

MINES AND MINING NEWS

OUR NORTHWESTERN MINES.

Items Gleaned From Late Reports—All Districts Are Being Developed—A Prosperous Year Is Predicted—Mining Notes and Personals.

May 1 came and went at Butte, Mont., without the rumored trouble with the miners, but all is not yet serene. The smelters' union has demanded of the Butte & Boston Mining company and the Colorado company that an eight hour day be given the yard men, teamsters, machinists and blacksmiths, who were not given the eight hour a day when the miners were. General Manager Gillie was not here when the demand was made, and the union is waiting for an answer. At the Colorado there are only 30 men, but at the Butte & Boston there are 75.

Republic.
No more work will be done on the Quilp on the raise, as the air is too foul. The Quilp compressor plant is again running and the machine drills are breaking ore.

The teams are busy hauling ore from the Ben Foll mine to the Republic mill, the ore bin being refilled as fast as the ore is drawn from it.

There will be more shipping now from the Republic camp than has been expected at any time since the trouble between the mine owners and the mill company.

Eureka gulch is fairly alive with teams and wagons. It appeared to have been suddenly transformed from a nearly deserted avenue to an active thoroughfare.

Returns from the last shipment of 19 tons of Morning Glory ore have been received. The ore carried six and three quarter ounces of silver. That is equal to about \$140 per ton.

The Quilp mine is to ship its ore to the Republic Power & Cyaniding company's mill, and if reasonable profits can be made from the first trials it will from now on be a steady shipper.

The Lone Pine-Surprise mines will soon be favorably heard from no doubt. The grade from the Lone Pine ore dump to the main road has been under repair and was finished recently.

The trial shipment of ore from the Ben Har mine is completed and did not exceed 110 to 115 tons. Whatever the exact tonnage may be will depend on just what quantity can be hauled through the day.

A force of men have started to work at the Black Tail mine, and a few hundred tons of ore will be run out of it within the next few days, to be hauled to the mill. All that has yet been shipped from the Black Tail so far had already been filled into the ore bin.

News has reached Republic from Sheridan camp that the Phil Sheridan group has been bonded to James Cronan. Mr. Cronan is a mine manager of large experience and excellent good judgment. The Phil Sheridan group is owned by Peter McCormick and Thomas Filianey. It is situated about three-fourths of a mile northwest of the noted Zella M., out of which a considerable quantity of very rich ore has been taken. There are two feet of this ore on the footwall, and three feet more of highly mineralized vein matter. The ore is a sulphide, carrying silver, gold and copper.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

An effort is being made by some of the heavy stockholders in the Humming Bird (B. C.) Gold Mines, Ltd., to reorganize the corporation.

There are many rumors regarding a probable deal between the Kilo and Chapeau properties on Lemon creek. M. Mougues, engineer of the latter, has inspected the former property recently, which doubtless gave rise to the report.

The Similkameen country of late has been noticeable for the interest taken in it by outside mining men. The realization that this section of the province is capable of producing both valuable minerals and coal is gradually dawning upon those who are looking for virgin fields for the safe investment of capital. The solution of the transportation problem is practically solved.

Edgar Petch, a Rossland lad of 17 years, met his death in a dramatic manner last week. In company with another lad of about the same age he went on a picture taking expedition. While sauntering along Sheep creek Petch saw a log projecting from the cliff 60 feet above, and giving his kodak to McLean, he said: "I'll climb up there and have you take my picture hanging from that log." He fell and his head was crushed.

The mining belt around Similkameen City is about 20 miles in width, running for over 40 miles in a northwest and southeast direction from Copper mountain to Bullion mountain on the east side of the Kermess valley. The ores in Camp Heady are chiefly arsenical iron and chalcopyrite carrying good commercial values while that of Stirling creek and Pearson's camp is chiefly copper sulphides of a shipping character. There are several properties in Camp Heady which can ship ore as soon as transportation arrives in the Similkameen valley.

John Dorsey, representing the Lake

Shore Copper Mining & Development company, has made a payment of \$4000 to James Jarrel and W. B. Bower on a \$27,000 bond on the J. S. claim in Summit camp. He is also developing the Blue Bell, in the same camp, under similar conditions. The amounts paid on account of the two properties in the past three months amount to \$13,500.

