

ITS MINES HAVE A FUTURE

ST. HELENS DISTRICT IS ONE OF THE BEST IN OREGON.

Some Principal Properties, and What Has Been Done Toward Their Development.

TOLEDO, Wash., June 22.—Probably no mining district in the Northwest is attracting more attention just now than the St. Helens mining district, situated in the extreme northwest corner of Skamania County, Washington.

The credit of making the first discovery in this district belongs to Peter Koontz, Ed Burbee and Witt, of Toledo, their strike was made in the district, and it was a pathless jungle, and its opening is due mainly to the prospectors and settlers. The district has had many drawbacks to contend with. Among the most prominent must be mentioned the inaccessibility and lack of transportation.

Considerable capital, mostly from Portland, has been expended in buying up good properties and developing the same, and in every instance, where the work has been done judiciously, the ore has improved in value. The quality of the country product that it will be one of the greatest copper-producing camps in the world.

The general character of the ore is copper in all its different forms and combinations, carrying gold, silver and other minerals. The ore is found in what is generally termed a vein, and these veins are so large as to excite even the most conservative miners. The formation of the country consists mostly of syenite, diorite, quartzite and metamorphic slate (argillites).

The district is densely timbered with fir, cedar, hemlock, pine and larch. The Alaska, or yellow, cedar is also found in the higher altitudes. One of the chief problems of the newcomer is the immense amount of water on every hand. It is nearly impossible to find a claim without water, and the water is not only abundant but is also of the best quality.

The climate is peculiarly agreeable for outdoor work. Spring sets in about May 1. In the mountains little snow falls until December, but from that time the snowfall is heavy. It usually disappears by June 1, except at great altitudes and in deep gulches, where it has been piled up by slides. If provisions have been laid in before the heavy snowfall, however, work can be carried on the entire year without any inconvenience.

How to Reach the District. To reach Toledo or Castle Rock from Portland, one would take the steamer Northwest or the Northern Pacific train to Castle Rock or Winlock. From Winlock a daily stage runs to Toledo. As soon as the proposed road is completed, one may leave Portland in the morning, climb the mountain during the day and arrive at night. There are several other routes by which to reach the district. Leaving Toledo, one may follow the wagon road up the Cowlitz River to the mouth of the Cispus; thence by trail to the mine, or by the road to the mouth of the North Fork of the Cispus, and thence by trail to the mine.

The Pacific Miner in a recent article said: "The St. Helens copper mines can no longer be kept from human knowledge and human view, and if the mines themselves the true mineral world of the district, the St. Helens hills would warm many a shivering miner, and if Portland were to be a smelter, the ore which is shipped to Tacoma. Traffic once started in that direction may continue for some time, but it cannot be that Portland will allow Tacoma to step into the territory only 50 miles from the fast tables, and unexploited, carry away our treasure box."

First property in going up the North Fork of the Cispus, owned by the Cascade Mining Company, consists of the ores show a value of \$35 in silver and copper, \$25 of which is gold. A tunnel has been sunk and a contract has been let for a 60-foot tunnel. This same company owns a group of 10 claims on the south slope of the Goat Mountain Range. These claims are known as the Polar Star, and a tunnel of 250 feet has been completed. Thousands of tons of ore are on the dump awaiting treatment. About 300 tons of ore are copper sulphides, assays of which show from \$80 to \$120 in gold, copper and silver, copper predominating. A small smelter has been erected by the company, and will soon be in operation. Good camps have been established at the mine, and a crew of miners has been working for many months. The company intends to keep on developing its property. Good offers for the claim have been made by Eastern capitalists, but the company has refused to sell the property at any price.

In the vicinity of the Minnie Lee, the Goat Mountain Mining & Tunneling Company owns a group of 22 claims and one tunnel site, on which a crosscut tunnel of 500 feet is being run. Fifty feet of the tunnel has been completed. The company expects to tap the cliff ledge at a depth of 75 feet. The chloride, on Goat Mountain, is a 60-foot vein, from which some fine ore has been taken within the last few months. A drift of 35 feet and a crosscut of 10 feet have been made. The latest assays run about \$29 in gold and copper. About two miles above the Minnie Lee is the Toledo, and one mile farther is the Last Hope. Both have been worked for years. The Last Hope is the property of a company recently formed, and known as the Security Mining Company, of which I. Bingham and H. H. McCarthy, of Portland, are the leading spirits. A crosscut of 75 feet has been completed, and a contract for 150 feet has been let. The tunnel will tap the ore body, which is 80 feet wide, at a depth of 100 feet. Several samples taken from surface croppings have run from \$30 to \$80 in gold, silver and copper.

