

# THUNDER MOUNTAIN.

## THE NEW EL DORADO IN THE WILDS OF IDAHO.

Gold Found in Fabulous Amounts Over a Wide Section—A Rush of Fortune Hunters to That Country That Will Soon Make It Populous.

(Special correspondence of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.) All roads in Idaho lead to the gold fields of Thunder Mountain this year, as they did a few years ago in Colorado to Cripple Creek. A rush that is almost unprecedented in the history of mining in the Northwest, rivaling even that of the Klondike boom, is on, and thousands of men are going helter-skelter toward the gold gold, unmindful of the dangers that lurk on every hand, totally disregarding the advice of friends and entirely oblivious to the fact that snowslides on Thunder Mountain trails have already claimed half a dozen victims. The conditions emphasize the fact that men will dare almost everything for wealth. If the crowd that is now surging into Thunder Mountain fields is mad, the mental condition of those who, in the very midst of winter, braved the dangers and endured the hardships of mountain travel, is somewhat difficult to describe. Snow storms, mountain lions, grizzlies, not yet grim starvation served to check the dauntless mountaineer in his mad race for gold. Dozens of incidents might be related of the terrors of the trail, among which is the experience of Chris Guidici, who, lost in the heart of the mountains, went on and on for three days and nights, without food or rest, until he tumbled into a deserted cabin, where he gnawed dry flour like an animal, and then, instead of turning back, going on to the camp, facing new dangers momentarily, with flour his only food until he reached there. But today Guidici, who has always been a poor man, is on the highway to wealth, and the next trip he makes into the gold fields after the snow disappears, could be in a gold-trimmed automobile if he cared for such luxury.

Such experiences tell the story of the richness of Thunder Mountain fully as vividly as does the exhibition of sacks of gold-dusted ore, the nuggets and the dust, that are brought out and shown to the wondering gaze of those inward bound. When what would be considered the limit of human endurance has been exceeded in such a race, it may be set down as certain that the goal is bright and yellow.

Thunder Mountain is a district something like 40 miles square, located in a wilderness—an heretofore unexplored section of a state whose valleys may be bathed in sunshine, while mountains towering above are piled high with snow and swept by blizzards—where one may stand in the midst of summer and see winter by merely turning the head. Because of its isolation, it was, until less years ago, comparatively unknown, excepting to a few miners who had penetrated to its very heart and, finding there great wealth, selfishly kept the secret locked in their own breasts for many months. These men mined in primitive fashion. They found much of the quartz on the surface decomposed, and this, together with placer ground, they worked in sluice boxes, or opounded in hand mortars, taking out from \$100 to \$700 a day to the man. But the season during which these operations could be continued was very short, owing to the lack of water. Only the early snow water could be used. Finally, the news leaked out, and miners began to go into the new fields. They brought out stories that sounded like romances, and that might have been considered such had not they been backed up by indisputable evidence—the yellow gold itself. The word ran from mouth to mouth. The local papers began to print stories of the wealth of the new district. Far and wide the tidings of gold were proclaimed through the press. The railroads took it up.

Then the boom came. It has taken about three months to develop it. It has now blossomed out in a setting of scenes similar to those that marked the exciting days of '49. To describe this stampede would be to tell of thousands of men spending thousands of dollars in a fever of haste to be among the first to reach the new El Dorado, of large mining interests spending hundreds of thousands of dollars for properties and mills, of mining stocks run riot.

It is estimated at least 25,000 men will be in the camp this spring. The railroads, especially the Oregon Short line, seeing the rush coming made arrangements to handle it, and have furnished very satisfactory service, but the hotels in towns that are gateways to the gold fields did not prepare for the extraordinary business. The result is that, in this city, at least, it is next to impossible to secure accommodations. This condition will be relieved after the trails are opened, only to be transferred to the camp itself, where there is bound to be much privation. This winter flour has been selling there for \$50 a sack, and it will be a marvel if all the pack trains available will be able to keep the camp, with its constantly increasing population, in provisions during the summer.

