

#### A Visit to the Dam.

A News representative made the Dr. Ray dam a short visit Tuesday and found a crew of about 60 men at work—drilling by hand and by Burleigh's. There are two two engines and two boilers of 50-horse power each, that furnish the power to run the Burleigh drills, pumps and a large rock crusher which has a capacity of one hundred tons per day. This crusher will prepare the material that will be mixed with the cement. The company have all of their timbers out and teams are hauling them to the south bank of the river. The lumber for the construction of the dam was purchased of Mr. Welch, who has a number of teams busy hauling it to the dam site.

A coffer-dam, 30x40 feet, reaching to the center of the river, is now completed. The pump was started last Tuesday to drain it, but it was found to be too small, so a very large pump was ordered; one that will raise 1,000 barrels per hour. The Doctor informs us that the dam will be completed by October 15th.

In the solid granite, at a point above the dam a few yards, the ditch is commenced, 50 feet wide by 10 feet deep. From this granite that is blasted out, a 24-ton derrick raises these large cubes of rock and places them aboard a car, where they are rolled to the place needed on the dam.

Among the noted ones found at the busy workings of this enterprise were: J. S. Howard, Ed. Perham, Henry Yinger, D. Horn, E. Vroman, Fred Burke, R. Walker, N. Eddings, George Snudden, Clint Wilcox and S. P. Gross. To accommodate this large crew of workmen there are tents, shacks and houses of nearly every description.

The cook house is situated a quarter of a mile down the river from the dam, where Mrs. Lee Vincent is in charge, and well it is that the cook house is out of reach of the flying rock, weighing hundreds of pounds, which are thrown by the explosives used to blast the hard granite.

The News received a letter from John Hays, who was married at Albany a few weeks ago to Miss Maude Houek, daughter of Hon. J. J. Houek, of Gold Hill, saying himself and wife were well pleased with their new home, and wished the paper sent to them. John and his accomplished wife have many friends here who are glad to hear of his success in getting appointed to the position of post blacksmith at Fort Lytton, Washington.

Sam Robbins, who has been in Gold Hill for several years, and who a few weeks ago became anxious to see his former home, in Colorado, decided that this was a poor mining country and quit a good job with

Dr. Ray and went back to his former home, saying that there was no place like Cripple Creek. A few days ago his many friends were surprised to see the jovial big-hearted Robbins step off of the train at the depot. They all come back except those who go to Heaven.

We are glad to announce that Captain Leavensworth now has his fine mill and machinery on the Maybelle mine ready to begin crushing ore. The Captain has had a hard time getting his orders filled—both for machinery and building material. He was compelled to have his lumber shipped from Portland, and the lumber that should have been shipped first was always the last to arrive, and so on, with machinery as with lumber, making it cost a great deal more besides the delay and worry. The Maybelle is not presumed to be one of the very richest of mines, but with the large amount of ore and the convenience of the ledges to the milling plant, the large crushing capacity of the mill, etc., makes this property a desirable one, and we believe in time a money-maker.

Prof. Narrigan was down from Medford last Tuesday supplying the Gold Hill public school with some new seats for the room heretofore occupied by the workmen. The Board of Directors met and contracted with the Professor, as agent of the Portland Furniture Co., for twenty double seats, 36 feet of composition black-board and other supplies that the school was in need of. This district is needing a Principal—a man of family preferred—one who will come and live with us, as the other two teachers do. To the right man here is a good opportunity. None but a first class man need apply, as District No. 57 employs none but the best.

—Marrid—At Jacksonville. August 27th, 1902, Ellis Gail and Miss Nellie Roberts. Cass. Pain officiating.

Mrs. P. M. Dekum, daughter Lavilla and granddaughter Miss Waldo, were passengers for Portland, Wednesday. Mrs. D. and daughter will visit friends and relatives in the metropolis perhaps a month or more before returning to their Gold Hill home.

Arthur Smith, the expert tool sharpener is employed at the dam.

Sheriff. Jos. Rader made Gold Hill an official visit Tuesday.

Thos. Riley of Wellen, one of this county's popular officials, was inspecting the county bridge at this place, last week.

Mrs. T. J. Pearce returned from Oakland, Cal., Tuesday, where she has been on an extended visit since last fall, and taken rooms with her husband at Mrs. Griffiths'.

Frank Kashifer of Jacksonville was in town Friday, subpoenaing witnesses for the coming term of Circuit Court.

## FROM LOWLY SOURCE

### Humble Occupations of Some Rich New Yorkers' Forebears.

Interesting Light Thrown on the Foundations of Large Fortunes of Present Aristocrats by an Old City Directory.

Death as a leveler is not in the same class with an old directory. The wonder is if on the shelves of the mighty of Manhattan island there is a copy of a little book which has just found its way to Chicago. In these days when those in high places seek the assistance of the librarian of congress to get a tight and exclusive grip on their names, it would seem to the humbler persons that a perusal of the pages of this little directory of New York of the year 1822 should teach a priceless lesson of humility, says the Chicago Evening Post.