Prospecting with a diamond drill in the B. C. mine, in Summit camp, has resulted in the discovery of some hitherto unexpected ore bodies in the lower levels, thus largely increasing the value of the property. Jay P. Graves, who owns the controlling interest in the R. Bell mine, in Summit camp, has acquired the Champion claim adjoining it on the east, from Alex. Omon, Joe Burron and Fred Munn. The second payment of \$1500 on a bond of \$5000 has been made.

MINING NOTES.
The work of grading for the proposed railway to connect the Holden mines with Lake Chelan is fairly under way. Mining men who own property throughout the Newport (Wash.) district, on the Pend d'Oreille river along the Idaho-Washington line, are watching the development of the Copper Hill with interest.

At Burke, Idaho, the Hercules has cut its ledge, and while not yet in as far as it was expected that the tunnel would have to go to go, some ore of a very fair grade was found where the tunnel cut the vein.

During the month of April the mill of the Great Northern Mining & Development company at Gilt Edge, Mont., crushed 4100 tons of ore, and the production of the mill in bullion was \$33,000. The average value of the ore was a little more than \$8 per ton.

An effort is being made by prominent stockholders of the Iconoclast Gold & Copper Mining company to reorganize the company on an assessment basis. The company's property is the famous Iconoclast, near Keller, on the south half of the Colville reservation.

Captain John Gray, the superintendent of the Crystal, near Davenport, Wash., says that the miners who are drifting on the 300 foot level have cut a seven foot vein and are near the main lead. Another crew of men have been put on and in 10 days Mr. Gray expects to be shipping ore. The output will be hauled to Davenport and loaded on cars.

A carload of mineral specimens from eastern Washington have been dispatched to Buffalo, where they will be displayed as a part of the state's mineral exhibit at the Pan-American fair. One of the principal exhibits is a mantle from the United States Marble company, which has its quarries at Valley. Many fine specimens of gold, silver and copper ores were also included. All in all the collection is the finest that has ever left the state. It is in charge of Superintendent C. L. Knox.

The Providence, in the Cedar Canyon district (Wash.), which had been shut down for the past three months, is working again, and will begin shipping as soon as the roads are in condition for traffic. A crew of 40 men will be put on in about two weeks and the property will be worked to its full capacity. The Elephant, in the same district, has 15 cars of ore sacked and ready to ship. The old Deer Trail, which has been shut down for three years, has been leased to Captain Burbridge, who started a new tunnel and at a distance of 60 feet and 40 feet depth struck a large body of ore. Several new properties in the Cedar Canyon camp are being opened up this spring and additional men put on in the old crews. The camp is very active and large bodies of ore are blocked out. The Elephant has \$180,000 in sight, and in the Providence there is \$75,000 worth. It is expected to put on crews sufficient to take this all out this season.

He Tried to Sell Secrets.
Washington, May 13.—An attempt to sell the confidential communications between the attorney general and the secretary of war in the Neely case has been unearthed by Chief Wilkie of the secret service. Information has been obtained by Judge John D. Lindsay, counsel for Neely in New York, who had received a letter signed John B. Dickenson, offering him copies of the correspondence.

Yale Won.
New Haven, Conn., May 13.—Yale defeated Harvard in an exciting series of track events constituting the annual dual meet between the universities. The contests were spirited throughout, and interest never flagged. The score was: Yale 57, Harvard 47.

Pennsylvania Won.
Annapolis, Md., May 13.—After a most exciting finish, the University of Pennsylvania eight oared crew, the one that is to represent the university in the Henley regatta, defeated the first navy by 13 feet, or exactly one second in point of time, over a two mile course.

Anderson, Ind., May 13.—It is asserted here that the Deltrich syndicate and the American Window Glass company have formed a pool to absorb all of the large natural gas companies of Indiana.

Among the students at the University of Paris last year there were 1,300 from foreign countries.

IN DEFENSE OF STEEL TRUST

SCHWAB BEFORE COMMISSION.

Thinks It Is Good Thing—His Company Controls Eight Concerns—Sells Products at Low Cost Abroad to Hold the Markets.

Washington, May 13.—Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States steel combination stated before the industrial commission that the United States Steel company controls eight companies by owning their stock, and that while steps are taken to insure the good will and co-operation of all these companies, each one generally is left to conduct business in its own way. As a rule the plan has been to take in only companies which were not competitors, but it was true that there were cases in which two institutions of the same line were brought together, and in such cases the managers were expected to get together in making their plans for sales.

