

THE MERCUR MINER.

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No. 2.

THE MERCUR MINER.

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C. W. EVERS... LOCAL MANAGER
JAS. T. JAKEMAN... Managing Editor

TOOLEE COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Seat, Tooele City.
Clerk—Ivan Ajax.
Treasurer—E. M. Orme.
Recorder—F. W. Fralry.
Sheriff—A. O. Evans.
Assessor—J. A. Millward.
Attorney—J. B. Gordon.
Surveyor—Haines Grindley.
Commissioners—C. Le Roy Anderson, J. G. Brown and W. J. Hammond.

Local & News Items

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

The L. D. S. Sunday school will convene at 10 o'clock a. m., meeting at 8 o'clock p. m. every Sunday. Everybody invited.
Special Meetings.—Deacons' meeting Monday evening; teachers, Wednesday evening; choir practice, Friday evening. J. W. Lee, Bishop.

MERCUR NOTES.

Nice weather in Mercur at present.
T. M. Keyes of Park City is visiting in Mercur.
Mrs. D. M. King was in Salt Lake the latter part of the week on business.
W. T. Janney was in Manning on business Sunday for the Con. Mercur Mining Co.
Mrs. C. W. Evers and daughters were visiting in Salt Lake and Park City for ten days.

BRIDGE WHIST AT SUPT. DERN'S.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dern entertained the card club Friday evening at bridge whist, five tables being played. The following guests were present: Mr. and Mrs. James Quirk, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Evers, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Janney, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Coffey, Mrs. John Luft, the Misses Annie Luft, Cora Brown, Annie Letter, Birdie Savage, Kate Coffey, Messrs. Prof. McCorkle, Dr. Tate, Dr. Cates, Mildan Orr, F. E. Bollinger. The first prizes were won by Miss Kate Coffey and Mr. Ballinger, consolation going to Miss Birdie Savage and Mr. Evers. After the card game a delightful lunch was served by the charming hostess. The card club adjourned to meet at Mr. and Mrs. James Quirk's next Thursday evening.

500 CARD PARTY.

Misses Letter and Savage gave a 500 card party Saturday evening. The following guests were present: The Misses Kate and Clara Coffey, Miss Frances Rawlings, Dr. Tate, Prof. McCorkle, Oscar Swensen, F. Ballinger and Mr. Orr. Miss Kate Coffey and Mr. Orr won ladies and gentlemen's first prizes. After the card game the hostess served a delightful lunch.

STOCKTON SHORT STOPS.

The "Stockton Sentinel."
The Ben Harrison shaft caved in last Tuesday. No one happened to be in the shaft at the time.
The stores of our town all have a nice line of valentines. Go and get a large one for your sweetheart.
If your neighbors bother you about loaning the Sentinel, tell them to subscribe and get four monthly magazines for premiums, all for \$1.50.

Mr. Wm. McFarlane Rhone Polton and John F. Connor and family attended the funeral of T. J. Connor, father of John F. Connor, at Salt Lake last Tuesday, who died at the Holy Cross hospital last Sunday, Feb. 2.

T. J. CONOR'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of the late Thomas J. Connor took place at Salt Lake Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, from the chapel at O'Donnell's undertaking establishment. After the impressive services of the Catholic church, the body was taken to Mt. Calvary for burial. Many friends of the pioneer attended the services and accompanied the remains to the grave. The members of the family present were John F. Connor of Stockton, Utah, the only surviving son, and Mrs. Ellen

Leary and Mrs. Mammie Paxton, daughters of the late Mr. Connor.

Representatives of the Knights of Columbus, of which Mr. Connor was a member, also attended the services. Since the death of Mr. Connor many stories concerning the pioneer are recalled.

Back in the '70s he became interested in mining for the first time. He financed some Spaniards in a mine called the Sunnyside, on Lion Hill, in Tooele county. On the property there was a splendid showing of horn silver and Mr. Connor was offered \$100,000 for the mine, which was a large sum for those early days. He haughtily rejected the offer. His sons were then engaged in the management of a lumber mill, and the pioneer, believing that fortune smiled upon them, informed them that the rise and fall of lumber would soon cease to interest the family. But the Sunnyside proved to be merely a surface showing and the pioneer's dream of millions vanished.