With its wealth of decomposed quartz and placer ground and its immense ledges, the new gold fields have become attractive from the standpoint of both the miner and the rich investor. The Thunder Mountain Gold Mining & Milling company, headed by T. E. Barnsdall of Pittsburgh, and including Mr. Guffey and other wealthy men of that city and Colonel Dewey, the Idaho millionaire, purchased the main group of claims owned by the original locators of Thunder Mountain, the Caswell brothers, paying \$100,000 for them. Today the same group, about half a dozen claims, could not be bought for \$1,000,000. This group, known as the Dewey, has been developed more than any other in the district, the work furnishing proof that the ledges "go down."

The principal claim in the group is the Dewey. It has a pay streak three feet wide at the surface and four at the 180-foot level. The ore is sprinkled with gold and runs as high as \$10,000 a ton. This pay streak alone, as far as developed, and sampled, shows over half a million dollars. The pay streak is backed on each side by

absolute quarries, the ore of which runs from \$10 to \$20 a ton—fine free milling ore. The ten stamp mill on the property is to be displaced by a 100-stamp mill now being built.

The Mackay interests in New York, holding title under name of the United Mines company, have purchased \$300,000 of Thunder Mountain claims, having had a personal representative, Mr. Fern, here for months. Other Eastern syndicates have been formed and have invested heavily there.

But the real lively interest attaches to the camp from its attractiveness to the poor man. As high as \$700 has been taken out by two men in one day, one pounding decomposed quartz in a mortar and the other panning it in an ordinary prospector's pan. One hundred dollars a day to the man has been washed out of half a ton of dirt in water melted from snow on camp fires, small rockers being used. This sort of thing has done as much as the heavy investments of capital to make Thunder Mountain the mecca of so many wealth seekers.

The three Caswell brothers and one other man, a Mr. Ritchie, took out \$11,000 in 12 days, running the dirt through big sluice boxes. During the winter they piled the dirt around the sluice boxes and poured it in, day and night, while the snow water was running off the mountain sides in the spring. Truly, a short but profitable shift.

The Caswells, who had been prospecting in Idaho for months, found themselves in Thunder Mountain district not so very long ago with just \$64 between them. They made some locations and borrowed enough money to equip the property, promising to pay the money back on a certain date or give their benefactor a quarter interest in the property. Last fall their friend received \$25,000 for his interest, one-fourth of the purchase price of the Dewey group. The Pittsburgh syndicate that purchased that group has bought all told \$700,000 of property in the new fields.

To those who understand formations, the character of Thunder Mountain, aside from its placer features, will be made plain and its massiveness impressed by this brief statement: In the district there is a porphyry dike two and a half miles wide and ten miles long that is one solid mass of gold ore. There is no part of the mountain that is not rich, but of course, great wealth can not be obtained without investment of large sums of money. That was why the Caswells, who were poor men, agreed to sell their first group for \$100,000. It was better for them to do that than to devote their time to operations with crude equipment and only enough water for a few days' sluicing a season. Some of the "dirt" in the Caswell claims—decomposed quartz largely—runs as high as \$166 a pound. With plenty of water a million a year could be taken from those claims. As lack of it confines operations to such short periods, all extensive work in the district will be on quartz.

In addition to the gold strike in Thunder Mountain immense bodies of cinnabar, or quicksilver, have been discovered; the district not only supplies the gold, but, as well, the minerals with which to amalgamate it.

Despite the remonstrances of his parishioners, Rev. Dr. E. Heber Newton has resigned the rectory of All Souls Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, to accept the position of special preacher at the Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, California. Dr. Newton is noted for his eloquence and the liberality of his views.

### POINTS FOR GARDENERS.

The garden should represent and express individuality and personal tastes of the gardener. If you love color allow your fancy full play.

The man or woman who "makes garden" successfully is a veritable philanthropist, and should be rewarded by full appreciation. And the work, like virtue, is its own "exceeding rich reward."

Bring out from the cellar or basement the geraniums stored away there last autumn. Prune ruthlessly, repot and stand in the sunny windows. By the time the geranium beds are ready they will be in fine condition to plant.

Do not forget the lovely amaryllis, the beautiful gladioli, the never failing Begonia, when making out the lists for the coming season. Disappointments are rare in regard to any of these beauties, and there are many varieties of each.

Umbrella plants may be started from seed quite easily, with a little care. Do not attempt this, however, in a gas-heated house. Wait, in such case, until the seeds can be safely started outdoors. The rewarding success will be delightful.

