

**A Couple of Drummers Who Had Struck Extremes.**

A Chicago drummer and a New York drummer met in a hotel one night and talked ten minutes of trade, ten minutes of choruses, ten minutes of politics, and concluded with a couple of Munchausen yarns that if properly paid for would be entitled to the biggest share of the cake, says the New York Mail and Express.

"I am just back from a three months' trip to Norway," said the New York man, "and had a great time. I tell you, but we struck some cold weather a few days after I got to North Trondhjem. We ran across an old dame named Lild, who had settled at the very spot where King Canute used to drink his eight flacons of ale for breakfast. Very cold there. The steam from the teakettle would fall like snow in front of the fireplace. Out in the open air, whenever a man spoke, his breath concealed so rapidly that his words actually fell on the ground. It was impossible to play a wind instrument. I tried to toot a French horn and couldn't sound B flat to save my life. The notes seemed to get stuck. A little dog we had went to sleep in front of the fire one night and the side furthest away from the blaze was frozen stiff."

"Pears that I must have struck the other extreme," said the Chicago drummer, as he lighted a fresh cigar. "I was out in southern California, near the edge of the desert, stopping with a farmer who had four acres in potatoes and four in popcorn. A hot wind swept in from the desert in the early part of August, and it was so hot that every potato in that patch was roasted in its jacket. 'I am a ruined man,' said the farmer. 'I hope not,' said I. 'It's a long lane that hasn't a rut in it, and it must be an ill wind, indeed, that doesn't blow somebody's barn over.' 'You're right,' said the farmer. 'I guess I'll set the Dominique hen on turkey eggs.' He started for the chicken-house, but in a minute came running back all excited. 'Come out here,' he yelled, 'and look at my field of corn. Just come and look at it.' I went out, and, if you'll believe me, every ear of corn in that field had popped. It looked like a cotton field for all the world. The farmer got to work, shoveled the corn up, and carted in sixteen double wagon loads to town and sold it. That's what I call a powerful spell of hot weather."

**CRIPPLE CREEK.**

**How the Famous Mining Town Sprang Into Existence.**

**For Many Years the Rich Gold Fields Were Used as a Cattle Ranch—The Discovery of a Drunken Blacksmith.**

The site of Cripple Creek was for ten years a cow pasture of two long-limbed old Kentuckians of the names of "Bob" and "Bill" Womax, who took up a section of land here under the desert land act about 1876. In the early days of gold excitement in Colorado, when people crossed the plains with "Pike's Peak or Bust" painted on their wagons, some little gold was washed out here, but not enough to encourage anyone to stay. So the prospectors passed on into the mountains and left the land for the Womax brothers to feed their cattle on.

They didn't dream, says the Chicago Record, that gold was there, and becoming tired of the place about seven years ago sold it to Bennett & Myers, a firm of real estate agents in Denver who had loaned them money. There were 400 or 500 cattle on the place, and several hundred miles of fencing, which inclosed about 50,000 acres of government land. For all this Bennett & Myers paid \$20,000, and when they got the title they organized the Pike's Peak cattle company, with a capital of \$1,000,000. But before they got things ready to put the stock on the market President Cleveland issued his proclamation ordering the cattlemen to tear down all the fences they had erected upon public land. That practically deprived the new company of 50,000 acres of pasturage and knocked the profits out of ranching in Colorado.

In February, 1891, Bennett & Myers got a letter from their foreman at the ranch, saying that gold had been discovered there, and the prospectors were digging holes all over the place, which made it dangerous for the cattle. Several cows had already fallen into these excavations and broken their legs, and he asked for instructions. They wrote back to him to run the miners off the place, but he replied that they were already several hundred in number, and it was folly to think of disturbing them. He followed his letter to Denver a few days after and gave his employers a description of affairs. So they went up to make an inspection, which resulted in the transfer of the cattle to a less valuable pasture, and the platting of a town site on eighty acres of the pasture. That sold off like hot cakes, and the town of Cripple Creek was born.

