

The Weekly Miner.

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The Weekly Miner.

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TELEGRAMS!

GENERAL GRANT AND PARTY IN COLORADO.

Advances of a Leadville Desperado.

Col., July 17.—A special from says: General Grant and party here this afternoon. At the depot at Springs, they were met by a large enthusiastic crowd. The party did not get away until late in the evening, and were drawn to Manitou in carriages on the arrival of the train.

Leadville special says: This afternoon named Baker entered Mansfield store to collect some mining suits. He demanded of the clerk a receipt of a show case, and being refused a revolver out of his pocket, firing everybody in the store. Police Corbett, attempted to arrest him, Baker told him to stand back. Corbett at Baker and Baker fired, wound a mortally. Then rushed up street, policemen following. Policeman closed with Baker, who fired, fatally wounding Stewart and slightly wounding policeman. Baker was then overpowered and jailed. The policemen are a large crowd, and probably Baker lynched before morning.

WESTON, S. C., July 17.—Col. Cash, residing principal in the recent duel, for Judge McIver, of the state supreme court, at Cheeran, last evening, on a habeas corpus and was admitted to \$3,000. Considerable excitement was caused in Cheeran previous to the hearing, by an attack made on Col. Cash upon Mr. Peguess, ed the Cheeran man, who had denounced him in his paper. Young Cash and his brother both drawn their pistols, the latter with intention to see a fair fight, and was only saved by being thrust by his brother into an open doorway, where he was up. No arrests.

ent on the Washash Road Investigating the Narragansett Collision.

ANAPOLIS, July 18.—More people thought hurt by the Washash train accident at first reported. Twenty were among them was W. H. Rivers, private secretary of Governor English, John H. Stewart Hurd and A. Mullen, all fatally injured.

LONDON, July 19.—In the Narragansett collision, Captain Nye, of the Stone which collided with the Narragansett, and the collision to a mistake as to the vessel's whistle. He took her for an answer to his whistle and a turn to the right. H. Elliott, helmsman of the Stone, testified that the boat did not steer and he couldn't turn her alone. The lookout of the Narragansett testified that he only heard one solitary whistle from the Stone and that he saw her red light a minute and a half after she struck the Narragansett.

Scellaneous Dispatches.

July 19.—The 17th Bengal cavalry left Cabul, the first step in the retirement of British troops. The whole country is

July 19.—About 1500 riflemen from every part of the monarchy to the first shooting contest of the riflemen of Austria; also crack shots from Germany and Great Britain, few from America. The prizes are at \$20,000.

July 19.—The report is confirmed to the indisposition of Princess. She will sail for England in the ship, Saturday, the 31st inst. She is a physician says, completely recovered the effects of the accident at Ottawa, and his recommendation she will try of air. Prince Leopold will likely the same steamer.

July 19.—It is positively known Princess Louise and Prince Leopold will sail the 31st of July for England.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 19.—The presence of a staff of experts, of Bar American, has given rise to most various concerning the introduction of the elevator system, the construction of a railway and explorations of the iron districts of Southern Russia. It is the government is determined to appropriate a considerable sum for the enlargement of its fleet, and it is reasonable to suppose that, who is backed by a powerful syndicate, is willing to help the government. Barker is very much admired by the Russians for the scrupulous honesty which, under disadvantageous circumstances, he fulfilled his former contract for gun cruisers, and he has been received with great favor. He was even admitted to an audience with the Czar.

July 17.—The Tribune's Santa says:—Durrigan, who murdered a few days ago, was taken from the night by a body of masked men who got around his neck and dragged him distance to an alley and hung him. He died with a body of bullets.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—The secretary of addressed a letter to the commission alternates stating that on the 10th inst he will call together at New York national commission for the purpose of forming a permanent organization for an international exhibition in '82.

YOM, July 19.—Two attaches of the legation here have information that Leopold is seriously ill in Canada.

NEW YORK, July 17.—Dr. Tanner's 21st day begins to-morrow noon. He is better now than when he commenced. He passed to-day quietly and in excellent spirits. Weight, 135½ pounds; a decrease of half a pound since yesterday. At 6 p. m., pulse 80; respiration, 15; temperature, 99—about half a degree above normal. During the day he drank 27 ounces of water.

