BRYAN SHEDS TEARS WHEN HE HEARS THE TRAGIC NEWS

Affected by the Pathetic Parting Between the President and Mrs. McKinley.

Refers to the High Personal Esteem in Which He Held the Chief Executive.

Chicago, Sept. 13.—Of the sorrowful tiding from the president's bedside, Colonel William J. Bryan said tonight to a representative of the Associated Press:

"I cannot believe the president's life is to end this way. It seems impossible. I simply will not believe that he can die from an assassin's bullet until I hear that he has breathed his last. While there is life there is hope."

Mr. Bryan arrived here from Lincoln, Neb., at 8:30 p. m., over the Burlington, and was driven at once to the Sherman house. While Mr. Bryan was talking, his head bowed and he appeared to be greatly dejected. Over and over again he repeated the words: "I cannot believe his life is to end this way."

"I have already spoken of the horror in which I regard the assassin's crime," he added. "I have already spoken of the high personal esteem in which I held Mr. McKinley. In this moment of sorrow I can add nothing to either."

Later, when the committee of the Carter Harrison league, at whose picnic Mr. Bryan was to have spoken tomorrow, announced that the demonstration had been abandoned, Mr. Bryan, in a voice that shook with emotion, read the following:

"I most cordially commend your action in abandoning the contemplated demonstration. We are all oppressed by the grief which has fallen upon the nation. We have no spirit for a partisan meeting at this time, for partisanship is swallowed up in universal sorrow. Political controversies and the prizes and disappointments which attended dwindle into insignificance when we stand in the presence of the tragedy which seems likely to rob the nation of its chief executive.

"We all feel the humiliation that our country has suffered and our hearts are with the lovely woman from whom foul and brutal assassination is taking one of the most faithful and tender of husbands. Whether the heroic struggle ends fatally, or in his restoration to health, you have acted wisely."

When Mr. Bryan ceased reading his face was exceedingly grave. He was shown the latest Associated Press bulletins, which he read carefully and with downcast head, and when he looked up tears stood in his eyes. In a voice that broke he indicated the bulletin wherein the dying president was said to be murmuring "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and said:

"Isn't that pitiful—it's too pitiful."

"'God's will be done,'" he read in another bulletin, giving the president's last words to Mrs. McKinley, and again Mr. Bryan was deeply moved. He made no comment, but tears again came streaming from his eyes. He stood like one looking on the bier of a loved one and the room was hushed in funeral silence.

It was with an effort that the Democratic leader threw off the evidence of grief and shook hands with the committee, the members of which had been sympathetic spectators. Mr. Bryan was accompanied by Mayor Harrison to the Burlington station and at 11:30 p. m. departed for Lincoln.

M'KINLEY'S LIFE TOLD IN BRIEF.

Born January 29, 1843.
Enlisted in Union army June 11, 1861.
Commissioned as lieutenant Sept. 24, 1862.
Made first lieutenant Feb. 7, 1863.
Made captain July 25, 1864.
Admitted to the bar in March, 1867.
Elected prosecuting attorney in 1869.
Married Jan. 25, 1871.
Nominated for congress and elected in 1876.
Re-elected to congress in 1878.
Succeeded President Garfield as chairman of ways and means committee, December, 1880.
Re-elected to congress in 1880, 1882, 1884, 1886, 1888.
Defeated for congress in 1890.
Nominated for governor in June, 1891.
Elected in November, 1891.
Re-elected in November, 1893.
Nominated for president June 1, 1896.
Elected president Nov. 3, 1896.
Re-elected Nov. 6, 1900.
Shot Sept. 6, 1901.
Died Sept. 14, 1901.

LAST CONSCIOUS HOUR WAS SPENT WITH HIS WIFE

(Continued from page 1.)

Below stairs the grief-stricken gathering waited sadly for the end. All the evening those who had hastened here as fast as steel and steam could carry them, continued to arrive. They drove up in carriages at a gallop, or were whisked up in automobiles, all intent upon getting here before death came. One of the last to arrive was Attorney General Knox, who reached the house at 9:30. He was permitted to go upstairs to look for the last time upon the face of his chief.

Those in the house at this time were Secretaries Hitchcock, Wilson and Root; Senators Fairbanks, Hanna and Burrows; John Day, Abner McKinley, the president's brother, and his wife; Dr. and Mrs. Baer, the president's niece and her husband; Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Duncan, the president's sisters; Mrs. Mary Barber, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. McKinley's cousin, the physicians, including Dr. McBurney, who arrived after 8 o'clock; John G. Milburn, John N. Scratcherd, Harry Hamlin, all of this city; Secretary Cortelyou and a number of others.

PRESIDENT STILL LINGERED ON.

Rev. C. D. Wilson, a Methodist minister, who was the president's pastor for three years at Canton, called at the residence to inquire whether his services were needed, but did not enter the house. Another Methodist minister who has a church near by remained at the Milburn residence for two hours, in the belief that his services might be desired. At 9:37 Secretary Cortelyou, who had been much of the time with his dying chief, sent out formal notification that the president was dying. But the president lingered on, his pulse growing fainter and fainter.