Blue plants are fewer than those of any other color. But they serve admirably to set off white, yellow, and certain shades of pale-pink and rose color. The sweet myosotis (forget-me-not), lobelia, blue delphinium, and tall larkspur are all good for contrast.

Aim to have plenty of pansies. They are free bloomers, may be kept blossoming all summer by feeding occasionally and cutting back straggling branches, and are universal favorites. Good pansies can be grown from seeds, but it is usually better to buy plants if quick results are desired.

Yellow is the best of all colors for a garden that lacks sunshine. It can be supplied plentifully from early spring until late autumn, beginning with daffodils and tulips, and ending with chrysanthemums. Marigolds, nasturtiums, coreopsis, primroses, sinningias, and yellow hollyhocks all produce good, varying shades.

Musk, lavender, and heliotrope may be depended upon for perfume. So, too, with spice pinks, certain verbenas, mignonette, and sweet alyssum. In beds, groups, masses, or scattered throughout the garden these sweet-scented darlings are delightful. Moderately good earth, liberal watering and ordinary care will keep them charming.

Sixteen descendants of Anthony Brackett met at Portland, Me., recently to discuss their alleged title to a large tract of land in the business center of that city. They claim that about 200 years ago an ancestor sold some land, and, as his wife did not sign the deed, all subsequent titles are invalid and the property ought to revert to the heirs. The Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed is one of the alleged heirs to this estate, estimated to be worth \$9,000,000.

### Uneasy About Them.

Neighbor Donald, how are your cousins getting along that went out West a few years ago?

Donald (and I)—I don't know, ma'am. We haven't heard from them for a long time, and we're afraid they've gone to heaven.

# NEW RHODES IDEA.

## VICTORIA FALLS TO BE UTILIZED AS THOSE OF NIAGARA.

Power to Be Furnished for Some Distance to the Cape to Cairo Railroad to Develop Region.

London letter: We are continually hearing of new instances of the development of industrial progress.

The latest comes through the African Concessions Syndicate of London, which has sent a deputation to Africa to survey the Victoria Falls, which are said to have a height of 420 feet and a width of about a mile. It is estimated by the syndicate that the water passing over these falls is many times greater than that at Niagara Falls. It is believed that it will be found practicable to supply electrical energy generated at the falls for working about 300 miles of the Cape-Cairo railway—that is, 150 miles north and the same distance south. Another African enterprise which may be benefited by this development is the tramways system of Bulawayo, some 240 miles away. There is to be a separate company formed for developing the mining and other industries of Rhodesia.

In fact the whole Zambesi basin will

through which, formed by the Zambesi river, forms one of the most striking scenes in the physical geography of the earth, particularly emphasized in the Victoria Falls, so designated by Livingstone, but known to the natives as Mositunya or "smoke sounds there," connecting of course, the vapor rising from the falls with the tremendous sound therefrom. A few miles to the east of where the Chobe joins the Zambesi, the latter, a stream less than three-quarters of a mile wide, plunges down into a chasm more than 100 feet deep, forming a tremendous crack in the basaltic rock at right angles to its course, being carried along some 30 miles in the same direction in a narrow channel. In a distance of less than 220 miles above the Victoria Falls the Zambesi has 72 cataracts and rapids. The Victoria Falls are estimated to be 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. From the Portuguese town of Tete the Zambesi is navigable, although with great difficulty in the dry season, and it passes through one or two narrow, rocky gorges in the Lupata mountains, which fall into ugly rapids except when the river is in full flood. The rapids of Lake Nyassa, where the Shire issues from it, are 1,552 feet above the Victoria Falls, while those at Lake Shirwa, a smaller body of water, southeast of Nyassa, are 2,000 feet.

An important factor of the situation in the development of this region is that the Zulu race, here designated the

### DR. NEWTON TO GO TO STANFORD.



REV. RICHARD HEBER NEWTON.

Despite the remonstrances of his parishioners, Rev. Dr. E. Heber Newton has resigned the rectory of All Souls Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, to accept the position of special preacher at the Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, California. Dr. Newton is noted for his eloquence and the liberality of his views.

doubtless be affected by the new enterprise, the district involved being one of the most important in Africa, although comparatively unknown until the discoveries of Livingstone, made in the last few decades.

