

MOTHER LODE FOUND.

SOURCE OF KLONDIKE RICHES SAID TO BE LOCATED.

Dr. C. C. Savage and M. J. McNeill Allege That They Have Discovered the Virgin Vein Which Many Have Searched For. Have Many Rich Claims Located.

The famous mother lode of the Alaskan goldfields has been discovered, and the source from which all the auriferous deposits in the streams of Alaska and British Columbia, the fabulous virgin vein for which every old prospector has been searching, has been located in a chain of foothills between the El Dorado and Bonanza creeks.

The discoverers of this vein are M. J. McNeill and Dr. C. C. Savage, who are at present in Kansas City, and who speak very interestingly upon the subject. These two men have spent four years in the British Northwest Territories, in the neighborhood of Circle City, Dawson City and the Klondike river, and Mr. McNeill, prior to that time, was a prospector on the Fraser river for ten years. They located, during the four years of their residence in that country, a great number of valuable gold and silver veins, but their ultimate object, which they never lost sight of, was the location of the mother lode, from which all this disintegrated wealth flowed. They were at Forty Mile when the first rumors of the great riches of the Klondike were announced, and they went with the rush and located claims on that tributary of the great river. Not satisfied with their claims on the Klondike, they ascended Bonanza creek, a tributary of the Klondike, and staked out claims there from which they took out a great many thousand dollars' worth of the yellow metal.

At last, in prospecting in the foothills on one side of El Dorado creek, pay dirt was discovered, which assayed about \$40 to the ton, and on going down farther, the virgin vein, or mother lode, of untold wealth, was located and this vein was traced in a rough way from El Dorado creek to Bonanza creek, and farther on for an indefinite distance. Claims were immediately staked by McNeill and Savage and the news by a quiet way was imparted to the multimillionaire of Alaska, Aleck McDonald, and his advice as to the best way of working the rich discovery was asked. B. A. Mulrooney and Dr. B. D. Carper, one a mining engineer and the other a prospector of wide experience, were taken in and a partnership was formed by which the rich mother lode between El Dorado creek and Bonanza creek was entirely covered. This discovery has been kept a secret until the present time, Mr. McNeill and Dr. Savage coming to the United States for the purpose of obtaining machinery and facilities for reducing the quartz after it is taken out.

It is the intention of the men who own these valuable claims, which comprise nine quartz claims between Bonanza and El Dorado creek, three more quartz claims on the south side of El Dorado creek, six placer claims on Henderson creek, and six placer claims on Reinder creek, to incorporate a company with a small capitalization to work and develop the riches of these holdings. From one of the claims on Reinder creek \$10,000 was taken out of ten square feet of ground. On El Dorado creek No. 1 claim took out last year \$233,000. From another placer claim on Sheokum gulch, a tributary of Bonanza creek, \$208,000 was taken last year. In fact, the entire vicinity is nothing but gold, and only awaits proper facilities to make it the wealthiest mining region in the world.

When Mr. McNeill was asked the question, "Why does not Mr. McDonald, the Alaskan millionaire, furnish the means for developing these riches?" the answer came: "Well, it is just this way. Every man that has any money in that country immediately puts it into claims. It is a matter of utter impossibility to buy any claims that are worth anything, and these claims that we own are not for sale under any consideration. It is our desire to form a stock company here in this city and to capitalize it at a very low amount, just sufficient to obtain the smelters and crushing machines necessary to develop our rich properties there. We do not want a surplus of money, nor do we desire to water our stock or anything of that sort, for we realize that we have very rich possessions, and the lower our capitalization the more profit will accrue to each member of the company."

Dr. Savage, who is with Mr. McNeill, was until four years ago, a prominent resident of Fort Smith, Ark., and it was at his desire that the venture was made in this city. The two men bring with them samples of gold dust and nuggets that are very interesting to the uninitiated. A small handful of dust was put in the hands of a Kansas City Times representative, and upon inquiry he was informed it was worth about \$900 or \$1,000. A number of nuggets varying in size from the dimensions of a hickory nut to that of a good sized pear were also shown, the greater number of these being virgin gold, a few of them being mixed in the quartz of the famous mother lode. One nugget, about an inch in length and half an inch in thickness, had been assayed at \$69.40. The two men have with them several thousand dollars' worth of gold in dust and nuggets and these may be seen at any time by interested parties at their quarters at the Hotel Savoy. The claims, placer and quartz, have been tied up in every possible legal way, for which the men have documents to show. The stock company will be formed as soon as practicable, and Messrs. O'Neill and Savage expect to leave by the 1st of June with a full equipment, both of machinery and provisions, for the mother lode on Bonanza creek.

The Cuban War.