There was no need for official bulletins after this. Those who came from the house at intervals told the same story—that the president was dying, and that the end might come at any time. His tremendous vitality was the only remaining factor in the result, and this gave hope only of brief postponement of the end. Dr. Mynter thought he might last until 2 a. m. Dr. Mann said at 11 o'clock that the president was still alive, and probably would live an hour. Thus minutes lengthened to hours, and midnight came with the president still battling against death.

At the midnight hour the Milburn house was the center of a scene as animated as though it were mid-day, although a solemn hush hung over the great crowd of watchers. The entire lower part of the house was aglow with light, and the many attendants, friends and relatives could be seen within, moving about and occasionally coming in groups to the front door [illegible] a breath of air. In the upper front chambers the lights were low, and [illegible]nd on the north side, where the chamber of death is located, there were [illegible] lights, some burning brightly and then turned low.

Secretary Root and Secretary Wilson came from the house about midnight and paced up and down the sidewalk. All that Secretary Root said was: "The night has not yet come."

TRY TO KEEP LIFE'S SPARK BURNING.

Despite the fact that vitality continued to ebb as midnight approached, no efforts were spared to keep the spark of life glowing. Dr. Janeway of New York City arrived at the station at 11:40 o'clock. He was shown to the president's room at once, and began an examination of the almost inanimate form. Secretary Long arrived at the Milburn house at 12:06 o'clock. This was his first visit to the city, and he had the extreme satisfaction of seeing the president alive, even though he was not conscious of his visitor's presence.

Vice President Roosevelt had been notified early in the day of the critical state of affairs. There was no longer a doubt that in the approaching death of the president a complete change in the executive administration of the government would ensue. When Mr. Roosevelt would take the oath of office was wholly a matter of conjecture. President Arthur took the oath at 2 a. m. after the death of Garfield, and in that case Justice Brady of New York administered the oath. There is no requirement that the oath shall be administered by a justice of the supreme court of the United States, although that procedure is adopted when circumstances permit.

Without unseemly haste the members of the cabinet will tender their resignations, and the new president will then be free to initiate his own policy and choose his own cabinet.

There is little possibility tonight that Mr. Roosevelt will get here. Ansley Wilcox, who entertained the vice president when he was here last, said to inquirers that the best information he had was that Mr. Roosevelt would be here tomorrow morning, and that would bring him here about noon. Mr. Wilcox said in explanation of Mr. Roosevelt's being so far out of touch:

"The vice president was at all times very optimistic, and when he went away was absolutely positive that the president would recover, and that the convalescence would be rapid. He certainly never expected today's sad occurrences."

WAITING FOR THE FINAL STRUGGLE.

Shortly after midnight the president's breathing was barely perceptible. His pulse had practically ceased, and the extremities were cold. It was recognized that nothing remained but the last struggle, and some of [illegible] friends of the family who had remained through the day began to [illegible] the house.

Such an intense state of anxiety existed among the watchers that [illegible] gained frequent circulation that death had already occurred. The [illegible]ival of the coroner gave rise to one such rumor, and a flood of ground[illegible] dispatches were sent, saying that the end had come. These were speed[illegible] at rest by an official statement from within the house that the re[illegible] death were groundless, and that the president still lived.

[illegible] Wilson said that he had been ordered by the district attorney [illegible] to go to the Milburn residence as soon as possible after the [illegible] of death. He had seen a reputable local paper issued with [illegible] that the president died at 11:06 p. m., and had hurried [illegible] would be no delay in removing the body. He was very much chagrined when Dr. Mann met him at the door and told him that his services were not required, and that he would be notified when he was wanted.

Dr. Mann said that the president was still alive, and that Dr. Janeway was examining the heart action. There was really no hope, but he did not desire gruesome anticipation.

WILL BE A STATE FUNERAL.

The president's remains will be taken to Washington, and there will be a state funeral. Vice President Roosevelt, who now succeeds to the presidency, may take the oath of office wherever he happens to hear the news. The cabinet, will, of course, resign in a body, and President Roosevelt will have an opportunity of forming a new cabinet if he so desires.

It is almost certain that an autopsy on the president's body will be held to determine the exact cause of death. This is the wish of all the surgeons and physicians who were in attendance. The peculiar action of the president's heart was more or less of a puzzle to them all, and Dr. McBurney expressed the opinion that in the interest of science, as well as the interest of the government and the world, it was desirable that the exact cause of death be determined.

The president's heart gave trouble from the beginning, but its erratic action was at first thought to be due to the shock of the wound. When the wound had begun to progress favorably the heart gave more trouble and anxiety than ever. Its action became feeble, and finally gave out altogether.

The theory of at least one of the physicians is that the original shock caused by the first wound over the heart had much to do with the trouble which caused death.