Enumerating the advantages of consolidation, Mr. Schwab said they were found especially in transportation and management and in the utilization of all the ores owned. In this connection Mr. Schwab said that the United States Steel company owns 80 per cent of the iron ore of the country and he expressed the opinion that these ore deposits must constantly grow in value because limited. The company makes from 65 to 75 per cent of the steel products of the country. He also said that there had been no increase in the price of products since the organization of the United States company and that the tendency is toward lower prices.

Discussing the tariff, Mr. Schwab expressed the opinion that in articles of manufacture in which labor does not enter as an important factor, the tariff might be removed, but that in products into which labor enters largely, such as instance, as tin plate, it would be necessary either to reduce wages or lose trade if the tariff were removed. He thought that except on the Pacific coast the removal of the tariff would not interfere with the production of steel rails and billets. Mr. Schwab took a position against organized labor, saying that it did not give individuals a fair chance in life.

Mr. Schwab said it was the purpose of the parent steel company to control the subsidiary organizations in harmony, but this was to be done by indicating the officers of the various concerns.

"There may not be so many names of influence on the boards," he said, "but the management will be efficient."

Mr. Schwab excused himself from speaking concerning the details of the organization of his company once or twice, saying that questions concerning capitalizations, premiums, etc., should be asked of Mr. Morgan.

Lower Price Abroad.
He admitted that the company sells at a lower price abroad than at home in some products. The practice is followed to hold the markets, he said. The witness discussed the relation of the tariff to the steel industry at length, but he said that on the whole the steel magnates did not desire to have the tariff changed in any respect, considering it entirely satisfactory as at present arranged. Asked for his opinion as to the effect of the enactment of the Babcock bill, taking the duty off trust made articles, Mr. Schwab expressed opposition to it. He did not consider as possible an international iron and steel combination regardless of all tariff restrictions.

Relation of Capital to Labor.
Discussing the relation of capital to labor he said that while he would not undertake to outline the future policy of the steel corporation, he did not indorse the policy of the labor organization as in the interest of the laboring men. He did hope, however, to arrange matters that operatives could share in the profits of the enterprise.

Kitchener's Report.
London, May 13.—Lord Kitchener reports to the war office, under date of Pretoria, as follows: "Since May 5 Boers have been killed, six wounded and 130 taken prisoners, and 138 have surrendered. Nine thousand pounds of ammunition, 230 wagons, 1500 horses and large quantities of grain and stock have been captured."

Lockout of Bricklayers.
New York, May 14.—A general lockout of 7000 bricklayers in this city may take place. The trouble began over a strike at the Stokes apartment house, now building at Broadway and Seventy-fourth street.

Freight Trains Telescoped.
Seattle, Wash., May 13.—Two Northern Pacific freight trains running under special orders collided near Leary Junction, with the result that William M. Burdick, a Northern Pacific lineman, was instantly killed by falling timbers.

Jasper, Ind., May 13.—In a desperate battle with a deputy sheriff George Reeves was shot to death near Huntingburg while being taken from Jeffersonville reformatory to Jasper, where he and his brother John were to be placed on trial for a murder committed 16 years ago.

FOR HIS HONOR

A BREAK of fortune made Florence Early an inmate of the gray house in front of the Washington County Jail. The sheriff, a burly man of 40, had his mother and a crippled son of 8 years living with him. The old mother was continually afraid, and the helpless boy needed teaching. The sheriff advertised in the papers of the State for a companion and governess. A teacher's agency sent Florence Early to Riverdale.

The sheriff started at her when he met her at the railroad station. He believed she had not been well fed. His impulse was to take her into the first eating house and feed her up a little. She was too much of a lady for that, and he bundled her into his buggy in awkward silence.

Florence improved so much in a few days that he was sure about the eating. He gave her the piece of steak next the bone as his most delicate attention. When he grew less shy he looked into her face and met the steady pair of eyes he had ever seen.

The sheriff knew humanity. He looked at her, and felt that when he was obliged to go away at night he could sleep, knowing that the old mother and delicate Willy had a stay and comfort.

One day he took her into the jail. It was a fearful place. One story was above ground. In this were kept the prisoners held for minor offenses; in the other, a veritable dungeon, was a man confined for a capital offense. He was the son of a wealthy farmer and accused of the murder of both father and mother on the evidence that he had had a dispute with them the day before the foul deed.