The importance of this section will be understood more definitely when it is remembered that the river basin of the Zambesi is coterminous on the north with a large area of the Congo River system and the great lakes that drain into it, while on the south and west an obscurely marked watershed, which crosses the Kalihar desert, separates it from the Orange river basin and the rivers that run through Oranopia Land into the Atlantic.

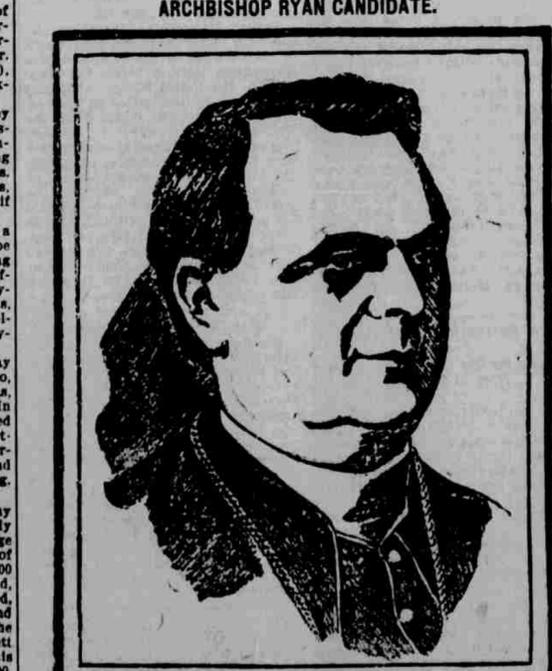
This section of Africa is undoubtedly destined to play an important part in the development of the Dark Continent. It is an extensive plateau or table land from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea-level, having an outer fringe or border of basaltic rocks, the cutting

Amatabeles, who are of the purest negro type, and the dominant race in Africa, are in control, having overrun and conquered all the other native tribes in the vicinity. The Portuguese have a nominal claim to jurisdiction in this territory, which will, however, through the development of the Cape to Cairo railway scheme ultimately become a part of the British sphere of influence, giving Britain virtually the key to the control of central Africa, an idea which was part of a long cherished dream of the late Cecil Rhodes.

### R. STEVENSON WHITE.

The city of Evansville, Ind., proposes to construct and operate a telephone system of its own at an initial cost of \$250,000. The franchise of the existing company will expire in July next, and there were four bidders for the privilege, but the city will not consider any offers.

### ARCHBISHOP RYAN CANDIDATE.



ARCHBISHOP P. J. RYAN, OF PHILADELPHIA, WHO HAS BEEN ACCEPTED BY MARBLE AND CO. AS ARBITRATOR.

Strong influence has been brought to bear on President Roosevelt to induce him to appoint Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia to the Indian Commission, made vacant by the death of Bishop Whipple. It is urged that the Catholic Church should be represented on the board.

# UNCLE BILL

## AND

### The Editor



"THE rural telephone an' mail service has made top notchers out of the farmers," said Uncle Bill as he threw a bunch of new notions upon the editor's desk and followed them with his boot heels.

"Yes," remarked the editor, "the farmer ought to certainly be a happy man now, especially out your way, as I see that you get a trolley line, too."

"Oh, we're gittin' 'bout all the doins' an' fixin's what's a-goin'," replied Uncle Bill. "We ain't a fussin' 'bout movin' inter town nowadays; we're stayin' out a summer resort proposition, but hired girls are too darn scarce since the telephone line has been established."

"What has the telephone service got to do with the scarcity of hired girls?" asked the editor.

"Wall, every farmer what has a telephone in his house has got ter keep a hired girl, that's all there is 'bout that," asserted Uncle Bill. "The women folks 'sist ter ter the telephones an' their housework, too. Zeb Bowen is all right 'cause his wife's dead an' the telephone don't bother her much. She's jest as



It Give Me a Shock.

curious as the rest of the women, but she can't get inter the circuit on account of her hearin'."

"Out of the circuit? I don't quite understand you. And then, as to all the farmers who have 'phones havin' to employ hired girls? You are a little vague, old man; a little vague," remarked the editor.