SCENES ABOUT MILBURN HOUSE.

At 9:30 this morning the scene about the Milburn residence was one that will live in the memory of those who witnessed it as long as life lasts. Down the streets in every direction people were massed, hundreds deep, while at the corner where the headquarters of the press are located, correspondents of all the leading journals of the world were waiting, ready to flash the first news as far as the wires reach, while within the tents the busy telegraph instruments were clicking off the sad intelligence. In front of the residence the blue-coated soldiers paced with arms at right shoulder. All were waiting, waiting almost breathlessly for the news.

The doctors finished their consultation at 9:40. They left the house together and stopped for a few minutes on the lawn to convey their verdict first to the president's brother. Chaplain Sykes of the navy, in his black vestments, who had come to inquire after the president's health, lifted his hat as the men upon whom the president's life depended passed him. The physicians looked serious as they walked away from the residence.

Dr. Mann and Dr. Mynter came away together. "We are very anxious," said Dr. Mann, "very anxious," he repeated, as he entered the carriage in waiting.

"Have you given up hope?"

"By no means," replied the doctor.

"Is he better than when you saw him last?"

"He is better than he was in the early hours of the morning," he responded, as he directed the coachman to drive away.

Dr. Mynter had little encouragement to offer. "I am not absolutely without hope," said he. "The president has a fighting chance, but I would be more hopeful if the day were passed and he had gained a little strength. He has improved since early this morning, but the improvement is very slight. The trouble lies with his heart. We are stimulating it and our treatment has been fairly successful."

STIMULANTS WERE BEING INJECTED.

Dr. Mynter admitted that saline solution and other means to keep the action of the heart were being administered.

"Do you still have hope of saving the president's life?" Dr. Mynter was asked.

"I will say in answer to your question," replied Dr. Mynter, hesitatingly, "that I do not consider the case absolutely hopeless. I should be more hopeful if the day were passed and it had shown some improvement in his condition."

Dr. Mynter's remarks left the inference that the crisis might be prolonged.

The bulletin, when issued, was slightly reassuring, and indicated that the crisis might be prolonged, stating definitely that the president's condition had somewhat improved during the past few hours, and that there was better response to stimulation, but his pulse was up to 128, and the conviction grew that it was almost a forlorn hope.

It was learned that the physicians had decided that it would not be well for Mrs. McKinley to enter the sick room today, both on account of her feeble health and the excitement it might cause the president.

Shortly after 11 o'clock the intimate friends and relatives of the president who were telegraphed for early this morning began to arrive, and soon after 10 o'clock there was assembled in the downstairs rooms of the Milburn house Senators Hanna and Fairbanks, ex-Secretary of State Day, Secretary Wilson and Secretary Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Baer, Abner McKinley, Miss Helen McKinley and Mrs. E. Duncan, sisters of the president, and Mrs. Lafayette McWilliams, in addition to John G. Milburn, former Postmaster Bissell, John N. Scatherd of Buffalo and Representative Alexander of the Buffalo district. The latter came from the house and said:

"If the president successfully weathers the morning, his chances of ultimate recovery will be greatly increased, because his condition, other than his heart weakness, is very encouraging."

SENATOR HANNA ARRIVES.

Senator Hanna came on a special train from Cleveland, making the run in the remarkably fast time of three hours. He was accompanied by Mrs. Hanna, Colonel Myron T. Herrick, Miss Barber and a few other friends of the president. He received the news at 4 o'clock this morning and immediately ordered a special train.

All the cabinet officers were telegraphed at 3 o'clock this morning. Dr. W. W. Johnson of Washington, who is at Portsmouth, N. H., and Dr. Janeway of New York, both celebrated heart specialists, were summoned.

A celebrated heart specialist who has been watching the bulletins closely, has expressed the opinion that the extreme weakness of the heart was due to the shock of the first bullet, which struck the president's breast bone and is now manifesting itself for the first time.

This morning, when the nurses sought to adjust the pillows, so as to shut out the light of the window, the president protested.

"No, I want to see the trees," he murmured. "They are so beautiful."

The doctors believed he fully realized how low he was, although he was not informed. When Mrs. McKinley was told that it would be better for her not to see him this morning, she assented without protest, but she seemed to realize the full import of the request, though she said nothing.

New York Ministers Alarmed by Success of Mormons.

Annoyed by the apparent success achieved by the Mormon missionaries engaged in proselyting in the Bronx, clergymen and laymen are considering the advisability of organizing an association of all the churches to combat the influence of the Latter-day Saints, says the New York Herald.

Ever since Mrs. Blair and Miss Dickerson, president and secretary, respectively, of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Port Morris Congregational church, resigned from their positions last June, to embrace the faith of the Mormons, there has been a steady growth in the attendance at the nightly street meetings and Sunday night services given by the missionaries of the Utah church.