The man who discovered gold was a drunken blacksmith of Colorado Springs, of the name of Dick Wooten, who had been hanging around the ranch for months at a time, and of course found it by accident. He at once advertised the fact among all the prospectors and mining men in that part of the country, and they came up in swarms to scrape over the beds of the streams and rake out the grass

roots. A man by the name of Frisbee was the first to discover gold quartz a few weeks after Wooten's find. In less than six months there were a thousand prospectors at work in the valley, and now more than 4,000 miners are employed in the hundreds of mines that lie on that ranch alone. They have taken out more than \$7,000,000 or \$8,000,000 in gold. The yield for the first year was about \$900,000. In 1892 it reached \$1,500,000, and in 1893 \$2,400,000. The miners' strike last spring put things back enormously, but, notwithstanding between four and five months that were actually wasted, the yield this year will average \$700,000 a month, or a total of \$8,500,000. During this month they expect to reach the \$1,000,000 mark, and next year the output will be doubled.

Until recently very few of the miners had been working with improved machinery. Cripple Creek has been emphatically a poor man's camp; that is, the owners of most of the mines were men without capital to develop them, and they were compelled to putter along with the most primitive apparatus until they had made enough to buy modern machinery.

The Independence mine, which is regarded as the most valuable in the Cripple Creek district, is a good illustration. It was discovered and is owned by a man named W. S. or "Bill" Stratton, a carpenter at Colorado Springs, who came up to the camp to spend the Fourth of July in 1892. Wandering over what is known as Battle mountain, near the site of the present town of Victor, he said in a jocular way to his companion that he was going to throw his hat down the hill and locate a claim where it fell. He drove his stake, filed his papers, and "worked his assessment" according to law, and after awhile he struck a vein of gold that is said to be richer than any other that has been discovered here. He had no money and was very shy of partners. A Denver syndicate offered him \$1,000,000 for the property, and at first he thought they were joking. Little by little, as he got out the ore, he was able to make improvements, and upon the reputation of his mine he succeeded in persuading a Chicago firm to furnish him a \$50,000 plant that runs by electricity, and is said to be the best in the Cripple Creek camp. He gave notes in payment, and within twenty days after his machinery started was able to take them up with his profits. The mine is now paying \$90,000 a month net, the bankers here say, and there are millions of dollars in the ore in sight.

They call Bill Stratton "the king of Battle mountain."

**The Horse Came Back.**

A horse that belonged to a family of Bloomfield, N. Y., for twelve years was sold two years ago. A few days after the sale the animal returned to his old master, and although the faithful beast has been sold three times since then he has invariably returned. During his absence a setter dog has become attached to the horse, and the loving pair take all their trips together.

**NIAGARA'S POWER.**

**It Is Being Harnessed for Manufacturing Purposes.**

Engineers have estimated that the total water power of Niagara falls is seven million horse power. This estimate, to be sure, is in the main only a guess, but when the area drained into the lakes above Lake Ontario and passing through Niagara river be considered, the guess or estimate does not seem to be too large. The water surface of the great lakes above Ontario is 84,000 square miles, and the watershed of these lakes is 240,000 square miles—more than twice the area of Great Britain and Ireland. The total length of shore line is 5,000 miles, while the volume of water is 6,000 cubic miles, of which Lake Superior contains almost one-half. The rate of outflow at Buffalo is from 217,000 to 275,000 cubic feet per second, while the fall of the cataract is 165 feet. The volume of water in the lakes is such that it has been estimated that even if no rain fell the flow of the river would be continued at its present rate for one hundred years—that is, if the lakes could be gradually drained.

These are very large figures, says Harper's Weekly, but in the main they are the results of exact measurements. The small water powers in the world are uneven, and are affected by floods and droughts, but this great power at Niagara is as constant as anything in this world can be, not even the ice in the severest and longest winter ever known appreciably changing it. The present plant is intended only to utilize 125,000 horse power, and the turbines now in place are only for a small part of this. Other turbine wheels will be put in place as the demand for the power grows. The general plan of the company contemplates the ultimate use of 450,000 horse-power on the American side and a like amount in Canada. Such a power would turn all the wheels within a radius of 500 miles of the falls. At the present time a considerable part of the power developed is to be taken to Buffalo by electric transmission, and it is the confident expectation of the electricians now at work on the problem that the power can be taken as far east as Albany, 300 miles away, and delivered there cheaper than power can be generated by burning coal. If this be so, then all the country between Albany and the falls will be admirably adapted for manufacturing,

while the Erie canal will afford cheap and tolerably quick transportation, for there seems to be little difficulty in the way of hauling these boats by electric-al power.