Mr. Connor was extremely conservative about all matters of politics and religion. When the agitation relative to religious questions was at its height in Utah he refused to take a part, insisting that as long as he kept on good terms with his own conscience he had fulfilled all that could be expected of him. It was the same in politics. He kept on good terms with himself and let others do the "hurrahing."

OPHIR ITEMS.

Stockton Sentinel.
L. L. Baker of Tooele was a visitor Saturday.

We wish the Buckhorn mine would resume, as rumored.

Dalton shipped something like 25 cars for the Ophir Hill Co. last month.

Dr. Z. G. Logan and wife are week end visitors in Salt Lake this week.

We see the Boss fixing up his auto. Guess he's looking for a February thaw.

J. B. Gordon, county attorney, and Sheriff Evans are visitors in town this week.

Ophir lodge No. 38, I. O. O. F., conferred the first degree on four applicants Tuesday, the 4th inst.

Haines Grindley was appointed by the town board to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Arkie Warren.

The Ophir Hill Con. Mining Co. are still digging in with 190 men. The temporary cut in wages has not affected the town.

The Rebeccas had a special meeting Wednesday, the 5th. Don't know what took place, but we have a hunch it means a feed.

H. A. Wagner and family have moved to Salt Lake, Mr. Wagner having severed his connection with the Ophir Mercantile. A host of friends regret their departure.

The epidemic of measles has about spent itself, having run short of children.

OPHIR.

Stories of Undergraduates.

A nervous freshman was dining with Thomas Herbert Warren, president of Magdalen college, Oxford. By way of starting conversation the latter glanced out of the window and remarked, "We have a little sun today," but he was astonished to receive the freshman's congratulations coupled with the hope that Mrs. Warren was doing well. Another Oxford story: During his undergraduate days a man who is now a learned professor was discovered sitting in the "quad" clothed only in an umbrella unfurled above his head. In response to anxious inquiries as to what he was doing he replied: "Hush, hush! Don't you see I'm a bally mushroom, and I'm growing!"

A Lottery At Best.

And those who marry for love are just as apt to bump up against disappointment as those who marry for money.

As the Blood Travels.

The blood thrown out by the heart travels seven miles in an hour, or 4,292,000 miles in a lifetime of 70 years.

A BARGAIN.

A first-class Rooming House for sale. Address or call on J. S. Nielson, 56 W. Fourth South St., Salt Lake City.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES OF MERCUR.

Meetings.

Monday evening—Resolute Lodge No. 16, K. of P., Earl Klingler, C. C. Tuesday evening—Mercur Aerie No. 164, F. O. E., Harvey Dunleavy, W. P.; Richard Daniels, Sec.

Wednesday evening—Mercur Lodge No. 25, I. O. O. F., T. H. Franklin, N. G.; W. T. Jannely, Sec.

Thursday evening—Masonic, Geo. Hurlburt, W. C.; D. L. Underwood, Sec.

Friday evening—Bi-monthly, I. O. T. M., Mrs. H. Ritter, Com.; Mrs. Adie Bracken, Jr. Com.; Mrs. Geo. Wilson, Rec. Keeper.

Friday evening—Bi-monthly,

Daughters of Rebekah, Mrs. Parley Pratt, N. G.; Mrs. Helena B. Evans, Sec.

Saturday evening—Italian Society.

Sunday evening—Western Fed. of Miners, John Barrett, Pres.; H. H. Dunleavy, Sec.

SALT LAKE AND MERCUR R. R.

Westbound No. 1.	Eastbound No. 2.
Leave	Arrive
10:55 a.m. ... Fairfield	3:08 p.m.
11:30 a.m. ... Manning	2:35 p.m.
12:20 p.m. ... Summit	1:55 p.m.
12:45 p.m. ... Mercur	1:45 p.m.
Arrive	Leave
Effective October 27, 1907.	A. D. SMITH, Gen'l Mgr.

NOTICE.

