

Sample.	Metallic Iron.	Silica.	Phosphorus.	Sulphur.
No. 1.....	69.39 op.	2.72	.035	.042
No. 2.....	71.17	1.30	.039	.005
No. 3.....	68.56	2.73	.035	.019
No. 4.....	67.17	4.02	.031	.041
No. 5.....	69.40 op.	2.23	.035	.008
No. 6.....	70.18	1.87	.031	.013

The presence of phosphorus, or of sulphur, in any considerable quantity in iron ore, is destructive of its value for most purposes, and it will be seen from the result of said analysis, that phosphorus and sulphur are present in the very smallest degree.

The Denny ore has been pronounced, by a Wheeling iron manufacturer, superior to any iron known for making Bessemer steel. The Guye iron mine is in the same neighborhood, and the ore is similar. Limestone, marble and silver quartz abound in the vicinity. Still another find is reported. It is called

the Snoqualmie lode, and the mountain itself, Chair peak. It is magnetic iron, and of two lots assayed, one developed sixty and fifty-three hundredths per cent. iron and thirty-four thousandths per cent. phosphorus, the other fifty-seven and seven-tenths per cent. iron and seventy-two thousandths per cent. phosphorus. The discoverers took five claims, and, at a little distance, each took a silver claim, ore from which assayed from \$12.00 to \$24.00 per ton. They also discovered copper and white marble, said to be equal to the best in America. These discoveries are about four miles northwest from the Denny mine.

Gold has been found in many places in King county, but nowhere yet in quantities to warrant continued mining. Granite and sandstone are to be had in abundance. Gypsum and lime are also known. It is to be expected that other minerals will be discovered by the prospectors of the future.

#### UNTIL THE SEA GIVES UP ITS DEAD.

The clouds hang darkly in the sky;  
 Quick lightnings flash, and thunders roar;  
 The sea rolls on in majesty,  
 And billows dash against the shore.  
 Where rear the rocks in silent might,  
 And hurl the billows back in foam,  
 A woman, in the stormy night,  
 Stands gazing on the surge, alone.  
 Her heart lies buried in the sea,  
 'Mid broken shells and waving moss,  
 Where rests her loved one peacefully,  
 Nor heeds the wild waves' maddening toss.  
 And where he lies in death-bound sleep,  
 Upon his cold and rocky bed,  
 One faithful heart will vigil keep,  
 Until the sea gives up its dead.

She loves to hear the wild winds rave,  
 The billows roar in music sweet,  
 To see the dark, foam-crested wave  
 Expend its fury at her feet.  
 They speak to her of him who's gone;  
 She sees his image in the spray,  
 And ever, as the waves roll on,  
 The winds' sad wallings seem to say:  
 "Below thy lover waits for thee,  
 To join him in his mossy home,  
 While thou art standing by the sea,  
 And sobbing on the rocks alone."  
 At last, she leaps, with sudden cry;  
 The waves roll darkly o'er her head—  
 Two forms upon the cold rocks lie,  
 Until the sea gives up its dead.

H. L. WELLS.