"It's jest like this," said Uncle Bill, getting warmed up, "in order ter test the problem uv how the telephones was workin', I used a little strategy. Helen had gone visitin' over ter Zeb Bowen's, so I said ter myself now's the time ter see jest how much curiosity the women folks along the line has. So I went ter the telephone an' give two short rings an' then three long ones. That is the Widder Baxter's call, sort uv a two-call-five game. Well, I antied with the two short rings, so thought I'd stay an' chipped in the other three rings; an' a voice that sounded like eatin' horse-radish said 'Hello,' an' I said 'is that you, Widder?' Agin that voice said, 'Yes, it's me.' An' then I had ter wipe my eyes 'fore I said anything more. Then she continued: 'Helen's gone away, so I thought I'd call you up an' have a visit.' Jest then I heered Helen's voice say, 'the wretch'; an' then I heered Mandy Spencer say, 'Uv all things! Old Bill is makin' a date with Widder Baxter; an' I heered three or four more voices give a grunt an' a 'huh,' and sich like, an' it give me a shock when I heered Cy Prewett's wife sing out 'I'm shocked.' So I hollered back, 'so be it.' I jest wanted the widder, said I, 'an' I've got ever gosh darn woman in the neighborhood.'"

"Say, you got into a warm muddle, didn't you?" interestedly asked the editor.

"Yes, an' while I was a-hangin' there at the telephone, Cy Prewett called out,

"Ye'll See Him Eatin' Pie."

"'Hol-helo-Bill,' and then he started in ter 'josh' me. He said he's got a new suit uv clothes, 'an electric suit.' I ask him what he meant by 'an electric suit,' an' he said his wife had 'bought him a suit an' had 'em charged.' Cy was inter Chicago last week, an' I'll bet he heerd that in there. An' then I said, Cy, have yer got a hired girl yit? All us farmers has got ter git one now, 'cause the women folks is goin' ter be busy now, tryin' ter hear what everyone is sayin'."

"an' then yer ought ter uv heerd the murmurs along the line. Cy always tries ter help a feller out, so he said: 'No-air-ee; don't you think that. There ain't a woman in the whole neighborhood what would be mean enough ter do that.' Yer see he said that 'cause they wouldn't talk 'bout the fix he thought I'd got myself into. An' then he started in ter tell how our rural mail carrier



Ye'll See Him Eatin' Pie.

had got a snag. I asked him how that was," he said. "Watch him when he's drivin' along an' ye'll see him eatin' pie." I said, "Wall, what uv that?" Then he said, "Oh, nothin', only the woman folks along the line is bakin' uv him pies; while corn bread was good enough fur us; and then yer could hear voices whisperin' out, 'Oh, the vile liar,' an' sich like; an' then Cy continued, 'I'll tel yer, Bill, we've got ter watch out, or we'll have more mail out at Shake Rag than some on us want.' Wall, sir, do yer know that so far there hasn't been nothin' said 'bout me telephonia' the widder?"

"Hasn't yer wife said anything about it?" inquired the editor.

"Nope, but she looks as though she had a bad case uv dyspepsia ever since that time. I told her the other day that I gussed she'd have ter git a hired girl, but she said, 'if I could 'tend ter my work, she could ter hers'; so I've been workin' like satin since then. I'm workin' so dumb hard that I dream I'm workin' when I'm asleep, an' it's terrible rackin' on a feller's nerves, 'cause I can't sleep nights."

"Why can't you sleep nights?" asked the editor.

"Have ter lay awake ter keep from workin'." A feller has ter have some work," said Uncle Bill, as he jumped for the telephone and yelled "Hello there."

had got a snag. I asked him how that was," he said. "Watch him when he's drivin' along an' ye'll see him eatin' pie." I said, "Wall, what uv that?" Then he said, "Oh, nothin', only the woman folks along the line is bakin' uv him pies; while corn bread was good enough fur us; and then yer could hear voices whisperin' out, 'Oh, the vile liar,' an' sich like; an' then Cy continued, 'I'll tel yer, Bill, we've got ter watch out, or we'll have more mail out at Shake Rag than some on us want.' Wall, sir, do yer know that so far there hasn't been nothin' said 'bout me telephonia' the widder?"

"Hasn't yer wife said anything about it?" inquired the editor.