U. S. Land Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 23, 1907.
To Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that the State of Utah has filed in this office a list of lands, selected by the said State, under the section of the Act of Congress, approved July 16, 1894, as follows, to-wit:
S. 1/2 of Section 8, T. 9 S., R. 5 W., S. L. M. (List 83 Agricultural College.)

A copy of said list, so far as it relates to said tracts by descriptive subdivisions, has been conspicuously posted in this office for the inspection by any person interested, and by the public generally.

This notice will be published for five consecutive weeks, and during

this period, under departmental regulations of April 25, 1907, protests or contests against the claim of the State to any of the tracts or subdivisions hereinbefore described, on the ground that the same is more valuable for mineral than for agricultural purposes, will be received and noted for report to the general land office at Washington, D. C. Failure so to protest or contest, within the time specified, will be considered sufficient evidence of the non-mineral character of the tracts and the selections thereof, being otherwise free from objection, will be recommended for approval.
E. D. R. THOMPSON, Register.
First publication Jan. 29, 1908.
Last publication Feb. 26, 1908.

Dr. L. G. Thayer,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Main Street, Mercur.

Union Dental Co.
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CALL AT
GOLDEN GATE CASH STORE.
Miner's Clothing Supplies, Such as Overalls, Jumpers, Suits, Overalls, Etc.
Main Street, Mercur. Wm. BILLINGS, Prop.

Salt Lake & Mercur Railroad
From Fairfield to Mercur, Utah's Great Gold Camp.
One train a day each way
Connects with San Pedro Ry.
Greatest engineering feat of the West and crookedest little railway in the World. Well worth a ride from Salt Lake to see it.
L. L. NUNN, President. A. D. SMITH, General Mgr.
General Office 417 McCormick Block, Salt Lake City.

J. H. MARSHALL, MANAGER.
50c, 75c, \$1, & \$1.50 \$3.00 Per Week.
Elk Hotel
EUROPEAN
44 E. Second South St. Annex Wilson Hotel. EVERY ONE KNOWS US!
Salt Lake City.

WATCHES. DIAMONDS. JEWELRY.
BOWERS,
JEWELER,
Salt Lake City.
NOW: 73 Main Street.

WILD HORSEBACK RACE FOR BRIDE

TWO MONTANA RANCHMEN MAKE HUNDRED-MILE RIDE FOR LICENSE.

EACH IGNORANT OF THE OTHER

Arrive at Destination at Same Moment, Learn of Girl's Cupidity, and Decide Neither Wants Her.

Sioux City, Ia.—How would you like to ride at break-neck speed on horseback for 100 miles and arrive at the license clerk's office just as another fellow was taking out a license for the girl you intended to marry? And suppose the other fellow had done the same long-distance ride, a proviso made by the young woman who had been wooed by both and who had promised to wed both?

This was the situation that confronted J. J. Jackson and S. T. Bretherton, ranchers near Butte, Mont. They were coming to Sioux City to marry Miss May Florence But-



"I Want a License to Wed!"

terfield, aged 22, pretty, and the niece of the late State Senator Butterfield of South Dakota.

Miss Butterfield, who also lives near Butte, was loved by both the young ranchers. Their wooing was ardent and continuous. The winsome young woman could not decide which of the westerners she admired best. And finally, when she left home for a tour of the east, she had half way promised to become the bride of both.

On her return some she stepped off at Sioux City for a visit. Then she felt that she wanted to see her impetuous lovers. And she sent each a telegram saying she would marry the one that came to her at once.

Out in Butte two young men boarded the same train together. They climbed into the same coach, took the same seat. But as such things go neither discussed the matter closest to their hearts. And they both rode on into the night, blissfully ignorant of the other's intentions.

At Vermillion, S. D., they had to wait for connections, and here both young men were handed telegrams. They read: "Come at once. Called home. Father ill." Both seemed imbued with the same idea. There would be no train for five hours. The trusty saddle was the only thing. Horses were speedily secured and the race for a girl began, each still ignorant of the other's intentions.

Two roads lead out of Vermillion for the Missouri river. Both are straight and hard, but they diverge until they

come to a point again at McCook, S. D., just across the Iowa line from here. No one knows how fast the men rode, but both arrived in the courtyard a few minutes apart. Their ponies were dripping foam, yet the ranchmen hardly noticed the animals as they leaped from their backs and ran for the courthouse.

