

MORNING APPEAL.

THURSDAY.....JANUARY 1, 1880

1880.

People have fallen into the habit of welcoming the glad New Year with shouts of acclamation and open arms. The APPEAL speeds the parting and welcomes the coming guest, like everybody else. Anything will do for a change, say we; coupled with a sneaking hope that the new comer will make a better record for himself. The most enthusiastic friends of '79 will not say much in his favor. He has smitten Nevada with adversity and flooded us with stock breaks, hard times and a fresh crop of mining experts. He has swept his scythe where the ripe wheat was tallest and thickest, and turned over the harvest to its rightful owner, Death. The sands of his hour glass, laggard though they were, seemed like the winged steeds of ancient fable when every grain marked the accumulation of interest on stock margins. From an agricultural stand point the retrospect is indeed a gloomy one. The grain crop on American Flat was almost a total failure. Six bushels of wheat raised by Ah Wing, the horny fisted agriculturist of Silver City, was the sum total of our cereal output, against nearly double the amount for 1878. Farmer Treadway brings us the mournful intelligence that his attempt to raise a 10 pound pumpkin was really a failure, all newspaper reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Yet in the midst of this murky-ness there shines "a star amid the gloom." The beer yield has been something worth speaking of. Over 100,000 barrels were manufactured in this State and the figures are constantly increasing. The Carson brand is rapidly pushing to the front, and the brewery here makes such substantial and healthful brews that imitations have already sprung up all over the Union. Every cloud has its silver lining if we only get on the right side of the cloud. Our population has been increasing and the births have been more than the deaths. Our mines have been most gloriously assessed, but the bulk of the pungle come from our relatives in California, who can afford to pay. Possibly 1880 may be a better year. The decimal steps of Time are always noted for something good and the rosy little cherub which we welcome to-day looks like a boy, sound in mind and limb and worthy to bet on. The Comstock really never looked better, business is reviving all over the East, commerce is picking up and the healthful signs of prosperity are cheering indeed to any one who will take the trouble to observe them. The APPEAL wishes all its readers a Happy New Year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sara Bernhardt is credited with the remark that one honest child is the noblest work of God.

Mr. Cornell takes the Executive chair to-day, in place of Governor Robinson, of New York, retired.

A fire in Paducah, Ky., Tuesday destroyed the principal part of the city. Loss, \$119,000; insurance, \$85,000.

The Republican State Central Committee of Penn. have decided to call the State Convention at Harrisburg, February 4.

Chas. S. Brush of Cleveland, Ohio, has sold his English patents for an electric lighting apparatus, to a London company for \$150,000.

Chief Justice Charles Doe, of New Hampshire, is being urged by his friends for a position on the bench of the U. S. Supreme Court.

The friends of C. Colby, of Santa Cruz, who has been sentenced to be hanged, are circulating a petition to the Governor, asking for life imprisonment.

IMPORTANT TO DELINQUENTS.—The APPEAL yesterday morning received a bundle by Wells Fargo which was opened by the editor under the impression that it was a suit of clothes sent him by Rollin Daggett as the consummation of an election bet. It proved, however, to be a series of letters from "Pant," one of which will be found in this issue of the APPEAL. The manner in which he alternately stands in with, and walks over himself, will be fully appreciated by all who know him. The balance of the letters are filed away in a pigeon hole—how many of them we dare not tell but a good many. Those who wish to stop the APPEAL at once, can do so by paying their back subscriptions. Now is the time to settle and quit.

A Washington dispatch of the 30th gives the particulars of the partial destruction by fire of the handsome residence of ex Senator Stewart. The family had but recently reopened the house and it is supposed that the fire caught from a defective stove. Mrs. Stewart was out at the time of the fire, and her little child narrowly escaped being burned to death. The loss is estimated at about \$50,000.

The Stock Report alludes to Alfred Parof as "a man with a cheek that surpasses in immensity the facial area of a government mule." Such language is highly libelous, unless applied to Mark Burack or Steve Gage.

LAKE MINING DISTRICT.

THE MAMMOTH MINE REGARDED AS A FAILURE—GROSS MISMANAGEMENT AND BLUNDERING IGNORANCE THE CHIEF CAUSE.

ONLY \$27,400 BULLION PRODUCED AT A COST OF OVER \$200,000.

BODIE, December 27, 1879.

