

## WEEK'S LOCAL HAPPENINGS

### Mention of People and Matters in Which We Are all Interested.

John MacNally is in town looking after his old friends here.

Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Goble were up from Reynolds to-day.

Miss Bessie Grete returned Monday from a short visit to Reynolds.

A. T. Bullock, a jeweller of Nampa, was in here on business last week.

J. M. Morgan returned Wednesday from a two months trip to London.

Frank Scott and family are in from Reynolds, to attend the funeral of Merl Helms.

David Schas is making a visit to this locality and stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Steele.

Clifford Weston left Friday for Payette where he will accept a position on the P. & I. N. railroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden, Mrs. Brumm, and Joseph Turtle went to Flint Saturday and returned Monday.

Percy White was in town Monday, presumably to find out if the visitors to Flint had got safely home.

O. J. Davies, who has been visiting in Flint for the past couple of weeks, returned to Nampa, Saturday.

The stonework on Fritz Schleifer's new beer cellar is progressing nicely. Today a pipe line is being laid from the brewery.

C. M. Caldwell returned Saturday night from a trip to the railroad. During his absence his store was managed by Tom Smith.

Kenneth McLeod is down from the mountain again. He must not be contented to stay up there after his long visit in town.

C. G. Breedlove, who has been working in the office of the Swan Falls Power Co. at Nampa for some time, returned last night to take up his duties as mayor of Dewey again.

L. C. Gardner and wife and two younger children went to Reynolds Monday evening and returned Tuesday with their daughter, Willa May.

Thursday evening William Healy and Henry Oleson, accompanied by Miss Mary and Miss Louise Hicks, went to Reynolds Creek to attend a dance there.

The Cemetery Benefit Dance is postponed until Wednesday, August 23rd, 1911. The ladies will please bring their donations to the hall on the morning of that day.

Geo. R. Sweeney, who has been on an extended visit to his old home in Saginaw, Michigan, returned to the Owyhees last night. And he actually seemed pleased to get back.

J. A. Wroten was up from Jordan Valley on business, the first of the week. Mr. Wroten is City Marshal of the town below here, but we understand his business was not connected with that office.

William Hardiman, an old time storekeeper in Silver, was visiting here this week. He has been out on his ranch on Picket creek for the past two months. Mr. Hardiman makes his home in Nampa now.

Chas. Maher came up from Jordan Valley last night after Tom Nelson and wife, but when he left this morning he had a full load, Mrs. Frank Hall, Miss Libby and Miss Peterson accompanying them to the Valley.

Mrs. I. J. Gardner and daughter, Miss Lottie Gardner, came up from Reynolds Tuesday, for a short visit here. They

## LOCAL OPTION CAMPAIGN ON IN CANYON COUNTY

The business men of Canyon county, being fully convinced that the present hard times in that county are due to the fact that the county is dry, have organized and set about to systematically fight to win the county over to the "wet" column in the local option election of September 6. A man from Caldwell, who has much property in that town, says that one cannot give real estate away, much the less to sell it; and that if the county stays "dry" it will break many of them. Of course, that is the argument of the "wets," while the "drys," on the other hand, may have a good argument to meet it. The following excerpt is taken from the Statesman:

Caldwell, Aug. 11.—The wet and dry campaign in Canyon county is now on in earnest, and both sides getting their forces into line. Yesterday the Business Men's and Voter's league held a meeting at their headquarters in the Stenness building and completed their organization by the appointment of precinct committeemen in the different voting precincts of the county.

An elaborate newspaper and mailing program was adopted and will be carried out to the letter. Good speakers will be provided for the platform work, and everything will be done to place the question before the voters in a fair and complete manner. A large office force has been secured and the headquarters show evidence of considerable activity on the part of the "wet" forces.

The active management of the campaign is vested in J. H. Lewis of the National Association of Manufacturers and Business Men, with headquarters at Chicago. Mr. Lewis comes with a reputation for great ability in this line of work and the "wets" are expressing confidence that the final outcome will be a victory for their side.

have been visiting on the creek for some time. They will remain here about two weeks.

Jack Ward returned Thursday night from Butte, Montana, where he has been attending the convention of the Western Federation of Miners as a delegate from this Union. From reports, they had it hot and heavy, but Jack seems to have escaped injury.

Saturday evening a party of fishermen set out for Boulder creek, accompanied by an awful hunger for fish. Those in the party were Andy Swan, J. L. Smith, George Slattery and L. Pedrasini's son. They returned Monday night not overloaded with fish.

Gentlemen! This is just the time to order your suit for Labor Day. Call and examine my fall line of samples. Made to your measure suits \$18 and up. Cleaning, pressing and repairing done at W. J. Gibson's Tailor Shop opposite the telephone office. W. J. Gibson, Tailor.