CHEYENNE, July 19.—The reported engagement between two companies of the 7th cavalry and hostile Sioux is disbelieved by the military. The rumor must have originated from the fact that a Crow hunting party encountered a band of Sioux a hundred miles north of Fort Sully, the latter being victorious. Two companies of the 7th cavalry are out camping for the summer, hence the connection of the troops with the late fight.

Our Washington Letter.

Every day, now, there are new charges that cabinet officers dismiss their clerks or other employes because of refusal to pay political assessments, but every charge of the kind, so far, has met with full denial. So far as such dismissals might be a matter of principle probably those who make the complaints would, under opposite circumstances, be at least as guilty as those of whom complaint is made. As a matter of policy I should be astonished to know that any person would authorize such dismissal at the time. It is announced, however, on authority which seems to be unquestionable, that the president and his cabinet will do all they can with propriety for republican success, and that with this end in view the patronage of all the departments will be used as has been customary.

No preliminary question of the campaign excites more interest here than that concerning Gen. Hancock's proposed resignation of his place in the army. It may be said with certainty that all the General's original friends in this respect that he will quit the army on his acceptance of the presidential nomination.

WASHINGTON, July 12, 1880.

THE SLOPE.

The ravages of the army worm in Sacramento county have been checked.

At Seattle, W. T., on Monday, the thermometer stood at 93 in the shade—the hottest weather ever known there.

The Carson Times says the Chinamen working on the Candelaria railroad are paid \$26 per month, and out of this have a monthly charge of \$15 for provisions. Each Chinaman, therefore, makes \$11.

There are 800 patients now in the Napa insane asylum. It is said that only about one-third of them are natives of the United States. The other two-thirds are mostly Europeans.

The census enumerator finds that the population of Marysville is 4,340, and of that number 1,000 are Chinese.

Census returns show the population of Storey county, Nevada, to be 16,210, much less than expected.

Gold shipments of the Tuscarora placers foot up \$20,000 for this year, all by Chinese miners.

The Eureka Sentinel says that in that vicinity the Indians lately burned out their squaws alive—it is supposed for infidelity to her liege lord.

Near Downey City, Los Angeles, vast numbers of caterpillars have appeared, destroying much vegetation.

In a Chinese store in Sacramento the health officer of that city recently found the bones of between 50 and 60 Chinamen, stored for shipment to China.

Says the Merced Express: A good crop of wheat in this county is always succeeded by a large fall crop of weddings.

A large deposit of onyx has been found in Putah Creek Cañon, Cal. The silver ledge on Putah, located by D. P. See, of Winters, is said to yield \$700 per ton.

The lead pile at the Richmond, Eureka, is increasing rapidly in size, and has now reached 4,485 tons. At the present rate of lead this lot would amount to nearly half a million of dollars.

The Cholera mine, on the Comstock lode, is to have hydraulic pumps which will handle 1,600 gallons per minute; the present influx of 900; total, 2,500 gallons. Present influx of water, 1,750 gallons per minute.

OUR BANNAK LETTERS.

The Thermometer in the Nineties—The Bonding and Purchasing of Mining Property—Salt Lake Parties at Bannack Mines—The Ditches and Mills at Bannack Running—Politics Commencing to Surge—No Fifth-Term for Congress Wanted In Jail for Raping a Mate—The Mulkey-Shenon Shooting Scrape—New Mail Route to the National Park—New Jail Demanded—The Beaverhead Census—The "Mining Review."

Editor Butte Miner:

When the thermometer stands in the nineties in the secluded shade, it is rated decidedly hot for "these here mountains." That's what is the matter here at present. This section is thoroughly thawed out. Everything in nature is blooming, and mining enterprises are booming. The mining outlook for Southwestern Montana is to-day looking more favorable than it has for many years past.

Many valuable and productive mines within a radius of a few miles of Bannack have lain idle for a decade of years, that will in the very near future be successfully utilized and worked with profit. The favorable review of the mines of Southwestern Montana, that appeared in the MINER, has attracted attention toward this section and has invited investigation by capitalists and companies.

