Sunday and north Tuesday.) S. G. YERKES, Manager. City Dock. Steamers for all points on the Sound. Open all night. Tel. Main 87.

PORT ORCHARD AND PORT WASHINGTON ROUTE.
STEAMER MARY F. PERLEY
Leaves Galbraith dock, foot of Washington street, for South Beach, Sylvan Grove, Pt. White, Bremerton, United States Dry Dock, Charleston, Sidney, Tracyton, Chico, Silverdale, at 3:00 p. m.; Saturday, 2:00 p. m.; Sunday, 6 p. m.; returning, leaves Silverdale at 6:45 a. m. Telephone, Red 151.

KRUSE AND MADISON LINE.
SCHOONER VEGA.
Will sail from San Francisco October 11, carrying freight at $1 per ton, connecting at Seattle for all points.
E. E. CAINE, Agent.
Arlington dock. Telephone, Pike 76.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RUNS
PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS,
ELEGANT DINING CARS,
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.
—TO—
St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Fargo, Grand Forks, Crookston, Winnipeg, Helena, And Butte, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, New York