In their efforts to make converts the Mormons have been employing the same methods as the Salvation Army by appealing to the public from the street corners through singing and preaching. They have no instrumental music like the Salvationists, and as a rule the Mormon elders who conduct the meetings are more intelligent and subtle in their persistent argument than the average Salvation Army leader.

Meetings are held every night on some one of the street corners of the Bronx, and it has been noticed that the elders have won the confidence of many. They are no longer hooted, and instead of a slim attendance they now attract audiences of several hundred respectful listeners. The elders dress well and are good looking.

The spreading interest among women in the work of the Mormons has stirred up the pastors of the local churches.

Many assert that the Mormons deceive their street audiences by preaching to them for half an hour or more in an interesting manner that ingratiates them into the confidence of their listeners before telling them that they are Mormons. Several of the church pastors have discussed with each other the necessity of taking some effective means of checking the development of Mormonism, which they fear is menacing their congregations.

There is a probability that a call will be issued in a few days for a meeting of all the pastors who are interested in the movement, and a plan of campaign will then be determined upon.

ENDS IN A FIASCO.

Sensational Mining Suit at Boise is Settled.

Boise, Ida., Sept. 13.—One of the most sensational mining suits in the history of the northwest was up before Judge Beatty, in the United States court today, but it resulted in something of a fiasco. It was the case brought by Patrick Clark of Spokane and others against the Buffalo Hump Mining company and the Empire State Idaho Mining & Development company, wherein Charles Sweeney and Frank R. Culbertson were charged with conspiracy and fraud in inducing the plaintiffs to sell the Ella mining claim in the Coeur D'Alenes to the defendant companies for $4,000.

The property has proved enormously valuable, the amount at stake being placed at as much as $1,000,000. The plaintiffs asked for a receiver and an injunction. The application for an injunction was to have been heard today.

When the defense this morning filed their answer with a number of affidavits, the plaintiffs asked until 2 o'clock to consider. Before that hour they asked what terms of settlement would be accepted. The reply was that the terms would be withdrawal for the application for a receiver, and therefore an injunction to prevent the defendants from continuing to work the Ella through the workings of the Tiger-Poorman, which they have been doing.

These terms were accepted, the plaintiffs being accorded the privilege of going into the property in dispute at will for the purpose of making examinations and surveys. The main case remains undisposed of, but this action today is considered of great significance.

EMMA GOLDMAN TO ESCAPE PROSECUTION

Police Admit They Have No Case Against Her.

SHE WILL BE RELEASED

UNABLE TO CONNECT HER WITH CZOLGOSZ'S MOVEMENTS.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 13.—The police have failed absolutely to in any way connect Czolgosz's movements with those of Emma Goldman. His family deny that he had any of her literature in his possession, and no one could be found who had ever seen him at any of her meetings.

"I am still of the opinion that there is no anarchist society here and no anarchistic plot to kill the president was formulated in this city," said Chief Corner today.

Buffalo, Sept. 13.—William S. Bull, superintendent of the Buffalo police, called at the Milburn house at 3:15 to inquire as to the condition of the president. The superintendent said that it seemed practically certain that Emma Goldman could not be held on any evidence possessed by the authorities here.

Czolgosz has made no new statements or confessions today and maintains a demeanor of stolid indifference and nonchalance.

ANARCHISTS' CASES ARE HEARD IN COURT.

Chicago, Sept. 13.—Hearing on the writ of habeas corpus issued Wednesday for the release of the anarchists under arrest here began before Judge Chetlain in the criminal court at 11:40 a. m. today. Judge Chetlain arrived at 11:30 a. m., and a few minutes later the nine prisoners, charged with conspiracy to kill the president, were led in and given seats behind a row of bailiffs.

Sheriff Magesstedt was present in person. Throughout the room were deputy sheriffs and detectives in plain clothes, the sheriff having determined to take every possible precaution against trouble.

The writ of habeas corpus having been complied with, the production of the nine prisoners in court, counsel then made returns in behalf of the sheriff, the chief of police and Justice Prindiville, who, according to the petition, held the prisoners under restraint illegally. The prisoners brought into court were: Abraham Isaak, Abram Isaak, jr., Clemens Pfuetzner, Hippolyte Havel, Henry Travaglio, Michael Roze, Martin Roznick, Morris J. Fox.

Emma Goldman was not present, but Justice Prindiville had promised to follow whatever decision was made by Judge Chetlain.

Leopold Saltiel, representing the prisoners, opened the argument, asking for the release of his clients on the ground that they were being held without a shadow of legal reason. Attorney Saltiel claimed that all the warrants were insufficient and were issued under false pretense.

John F. Geeting, assistant counsel for the prisoners, followed Mr. Saltiel.

When Lawyer Geeting ceased speaking Mr. Taylor, for the city, arose and said the only question before the court was the adequate jurisdiction of the justice court—that is, the jurisdiction of Magistrate Prindiville. His argument was technical, tending to uphold the authority of the lower court and the legality of the official acts of Magistrate Prindiville. The case was then postponed until 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, no decision being given on any of the points raised.