**POOR MARKSMANSHIP.**

**Firing in Both Army and Navy Less Accurate Than Formerly.**

The training of naval artillerists has, in recent years, been given a good deal of attention, and no end of powder and shot has been expended in target practice designed to serve a more telling purpose in actual warfare, should the occasion present itself. It would seem, therefore, says Cassier's Magazine, that the floating equipments of naval powers of to-day ought to give good accounts of themselves in point of marksmanship if called into action, though it would be presumptuous to undertake to foreshadow possible results. If, on the other hand, past experience counts for anything, there would seem to have been a notable decline in accuracy in naval gunnery, growing with successive improvements in naval architecture and naval armament. It was estimated some years ago, from data furnished by target practice at sea, that a heavy gun must be discharged fifty times to make one effective hit. The old smooth-bores were credited with killing a man by the discharge of the gun's weight in shot; in other words three tons of thirty-two-pounder shot were required for the purpose. Actual service test with modern high-power guns, however—guns weighing twelve tons—has, within the past ten or twelve years, shown that it took about sixteen tons of projectiles to accomplish the same thing. It is interesting to note from what statistics are available that the introduction of rifled muskets into the armies has had a somewhat similar result. The old-time muskets, it is said, killed a man by firing at him his own weight in lead bullets, but the modern rifle, in the hands of the average soldier, so it has been figured out, does not effect a fatality until it has discharged twice the man's weight in lead. Both here, as well as in naval shooting, therefore, there has been shown to be an important demand for greater skill and care. Whether this has been met in any measure, future hostilities only will tell.

**TURNED FAKIR.**

**An Englishman Who Adopted the Religion of the Hindoos.**

A singular case of a European turning fakir, or Hindoo holy man—and that in the most European station in India—was lately brought to light, says the Pall Mall Gazette. At Bishop Cotton school, at Simla, there was once an English boy named Charles de Reusselte. He got into some boyish scrape, and, to avoid the consequences, absconded. Search proved abortive, and nothing more was heard of the fugitive. It appears now that he had wandered no farther away than Mount Takicho, just above. There he had taken refuge with the fakir of a native temple. He became first the holy man's acolyte and eventually his successor. His identity with the runaway school-boy was entirely lost, and the sanctity of his life made him an exceedingly influential personage. Meantime, Charles de Reusselte had become entitled to a large fortune, and was being advertised and sought for far and wide without success. One day a correspondent of the Lucknow Gazette, who chanced to be at Simla, fell in with the fakir, and either discovered his secret or had it communicated to him. But the heir manifested no desire to claim his inheritance. On the contrary, he assured the correspondent that he should never revert to the religion of his fathers, nor ever return to civilization. He was quite happy where he was.

**MONOCLES IN EUROPE.**

**Believed to Have Originated in the British Army—Favored by Continental Officers.**

In every capital of Europe the monocle is common enough, says the New York World. It attracts no attention on the street. In a row of men at a theater a considerable proportion are sure to have it. Perhaps half the officers in the German army wear monocles. They are seen in abundance at any meeting of the French academy. Even socialist deputies in France are not ashamed to go among their constituents wearing them. A session of the English house of commons glitters with solitary eyeglasses. The single eyeglass is said to have originated among the officers of the British army. About the beginning of the century an order was issued that army officers should not wear eyeglasses or spectacles. It was supposed that they gave the wearers an unmilitary appearance. The order caused severe inconvenience to many short-sighted officers, and one of them belonging to a crack regiment invented the single eyeglass; its use was no contravention of the order which prohibited spectacles and eyeglasses. It soon became very popular in the army and was afterward adopted. On account probably of this origin the single eyeglass is very generally worn in Europe by army officers. It is by some thought to give an aspect of determination and ferocity to the wearer, whereas eyeglasses lend an air of feebleness.

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