"I want a license to wed," said Jackson to Clerk Frank Tripp.

"I want a license to wed," echoed Bretherton to Deputy Clerk Snyder.

Both officials started to comply, but when the name of the young woman was asked Clerk Tripp glared sharply at the other man and asked him to repeat it. He did so.

"This is strange," said Tripp. "Are you gentlemen sure this is not the same woman you wish to marry?"

In an instant both men began explaining.

"Besides," said Clerk Tripp, "you must bring the girl here with witnesses."

A fight between the two young men was narrowly averted, as both started out to hunt the elusive bride-to-be. But when they left they were seen talking earnestly together.

When Jackson and Bretherton were seen several hours later they had evidently made up their minds to some great decision, for both seemed the best of friends.

"We discussed the matter pro and con," said young Jackson, "and we concluded that neither of us would marry the girl."

"I didn't intend to marry either of them, anyway," declared Miss Butterfield, with a toss of her head. But her eyes were red and there was a quiver in her voice.

EXPRESS MESSENGER STAMPEDED BY BOAR

BRUTE BREAKS OUT OF CRATE AND CREATES HAVOC IN THE CAR.

Fort Wayne, Ind.—To be confined in the same car with an angry boar, which had broken out of its slender confinement, was the unpleasant experience of N. B. Richardson, express messenger on the Western Continental limited, east-bound, recently.

Richardson's home is in Detroit, and when he was rescued by trainmen here from his perilous position on the top of a big pile of trunks, which he had gained to escape from the frenzy of the boar, he was very weak and could hardly tell what an exciting time he had had.

The boar had been received in a small Illinois town, and was consigned to some place in Ohio. At first the animal did not appear in an ugly mood, but Richardson was suspicious and put the crate containing it in one corner of the car. It soon began to show symptoms of ugliness, and bit at the sides of the crate with great energy. Richardson then placed a large pile of trunks around it, thinking that if it did break out the trunks would serve as an additional barrier. But soon the trunks fell away, and the boar made his appearance with streaks of froth covering his entire body. The animal began to cavort among the trunks and to set Richardson running from it.

The express messenger soon perched himself high upon the trunks which he had piled together, and he staid there until the train reached this city, as his cries for help were drowned by the roaring of the car. His appeals were heard by the station men here, and they would have let the boar escape from the car when they opened the door had not Richardson called to them. It was soon caught and tied, but Richardson refused to accompany it any farther, and it awaited a later train.

The boar is of fine Poland China stock, and weighs 480 pounds. In its career around the car it tore open several trunks and the garments, mostly women's, were strewn over the floor.

covered with short hair. He had flowing, disorderly locks and a long matted beard, resembling an orang outang. When seized he shrieked, but did not reply to the questions put to him. The bread offered him ate ravenously.

The man was identified by the medal attached to a string around his neck bearing the word "Mygreaen." When he boarded the vessel for Norway the captain addressed him in Norwegian. The man was seized with violent emotion and fainted. When he recovered he was able to answer the captain's questions sensibly, and told how he had lived in the forests for a dozen years.

A Funny Man.

Ferry—Miss Morton told me that she thought you were a humorist.

Hargreaves—Really, I—

Ferry—At least she said you were a funny little man.

Develops the Good in Man.

Franklin: To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune.

CASTAWAY LIVED AS APE.

Survivor of Wreck Jumped from Tree to Tree in Forest.

Brussels.—Through the efforts of Baron Grynadaal, the Norwegian philanthropist, a man who had lived like an ape for 12 years in the forests of Belgium and France has been returned to his home in Norway. He was the only survivor of the Norwegian bark Mygreaen, which was wrecked in 1895. He had lost his reason from the shock.

When found the man was in the forest of Solgnies, where he had lived for some time, and had inspired the population in the neighborhood with fear. Finally it was decided to form a party to capture him. He was seen to be moving along very quickly, jumping from branch to branch. The men tried to seize him, but he got away from them and successfully hid himself in the thicket.

Another attempt—this one successful—was made by a crowd of villagers who surrounded him. His body was