Johnson Martin's was the strongest, most remote cell of the dungeon; he was allowed to see no one, and the sheriff himself carried him his food.

On the day the sheriff showed Florence Early through the jail she met the jailer, a man with a settled, stubborn look. Finally the sheriff led the way down the dark, close stairway, and, unlocking a heavy door, ushered her into a dark corridor. He lighted a lantern and led Florence to the far end of the passage, paused before a barred grating, and called, in a voice not unkind, "Johnson, here's your new jailer."

Florence started. Some one crawled to the bars.

"For the love of God, Torrence, how long is this to last?"

"There is nothing new this morning, John. I have to be away until late tonight. This lady will give you your dinner and supper."

There was no word in reply. The sheriff returned to the doorway.

"Miss Florence," he said, "I must go over to Berlin township after a man. I cannot be back before midnight. I want you to take care of Martin."

An hour later he was gone, and she had the key and his instructions.

Miss Early was reading aloud just before dinner, when the servant came to tell her some one wanted to see her. She found a rough man in the hall, nervous and awkward.

"They say sheriff's gone over to Berlin, miss. How long will he have gone?"

"A few hours," replied Florence, tersely.

The man looked at her, and whispered quickly:

"I'm a friend of his'n. I come to tell him all McVaugh township's coming to-night after Martin. They've located Allen's hired girl, and she says she saw Johnson about 7 o'clock that night and not half a mile from the farm."

Florence Early felt an awful chill at her heart. Then the strong, kind face of the sheriff came before her. With an effort she replied:

"If you have a horse and know the way, ride to Berlin for your life. You shall be well paid. Don't lose a minute. Bring him here; I will keep the man until he comes."

She went to dinner calmly, and afterwards gathered up some delicacies and added them to the meal for Martin. She threw a light shawl over her head.

The jailer was in the hallway when she went down the steps. He looked troubled. She did not doubt he knew. The corridor seemed darker than ever. She set the lantern by the grating, opened it and thrust into it the basket. A hand took it.

"Eat your dinner," she said gently, "then I have something to say to you."

In ten minutes he came to the grating.

"They will try to take you from the jail to-night," she said, simply. "Guilty or not guilty, if I save you, will you give yourself up to Sheriff Torrence for trial?"

He looked her in the eyes.

"I am an innocent man," he cried, hoarsely, "but before God I will stand trial if you save me from that mob."

"Swear!" she said. "Swear it to me!"

He made the oath and she left him.

Eleven o'clock came. Outside there was utter silence, then came the sound

of many footsteps. The men of McVaugh township were not out for vain parade. They meant business.

A terrific battering came at the doors, the one level with the yard attacked first. The jailer looked out from a small window in the old roof. It had been used for such purposes.

"We want Martin," cried a voice, "and we know Torrence isn't here. Open the door or throw out the keys."

"I can't do it," shouted the jailer. "We'll fight it out! He's my blood kin."

With a great shout the assault on the door began. The prisoners above the dungeon were wild with terror. What would not a mob do?

"Men!" he cried, "help me to barricade this door! The sheriff will come. We must gain time."

It took a good many minutes to pass the barricade and to chop in the heavy door farther on. It took more to wrench and chop and pull out the cell door. A dark figure was crouched in the corner, silent as death.

"Mighty still, are you?" shrieked the leader, Johnson Martin's own cousin, and the helr to the farm if he was hung. "Come out here, you murderer!"

A dozen hands laid hold on the crouching figure. It was dragged, hauled, carried, forced up the stairs, out into the yard.

"String him up! Here's a rope! Quick!"

Then a woman's shriek—awful, blood-curdling—rang out once, again, again. The crowd fell back. "Good God! What did this mean?"

They stood the figure up and raised lanterns high over it a second. It was a woman—a terror-stricken woman—with her brown hair unloosed, falling over a man's suit of clothes.

A mighty shout, and in among them dashed horsemen, the burly sheriff at the head. He threw himself from his horse, he snatched the woman to his arms.

"Are ye men? This woman has saved my honor," he cried. "Off hands. Thank God, Martin is safe. He is no murderer. The negro I tracked to Bear Swamp to-day is the man. He had the old man's watch and money. For shame, go home!"

