

# CLAIMS SHOW RICH ORE

## PLANS FOR DREDGING ACTIVITY ON BUTTE CREEK

Ingot Second Smelter Blown in at Afterthought—Los Angeles Men Buy Mines—Developments at Searchlight.

Los Angeles.—Butte creek, located about seven miles east of Chico, Cal., is soon to be the scene of active dredging and sluicing operations, new style dredgers to be used. The Gold Dredging company of Los Angeles capitalists, with plenty of money back of it, has acquired the property formerly worked at Rich Bar on Butte creek, by Dr. Landis, Messrs. March, McCargar, Harvey and others, comprising some sixty acres. This company will also install a steam shovel and sluicing plant as soon as the machinery can be received from the east.

Another piece of land, the property of R. J. Ferguson, comprising 165 acres, has been taken hold of by another organization in Los Angeles. This property is immediately across the creek from the Rich Bar mine and it is proposed to work it in a similar manner. It is not altogether improbable that a merger may be arranged between this company and the Gold Bar Dredging company, or that the same machinery may be utilized in working both claims.

All of the companies have men of wealth back of them and are in earnest in the matter of a demonstration of the values lying beneath the surface. Their method of mining will be watched with much interest as establishing a cheaper method of dredger working of deep ground.

### Second Smelter at Afterthought.

The new furnace at the Great Western Gold company's copper smelter at Ingot, Shasta county, has been blown in and the plant is now working smoothly and treating about 200 tons of ore a day. The blowing in process was witnessed by Vice President O. E. Adams and Directors Walsh, Noel and Dittmar. The capacity of the plant is doubled by the operation of the new furnace and the output will be still more increased as soon as the zinc can be successfully handled. At the mine sinking has now commenced from the No. 4, or lowest level, through solid ore. The entire winze is in good ore and indications are flattering. The railroad is being extended from the Copper Hill around to the Afterthought proper and explorations will be commenced in that rich claim at once.

### News at Searchlight.

The Searchlight district is now in that attitude which may be described as "crouching for the spring;" new companies are being organized, large orders placed for machinery, appliances, etc., and the general preparations being made for the tidal wave of prosperity and activity which is confidently expected with the coming of fall.

Among the new companies recently organized is the Searchlight Bronco Mining company. The company was incorporated on June 8, the capitalization being 1,500,000 shares with a par value of \$1. The company owns seven claims lying about eight miles southeast of Searchlight, and the showing made up to this time is very good. Active development will proceed with the greatest possible speed. The Nevada-Searchlight has begun sinking an additional 100 feet from its present depth of eighty feet. In following an excellent hanging wall of about 65 degrees the streak of good ore found on the surface has widened considerably, and the additional work on this property promises handsome returns.

The Cyrus Noble Mining company, who have been experiencing some trouble with their new electric pump, recently installed, are now breathing easily, as the pump has been put in satisfactory working order and is now doing good service. Their concentrators have also been installed and will immediately be put in active operation. The concentrators should raise the percentage of extraction heretofore obtained to a considerable extent. Active work on sinking an additional 100 feet from the present level of the shaft will be begun at once.

### MINING GROWING IN ARIZONA.

Attorney Says Industry Is on Increase. Believes Statehood Bill Will Be Rejected.

"There is a great future for the mining business in Arizona," said Col. Frank Cox, general attorney for the Southern Pacific Railroad company at the Tucson division, when seen at the Hollenbeck hotel. "Eastern and western capital is rapidly finding its way into the territory and bringing about very satisfactory results."

In the Hassayampa river district much excitement has been caused lately through the discovery of new fields and later developments of several of the older properties. New companies are daily opening up in this district and people are flocking there. Some of the richest placer claims in Arizona will undoubtedly be located in this district.

"At Wittenberg record strikes have been made within the past few months. Coarse gold, placer products and dry washing products are showing up in good shape all through the latter district."

Col. Cox says that when the question of choosing what to do with the bill on statehood which was signed and submitted by the president comes up before the Arizonans the latter will immediately reject it.

In Bavaria railway carriages are disinfected at the end of every journey.

## ONE MAN'S WAY.

"Such undue freedom, sir," I said, "I cannot understand." But he looked deep into my eyes and simply kept my hand.