War in Cuba means prosperity to the Florida cattle trade, particularly since the Spanish authorities have removed the duty on live stock shipped to the island. Previous to that order the shipments were about 500 a week. Since then they have doubled and are increasing and would soon exhaust the Florida supply if it were not re-enforced by importations from Texas. The cattle are driven through the country in bunches of 200 or 300 to the shipping points in the southern part of the state, where they are loaded on barges, about 500 to a barge, and towed over to Havana. During the last Cuban insurrection the Florida rancher became prosperous in supplying the combatants with beef, but in a year or two after the conflict was over the island was exporting cattle and will be again when its present troubles have passed by, that promising always to be one of its most productive and profitable industries. —New York Tribune.

Teller in Her Teens.

A young lady in her teens, Miss May Scruggs of Waycross, has been appointed teller of the South Georgia bank in that town. —Augusta (Ga.) Herald.

One Successful Exposition.

The final settling up of accounts for the Tennessee Centennial exposition at Nashville shows a gratifying result. The enterprise paid for itself and considerably more.

It was the most characteristically local exposition on a large scale that the older parts of the country have witnessed. Tennessee is rich in local history and coloring and in the marked traits of its people as in mineral and agricultural resources, and that is saying much. This made the show at Nashville as unique as a great exposition can be.

Nashville had designs that went further than the preparation of a temporary park for the buildings of the fair. Beautiful as the capital of Tennessee is, it has no central public park. It has long been the desire of the citizens to secure such a park. Their civic pride was appealed to when the city got the fair. Each subscribed according to his means. The police of Nashville taxed themselves \$10 apiece for the fair. So did many other persons of comparatively small means. The ladies who had charge of the woman's building would not accept free passes, but paid their way every time they visited the fair.

When the show was over, there was a comfortable surplus left. Patriotic Nashvillians, however, refused to take their money back, but donated it to the city park. Where the art building stands will be the nucleus of Nashville's city park. The art building is not a temporary structure. It will hold permanent works contributed to it, and it will be the pride of Tennesseans. The ground around it, already laid out in decorative landscape and planted with trees, shrubs and flowers, will form a rare breathing spot for home people and strangers.

Hawaiian Annexation.

The editor of the Review of Reviews presents several strong reasons why Hawaii should be annexed to the United States without delay. The people of the islands themselves want very much to come to us for one thing. For another we ought to have a naval and coaling station in the Pacific. Perhaps the strongest reason of all is, however, that unless we annex Hawaii the new republic of the Pacific may be offered bodily to England. England would not leave it to go begging while carping, fussy Miss Nancy critics split hairs over the question whether she had any right under the constitution to accept Hawaii and what she would do with it if she got it. Hawaii comes to us exactly as Texas did, and we did not hesitate about receiving Texas. European nations would not object to our annexing Hawaii because we are so peaceably inclined that they are all well disposed to us, says Dr. Shaw.

Another point, extremely important, to be considered is summed by The Review as follows:

American control of Hawaii is in some sense a duty that this country owes to Japan and China. Those ancient oriental states are seriously annoyed by the aggressive attitude of the land grabbing European powers, and if England or Germany should obtain Hawaii the sort of peaceful development of the oriental nations which is most to be desired by us would be further endangered. Again, from the political and strategic point of view, the position of Hawaii ought to be regarded by us as closely related to other policies overwhelmingly favored by the people of the United States. We refer to the American control of the Nicaragua canal and to the acquisition of one or more satisfactory naval stations in the West Indies.

Great Britain refused to agree to our proposed international treaty prohibiting either American or British subjects from hunting seals in the open sea at present. In return for this the sealing bill passed by our congress, signed by President McKinley and now a law will exactly hit Great Britain for her churlish refusal to help us protect the seals. It prohibits the importation into this country of Bering sea seal skins. The greatest market for these skins is the United States, where people have more money than in most countries. Canadians were in the habit of slaughtering wholesale our seals, sending the skins to London and having them dressed and dyed and then selling them to us for the cloaks of American ladies. Now, no matter how many seals they catch, Canadians cannot sell the skins to us. Their best market is cut off, and it serves them right.

Anthony Comstock, the boss of the moral character of the universe, has received 6 cents damages in a suit he brought against a man for defamation of character. This verdict, while showing in a way what Comstock's fellow citizens think of him in his own town of New York, is rather ambiguous. It may mean either that Comstock's moral character is so high and immaculate that it cannot be damaged more than 6 cents' worth, or it may mean exactly the opposite—that it is so bad already it is only worth 6 cents.

If Governor Bushnell's mustache is as remarkable as appears from his pictures, the seething, foaming political pot in Ohio can be accounted for. It is the mustache that does it.