The crowd slunk away into the shadows. The sheriff carried a limp form into the house, and while he lavished every fond epithet upon her, the erstwhile prisoner, in her attire, knelt and kissed the feet of the poor little governess.

There is a better jail now, but the people of the county have not yet asked for a better sheriff than the one whose wife well nigh gave her life for his honor.—Buffalo Evening News.

WHAT ROILED THE ENGINEER

Man Was on the Track and Did Not Heed the Whistle.

The old engineer had finished grooming his engine for the night's run and was whiling away the half hour before train time in swapping yarns with his fireman. It was his turn at a story. After puffing reflectively on his pipe for a moment or two, he said, half questioningly: "I don't believe we've ever run over anybody, Bill, since you've been in the cab."

"But it isn't the running over that scares you," he continued, "though that is bad enough. It's the coming so all fired close to it and missing that takes the tuck out of a man. After you once hit anything the worst you can do in to plow right along, but when you see a man on the track and blow your whistle and shut off steam and put on brakes and then the man turns out to be deaf or drunk or something of the kind, and you know you can't help striking him, then's the time you wish you were running a steamboat or a fire engine."

"The closest shave I ever had was when I was punting the President's special up to Albany. We were trying to make a record run. We had passed the Poughkeepsie bridge and were doing better than a mile a minute when I saw a man walking down the track toward us. The fireman blew the whistle, but the man never budged from between the rails. As we got closer, I saw he was walking with his head down and paying no attention to what was going on. I shut off steam, jammed on the brakes and reversed her, but we slid along at a pretty fair gait. He never stirred until just as the engine was going to hit him. Then he jumped out of the way, grinning up at me and put his fingers to his nose."

"Get after him," I yelled, but before the fireman could climb down from the cab the man was running down the track for all he was worth—and that wasn't more than 30 cents. We didn't have any time to spare, so we hustled on again, and I've been trying ever since to decide whether our friend was drunk or crazy, or had a darned peculiar idea of humor. Anyway, I wish I'd had a little more time. I'd like to have taken a chance at him with a coal shovel."—New York Mail and Express.

Suspicious Liberality.

"It was a mean trick," said Jones, with a smile, "but I wanted my wife to come home, and it was the only way that I could think of to get her back. She went away about five weeks ago on a vacation and left me alone to get along as best I could. It wasn't long before I grew tired of the arrangement, tired of getting my meals downtown, tired of sending checks in reply to her demands for more money. Three days ago I received a letter asking me to send her \$25 at once. It was then that my plan suggested itself. By return mail I sent her a check for double the amount that she had asked for, and inclosed it with a note that read: 'Don't hurry back.'"

"It worked as I thought it would. My wife returned by the first train with a strange gleam of inquiry in her eyes and a set about her lips that boded trouble for me if she confirms the horrible suspicions that she is laboring under. However, I have her at home, and I am not losing any sleep over what she may suspect."—Detroit Free Press.

Stealing His Thunder.

"The man with a slight frizzle of yellow mud on his shoes stopped the patient leathered friend and exclaimed:

"Ha, ha!"

"What's the trouble?"

"No trouble whatever. This is joy. My turn has come at last. Aren't you one of the people who used to make fun of me, because I lived away out in the suburbs?"

"I believe so."

"Didn't you say facetious things about 'Lonesomehurst,' and when you saw me performing feats of equilibrium with a tall bunch of bundles, didn't you make comic references to the human express wagon?"

"Yes; I believe so."

"Well, I want to call your attention to the fact that I am living only a few hundred feet from where the cars start. I'm one of the few people who are sure of getting seats on a warm evening, and who brush proudly by while you stand in the corner, and implore the conductor humbly, but in vain, to take your 5 cents."—Washington Star.

A Municipal Restaurant.

For fifty years the city of Grenoble, in France, has maintained a municipal restaurant and kitchen, where meals are cooked and supplied at cost. The food is of the best quality, the cooks are skillful and the service is excellent. One may dine there on bread and soup for 5 cents and have his hunger thoroughly appeased, or may pay 12 cents and enjoy a course dinner.

To See Under Water.

An instrument for seeing objects under water has been invented by a hydrographic engineer of Russia. By its aid the bottom of rivers, to a depth of from forty-five to sixty feet, can be distinctly viewed. In the examination of wrecks this submarine telescope will be of great service.

A little flour by any other name would doubtless smell as sweet.