Recently Mr. J. P. Ostrom, of Salt Lake, visited this locality and made an examination of the mining properties hereabouts. The result of Mr. Ostrom's visit was the bonding of a large number of the gold lodes in the Bannack-Marysville district. The property, in the aggregate, being bonded for the sum of \$114,000—the bond running until Oct. 20th.

Last week Mr. David Buell, of Salt Lake, representing the bonded interest of Messrs. Ostrom & Co., arrived here and made a thorough inspection of the mines bonded. Mr. Buell is a gentleman of wide experience. He examined the large bodies of quartz with the eye of an expert, and pronounced the showing very flattering, and returned to Salt Lake to report his experience.

While here Mr. Buell visited the Elkhorn silver district, and "took in" that district. Mr. Buell was so impressed with the Elkhorn silver property that he purchased, conditionally, the mines and mill in that district. The price agreed to be paid is about \$40,000. One reason why the silver quartz of the Elkhorn district has not paid better heretofore is the fact that the mill tailings are as coarse as Washash corn meal.

Mining operations are progressing satisfactorily. All the ditches are full of water, and placer mining companies are doing well. Gotche Bros., operating the Granger ditch, are pipping down Buffalo gulch, and they will make a plying clean-up. The Trask & Graves five-stamp mill has just finished a run on Dakota gold quartz, and the "malgum" looks big. The Carhart mill is pounding away on gold rock from Dakota No. 7.

Politics are beginning to surge. Candidates are canvassing. The local politics of Beaverhead will be unusually warm in the approaching campaign. For the office of sheriff, on the democratic side, the candidates for nomination are numerous and noted. O. W. W. Rote, of Glendale; Con. Bray, of Argenta, and Pat. Denapsy and Jas. P. Murray, of Bannack, are in the field. May the best boy win.

The course of the MINER on the "Perpetual Delegate" question is indorsed by the mass of the democracy of Beaverhead county. We do not want any "fifth term" in Congress. No man should have a life-lease to office. Major Maginnis has made an able and efficient delegate—but, let us have a change. It is a cardinal principle in the democratic creed to rotate official incumbents.

Ed. Pierce, the condemned man, was to have been hanged on the 6th of August. Judge Galbraith has notified Sheriff Murray that a stay of execution until the 20th of August has been granted Pierce. The case has been appealed to the supreme court, which meets on the 3rd of August, when that tribunal will consider the motion for a new trial.

Last Saturday Sheriff Murray brought J. J. Miller up from the terminus and lodged him in jail. Miller is charged with committing a rape on Miss Bills, of Missoula county, and in default of \$1,000 bail was jailed. It appears from the testimony that Miss Bills is a mate and could not scream or "holer" for help at the time the outrage was perpetrated.

There are two sides to the Mulkey-Shenon shooting scrape on Horse Prairie. On complaint, Mulkey was brought before Judge Sears, charged with shooting with murderous intent. Mulkey waived a preliminary examination, and was placed under \$1,500 bonds to appear at the next term of District Court. The parties have effected a settlement of company affairs. Mr. Shenon, although seriously wounded, is not in a dangerous condition.

The first mail for the National Park left the railroad terminus the other day. The mail went on the hurricane deck of an Indian pony. Tourists for Wonderland can reach that point via the new route by straddling a broncho and following the trail of the mail carrier. "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," you know.

Our county jail is in a deplorable condition. It is a small, log trap, with a capacity for four prisoners, but at present is crowded with nine. The prisoners are charged with the serious crimes of murder, rape, forgery, and grand larceny. The increasing number

of criminals demands the erection of a strong and commodious jail building, supplied with iron cages. Now a night guard has to be employed.

There must be a mistake in the published census returns of Beaverhead county. They do not correspond with the returns left with the county clerk previous to being sent to Helena. A question—Have these returns been hushed down by the boss enumerator of Montana?

The first number of the Mining Review, published by Barret & Warren, at Butte city, is in circulation here. The subject matter of the first copy indicates that the new sheet will prove an engine in furthering the development of our mines. J. R. W. BANNAK, July 20, 1880.

Bonding of Mines in Beaverhead.