"Merely a friend you are," I said, "And liberties like this I never will permit." But he—He only took the kiss.

"My lover? Nonsense, sir!" I said. "I never can love you." But he—he took me in his arms, and said, "You do, you do!"

"I cannot marry you," I said, "And live with you for life." He simply said, "You will, you will!" And now I am his wife. —James T. White.

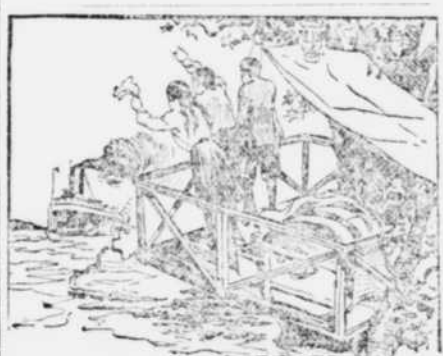
## THE FLOOD.

FOR the first time in his life Raymond Vance was visiting a river-farm with its wide fields of corn and cotton and cane. The great oak trees with their waving draperies of long gray moss were a never-fading delight to him. And aside from all this were Madge and Jack, his cousins, whom he had never met before and who were quite as unique as the farm and the moss in his eyes.

The Vance farm-house was a large, low building surrounded by low-eaved galleries, and abundantly shaded by enormous oaks. When the river was "down," only the smoke-stacks of the passing steamers could be seen from the house, for the high wall of the levee shut out the view. When the river was high, people in the steamers could look down into the yard of the farm-house, for the river was then higher than the roof.

"Where is Madge?" Raymond asked one morning after having looked all through the house for her.

The question was addressed to Jack, but a low laugh answered him, and he looked up. Something that he had not seen before greeted his astonished vision. Away up among the branches of the largest oak was a platform of boards, with a low railing around it.



THREE VOICES SHOUTED, "HERE WE ARE!" and it was Madge's laughing face that peeped over the railing.

"How in the name of sense did you get up there?" he cried, in bewilderment, and Madge's laughter rung out, gay and musical. It was Jack that explained:

"You see that ladder against the house? Well, you get up on the roof, and then from that first tree, you know, and then from that to this one. It's easy enough when you know how. We call the thing Castle Dangerous."

It was only a few days later that Mr. Vance announced that he and Jack's mother must go to Memphis for a few days. They left Madge in charge of the house.

On the next day it began to rain—a steady downpour, which soon turned the level ground into a lake. All that day, all night, all the next day, it rained. The three solitary islanders began to feel their island very solitary. Indeed, Raymond lost his spirits, and stood watching the long, gray moss, the dull sky and the levee, with the waves lapping over the top of it. For it had come to that, and yet he was not alarmed.

But it was Raymond who startled them at last. They noticed all at once that he was looking toward the door with a pallid face, and he asked in a strained voice:

"What—what's—that?" They were all on their feet in a moment. There, under the door, water was crawling in a long line across the bare floor. The head of the line had almost reached the table when they saw it first. Then there were sounds outside—the frightened lowing of cattle, the neighing of horses and the cackling of chickens.

Madge ran and threw the door open, and wherever they looked there was water. The flood had covered the lawn and the floor of the porch, and was sending long streams into all the rooms.

"The levee's given away!" shouted Jack, "and this house is lower than the river! Come! We must run to the hills!"

Ray leaned against the door-casing, pale and trembling. Jack lost his head entirely, and had caught Madge's arm, crying:

"Why don't you come, Madge? Don't you see we have to run to the hills?" Madge shut the door and stood with her back against it.

"Jack," she said, so quietly that he could not help listening, "the hills are miles away. You know we could never get there. We must climb to Castle Dangerous."

Directed by the cool-headed girl the boys packed a basket full of food, and Madge found some of her mother's jewelry and her father's valuable papers. As she glanced around to see if there was anything more, the kitten that was curled up on the bed waked and stretched itself and purred softly. Madge caught the little creature up, put it into

the basket and shut down the lid. Then she splashed back through the water that was now over her chin-tops.