"Nope, but she looks as though she had a bad case uv dyspepsia ever since that time. I told her the other day that I gussed she'd have ter git a hired girl, but she said, 'if I could 'tend ter my work, she could ter hers'; so I've been workin' like satin since then. I'm workin' so dumb hard that I dream I'm workin' when I'm asleep, an' it's terrible rackin' on a feller's nerves, 'cause I can't sleep nights."

"Why can't you sleep nights?" asked the editor.

"Have ter lay awake ter keep from workin'." A feller has ter have some work," said Uncle Bill, as he jumped for the telephone and yelled "Hello there."

### PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

Since April 1 rates have been reduced over the Postal Telegraph Cable company lines, as follows: From Kansas City, Mo., to all points in Louisiana, 50 and 3 day, and 40 and 3 night. This will be of interest to the commercial and general public.

Statisticians have generally divided the German immigration into two periods—the decade from 1860 to 1870 being the transition stage. In the first period, from 1815 to 1860, not a year passed but men of the higher classes, dissatisfied or tormented politicians, came from Germany. They were especially numerous from 1830 to 1848. Since 1860, on the other hand, there have been few political exiles among the immigrants.

A syndicate comprising English capitalists has been formed to promote the sale of "the silks," composed of 50 per cent. wood pulp and 50 per cent. artificial silk. Samples are being submitted to the wholesale neckwear manufacturers and considerable experimentation is taking place. In point of price, this material shows advantage over conventional fabrics. Its luster, feel and general appearance closely resemble genuine silk.

A dispatch to the New York Times says: The elaborate Shakespeare memorial, suggested for London by Fairman Ordish, the distinguished antiquarian topographer, consists of the permanent erection in the new Strand to Holborn of a model of an exact model of an old Elizabeth theatre, and also of a block of Tudor houses. He suggests that something should be done to this end by the next anniversary of the poet's birth.

The other day Count von Buelow, in replying to a question from Herr Richter, the radical leader, on the subject of imperialism, made an elaborate statement, and then started the reichstag by saying to Richter: "What more do you ask of me, sweetheart?" The phrase is such a vast improvement on parliamentary language that it may be followed, and Von Buelow may yet be looked up to as the man who reformed debate and made it a thing of sweetness and love.

The New York board of health maintains a department of its own where the Pasteur treatment can be administered to sufferers from the bites of animals. The authorities in charge are preparing for the use of the police a pamphlet of instruction telling them what to do when people are bitten. In all cases the dog or other animal is to be taken alive, if possible, and delivered to the health officers in order that they may determine whether it is suffering from rabies.

A means of distinguishing death from catalepsy has been devised by Dr. Icard, of Marseilles, and submitted to the Academie of Sciences. He injects fluorescin, a strong coloring matter that is not poisonous, into the veins. A gramme of fluorescin solution will color 4,000 litres of water. If there is any circulation the body will turn green in two minutes, but the color will pass away in a couple of hours without doing any harm.

The Rev. William H. Walker is about to give up the pastorate of the First Congregational church, at Wilmette, Ill., and one of the reasons assigned for his departure is that the women of his congregation do not like his personal appearance. The brushing of his hair in pompadour style, the minister alleges, caused his trouble. "I admit," he said the other day, "that I am not a handsome man, and it is upon the supposition that many women would rather see a good-looking man than hear a good sermon."

A compromise decision has been rendered in the case of the Chicago corporations which sought an injunction to prevent alleged excessive taxation. The court holds that the assessment is from 30 to 40 per cent too high, but rules that the companies must pay 60 to 70 per cent of the assessment before the injunction can be issued. This will necessitate payments aggregating \$5,000,000.

Gregor Marcell, who was formerly mayor of Odessa, and who is a Greek by birth, decided some years ago to devote all his wealth, which is considerable, to educating his countrymen. He came to the conclusion that the best way to do it was by means of translations of German historic and scientific books, sold in cheap editions. So far about fifty volumes of Mommsen, Zeller, Curtius, Droysen, Muler and others have been issued.

M. Hughes Le Roux, the French writer and traveler, now in this country, was commissioned by the French government to study economic questions in Abyssinia, and, after a visit to that country, asserts that American cottons have secured such a high position upon the staple as to actually constitute a monetary standard. A piece 30 yards long, the average price of which is \$2, is a token by which Abyssinian coffee is purchased in the regions of production.