In informal remarks made for the benefit of the counsel, the court seemed to incline to the belief that the police had the right to hold the anarchists as a precautionary measure, even though evidence was lacking to convict them of any crime. Counsel for the city admitted that there was no evidence to hold the prisoners, but pleaded in justification of holding them, the world-wide moment of the case.

Police Fear No Danger.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 13.—Chief Bull said tonight with reference to the rumors of the removal of Czolgosz: "There is only one person to whose custody the prisoner could be removed, and that is the sheriff of Erie county. He has not been turned over to him and it will be some time before Czolgosz leaves my custody. The arrangements we made were to provide for any contingency that might arise. I am now sure that there is no danger of any trouble in this city."

CZOLGOSZ SHOWS NO SIGN OF BREAKING.

Buffalo, Sept. 13.—The insanity experts who are keeping close watch on Czolgosz say he is not breaking down. Drs. Fowler and Crego, the police surgeons, saw him again last evening for a short time.

"Is he showing any sign of breaking down?" Dr. Fowler was asked.

"No."

"His condition is unchanged?"

"Yes."

The police deny the report that the prisoner is being closely confied to his cell. They say he is allowed to take a little air daily, consisting in walking up and down the corridor outside his cell.

FIND BOMB FUSE IN HOUSE OF ANARCHIST.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 13.—In a frame building on Broadway the Cleveland detectives have discovered evidence which, while not tending to prove the existence of an anarchist plot against President McKinley, will at least serve to hold one man, who was arrested in Chicago.

As soon as information was received here of the arrest of Edmund Wolcinynski of this city in Chicago, Sergeant Doran and Detective Schemunk were detailed to search the house in which he lived, at No. 170 Broadway. They found stored away on top of a cupboard ten feet of fuse, such as is ordinarily used in the manufacture of dynamite bombs. The information was at once telegraphed to the Chicago authorities.

Chicago, Sept. 13.—Edmund Wolcinynski, in whose house in Cleveland fifty feet of fuse is said to have been found, is at liberty in this city. Chief O'Neill said he doubted the importance of the find, but if Wolcinynski should be wanted he could be arrested within twenty minutes.

Cleveland Grieved at News.

Princeton, N. J., Sept. 13.—Ex-President Grover Cleveland, when told of President McKinley's serious sinking spell, said: "This is very sorrowful news." When asked if he would say something regarding the president, he replied that he thought that it would be out of place to say anything at present.

Most's Hearing Continued.

New York, Sept. 13.—Johann Most, who was arrested last night on the charge of circulating incendiary literature, calculated to incite unlawful acts, was arraigned in police court today. At the prisoner's request his examination was set for Monday, Sept. 16. Bail was fixed at $1,000, but Most was locked up in default of that amount.

THEATS OF LYNCHING ARE MADE IN CHICAGO.

Chief of Police Orders Every Available Officer to Be Kept in Reserve.

Chicago, Sept. 13.—Chicago was quiet all evening. Around all the bulletin boards in different parts of the city large crowds gathered to get the latest news of the president's condition. There were many expressions of deep feeling against the murderer, and not a few were leveled at the anarchists confined in the county jail here, and toward Emma Goldman, who is held in the Harrison street police station. There were no speeches but the crowds were in a dangerous temper, and had any of the anarchists, man or woman, been turned loose, a killing would have followed as soon as the crowd could have managed it.

Three men, one of them the son of a prominent hotelkeeper, visited the offices of the newspapers during the early part of the evening with a call written out and signed by all three, stating that if there were definite news of the death of President McKinley by 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, they wanted 10,000 men to meet them in front of the jail and take steps to lynch the anarchists confined in the building. Their call met with little response, although the general feeling was with them. There were no crowds around the jail or around the Harrison street station, nor were there any indications of any trouble.

General orders were issued tonight by Chief of Police O'Neill for every available man on the police force throughout the city to be kept in reserve in the event that there was any demonstration against the anarchists. At the central station thirty-five men were detailed to watch the principal hotels and public buildings for any signs of a demonstration, and thirty more were held in reserve. At the detail station the entire day force was held on reserve duty.

"We are prepared for any kind of an emergency," said Chief O'Neill.

ROOSEVELT WILL TAKE THE OATH OF OFFICE TODAY

(Continued from page 1.)

a hunting expedition, by guides who had been sent out early in the day to deliver to him the telegram from Buffalo announcing a change for the worse in the president's condition.

At 9:45 o'clock tonight Superintendent Hommand of the Delaware & Hudson, who has been at North creek all day with a special train to bring Vice President Roosevelt to Albany, telegraphed the train dispatcher's office in this city that Mr. Roosevelt could not possibly reach North creek before 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Hammond also wired to Superintendent Harrington of this division of the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, saying Mr. Roosevelt could not possibly reach Albany before 7 or 8 o'clock tomorrow morning.