The two boys were ready with their baskets and bundles. Madge caught up the oil cloth that covered the long kitchen table, folded it and put it into Jack's basket. "It may rain again," she said by way of explanation. Then Madge gave her directions, and the boys did as she told them without hesitation. Jack, with the clothes-line coiled on his arm, ascended to Castle Dangerous and dropped the end of the line to Ray and Madge. They carried out the baskets, fastened the line to them and saw them hauled up. The bundles went next and then a trunk, and then in the gathering twilight they waded around to the ladder with the water up to their waists. Madge was the last to go.

"Well," she said, cheerfully, as she stepped upon the platform. "Things are pretty bad, but they might be a good deal worse!"

"I don't see how!" cried Ray, who was shivering and wretched. "My clothes are wet to my waist and I'm about to freeze!"

"Well, we might be drowned," said Madge; "and folks get awfully wet when they drown."

"Just as likely as not we'll be drowned anyhow," murmured Ray. "I am afraid the water will be over us before morning."

"Don't cross the bridge till you get to it," was Madge's gay reply. "I've told you that several times before, Ray. You always have a bridge ahead, and you are worrying yourself sick about it. Worry's the hardest work people ever do."

"How did you know so well what to do to-night?" Raymond asked, with a momentary flash of curiosity.

"Because I had studied it out often, what I would do if a crevasse came. But I didn't worry about it."

She went quietly to work, this thoughtful Madge, and found the box of matches that she had secured the last thing, and lighted the lantern and hung it to a branch above their heads.

"That's for a signal in case any help comes near us—though, of course, none can come to-night," she said; and Jack added:

"You're a brick, Madge! Now I know what you wanted with that can of coal oil."

They went to work very cheerfully, then, helping her while she tied a rope across from limb to limb above them, and fastened the oilcloth over it tensely. Then they got some dry clothes out of the trunk and changed their wet garments, and were soon comfortably rolled up in blankets with the star-peeping at them through the open ends of their airy tent.

As the night waned the river rose away more and more of the levee and poured through with an ever-increasing flood. The valley was swept clear of every living thing. A raging flood tore all night long around the great tree in whose top the young adventurers slept; and still they slept as serenely as though they had been safe in their own beds in sheltered homes.

It was Madge that waked first the next morning, and the cry she uttered aroused the others. The water was only a few feet below them. It had completely covered the house or swept it away. Not a vestige of it could be seen. Barns and stables, fences and crops; all were gone. Nothing was left of the peaceful home that they had loved so well.

That morning their camp life began in real earnest. The water was still creeping up toward them, but they were sure it could not reach them, because Castle Dangerous was higher than the top of the levee.

In the afternoon it began to rain again and all through the evening and night it poured down steadily. How they blessed Madge's foresight in bringing the oilcloth.

And so the time went on.

"What's that! Somebody in a tree!" cried the captain of the relief boat Dixie, as he peered up among the oaks that had once sheltered the Vance homestead. Before any one could answer three voices shouted:

"Yes, here we are! Come on!"

And the gallant little Dixie made its way between the trees until it was close to Castle Dangerous.

"How did you come to think of it, anyway?" the captain asked Jack, and he replied as ungrammatically as possible:

"Oh, it wasn't us that thought of anything. It was Madge. We don't have to think. Madge does the thinking for this outfit."

And the boatmen helped Madge into the Dixie and handed her the kitten as tenderly as though she were a queen and it a very fine bouquet and she had to tell the whole story, with the boys' help, not only to the officers of the boat, but to two or three newspaper reporters.

And next morning, the Dixie reached Memphis, and what a reunion that was to the distracted father and mother, who had passed all these days and nights in such agony, thinking that they would never look upon their children's faces again!—Chicago Daily News.

### Still Better.

"Did you ever see this one?" inquired the tiresome funny man. "You can take two letters from 'money' and leave only 'one.' See how it's done?"

"Yes," replied the postal clerk, "and I've known fellows to take money from any number of letters and leave absolutely nothing."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Most people who congratulate you on your success do not mean it.

# IN FIELD OF HUSBANDRY

## OF INTEREST TO FARMERS AND ORCHARDISTS

The Farm Boy—Young Trees Need Most Tillage—Canned Tomatoes. Forestry—Free Seeds—Poultry Pointers—Sugar Industry.