About one mile above the Polar Star, in the same range of mountains, is the Germania group of 19 claims, owned by Portland people. Many thousand tons of ore are in sight. Nature here has done more in exposing the mineral wealth than man could do in years. A deep gulch runs diagonally across the claims for about 200 feet, exposing the rock to a depth of 10 feet. There is not a foot of it that is not mineralized with iron and copper pyrites. At least 100 feet of tunnel work has been done by the company, and more owners have let a contract for 150 feet more.

Next comes the Samson group, on which more work has been done than on any other property in the district, but mismanagement and failure to pay the men have

driven it in the background. A new company has lately been formed to continue development. The Samson has a large body of low-grade ore.

Near the Samson is the Washington Treadwell, owned by Jennings Bros. and H. H. McCarthy, of Portland. The vein, or ore body, is from 75 to 100 feet wide, and samples taken at random have given from \$10 to \$20 in gold, and a small amount of copper. A tunnel of about 100 feet has been driven, and the owners are making preparations for extensive development this season.

Next comes the Grizzly, owned by I. W. Shultz. This mine is about 30 feet wide, on which a large amount of work has been done. The vein is well defined and can be traced for a long distance. The Index and Far West group, on the same mountain, is owned by Olson Bros. Both of these properties have fine surface showings, and will in time prove valuable.

About half a mile above the Grizzly is the Ironclad, which has a six-foot vein. Thirty feet of tunneling has been done on the dump.

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boy's life when he thinks he is lord of everything, and it would seem that a good whipping is often the best way to cure this defect. Tenderness is excellent for most children, but there are certain natures on whom it is wasted, because they simply abuse it.

Conscience does not seem to be very powerful in children before the age of 8. Freaching or advice unsought for does not seem to do much good, while suggestion does. As to the influence of companions, it was greatest between the ages of 10 and 18. This influence is next to that of home.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

Bathers Think They Have Found It in a New Jersey Wood.

Brooklyn Eagle. One of the most curious sights that can be seen in the State of New Jersey is a large body of men and women—principally bathers—who believe they have discovered near the City of Egg Harbor, N. J., the "fountain of youth," which, since the famous Spanish noble, man, looked for vainly when America was first discovered, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Those people are known to their neighbors by the nicknames of "perpetual youth" for the reason that they are all firmly convinced that if they keep on bathing there they can keep off old age indefinitely. In consequence anybody can go to the "fountain" any day in the week and no matter how low the mercury in the thermometer has fallen, he will see 50 to 100 persons wading around in the water with no more apparent concern about the weather than if it were the middle of July.

The fountain consists of a freely running brook that runs through the dense cedar woods that surround the small City of Egg Harbor. To all appearances the water was no different from that in any other ordinary brook. The people who were bathing here, however, claim that the water has a wonderful effect on them, and some of them make a practice of bathing there in the brook as often as once a week, no matter how cold the weather may be.

But whether the water is the actual cause of the effect or not, it is a fact that almost everyone in the neighborhood who bathes in the brook looks younger than his real age, and there is a surprising number of very old people living thereabouts—men from 75 to 100 years—who look 20 years younger than their actual age. Nearly every man and woman in the town seems to have a ruddy complexion and nearly every citizen in the place, from the youngest child to the old man, looks as if he had just returned from a vacation in the tropics. The old man has rosy cheeks, scarcely a wrinkle, is not the slightest bit deaf, and without cane, and the old woman, and—most interesting of all—married his third wife not many months ago. Dr. Smith has a large garden behind his house, and he does every bit of the work on it himself, except the plowing.

When asked what he attributed his very unusual good health, Dr. Smith said that it was due to two things: thinking of the fountain of youth for the last 50 years. "I was not always in good health," said the old physician. "I came here from New York broken down in health over half a century ago. I had retired from a practice and supposed I would die within a year or two. But one day while fishing I got soaking wet in the brook. I having stepped in so far that my feet reached to above the tops of my long boots without my noticing it. I expected my death from cold and hurried home. What was my surprise when I got into my bath, and that many of the I felt spryer than usual. Thinking that the water might be some new sort of mineral compound, I resolved to try it again, with the result that I came to the conclusion that the brook is the very fountain of youth that Ponce de Leon sought in vain many years ago. You remember that when he was looking for it in the Indian guides kept on pointing toward the north. Well, this brook is exactly north of the direction in which Ponce de Leon was going when he gave up the search, so there is no doubt in my mind that this is the very fountain that the Indians referred to."