The Delaware & Hudson officials who know the territory said to a representative of the Associated Press that the vice president had a long, hard ride before him to reach North Creek.

North Creek, N. Y., Sept. 14.—President Roosevelt arrived at Aiden Lair at 3:15 a. m. The sixteen miles between that place and this village will be covered in the quickest possible time. A relay of horses has been provided in order that he may reach North Creek, where his special train awaits him.

The roads are in a very poor condition on account of the heavy rainfall of the past two days, and but slow progress can be made. If nothing happens to prevent it he should arrive here about 5 o'clock.

Mr. Roosevelt is now within reach of telephone communication, but has not been informed of President McKinley's death and will not be until he arrives at North Creek.

The road traveled from Aiden Lair to this place is through heavy forest timber and will be attended with more or less danger. The roads are very narrow in many places, with the deep ravines on either side. A slight deviation would mean a broken carriage or perhaps more serious trouble.

Situation is Grave.

Washington, Sept. 13.—The consul at Maracaibo, Venezuela, has informed the state department, under date of Aug. 31, that no disquieting news has been received from the state of Tachira, but that the situation on the frontier of the Indian territory of Lagoagira is very grave and that large bodies of Colombian troops are missing. Several small fights between them and the Venezuelan troops have taken place and many wounded have been brought to Maracaibo. Recruiting is going on daily, animals and steers are being taken for government service, and the commerce of the region is crippled.

LOCATED BY LUCK.

The Story of a Valuable Montana Gold Mine.

(Robert White in Pittsburg Dispatch.)

Helena, Mont., Aug. 22.—The pilgrim that comes into this country from the effete east to snow the old-timers how to prospect for gold gets the "glad hand" all around. The miners are pleased to know him, and they try to keep in touch with him while he remains in the country. There is not so much fun lying around loose that they can afford to miss any of it. The pilgrim stacks up against experience good and hard, and by the time he has acquired a little wisdom the old-timers are perfectly willing to stop laughing long enough to catch their breath.

This information is mine to give away. I bought and paid for it.

Three years ago I had the Klondike fever, but the Spanish war came along and cured me of it temporarily. There was a taint of it left, however, for I promised myself at the time that one day I would invade the gold regions and show the inhabitants a theory or two that would paralyze them. As a man can't get to Alaska and back and do any gold discovering in a vacation lasting only a month, I decided this summer to test my theories in Montana, as, being within walking distance of home, I have just finished the operation, and I must say that I believe Montanans paralyze easier than I supposed Alaskans would—only in a different way.

I didn't lose any time after reaching Helena. Opportunities were going to waste all around me, I felt sure. I ought to say that one of my theories was based on a newspaper story that I read about Senator Clark. It seems he bought a mine of flint rock over in the Whitehall country, south of Helena. The rock looked for all the world like that of which the Indians used to make their arrow heads. There wasn't a speck of gold visible in it, the story said, and even when it was crushed and panned it didn't show a color. Senator Clark paid $150,000 for the mine—the Mayflower, I believe it is called—and folk laughed at him. But when he had run that flint rock through his Butte reduction works it was found that it contained gold to the amount of $200 to the ton.

That settles it, I told myself at the time. These fellows who are looking for gold in certain geological formations are off on the wrong scent. I'll just get into the country where gold is found and go to digging in any old place. It's as likely to be in one spot as another; in slate or red sandstone, as well as in silica and quartz.

As our train pulled into Helena a thing happened that strengthened my theory. An old man in the next seat was talking to a drummer about mining. The drummer said that the people over Pipestone Springs way were dreadfuly disappointed at the failure of some rich looking rock to pay smelting charges. From surface indications they thought they had a good thing and it just crushed them to learn that the rock carried only a trace. Best looking prospect in the country, too. Vein a true fissure, walls granite, country rock limestone, highly mineralized, and all that.

"I don't go none on appearances no more," the old man said. "I've been mining forty years in this country. I've made some good strikes in rock that didn't ought to have any gold in it, and I've been badly bent by prospects that were so durned pretty that I hate to let go even when I knew the stuff wasn't in 'em. Fact is, young man, gold grows just wherever you find it. When you strike that place don't say it's against nature and go away, but just harvest the stuff right there. Geology's all right, I reckon, but we ain't looking for it as hard out here as we are for the yellow. Take that without regard to geology, even if you find it growing on trees."

I asked the conductor who the old man was. "That's Tommy Cruse," he said. "The fellow who made a couple of million or so out the Drum Lummon."

I'm not conceited, but I think I know a good thing when I see it. This one was so patent that it stared me in the face. Tommy Cruse had spent forty years of his life in discovering a fact that superior intelligence had revealed to me in a flash. I looked Tommy over and felt rather sorry for him. If only he had started out as I was starting, his forty years of wasted energy might have been forty years of prosperity.