The friends of the Rev. H. Jukes will be pleased to hear that on August 8, 1911, at Grangeville, Idaho, a son was born to him and Mrs. Jukes. Mr. Jukes was rector of the Episcopal Church here several years ago and was a good bachelor. However, after leaving here he deserted the Brotherhood and such is his punishment. Nugget wishes the family good luck.

Communion services were held in the St. James Episcopal Church last Sunday morning and church services in the evening by Bishop Funston of Boise. Friday night he held services in DeLamar. This was the Bishop's annual visit here. He endeavors to visit every church in his diocese each year, but he finds it rather a difficult task.

## SAD ACCIDENT TO SILVER BOY

### Merl Helms Crushed By Falling Rock at Gardner's Livery Stable

Another soul is gone. His life crushed from him in the early bloom of his manhood, was the fate of Merl E. Helms. Bubbling over with cheer, with the very joy of living, he went to his last day's work, faithful, industrious unto the last. Hay was being unloaded at the rear of the livery stable. Merl was helping. Wishing to enter the barn, he, putting his hands on the top of the huge rock over the low doorway, endeavored to swing under it through the opening. The weight of his body and the force of the swing pulled the rock from its narrow resting place over onto him, crushing the upper part of his head and bruising one arm. Death was instantaneous.

The rock was about six feet long, two feet wide and eight inches thick. The weight was estimated at seven hundred pounds. This rock has been swung on for years, just as Merl did, and there was no thought that it was unsafe. But Tuesday it fell.

Merl Edward Helms was born at Waldron, Wheeler County, Oregon, on April, 17, 1893, and died at Silver City, Idaho, on Tuesday, August 15, 1911, aged 18 years, 3 months, and 27 days. His father died at Meadows, Idaho, and was buried at Fossil, Oregon, about two years ago, and his mother and little sister, Mary, were left to his care. The family came to Silver about one year ago, and have made this place their home. His mother, Mrs. Claude Downey, is almost prostrated with grief at his sudden death.

The funeral was held this afternoon at 2 p. m. at the lower Masonic Hall, and burial at the K. P. Cemetery. The entire community attended and a very impressive service was rendered. The bereaved family and relatives have the sympathy of all.

Young, vivacious, popular as he was, the news of his death fell as a pall upon his friends. And everyone who knew him was his friend. He was a friend to everyone. Men conversed in whispers, and there were those who wept. It was the very suddenness of it all that so unnerved them.

Philosophers will say, "It was for the best." But human nature can not stand the demise of one so young without dropping a tear of sorrow and regret.

Macterlinek, in "The Bluebird," gives us the beautiful thought that, when we think of the dead, they live again. That is a beautiful thought, indeed. It gives everlasting life to all humanity. And so, when we think of him, let us think of him, not as dead, but as living—living in that land.

"Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow."

Mrs. August Grete and Miss Charlotte and Lewis Grete left yesterday morning for California, where Lewis will enter the University of California. They are undecided as yet whether they will reside in San Francisco or Berkeley. It is probable that it will be in the latter place. Lewis attended the University of Idaho for a couple of years, but he will finish at the University of California.

Last Thursday the party of campers that has been on Boulder for the past week or so, returned to civilization. It is presumed that the grub supply became low, and that the finny inhabitants of Boulder were thrice decimated—and then some—and that the mosquitos, flies and other winged creatures other than chickens, became too numerous—in other words, that for all these reasons the jovial band came home. When interviewed by one of our representative citizens, the chaperon stated that everything was fixed ship-shape, comfy and O. K. The only thing lacking was mosquito netting; and what good, honest camper would deign to resort to mosquito netting? A smudge is a thousand times better and more camp-like. Let's see; there were the Misses Rosa Weiner, Violet Quirk, Oella and Mabel Schuyler, and Mr. Willie Schuyler, chaperoned by Mrs. W. H. Schuyler. A jolly bunch, what?

## WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE BALL TEAM?

What's the matter with the ball team? No more do we see the Miners—and muckers—tossing the ball from one to another. No more has the spectator to keep both eyes peeled for stray spheres hurtling through space. Has subtle inertia stealthily secreted itself in their limbs, or are they afraid of going stale from over training?

Surely they are not discouraged on account of the score in Jordan Valley. It may revive their drooping spirits some to think of the tale of 16 to 1. When that is done 13 to 1 seems much better. There are several good excuses for that score of 13 to 1. Think of the long ride to the Valley; the generous hospitality of the Vallevis; and then—the heat. There's the rub; it was the heat that got 'em. Think of the men who went from the cool, green hills of Owyhee down to the alkali fields, scintillating with reflected heat, of Malheur. What could they do? Five long innings they endured it, and then—13 to 1.