There is no fence around the brook; any one can bathe there free of charge, so now that the general public is learning of the place it would not be surprising if the fountain will soon be swamped with a host of women anxious to retain or get back the good looks of their youth.

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ITALY'S FAMOUS BANDIT

Lives and Treasure Expended in Vain—Only a Question of Time When Success Will Come.

A man hunt, which so far has cost more than \$100,000 and many lives, and seems to be as far from ended now as when it began, is one of the burdens of the Italian government, says a writer in the Washington Post. In the mountains of Calabria, Italy, the outlaw and bandit, Giuseppe Musolino, and 500 soldiers spent their time chasing him. All Italy is filled with stories of the daring outlaw, and with the danger through his heart and a scrap of paper stuck in his clothing, saying that his death was the work of Giuseppe Musolino, who was beginning to pay his vow of vendetta. Now, the government was aroused, and it raised the reward for Musolino to \$100,000, and dispatched a body of 500 carabinieri to the Calabria Mountains to hunt for the outlaw. The carabinieri are a special corps of the Italian Army, and are supposed to be expert at hunting bandits and outlaws. The detachment went to San Stefano and started out on their man-hunt. They are still at it. There were other bandits in the mountains, and Musolino at first joined with these, and the band lived as do other bandits—levying tribute on the rich, by holding ransom the wealthy who fall into their clutches and by helping themselves to what the country affords.

It was not long before the carabinieri had gone to the mountains to hunt for Giuseppe Musolino, and Zocco was found dead, killed by the hand of Musolino. The carabinieri got track of Musolino's band

in the mountains, and after long and incredibly hard work among the almost inaccessible fastnesses made some captures. One after another they ran to earth the companions of Giuseppe, but Musolino himself always managed to elude them. Meantime he did not forget his enemies, and every now and then a Zocco would be found murdered. Up to this time the outlaw has killed 19 of the members of the family against which he swore the vendetta. It is said that before the chase for him got so hot that he used to steal into San Stefano at night and pay secret visits to the home of his father, who still lives in the town, a respected citizen.

Last Fall the Italian Government raised the price set upon Musolino's head to \$400,000, and told Captain Viola, who commands the detachment, that he is to hunt the outlaw, that he must catch him at all hazards, which is easily said by the government, but is hard on Captain Viola. Musolino, now that he is alone, leaves no visible trace of his presence. He is everywhere and nowhere, now on the bare peaks of Mount Bova, above the fortress of Amendola, and now miles away in Calabria, sometimes in the mountains. Several times have the carabinieri followed up the "torrent" of Amendola with their dogs, but they have not seen him, only to be disappointed. This "torrent" is a real torrent in the rainy season, but, like many others of the streams in the Calabria mountains, becomes a bare and stony gully in the dry season.

Now and then Musolino will be heard of crossing the plains of Basilico, in his own district, and before the carabinieri can get there he will be reported among the Bagaladi hills—hills so steep, with passes so narrow, that only one man at a time can scale them. Last Winter he was seen in Calabria, and in the mountains it was bitterly cold. Musolino passed the whole of the Winter in those heights, entering, at the dead of night, a peasant's hut, where he hid himself and to procure a meal of bread and cheese, sleeping for two or three hours with his back against the door and his feet between his legs, while the peasant family dared scarcely to breathe: then on again to the other side of the mountain to another hut for three hours more of sleep and rest—then off again no one could tell where.

Calabria forms the southeastern extremity of Italy, and is the toe of the boot which that country resembles on the map. It is a mountainous country, and the people are primitive in their modes of living and methods of thought. They are cut off from the rest of the world by reason of the geographical formation of the country, and speak a distinct dialect hardly understood by other Italians. On the tongue of land in the mountains, in which Musolino is hiding, is a population of 140,000 people, most of whom know every inch of the difficult country, and nearly every man, woman and child of these 140,000 Giuseppe Musolino has a possession, but he himself is nearly all openly or secretly his opponents against the authorities, and even the reward, enormous to them, of \$400,000, has been sufficient to cause one of them to bet him to his hunters. To mayors of cities, municipal and departmental employees, rich citizens and poor citizens, have been offered inducements appealing to their particular position in life, such as "safe" elections, orders and money, to aid the government in the search for Musolino, but few have been tempted. Laborers have been paid a month's wages for acting as spies for a week, and criminals in hiding have been promised a free pardon if they will help the carabinieri to catch Giuseppe Musolino, but Giuseppe remains uncaught.