As I have said, I didn't waste much time in Helena. I rustled around and bought a good looking cayuse for $27, a burro for $18, some picks, a shovel, a T-tent and a camping outfit. These things were loaded on to the burro and roped there for me by the man who owns the corral where I bought the horse and burro. Then I took the trail that leads over the mountains from Helena to Butte, determined to make camp at the first likely spot I encountered and go to work.

Twenty miles from Helena I met a prospector, who advised me to go round by way of Jack creek. A couple of Swedes had struck it rich over in there, he said, and it was a promising locality. Going down from the divide into Jack creek the flank cinch on my saddle annoyed the cayuse. I'm not much of a rider, and so I failed to discover it until it had irritated him beyond endurance. A bucking horse should not be admitted to the companionship of a respectable prospector. When I recovered consciousness the cayuse was out of sight, but the burro was grazing peacefully beside me. I was sorry to lose the saddle, but I conceived a sudden and violent dislike to the horse, and if ever I had seen him again I fear I should have been unkind to him.

Made a Start at Mining.

The burro and I went down the creek to water and there I made camp. It was rather lonesome, and mosquitoes were so plentiful that I did not sleep much. I'm rather superstitious, too, and it struck me after a time that the cayuse had deposited me (with unnecessary violence, to be sure) in a mass of rock that it might be worth my while to investigate. I couldn't be sure that Fate had not purposely landed me there, and that my bruises were not necessary to make me keep the place in mind.

Next morning I went back to that spot and made an examination. Sure enough it was an outcropping of quartz—a sort of conglomerate of porphyry, silica and decomposed granite. It did not look to be of much value, but as it didn't have to, according to my theory, I started in on it with pick and shovel. When I knocked off for lunch I was so tired I hardly could walk, but as I knew my time was limited I crawled back to the "mine" in the afternoon and resumed work.

Along about 4 o'clock I chanced to look up and saw a man sitting on the sidehill watching me. I feared that he might be looking for a chance to jump the claim, so I called him down to me for a parley.

"Whatcher doin'?" was his first question, as he squatted on the edge of the hole I had made.

"Mining," I said briefly.

"Pshaw! So you are," said he.

"Living 'round here?" I asked.

"Just over the hill, on Jack," he replied.

"Mining?"

"No. Just potterin' 'round. Prospectin' a little now and then."

"Any claim jumper 'round here?"

'Hain't seen any. Haven't laid out a claim, have you?"

"No. I haven't measured it off yet. Waiting to see if it's worth while. Good country here, they tell me."

"Yessir. Country's a durned sight better than them that's in it."

This sounded a trifle ambiguous, but I asked him to come on down to camp and have a bite to eat. He didn't have time, he said, but he'd drop around from time to time and see how I was getting along. Then he went on over the hill and I went back to camp and the mosquitoes.

Next day I decided to measure off and stake my claim, and so I stepped off 1,500 feet in one direction and 600 in the other, and put up posts at each corner of the parallelogram. I also wrote out my location notice and tacked it against a tree that stood conveniently near to the discovery hole. Then I breathed easier. That made the claim mine according to law. All I had to do was to file a record of the claim with the clerk of the county. In respect to the manner of its discovery I named the mine the "Get Off Here."

That afternoon I turned up a piece of rotten quartz that was specked with free gold. There was no mistaking the value of the rock. It was rich. Usually I am self-contained, but that piece of quartz was too much for my nerves. I just jumped up and down and shouted. Then I heard some one else shout in reply, and my acquaintance of the day before strolled leisurely down the hill.

"Struck it?" he asked. It occurred to me that he was trying to appear unconcerned, and I pulled myself together and imitated him.

"Yes. I've turned up some pretty nice rock," I said, and I showed it to him. I expected to see him go up in the air as I had done, but instead he squatted comfortably on the edge of the discovery, held the rock to his mouth, blew upon it, rubbed it upon his sleeve, spat upon it, tasted it, and finally got out his knife and whittled at a pinhead of gold. Then he handed it back to me.

"That's good stuff," he said.

"Think it'll run a hundred to the ton?" I asked.

"Better'n that," he replied. "It'll go eight hundred."

Then he proceeded to give me some advice. No need to go any deeper, he said. What I ought to do was to uncover the lead to the same depth for forty or fifty feet either side to find how long the chute of ore was. That would enable me to fix its value.

I was grateful to him for his advice and offered him a half interest on the spot if he would turn in and help me.

"Haven't time," he said, calmly.

"But you're throwing away a fortune," I persisted. "Go halves with me."

"Couldn't think of it," he said, coolly. "See you later." Then he strolled off over the hill.

He came again next day and directed me how to proceed. In fact, he rather ordered than urged that I should dig along the lead and open it up as he had suggested the day before. I supposed that he had changed his mind and was going to accept my offer of a partnership. So I said to him, after he had been bossing the work for a couple of hours:

"Turn in and take a hand at the digging and rest me."

"Can't do it," he said. "I'm too busy."