We learn from Judge Turner, of Glendale, that the following named mines and mining property, in the vicinity of Bannack, were bonded to Jerome P. Ostrom, in the sum of \$114,000: All of the Dakota, 700 feet; all of the Trench, the Waddams, the Springfield and the Excelsior, each 1,500 feet; all of the St. Paul lode; Shenon's mill and all of his mines; Trask & Graves' mill and mines; the Washington lode; the North Side ditch; water power, etc. The bond runs to October 20th, 1880.—Messenger, 17.

ROBERT BURNS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I see amid the fields of Ayf
A ploughman, who, in foul or fair,
Stings at his task;
So clear we know not if it is
The laborer's song we hear, or his,
His cheer to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than showers of grain;
Songs flush with purple bloom
The plougher's call, the curlew's wail,
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; grass and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brightest seen.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
He feels the force,
The treacherous undertow and stress
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate:
The brush-wood hung
Above the doorway lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drops of gall,
Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song
Is love of right, disdain of wrong;
Its master-chorus
Are freedom, freedom, brotherhood;
Its chorus is an interlude
Between the words.

And heet to die so young and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better sure
Is this than wandering up and down,
An old man in a country town,
Infern and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth, his hand
Guides every plough;
His voice beside each ingle-nook;
His voice in the evening brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night
A form of mingled mist and light,
From that far coast,
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine
Dear guest and host.

A Story For Parents.

Ellis M. S. Marble relates the following incident in the Gospel Banner, which contains an excellent lesson for parents: Little Jack P. was the son of poor parents. They were not poor because they were intemperate or shiftless, for they were respectable, hard working people, and for some reason which I will not attempt to give, they never got along in the world and perhaps it was that that made them irritable, and prone to whip little Jack. They were pious people too, and if Jack told a lie, of course he must be whipped. The idea of not whipping a child who did such a wicked thing! Bruising the flesh is such an effectual way of instilling a love and reverence for the pure and good into a little child's mind! At least Jack was whipped for this, and Jack was whipped for that, until he learned that to offend was to be whipped.

One day he had leave to go and play with two little schoolmates, brother and sister, and after running about hunting the eggs, playing ball and the like, they sat down on the piazza to make whistles and rest. Jack had a knife and Hal had a knife, but sister Maud, aged seven, had none, so she ran into the house to borrow papa's. She was soon back and all worked busily for a time; but whether it was because she was a girl or what it was I cannot tell, but Maudie broke the bark on every piece of willow and it refused to whistle, and finally declaring that "it wasn't any fun to make whistles," she slid down upon the terrace where the dandelions were blossoming profusely and commenced digging greens. Pretty soon the boys heard a quick, sharp snap, and Maudie was looking ruefully at the broken blade in her hand.

"Now, won't you catch it?" Jack called out.

"Catch what?" innocently asked Maudie, going towards the door.

"Catch a licking of course," replied Jack. "No, I shan't be the somewhat indignant reply: "my papa don't whip me."

"But look a here," called Jack, "you ain't going to show it to him, are you?"

"Why, yes," said Maudie, coming back; "why shouldn't I?"

"Why, he'll lick you sure as the world," re-asserted Jack. "You just go and throw that knife away, and when he asks you for it tell him you gave it back to him, and stick to it, and he'll believe it and think he has lost it, and then you won't catch a licking."

Maudie looked at her young adviser indignantly for one moment, and simply saying "My papa won't lick me, he never does," she walked into the house. Going directly to her papa she held up the broken blade, saying—"I broke your knife, papa."

Her father looked up pleasantly from his paper and said in some surprise, "How did you do that, dear?"

"I was digging dandelion greens" was the straightforward reply.

"Well, dear, when you are doing anything very hard with papa's knife always open the big blade. Will you try and remember?"

"Yes, papa," and as her father resumed his reading Maudie turned and walked slowly from the room, every movement and look showing that she was feeling very sorry about the knife. A lady sitting near, asked:

"Now, pray tell me why you never scolded that child one mite?"

Mr. S. looked up and with a smile replied, "I have broken a good many blades myself, and I do not see why the child was any more to blame than I was, and really not so much, for I have better judgment than she and ought to use it to guard against such accidents."