To EDITOR OF THE APPEAL: From a gentleman who recently arrived from Lake District en route for San Francisco the APPEAL correspondent has gathered an interesting history of that region and some account of the causes which have led to its failure as a profitable mining district.

For the past year or more there have been such glowing accounts of what the Mammoth mine was going to pan out that the public will hardly be prepared to learn now that the mine is regarded as a failure. Your informant, who has spent some months in Mammoth City, one of the best known writers on mines and mining on the coast, is a shrewd observer and knows whereof he speaks; and what is more, is like the APPEAL, not afraid to tell the truth. He attributes the failure of the district so far chiefly to the gross ignorance and blundering incapacity of those who have been entrusted with the development of the principal prospect there. There never was a company or set of stockholders so despoiled of their resources as those of the Mammoth mine. From the very time, nearly two years ago, when George L. Dodge sat on a stump 1,000 feet below the Mammoth croppings and said, "I don't want to know how rich they are; they'll do for a deal any how," down to the day when the croppings new \$14,000 tramway proved an abominable failure, the affairs of the Mammoth have been administered with an ignorance and recklessness that merits judicial investigation. The Superintendents, from Lambeth, who, our informant says, used to herd sheep down to Hardy, whom Col. Fair kicked out of the Ophir and drove off the Comstock for cause, have been men of low intelligence, comparative inexperience, and of no standing in mining circles. Yet to them has been entrusted the expenditure of an amount of money estimated by some as high as \$200,000. Lambeth spent several thousand dollars on a trestle work to bring ore down the mountain. It blew down the first high wind. Then he spent several thousand more on a chute lined with sheet iron, through which the ore was to be shot down the hill. The first car load converted it into tooth-picks. Then \$85,000 was spent on a mill (20 stamps to run by water power). This mill was built a mile away from the mine when it should have been built at the mine. When it was all completed two important discoveries were made, to wit: that the ore would not pay for milling and that the water power was not sufficient to drive the mill if it did. One day a big snow storm came along, demolished the pan room and operations ceased for the winter. In the Spring a little streak of specimen ore, very rich, was found in the mine, and the stock went booming from \$3 to \$15. Jim Morgan, Johnny Landers and several other knowing ones improved the occasion to get out. It was then resolved by some of those who got in and assumed the management, to rebuild the mill, put in 20 more stamps and run it by steam. They borrowed the money, some \$200,000, from the Bank of California, and by way of inspiring confidence, made Tom Bell President—a figure-head President. They sent up Hardy to superintend operations. Hardy was formerly a cattle herder on the San Joaquin plains, then he handled the yard stick in a thread and needle store in Sacramento, and it was in both these occupations that he learned what he knows about mining. Hardy's first brilliant stroke was the construction of a new tramway to convey ore from the mine to the mill. He built it on a grade of over 500 feet to the mile, and the loaded cars, five tons each, were to run in couples, by gravity—controlled only by the brakes. He laid the rails around sharp curves on a dead level, and hoisted it all over. The first car he ran through jumped the track at the first curve and smashed itself to pieces. The next one did the same and nearly killed the brakeman. Then the intelligent lariat slinger saw that his outer rail ought to have been elevated around the curves. He tried to do it but found that if he did the cars would not pass through the covering, and also through a long tunnel through which the road lay. Then the yard stick man began to swear, and for a week the rafted air about Mammoth took on all the colors of the rainbow. It was resolved that the tramway was a failure and that the old trestlework must again be used. But here it was discovered that while the finishing touches were being put on the new work, the old one had been torn down. More swearing, more carolean atmosphere. Then it took three weeks to rebuild the old trestle. Cost of whole experiment, rebuilding, etc., about \$15,000. My informant says that the mill is now running sporadically on ore that will not about \$5 a ton. It crushes about 20 tons a day when it can get it, but as the supply is being constantly interrupted by storms the average work is not over 40 tons a day. Yield about "\$6,000 to \$10,000 a month," which barely pays the cost of mine development. Meanwhile an assessment of \$1 is pending, and another is certain to come in order to clear up

the indebtedness. My informant says that the only hope of making the mine profitable is first the discovery of a paying ore body and next a change of management. The one is not likely to come without the other. The new management should employ an intelligent Superintendent, and should stop experimenting at heavy cost. Outside of a tunnel just commenced to prospect the Headlight and Monte Cristo localities, there are no operations going on at Lake. Mammoth City is almost deserted, dozens of houses are standing idle, and a number of business houses closed for the winter. INDEX.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

E. B. RAIL,

OPPOSITE CAPITOL BUILDING, CARSON, NEVADA.