It occurred to me after he had gone that for a busy man he had spent the best part of that day dodging labor. I supposed that he had some constitutional objection to hard work and let it go at that.

It was easy to see now why so many of these poor devils of miners never amounted to anything. And then I was thankful that he hadn't accepted my proposition to go halves. On the present showing the "Get Off Here" would sell for $50,000 at least. In the first flush of success I would have given him half of that sum. It wasn't comforting to reflect that my interests had been guarded by his density rather than by my own wisdom.

When he came around as usual the next afternoon I was less civil to him. And when he had examined the rock I was getting out and tasted some of it I waited for his opinion without asking for it.

"'Taint as good as the other," he said, after a time. "You have got to the end of the chute on this here side. Get to work on the other end."

"That's pay rock, all right," I said. "And just remember this, will you? I work at any end of this claim that I choose to. You've refused a half interest, and that let's you out."

I expected that this display of temper would drive him away, but I was mistaken.

"Oh, it's pay, all right," he said. "Only there's maybe better t'other side of you. Howsumever, work it any old way you like." And then he sat down and watched me until quitting time without another word.

That night I made up my mind to go into Helena the next day and have some of my rock tested. Getting up before daybreak, I hoisted my effects into a tree, and, getting astraddle of the burro, headed back over the trail. If there's anything on earth slower than a snail it's a burro that doesn't want to climb hills. I clubbed that animal until I was tired and ashamed of myself, and then I got down and walked. The burro went back to camp.

It was dark when I reached Helena, but worn out as I was I could not sleep until I had hunted up an assayer and offered him a bonus to put my sample through that night. His test showed that the rock was worth $224.32 a ton, and he said that by careful sorting I could get it up to $350. I figured it out quickly. Ten thousand tons at $350. Three and a half million dollars. I was a millionaire. From $30 a week to unlimited wealth in ten days! That's what intelligence does for a man!

Poor old Tommy Cruse and his wasted years! Why, he'd have been the richest man on earth if only he had started out with my——. But there. Why be egotistical? A man can only go according to his lights.

I couldn't sleep that night for the press of business that came upon me. There was the house that I intended to build on Fifth avenue. There was the troublesome question of safe investments at good interest to be considered. There was the stamp mill that would have to be put up on the "Get Off Here." There would be bullion to be sent to the mint. And then—ah, yes, there would be some shiftless, unfortunate devils or poor relations to plague me. Well, they could be pensioned off and got rid of. Something would have to be done for them, or I'd come in for a roast from the newspapers. "Bob Whyte, the billionaire"—I mean millionaire—"permits a relative to starve to death," or something like that. Well, I'd do something for them for policy sake. Next morning I telegraphed a resignation to my employer in New York. I didn't walk back to the "Get Off Here." I bought another horse—a gentle one this time—and arrived without accident. Hurrying up to the claim, I found my quondam acquaintance waiting for me and handed him the assayer's certificate. He looked it over and said, "Good."

"You should have got in on this when the chance offered," I remarked. "It's too late now."

"Oh, I dunno," he said. "Whatcher goin' to do now?"

"I've brought down a tape line this time and I'm going to go over my lines and make sure the measurements are correct," I replied. "Then I'm going in to record, get a surveyor, prove up and patent."

"I wouldn't go to all that trouble if I was you," he said.

"Why not?" I demanded.

"Gee! It's hot here in the sun. Come over to my shack and let me advise you," was his reply. It was the first time he had invited me to call.

I climbed the hill with him and on the other side saw a comfortable log cabin. "That's my shack," he said. "I'm Fred Fisher. What's your name?" I told him. We had been on intimate terms for several days and yet this was our formal introduction.

"Well, what do you advise?" I asked, when we were comfortably seated in the cool of his cabin.

"Why," he drawled, "first of all, I'l advise you to look that over." He handed me a patent issued by the United States government to Fred Fisher and John Fisher on the Galena mining claim, "situate on Jack creek, in an unorganized mining district, in the county of Jefferson, state of Montana," etc.

"That's just the sort of a paper I require," I said, as I gave it back to him. "Well?"

"Next I'll advise you to take a look out of that back window."

I did so. The view disclosed the mouth of a tunnel running into the hill. "That's the Galena, I suppose?" was my remark.

"It is," said Mr. Fisher, "and it runs straight through the hill. The end line is down by your camp. You used one of my corner posts to picket your burro to."

I was stunned. "Do you mean—?" I managed to get out, and he nodded.

"That you've been prospectin' on my patented ground, and I'm obliged to you for doin' of it. You ran your lines across the lead instead of along it and so you missed the cabin. I never found anything worth savin' till you came along, and I didn't interfere 'cause if you'd stopped, why, I'd a-had to do that diggin' myself. Much obliged to you for that, and for gettin' the stuff assayed for me. Now, if you don't mind, you can 'Get Off Here' and go prospecting somewhere else."

I have written to my boss asking him to advance me the money to come home on.

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