If any \$100 bills are offered to you when you are making small change, do not take them when they are silver certificates, for the chances are they are counterfeits.

Thermometer 70 degrees below zero at Circle City, Alaska; strawberries in bloom in Florida! Where else is there so great a country as this? Nowhere.

"Trade Follows the Flag."

One of the most important and timely contributions to current literature is the paper in The North American Review on "America's Opportunity in China," by Charles Denby, Jr., secretary to the American legation in China.

He calls attention to the strange aptitude with which America looks on while the nations of Europe are filling the waters of the Pacific with their war vessels and moving heaven and earth to monopolize commerce with Japan and especially with China. The industrial and commercial spirit of China is waking from a Rip Van Winkle sleep. Mr. Denby believes that China must emerge from her position of subjection and inferiority and become one of the great nations of the earth, and that Japan will in the long run be only a secondary power compared to her. Perhaps Mr. Denby is right, but it certainly does not look that way to the western world just at present.

Whatever the future may bring, however, he is right in urging the American people, headed by their government, to rouse themselves and gain their proper share of the rich trade of the future with the orient. Inevitably greatly enlarged trade facilities will follow the gathering of the fleets of Europe in Asiatic waters. "Trade follows the flag."

Mr. Denby therefore earnestly urges the United States government to look after our trade interests in China and Japan. European merchants receive determined backing from their respective governments, wherever they may be, and such support should not be lacking to our traders abroad. Cheap American freight steamers should span the waters both from New York and Philadelphia, and from Portland and San Francisco, carrying our wares outward, bringing back those of Asia. American manufacturers should send their ablest agents to Asia, while our government watches with jealous eye lest any infringement of most favored nation rights be suffered by us when European powers make treaties with the Asiatic countries.

Even some American newspapers have been expressing sympathy for poor old England, browbeaten, insulted and ignored in European affairs, according to their belief. Meantime Mr. McLeavy Brown, the Englishman who had been dismissed as superintendent of the Korean finances and a Russian agent, M. Alexioff, appointed in his place, has been reinstated. China is earnestly seeking to enter into closer relations with British capitalists in order to get a loan from them. Great Britain is also prepared to enforce her right to winter ships at Port Arthur if Russia does. This does not look as though "poor old England" was quite a back number. When the scoffs of Germans and French and Irish and also of some American newspaper writers rain upon her back, she does not say much, always excepting some of her jingo editors. In the words of a famous poem written last year by an Englishman, "she turns her eyes toward the sea." That is all, but it is enough.

Most grabbing nations send their missionaries first, then their soldiers, to a region of which they propose taking possession. They say the soldiers are necessary in order to protect those engaged in preaching the gospel of peace. But Russia's way is different and out and out honest. She sends the soldiers first to possess the land, the missionaries afterward, as in case of Korea. Now that she feels secure in possession there she will immediately erect an Orthodox Greek church at Seoul, the capital of Korea. Russia is nothing if not religious, especially when she is engaged in adding a new country to the realm of the Romanoffs.

Weyer was a tyrant and a bully in Cuba. He was also a bully to the extent of using insulting language to a woman, and that woman his queen, after he went home. On being brought to book for his insulting protest to Queen Christina, however, he shows himself a coward by taking refuge behind his political privileges and claiming that the government cannot punish him for his misdemeanor because he is a senator of Spain. Scratch the skin of a bully and you will always find the coward underneath.

That man who recently tried to commit suicide by drowning repented the moment he touched the icy water off a ferryboat. All desire to kill himself was instantly taken out of him by that touch, and when he was able to grasp a rope which had been thrown overboard to him so that he could be drawn out of the water he was the gladdest man on this footstool. He did not know how much nerve it takes for a man to drown himself when the thermometer is at zero.

The only entirely happy monarchical country in Europe is Portugal. She has neither great navy nor prestige to maintain. She is not grabbing out for additional territory, and her government financiers promise a treasury surplus for next year.

We would be glad to see a few of those miraculous applications of electricity to the uses and conveniences of common life which have been promised us so long materialize in actual shape, and we do not think we are unreasonable either.

YALE'S SPORTY BOYS.

The Annual Top Spinning and Hoop Rolling Season in Full Blast.

Every fine afternoon during the last few days the upper classmen of Yale university could be seen spinning tops on the college campus or on the corner in front of Osborn hall, the site of the old fence at Yale. This diversion of the Yale students is a tradition that dates back many years, and it is annually observed during the last week in February and the first week or two in March. The students do not appear in public as top spinners until they have perfected the trick. They practice in the dormitory hallways, in the campus, in their own rooms and in other out of the way places on the university grounds until they are able to make the top spin every time they throw it. It is no unusual sight to see from 25 to 50 students, big strapping fellows, many of them seniors, in front of Osborn hall with their tops and strings for an hour or two at a time. They draw a circle and in that circle place a top or two that they peg away at with the greatest hilarity.