### The Farm Boy.

The boy who is brought up in the country lives, in comparison with his city cousin, a broad life, filled with rich experiences. Of the two, only he may at all times enjoy the fresh air, the green fields, the running streams, the luxurious foliage, the joyous, singing life of bird and bee, and the thousand and one joys which rural scenes alone provide and which the city boy knows not.

Too often, in the case of the city boy, is a "shop" handy, where he may take all his "breakdowns and bust-ups," while in the country the boy learns to "do things." No handy shop with the multiplicity of conveniences easily within reach—he is forced, luckily, to rely upon his own resources, and it is the resourceful man who "does things" all through life, who is equal to every emergency.

The various phases of farm life are all educational; they make the farm boy self-reliant, independent. When confronted with trouble or danger he is equal to the occasion with a sure and certain solution to every problem. We pity the boy who has not been through the trying experiences connected with farm life, for, unless he has passed through a similar schooling in other lines or is naturally self-reliant, he is not prepared to stand the "crucial test" with which all are confronted who seek for success in this life.

Parents should strive their level best to make life attractive on the farm. See that your boy gets as many holidays as the city apprentice. Give him a plot of ground upon which he may grow anything he chooses. Let him have a fine calf or pig for his "very own." And above all things, while trying to steer him right, let him spend the proceeds from his sales as he sees fit. The reverse of all this will send your boy to the city at an early age.—California Cultivator.

### Young Trees Need Most Tillage.

The younger the trees, the more often should they be tilled; they have especial need of a vigorous growth when young, and are more affected by lack of water than older trees. Obviously, trees headed with fruit should be tilled more often and later in the season than barren trees; the fruit is mostly water. The drier the season, the greater the necessity of tillage. I have seen a thrifty and profitable irrigated home orchard in a region which had but eight inches of rain-fall—it was tilled until the carcase soil till its fruit trees the same number of times each season. The inflexible guides are the dryness of the soil and the growth of the trees. The only general statement worth making is that most home orchards in the humid sections of the country should be tilled from five to ten times during the season. Wherever a crust is formed on the surface, especially after a beating rain, it is a sign that water is escaping, and tillage is necessary to break it up and restore the mulch.—S. F. Fletcher, in Garden.

### Canned Tomatoes Wholesome.

We are glad to see that the packers of tomatoes have united in the national association of pure canned foods. Thousands of consumers in cities and towns have been misled by statements in the sensational press to believe that canned tomatoes are treated, adulterated, sophisticated and preserved until they are no longer healthful. As a matter of fact, nice ripe tomatoes put in the can, fresh picked from the field, hermetically sealed and immediately sterilized by heat, form one of the purest, safest and most wholesome of foods. Tomato packing is an immense industry, thousands of acres being devoted to this crop, and the growers should cooperate with the packers in educating consumers to realize the value of this product.

### Effective Forest Administration.

The worst enemy of the forests is fire. To combat it the forestry service maintains a fire-fighting system, the efficiency of which is constantly increasing as the details are worked out, such as experience of the men, the cutting of trails and the precautionary measures now being taken to prevent fire setting by campers and land holders adjacent to the reserves. On January 1, 1905, there were 58,652,054 acres of forest reserves in the United States, Alaska and Porto Rico. For the year ending at this date .66 of 1 per cent. of this area was burned over. For the year ending January 1, 1906, there were 92,741,936 acres of forest reserves in these three countries. For the year ending at this date .16 of 1 per cent. was burned over. In other words, while the area of reservation has almost doubled, the burned area has been reduced by more than one-half, and the percentage of area burned over has been reduced by more than three-fourths. Now if these percentages were taken from Southern California, the seasons' rainfall might cut some figure, although they have been nearly the same for the two years quoted. But taking the reserves of the whole country, it must mean that the efficiency of the forest service is rapidly improving.

In California the National Forest Service, the State Forester and the

lumber companies are co-operating to prevent and fight fires, all forest rangers having been made State fire wardens by the State Forester. Another point of interest to the farmer is the fact that all the officers and employees of the Forest Service are under the civil service system. This means that politics, local and national, has lost its grip upon the administration of forestry matters, and thus we cease to wonder at the change for the better in the business of preventing and controlling fires. And yet there are those of us who do not see the signs of better service all along the line. What farmer is not glad to see stationery of the Forest Service bearing the legend, "United States Department of Agriculture"—Los Angeles Times.