Members of the carabinieri have disguised themselves as charcoal burners and shepherds and gone to live in the mountains in hopes of getting information as to Musolino's haunts and habits. They have, even as shepherds, bought sheep and settled down as genuine herdsmen among the people who are known to have knowledge of their possession, but would lead to the outlaw's capture, but all to no avail.

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the woman of the house immediately before to sing in a loud, shrill voice a song which can be heard for a long distance amid the mountains. Her song is taken up by the next neighbor and so passed from house to house and hat to hat until all the mountains ring again with the echoes of the shrill voices. And while all the mountain sides and lofty peaks are vocal with the song of the singing women, Musolino steals away through the ravines and forests until the sound of the singing is lost in the distance, and then he knows the immediate danger is over.

It would seem to be only a question of time when Musolino must be caught, for the Italian Government, having spent \$100,000 on the chase, will not abandon it now. But it is a long fight this war of 500 men against one, and Giuseppe still breathes the free air of his mountains and the family of the Zocoellis grows smaller all the time through the bandit's application of the process of elimination. He has said that he will make no attempt to escape from the country as long as one of the Zocoellis remains alive in it.

IN THE SAMOAN ISLANDS

CONDITIONS SINCE AMERICAN AND GERMAN OCCUPATION.

There is More Protection for Property Than When Native Sovereignty Was in Power.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1.—Conditions in the Samoan Islands, since the transfer of Tutuila and Manua to the United States, and Savaii to the German government, is the subject of a report by the British Consul located in the islands, a copy of which has just been received by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics. The report is as follows:

"The islands of Savaii and Upolu were annexed by Germany on April 17, 1900. Shortly afterwards the United States took possession of Tutuila and Manua. The only export for many years has been copra, amounting to, in 1899, \$2,500,000; in 1900, \$2,500,000; in 1901, \$2,500,000. Copra, largely used for the manufacture of soap and candles, etc., goes to the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Russia, Italy and the United States, principally to the latter Kingdom and Germany. One of the first acts of the Governor was to protect the natives by enforcing fair weights; he is now endeavoring to induce them to make a better article.

"At the present time cacao is engaging most attention here. At a distance of two or three miles from the sea it grows almost everywhere, but is cultivated with success everywhere in Samoa, except perhaps on the summit of the mountains, where the climate will probably be too cold. The quality is good. The best prices for cacao fetched lately in the London market. The Governor is introducing plants of the celebrated Soconusco variety from Mexico. Cacao planting is done, particularly by the home capitalists. The great drawback is that leaves from the natives for a longer period than ten years are not likely to be confined to Samoa. The government does not wish to encourage and speculate, and refers any application of this kind to the Berlin authorities.

"Coffee has been a failure. Even the hardy natives formerly used the best prices years ago is now suffering from the same disease that destroyed the Mocha and other varieties. Vanilla and kola succeed well. The quality is good. There is an annual to Auckland in small quantities, but the time occupied in transit is too long and the fruit is often spoiled on the voyage.

"The principle articles imported are salt beef in kegs and tinned meats, entirely from Auckland; soap, from Auckland and Sydney; prints, longcloth, and other articles of domestic origin, principally from Auckland and Sydney, although during the last three years merchants have begun to import from Hamburg many articles formerly brought from the colonies. Kerosene oil, tinned biscuit, and lumber come from San Francisco.

"Commercial travelers from Auckland and Sydney visit Samoa regularly for orders. The German firm founded by the Godfroys, for many years established in this group, imports from Hamburg the greatest part of the manufactured goods used in the carrying on of its business.

"At present the import duties are as follows: Ale, 50 cents per dozen quarts; spirits, \$2 per gallon; wine, \$1 per gallon; sparkling wine, \$1.50 per gallon; tobacco, 50 cents per pound; cigars, \$1 per pound; sporting arms, \$1 each; gunpowder, 25 cents per pound. On all other articles, a variable duty is levied, and an invoice cost and charges. It is supposed that some alterations will be made before long in this tariff.

"Storekeepers pay a yearly tax of from \$12 to \$100, according to the business done. The tax on buildings is 1 per cent yearly on two-thirds of their value; that on trades and professions is from \$1 to \$100, according to the value of the business done. The value of copra, shipped. All of the above were imposed originally in accordance with the Berlin treaty of 1899.

"The area of German Samoa consists of about 200 villages, 300 hamlets, and 2,000 natives. Imports, therefore, cannot be very large, native wants in a climate where the soil is fertile, and the land utilized, matters will assume a very different aspect.