At this time of the year also another craze among the students is rolling hoops. The public see very little of this hoop play on the part of the Yale men, as it is confined to the campus proper. To find one of the students rolling a hoop on the streets adjacent to the college ground is regarded as undignified. The fun of hoop rolling generally lasts only during the first two weeks of March, and scores of students can be seen pleasant afternoons tearing through the campus chasing their hoops like street urchins.

Another diversion in which some of the Yale students indulge is playing marbles, and with that of rolling hoops and spinning top there is much fun for the Yalensians these days on the campus. The sedate old professors who in their early days had as much fun with their hoops and marbles and tops as do the youthful generation now under their guardianship watch the boys during these afternoons and thoroughly enjoy the spectacle. —New York Times.

ST. LOUIS BOX PARTY.

Fed on Peanuts, Oranges and Water and Then Called For Beer.

There was a strange box party at the Olympic theater in St. Louis the other night. It was a party such as the Olympic seldom sees. The strangeness lay not in the people who occupied it—two men and three women—but in the refreshments with which they regaled themselves during the performance. They began to feed upon peanuts, which are conceded everywhere to be a gallery god feast. The people in the parquet at the "continuous" are estopped from crunching peanuts between their fingers, should they so far forget themselves as to bring in a bag of this delicacy.

When the occupants of the first stage box had devoured the nuts, they pulled out oranges, with which they were plentifully supplied, and began to suck the juice from the luscious fruit before they devoured the meat. The combination of peanuts and oranges had stirred up a thirst among them and they kept the ushers running in double file fetching trays full of crystal water. Even that did not satisfy them, and when their thirst got beyond the control of ordered bottled beer.

The demand raised a storm in the usher's breast, and he replied rather sarcastically that the Olympic was not a winter garden, where drinks were served promiscuously. The box party was all broken up over the arraignment of its manners which the head usher's remark implied, and said that they would of course do without it if they must. They came from the Klondike, they said, where everything was permitted to him who had money to pay for it. Then they went back to munching peanuts and before the play was out they had divided at least a gallon more out they had divided at least a gallon more of water between them. It was not known at what hotel they stopped. —St. Louis Republic.

HE'S A LOBSTER.

Popular Expression That Originated in Jersey's All Winter Race Tracks.

The expression "he's a lobster," which has now become so general in colloquial use about town as to convey a clear cut message of contempt or derision, has a somewhat peculiar origin. There is nothing about a lobster—which the elder Demas, it may be recalled, described as "the cardinal of the sea"—to invite derision, but a few years ago when all winter racing was a customary thing in the vicinity of New York, especially in neighboring New Jersey, a mud horse that failed to realize the expectations of those who bet money upon it was called a "lobster," an allusion to its mode of progression. Horses which had been generally defeated were lobster horses, and as this colloquial expression got to be more general in use on the race tracks it began to be applied not only to horses, but to men and things as well. A lobster car was a car that made slow time, a lobster boat was a boat in which rapid time could not be expected. A lobster calculator was a man who took too long, in the judgment of his critics, to add up an account, and so gradually the name lobster has come to be accepted as a designation of sloth or inferiority and "he's a lobster" has come to be regarded as a phrase of disapproval. —New York Sun.

Captain Sigbee's Dog Peggy.

When Captain Sigbee left the deck of the Maine on that terrible night in Havana harbor, he was followed over the side of the vessel by a four footed friend and companion, Peggy, a Scotch terrier. No body paid any attention to Peggy under the perilous circumstances, but when the captain's gig pulled away from the side of the disembarked battleship Peggy was curled up comfortably in the stern on a pile of cushions. Subsequently the little terrier made the journey to Key West on the relief boat Olivette, and the officers and men of the Maine who are at Key West value their faithful little friend more than ever. Peggy is in clover among the guests of the leading hotel in Key West, where the surviving officers of the Maine are quartered, and on account of the romance connected with the little terrier she is a special pet among the ladies. —Chicago Tribune.

Disgraceful Conduct in Church.

The following persons were conspicuous for their disgraceful conduct during services at the Cumberland Presbyterian church in Prairie Grove, Ark., the other night: Emmett Preat, popping match and talking during the sermon; William Pittman and Elvace Winstead, laughing and talking during prayer and preaching; Roy Mook, laughing and talking during sermon; Hugh Polson, eating peanuts and talking during services. This department will be continued as long as the necessity for it is apparent. —Prairie Grove (Ark.) Record.



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Wabasha Herald: John Hebler left for Little Falls today with his family. He intends to make that place his home hereafter.