Has just received a special assortment of

HOLIDAY GOODS!

WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT

LOWEST POSSIBLE RATES!

CONSISTING OF

Toilet and Mantle Sets, Vases, Statuettes, Majolica Ware, China Cups and Saucers, Flower Stands, Silvered Wire Goods, Panel Pictures, and a large assortment of Fancy Goods and Glassware

IMPORTER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Hardware,

Class & Crockery Ware,

Agricultural Implements.

ALSO

Paints, Oils and Brushes,

Stoves Ranges and Tinware,

Cans, Pistols and Ammunition

BIRD CAGES, Etc., Etc.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Call and Get Prices—Cheap for Cash

deals in

E. B. RAIL

MARBLE WORKS AGENCY.

M. EDWARD HARPER HAVING BEEN appointed agent for this place of the

GRASS VALLEY MARBLE WORKS.

is now prepared to furnish Grave-stones, Monuments, Mantels, Marble Tile, etc., on short notice, cheaper than can be furnished by any other parties. Designs can be seen at my residence, South side of King street, two blocks east of the Capitol. EDWARD HARPER, 1020-12

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine

G. B. WEBB,

(Successor to J. B. Corback.)

AUCTION AND COMMISSION BUSINESS,

AND DEALER IN

NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF UPHOLSTERING.

Just Received an Immense Consignment of Elegant Wall Paper.

Houses to Rent. — House and Farm Help Supplied. Goods Sold on Commission.

Carson City, Nevada, between the Carson Savings Bank and the Postoffice November 5, 1879. 1879

I AM ON THE WAR-PATH!

WITH THE CHOICEST ASSORTMENT OF

Diamonds,

Gold Headed Canes,

Fine Plated Silverware,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry

AS WAS EVER OFFERED FOR SALE IN THE STATE

N. B.—Don't fail to forget to remember to call somewhere else before call

H. C. McCLAY

HOLIDAY GOODS.

GREAT ATTRACTION!

GREAT ATTRACTION!

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

AT THE

PIONEER AND MAMMOTH STORE!

JOHN G. FOX!

LARGEST STOCK OF GOODS EVER OPENED OUT IN CARSON!

Diamonds, Gold and Silver Watches, Solid Silver and Plated Ware,

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

MECHANICAL TOYS,

FANCY GOODS,

GIFT BOOKS,

SEWING MACHINES,

TOYS, DOLLS,

GUNS, PISTOLS,

FISHING TACKLE,

PECK AND SNIDER'S CLUB SKATES,

AND ALL THEIR ARTICLES PERTAINING TO THE SPORTS OF THE FIELD.

A FULL LINE OF

OPTICAL GOODS—SPECTACLES GOLD, SILVER AND PEBBLE.

Choice Selections of Albums and Velvet Picture Frames, Ladies'

Work Boxes and Writing Desks, and Russia

Leather Goods in Great Variety.

MAGNIFICENT ASSORTMENT OF

FANCY STATIONERY!

CHINA CUPS AND SAUCERS, VASES, ETC.

GOLD PENS AND HOLDERS, TOOTHPICKS, ETC.

GOODS DAILY ARRIVING AND OPENING OUT.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

GEORGE C. THAXTER

HAS RECEIVED A FULL LINE OF

SUPERB HOLIDAY GOODS

AT PRICES WHICH

DEFY COMPETITION.

LADIES SHOULD INSPECT HIS

Toilet Articles and New Perfumes.

MITCHELL'S RESTAURANT,

Carson, Nevada. OPPOSITE CAPITOL

THIS ESTABLISHMENT HAS BEEN FITTED UP in fine style, with all modern conveniences. The patron will be furnished with all

The Delicacies of the Season.

Prepared in the highest style of the Art Cuisine by the

BEST FRENCH COOKS.

Selection being made from our regular bill of fare.

Private rooms for the accommodation of ladies and families, entrance on Second street, opposite Crumley House.

25¢ bills and parties furnished with supper stations, notice. Prices in accord with the times.

MITCHELL GLESONYCH, Proprietor. Carson, November 2.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

THE BEST SELECTED STOCK OF

BLACK AND COLORED SILKS

WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT LESS THAN

SAN FRANCISCO PRICES

CALL AT MORRIS & CO'S.

Carson, December 9, 1879.