### Free Seeds.

The Congressmen can go on as usual fondly deluding themselves with the belief that the seed appropriation solves the difficult problem of making themselves "solid" with the rural constituency. It would be highly interesting to know just who gets this particular something-for-nothing. One can travel far and live long in the country without ever running across a farmer who has more than heard of the government's seeds, or who has ever made an effort to get any of them. In the villages it is a little, but not much, easier to find a few packages of them. The idea that they affect either agriculture or politics to any appreciable degree never enters the head of anybody except the Congressmen and a few heebers. Why should it? There is no imaginable reason for supplying free seeds to farmers—no more than for supplying free hose or free straw hats or free plows. The whole thing is wrong and disgraceful and corrupting—so far as it is not a mere miserable farce. There is nothing like a public demand for this use of the public money, and that it continues is even more humiliating than outrageous. The Congressmen will never learn this, apparently, until the farmers take the trouble to tell them that, like a too well-remembered judge, they are not now taking small bribes. They cannot do it too quickly.—New York Times.

### Poultry Pointers.

Don't cross two pure varieties, but cross two strains of the same variety if you want vigorous stock, and you will then have pure-bred fowls, as well as vigorous, healthy stock. Pure-bred stock is without doubt the most profitable to keep, and health and vigor can be just as easily obtained by crossing two specimens of the same variety that are not related to each other, as by crossing two distinct varieties, and by keeping only one variety the flock is more uniform and more easily handled.

Beware of overcrowding the poultry houses. If sufficient room is not available for the flock on hand, sell off part of the flock or else build more houses for them. Most flocks would be greatly benefited by calling out the old hens and late hatched pullets anyway, and as lumber is so extremely high, it will pay most farmers best to call their flocks down to what they have comfortable house room for. Four square feet of floor space for each fowl is the lowest estimate if one expects any return from the hens during the winter, and five or six square feet is better.

Don't expect eggs in large numbers if the water supply is short, for eggs are largely composed of water.

A broiler is a chicken which weighs two pounds or under, and a spring chicken weighs two to four pounds.

Another thing to remember in selecting eggs for hatching is that sick or over-fat hens do not lay very fertile eggs. Leg weakness, soft eggs, egg-bound and poor hatches can neatly always be attributed to overfeeding and an extra fat condition of the hens.

Some poultrymen claim that the very strongest hatching eggs come from hens that had a judicious amount of green bone in their bill of fare.

Mites in the chicken house occasionally are no disgrace, but it is a disgrace to leave them there after they are discovered, when they can be gotten rid of at such little cost. The raising of guinea fowls is being advocated by the agricultural department and dealers in market poultry. The demand for them is said to be good already, and increasing as rapidly as enterprises become acquainted with the delights of the dish.—California Cultivator.

### The Sugar Industry.

Favorable weather conditions this spring in Southern California will enormously increase the production of beet sugar. An accounting of the great acreage planted locally may lead one to the conclusion that in time the southern part of the State would add materially to the world's supply of sugar. And so it would were it a few hundred times larger. The total consumption of sugar in the United States each year is about 6,000,000,000, or about 75 pounds per capita. Of this, Louisiana produces 482,000,000 cane, and the other States 428,000,000 beet sugar, a total of nearly one-sixth of the amount used. From Hawaii we get 736,000,000, and from Porto Rico 239,000,000. This leaves nearly 4,000,000,000 pounds to be imported and an immense margin for the development of the domestic product. In the consumption of sugar the United States uses the most per capita, excepting the people of Great Britain. It may be a long time before the farmer can secure his share of the advantages of the deficiency in the domestic production of this staple. The suppression of the "Sugar Trust," along with some invention that might make the home-making of sugar as easy as the manufacture of maple sugar, sorghum and denatured alcohol, would do much to increase the domestic production of this necessity. Meantime, good seasons and the enterprise of the American farmer are advancing the industry at a satisfactory rate, and we may hope for the stability and progress of the growing of sugar beets.—Los Angeles Times.

If your horse has sore shoulders, there is something wrong with his collar.