It was in an old book shop in New York that John C. King, of Chicago, brought to light the volume in which are found the names and the occupations of the dwellers in the metropolis before the last century had turned its first quarter. What an opportunity is here given for those who wish to look back to the rock whence they were hewn and the pit from whence they were digged.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the elder, has invoked the aid of the law to make her Mrs. Vanderbilt. She will have none of the Cornelius end of it. The shade of the original Cornelius doubtless will look disapprovingly on this action of its great-granddaughter-in-law. The original Cornelius was proud of his name—both ends of it. He asked permission of the city of New York to paint it in *fat* and in large letters so that his fellow-citizens might read it. Permission was granted, and the father of all the Vanderbilts proudly wrote on each side of his wagon this legend:

Cornelius Vanderbilt, licensed cartman.

Cornelius has a place with his brother and cousin Vanderbilts on page 452 of this old-time register of Manhattan citizens. Like Cornelius, the cartman, the three Jacobs and the three Johns of the Vanderbilt family found no good reason for hiding their names and their professions from an inquiring world. As good craftsmen should, they believed in hanging their signs on the outer walls, and thus they respectively appeared: Blacksmith, painter, shoemaker, carpenter, sexton, grocer.

Wild animal life was abundant in the United States in 1822. There was no necessity then for the existence of protective societies for four-footed game. The members of the Astor family should adopt some furred forest creature as their crest, for a glance at the ancient volume in hand shows that three Astors of that year were engaged in skin sales, or, to put it more elegantly, the sale of skins in New York city.

Mr. Longworth, who compiled the directory of the city of New York 80 years ago, is to be complimented on the general appearance of the letter press. He apparently, however, allowed one typographical error to creep into his work. Everybody who keeps in touch with the thrillingly interesting doings of the New Yorkers of this date knows that the favorite Christian name of the Lorillard family is Pierre. That name is the pride of the Lorillards. It is said that the directory man allowed the original Lorillard to get into the book as plain Peter. The business sagacity of the Lorillards never has been questioned. They always have been, as it were, "up to snuff." "Tobacconist, 44 Chatham street," appears after the name of

Peter Lorillard in this record of four-score years ago.

But there are other names in this book of the olden time. Good old Peter Cooper is set down as a mason, living in Bedford street. Aaron Burr, counselor, had an office at 41 Nassau street, which is still a lawyers' location and his house was at 22 Reed street. Not far from Burr was situated the office of the son of Alexander Hamilton, whom Burr had killed at Weehawken 19 years before. The Roosevelts, the Goellets, the DePeysters, the Stuyvesants, the Kernits, the Kips and the Schuylers have places on the directory pages, but, curiously enough, there is only one Vanrenselaer.

#### The Telephone in Surgery.

In several London hospitals surgeons are now using the telephone whenever they have occasion to probe for bullets or other metallic objects. The receiver of the telephone is placed on the head of the operator, and the patient is placed, in the usual manner, in contact with a plate, the general medium employed being a wet sponge or some paper saturated with a saline solution, which is spread over the plate. The latter is connected with the telephone by a wire and the probe, after it has been introduced into the body, naturally vibrates as soon as the foreign metallic substance comes in contact with it. The probe is also connected with the telephone by a wire, and thus no such blunder is possible, as sometimes happens when an ordinary battery is used.—Electricity.

#### The Limit.

Mr. Van Albert—Great Scott! Why are not all these dishes washed?

Mrs. Van Albert—Because the cook is using the kitchen table.

Mr. Van Albert—In what way?

Mrs. Van Albert—She is playing a game of ping-pong with the policeman.—Brooklyn Life.

#### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"She's a great social light, isn't she?" "Yes. Twenty thousand diamond power."—Town Topics.

She—"So you have crossed the ocean 64 times. You must be getting used to it." He—"Yes, considerably. I have lately got so that I recognize over half the waves we meet."—Town and Country.

Litigant—"You take nine-tenths of the damages? Outrageous!" Lawyer—"I furnish the skill and eloquence and learning for the cause." Litigant—"But I furnish the cause." Lawyer—"Oh, anybody could do that."—London Tit-Bits.

First Detective—"The more I think of it, the more firmly I am convinced that the man I arrested last night did not give his right name." Second Detective—"What name did he give?" First Detective—"John Doe."—Town and Country.

"There goes a great genius!" exclaimed the Georgia citizen, as a tall figure slouched by. "Novelist?" "No, but he reads all the novels the other fellows write." "You call that 'genius'?" "Well, if it ain't exactly genius, it's the patience of it."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Papa, what do they call the men who run automobiles?" asked the young son of Representative Landis, of Indiana. "My son, some of the names they call them would not bear repeating," replied Mr. Landis, who has had several narrow escapes. "You are too young to know."—N. Y. World.

Mrs. Bellairs (to visitor)—"So sorry, my dear, I can't ask you to stay, but I have promised to take Evy for a drive this afternoon." Visitor (pleasantly)—"My dear, I'm just off. I know it doesn't do to keep the horses standing about." Evy (small and irrepressible)—"Oh, mummy, dear, I do hope the 'bus won't be crowded."—Punch.

Mrs. Ritter came in with a fine lot of blackberries Wednesday.