"There is more protection for property now than formerly was the case when the islands were under the rule of a native sovereign. The government is conciliating both parties with much success, and that protection is afforded the natives, and all foreigners are most amicable. If a rebellion should occur, it would arrive out of the disputes between the old, conflicting native families.

"The area of Tutuila is 220,000 acres; of Savaii, 510,000 acres; in all, 630,000 acres, of which only 20,000 acres are now being cultivated. One hundred and fifty thousand acres have been used by foreigners. Commerce would be increased to a very great extent should the land generally be thrown open to improvement by sale or forty-year leases. The price of the land ranges between \$2.50 and \$5 per acre, according to its situation and improvements. An American company lately sold several thousand acres in blocks at from \$2 to \$5 per acre.

"There are several schools in Apia, Roman Catholic and Protestant, in which English services are regularly held. Several of the natives of Manua is small—perhaps 5,000 acres—much of which is steep and mountainous. Tutuila is seven miles from Apia. Four thousand natives are living on Tutuila, and 190 on Manua, and about twenty whites and as many half-castes."

the man-hunters have had their trouble for their pains. No sooner does one of them appear near a farm house or a mountain, but the dogs begin to bark. The men, if they have a gun, fire it off under pretext in winter of scaring the wolves, in summer of shooting waterfowl. If they have no guns they set up a shouting upon the appearance of the carabinieri. He may be disguised as he pleases, they know him, and when asked why they shouted they say they did so to call their flocks or to bid their dogs be silent. But the carabinieri knows that they shouted to warn Giuseppe Musolino, if he should happen to be within hearing that his pursuers are about, and his eyes is "light out" for a more healthful locality.

Most picturesque is the manner in which the women give warning to Musolino of the approach of any of the carabinieri. If their husbands are away on the hills with their flocks or tending their fields or their olive groves, the women all keep a sharp lookout, and when one of the man-hunters is seen approaching a house,

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Calabria forms the southeastern extremity of Italy, and is the toe of the boot which that country resembles on the map. It is a mountainous country, and the people are primitive in their modes of living and methods of thought. They are cut off from the rest of the world by reason of the geographical formation of the country, and speak a distinct dialect hardly understood by other Italians. On the tongue of land in the mountains, in which Musolino is hiding, is a population of 140,000 people, most of whom know every inch of the difficult country, and nearly every man, woman and child of these 140,000 Giuseppe Musolino has a possession, but he himself is nearly all openly or secretly his opponents against the authorities, and even the reward, enormous to them, of \$400,000, has been sufficient to cause one of them to bet him to his hunters. To mayors of cities, municipal and departmental employees, rich citizens and poor citizens, have been offered inducements appealing to their particular position in life, such as "safe" elections, orders and money, to aid the government in the search for Musolino, but few have been tempted. Laborers have been paid a month's wages for acting as spies for a week, and criminals in hiding have been promised a free pardon if they will help the carabinieri to catch Giuseppe Musolino, but Giuseppe remains uncaught.

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Members of the carabinieri have disguised themselves as charcoal burners and shepherds and gone to live in the mountains in hopes of getting information as to Musolino's haunts and habits. They have, even as shepherds, bought sheep and settled down as genuine herdsmen among the people who are known to have knowledge of their possession, but would lead to the outlaw's capture, but all to no avail.

The carabinieri can scent out a carabinieri as a Sabirian as dog can a fox, and then lying dead just outside the town,

the woman of the house immediately before to sing in a loud, shrill voice a song which can be heard for a long distance amid the mountains. Her song is taken up by the next neighbor and so passed from house to house and hat to hat until all the mountains ring again with the echoes of the shrill voices. And while all the mountain sides and lofty peaks are vocal with the song of the singing women, Musolino steals away through the ravines and forests until the sound of the singing is lost in the distance, and then he knows the immediate danger is over.

the man-hunters have had their trouble for their pains. No sooner does one of them appear near a farm house or a mountain, but the dogs begin to bark. The men, if they have a gun, fire it off under pretext in winter of scaring the wolves, in summer of shooting waterfowl. If they have no guns they set up a shouting upon the appearance of the carabinieri. He may be disguised as he pleases, they know him, and when asked why they shouted they say they did so to call their flocks or to bid their dogs be silent. But the carabinieri knows that they shouted to warn Giuseppe Musolino, if he should happen to be within hearing that his pursuers are about, and his eyes is "light out" for a more healthful locality.

Most picturesque is the manner in which the women give warning to Musolino of the approach of any of the carabinieri. If their husbands are away on the hills with their flocks or tending their fields or their olive groves, the women all keep a sharp lookout, and when one of the man-hunters is seen approaching a house,

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