### Good Buttons Made of Potatoes.

Do you button your clothes with potatoes? Well, well, well, there's no use in getting excited about it! No offense was intended, and the question is not as impertinent as it appears. Thousands of persons button their clothes with potatoes.

A large number of the buttons now in use, purporting to be made out of horn or bone or ivory, are in reality made out of the common potato, which, when treated with certain acids, becomes almost as hard as stone.

This quality of the potato adapts it to button-making, and a very good grade of button is now made from this tuber.

The potato button cannot be distinguished from others save by a careful examination, and even then only by an expert, since they are colored to suit the goods on which they are to be used, and are every whit as good looking as a button of bone or ivory.—Scrap Book.

### Increasing Humus.

There are three general methods of supplying humus to the soil. The first and best is the addition of stable manure. When properly managed it adds large quantities of both plant food and humus. But manure is not always available. When such is the case, the best thing to do is to make it available. Raise more forage, keep more stock, and make more manure.

But this takes time and capital, so that other means are necessary. When stable manure is not to be had, we may plant crops for the purpose of turning them under, thus adding large quantities of humus at comparatively little cost. Plowing under green crops is called green manuring. Under certain conditions this is an excellent practice.

A third method of adding humus is to grow crops like clover and timothy. These crops are usually left down for two years or more. During this time their roots thoroughly penetrate the soil. Old roots decay and new ones grow. When the sod is plowed up, more or less vegetable matter is turned under. This, with the mass of roots in the soil, adds no small amount to the supply of humus.

### Mistakes in Feeding.

Farmers are likely to make one of two mistakes in feeding their dairy cows: First, in not giving them enough; and second, in not giving them a properly balanced ration. Farmers do not realize that a cow is simply a machine for the conversion of grain and forage into milk and butter, and that it requires about 60 per cent. of what she can eat to run the machine. If the farmer, therefore, feeds only 60 per cent of her capacity, he is simply converting the cow into a manure factory instead of a butter factory. A butter factory should be run to its fullest capacity if possible.

Again, farmers do not always remember that the raw material for the factory must be of a character to produce the product required. The casein, which is the largest solid item in the milk, is an albuminous product, and therefore the cow should have a flesh-forming feed, what we call a "wide" or carbohydrate ration fitted for fattening animals. Much of the success of the dairyman depends on the proper balance of the ration.

Neither do farmers always remember that the balance of the ration as well as the amount of milk given is determined by the quality of the milk the gives. There is no need of feeding a cow more than she can digest and assimilate. If, she, however, gives a large amount of rich milk, she requires a somewhat different balance from the cow that gives a medium quantity of "blue" milk.

### A Great Irrigation Project.

A great irrigation project, involving an expenditure of about \$25,000,000, has been authorized by the Secretary of State for India. The area commanded by the canals is about 6,250 square miles, although only a small part of it will be reached for a number of years to come. In this area, it is estimated, about 3000 square miles will be irrigated. The water will be taken from the Jhelum river, in which there is now unappropriated at the site of the headworks a flow of 5000 to 7000 cubic feet per second. It is believed that the investment of public funds in these works, great as the sum may be, is well warranted by the economic advantages of the undertaking and the reasonable assurance of ample interest payments.

### DOMINGO BOATS FATHERED.

United States Government Will Oversee the Construction of Island Vessels.

Washington.—In pursuance of the government's paternal policy toward Santo Domingo, an officer of the navy has been appointed to supervise the construction of four revenue cutters for the use of the Dominican government.

At the request of the War Department the Navy Department had instructed Naval Constructor W. J. Baxter at the New York navy yard to designate one of his assistants to make periodical inspection of these boats, to be built by the Crescent Shipbuilding Company, this inspection to be in addition to his regular duties.

These cutters are to be seventy-five feet long, equipped with gasoline engines and will each carry two officers and a crew of ten men. They are to be paid for out of the island fund, which is deposited in New York.

### Modern Love Story—Boiled Down.

"Miss Jones, allow me to present Mr. Smith."

"Delighted to meet you, Miss Jones. Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

Peter Perren, the guide who took the first party of tourists up the Matterhorn, is still alive. He has made the ascent forty-one times since.