A few moments later, Maudie's voice was heard triumphantly from the piazza, saying: "My papa didn't whip me, he only said to use the big blade next time."

"Hum!" ejaculated Jack, "he's a queer father, but wouldn't I have had to lie to get out of a licking though?"

In the Street in Paris.

The Parisians have solved the difficulty of smooth but slippery streets, by paving the whole centre of the boulevards, 30 feet broad, with asphalt, and leaving both sides for Belgian stones, thus giving all teams their choice, according to their load and the weather. Dry horses have a huge wooden collar with a mass of sheepskin dyed blue, reaching up a foot or more from the shoulders. Most of the carts used for heavy loads have only two wheels. The most common vehicles of all are the little one-horse cabs, which look like young barouches. Their drivers all have the same round, red face, glazed hat and flaming waistcoat. To keep up speed they shout "Eve, eve!" and crack their whips incessantly, so that with these and the horns blown by the omnibus conductors, the boulevards are as noisy as Boston streets on the Fourth. On the sidewalk is a steady stream of gay, well-dressed people, strolling about with apparently no purpose on earth. Here and there is a little group, talking and laughing. Whenever I see a Frenchman in conversation with another they always seem to be enjoying a joke or some merry bit of gossip, which is told with short, incomprehensible bursts of idiom and an infinite variety of shrugs and gestures. It is hard to conceive of them as ever sitting down to a quiet, serious talk on any subject of moment.

The streets in this part of the city are broad, and most of the buildings modern; it is further up toward the Bastille that the real undercurrent of Parisian life must be sought. I have passed through the Faubourg St. Antoine, the "dangerous quarter," late at night, when the narrow streets were crowded with rough-looking people and the air filled with the din of their voices. Most of the men wore the coarse blue blouses of the laboring classes and many, both men and women, were bare headed. On public buildings and street corners were the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," in great staring letters. Some of the streets were not over eight feet broad, and were lighted only by an occasional door or window of a shop, where a Mme. Defarge sat with her knitting, and Jacques crept in and out. I was glad to reach the three-cornered doorways of Notre Dame and the bridge near by, where Sidney Carton stood at daybreak, watching the river hurrying on and on to the sea.—Correspondence Boston Traveller.

Can the Horse and Dog Calculate Latitude and Longitude.

It has long been a saying that the dog and the horse can calculate latitude and longitude. This saying has arisen from the fact that these animals, and especially the dog, are able to find their way to the place where they were reared after being carried long distances in close confinement. In the July number of the Popular Science Monthly, Dr. Felix Oswald gives an account of some experiments with a dog owned by a Cincinnati physician. This dog was in the habit of returning to the city from distant and unknown localities. The article is headed a "Zoological Enigma" the dog was an English pointer. He was first sent by rail to a rural home in Eastern Ohio, but made his way to the city the next day. He returned regularly from every place to which he was sent, whatever precautions were taken. At the suggestion of some sportsmen and naturalists, the dog was put under the influence of morphine and taken in a caboose to Somerset, Ky. under charge of a freight conductor. The dog upon recovering from the drug, escaped from the car and started for Cincinnati, a distance of 142 miles. In twenty-eight hours after leaving the car his doleful greeting his master in the city.

But the naturalists were not satisfied, and it was decided to make another test. The dog was sent to Covington, where he was placed under the influence of ether by a stranger. His nose was bandaged with a rag saturated in his sk to destroy the scent, and taken by devious routes into one of the wildest regions of Kentucky. Two broad rivers and three steep mountain ranges separated him from Cincinnati. In five days the dog greeted his master in the streets of Cincinnati. How this feat was accomplished nobody knows. Man cannot conceive of such powers as this dog possessed. The dog had a sense of direction utterly unknown to man. What that sense is cannot be explained. Some investigators term it a sixth sense. Dr. Oswald, without attempting to explain the dog's actions, suggested that the ability it possesses to judge direction, was derived from remote ancestors in Turkestan or on the Hindoo Koosh, where dogs had to travel long distances in search of food for their young. The necessity of distant journeys so sharpened the sense of direction that the dogs possess that sense in the highest degree. Still the dog's action is an enigma.—Rochester Chronicle.

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