There has been some talk of a game with DeLamar. The town below us has put it off—a week, a week and a half, two weeks, and then some. Are they afraid? Or do they think that by putting the game off the Silver boys will weary of the delay, stop practicing and grow stale? If that is their line of reasoning we think they are correct, for all practicing has stopped.

Members of the ball team, don't let that game, and especially the game with Jordan Valley on Labor Day, go by default. You have a dozen or so balls lying around in cold storage. Use 'em up so the rest of us can use 'em second handed.

Again we urge you to practice. Practice and practice some more, and maybe on the fourth of next September, on that day dear to a Miner's heart, you can rub out the score of 13 to 1, efface the stain, and tack over the door of the Farmers' manager the sign

"GONE TO THE MOUNTAINS  
26 TO 2  
ALL IN."

## THE RICH GULCH

The grading work is going ahead as rapidly as possible for the Rich Gulch mill. It is the intention of the company to have it built this fall. The capacity is one hundred tons daily. The ore is to be taken from a blind vein struck some months back. This vein is very large, though of low grade. The ore will be run through rock crushers and Chilean mills. It is understood that the process for saving the values will be cyanide.

In the meantime the tunnel is being driven to tap the vein, exposed in the upper workings, at great depth. With a mill of this capacity a large force of men will be required to provide ore for it. When this mill is producing Silver will have a new lease on life and may yet be the town she was fifteen years ago.

## THE BANNER

The Banner mine is opening up some very rich ore. They are having ore hauled down from the "Tip Top" to the mill and are getting out some fine ore on the Banner ground. A new body of ore has just been broken into in the stopes of the upper workings. The repairs to the motor are expected soon, when the mill will start up again with a good supply of ore on hand.

Geo. R. Sweeney has just returned from the East and is better prepared than ever to give his patrons just what they want in up to date clothing.

## SUNDAY DOINGS AROUND HERE

### Many People Have Single Thought To Go to The Hills on Sunday

Last Sunday there was a general exodus of Silverites in every direction into the hills. To make a long story short, every one that could or would do so left the dear old town and took to the hills. Two crowds went up Jordan creek, one to Sinker, and one to Flint. And besides, there was church, also. The town had a deserted look and everyone left in it felt lonesome. The details follow:

Dad Borrough and Tom Harlan went hunting and returned with considerably fewer chickens than the law allows.

Mesdames. O'Neil, W. J. Stoddard, Rogers, Drollinger, Connors, and Miss Alice Connors went up Jordan creek to the wood camp of W. J. Stoddard. Judging from the wagon load of grub they certainly had plenty to eat.

Another crowd of picknickers went up the creek to while away the time. Those who went were Mrs. Weston, Misses Mary, Louise and Olive Hicks, and Wm. Healy, Dave McKinney and P. C. Williams. They had a good time, of course.

Sinker creek was visited by a crowd of thirteen people loaded into two wagons. There was a dog, however, and she broke the spell. Those who went were Messrs. Steele, Nelson, Dugan, Dickens and Hall, Mesdames. Steele, Nelson, Dugan, Dickens and Hall, and Miss Gordon Dickens. They played a game called "Fish Pond; or Who'll Get the Most Fish." F. D. Hall won the first prize with a score of 98, fish, minnows, and all. Mrs. J. E. Dickens annexed the booby prize with the record score of one (1). The party spent the entire day on the creek and snrely had a good time, if not getting back until ten o'clock is evidence of such a fact.

Last Sunday the inhabitants of Whiteville, which is near the town of Flint, were startled by a crowd of picnickers who, coming in a four-horse team and in a two-horse team, took them by storm. In the four-horse team there were Lyle Eisenhart, Asher Getchell, Marcus White, Mrs. Getchell, Mrs. Eisenhart, Misses Carrie Hastings, Leona Grete, Charlotte Grete, little Asher Getchell, and little Lyle and Leona Eisenhart. There were Mrs. Kreig, Miss Alice McDonald, and Bob McDonald, in a two-horse team from DeLamar. And what a time they did have! The funny part of it was, that when coming home, Miss Charlotte Grete, despite the warnings of the chauffeur of the Silver team, rode homeward with the DeLamar team. When they came to where the road turns off to Silver the team from this place stopped so that its occupants could decide as to whether or not they should go by DeLamar. The driver of the team from the latter place whipped up, passed them, and turned up the road toward Silver. That decided Lyle, and he set out for DeLamar. The DeLamar aggregation waited a while and then the sudden realization of a freeze-out came over them. Turning back toward DeLamar, they hurried to that place to catch the Silver team. Did they do it? Ask Miss Charlotte. The next day she came to Silver on the seven a. m. stage.

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