

# BOHEMIA NUGGET.

Devoted to the Mining, Lumbering and Farming Interests of this Community.

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NO. 14

## BOHEMIA MINING NOTES

### And General Mining News Gathered from Exchanges.

The O & S E railroad is building a mile of wire fence to protect its right of way through the old Bake Stewart's place, commencing work on Monday.

Tom Parker says that his mine is getting there in great shape and that he is greatly pleased. At present the ledge is some 18 inches in width and increasing.

The Oregon Securities Company expects to begin to operate the mill on ores from the Music mine commencing about the first of May. These ores will be transported over the new tram line constructed last summer. Mr. A. B. Wood is at present in the east and when he returns it is expected that work will be pushed much more rapidly.

Considerable interest attaches to the pending investigation by federal agents of the alleged fraudulent acts of the deputy surveyors and other officials in the mining districts of Nevada. The charges are grave and sweeping. It would be entirely unwise to prejudge the result of the investigation now being made, but the legitimate mining interests can well find a satisfaction in the fact that the strong arm of the federal government has been extended to gather in these alleged wrong-doers.—Mining World.

The Mining and Scientific Press, which has been published at San Francisco, lost its records, library, notebooks, manuscript and plant, but was fortunate to have saved its latest subscription list through the foresight or caution of the manager in having a copy of it at his home. Editor Rickard at Berkeley, says: "As the earthquake occurred at 5:15 a. m., and the fire in San Francisco prevented people on the side of the bay from reaching their offices, most of us were spared the horror of scenes that bear the memory. We are fortunate, therefore, as compared to many of our citizens. And for other reasons. Our plant has been demolished; but this journal is built on nothing so ephemeral as paper, and on nothing so cheap as machinery; it is based upon the support of many thousands of readers and subscribers who are never less likely to withdraw their support than at a time of mis-

fortune. The goodwill of the Mining and Scientific Press is locked up in no safe, confined to no printing room; it cannot be shaken by an earthquake or consumed by fire. And, gentlemen, our friends, there is another something that is not destructible by physical misfortune or financial adversity, and that is the spirit that gives life to the printed word."

### Relief Must Be Kept Up

J. M. Isham, Agent: Mr. Harriman wired me this morning as follows: "Oakland pier 23 to J. P. G'Brien, Portland. Having gone over the situation in San Francisco I am deeply impressed with the necessity of uninterrupted forwarding of food stuff, with which to feed the two hundred thousand homeless people. The situation is well organized and the United States Quartermaster Department is receiving and distributing through its channels and through the various local relief associations all supplies as fast as they arrive, but the fact should be made public in all quarters that it will require continued effort on the part of everyone to keep supplies coming. The railroads are of course handling all such supplies without charge, and the people must respond to calls for relief."

(Signed) E. H. Harriman.

Please give this wide publicity.

J. P. O'Brien.

Mrs. Ed Wilson was greatly relieved on Sunday night about two o'clock to get a telegram from her people in San Francisco that they were all safe. Monday morning she got a postal card. They are being cared for at the home of Mr. Lang, manager of the Wieland Brewery at 2334 Howard street and are all right, but lost practically everything and if necessary will come here.

A Western Union Telegraph operator from San Francisco went through Monday morning in his shirt sleeves to Portland. He said that they were sending messages from the office and did not know the building was on fire until some one shouted fire and it was then too late for all to save themselves. He crawled through a small hole and escaped. Two of the men got to the top floor, and were about to be burned when a soldier shot them to death.

Northbound trains are loaded to the guards, most of them refugees, and about one third of them free passengers. Everyone of them seems to have their nerves almost shattered and are in a bad physical condition.

## REFUGEES COMING NORTH

### Great Train Loads of Stricken Ones Coming North for Shelter and Succor.

The Southern Pacific railroad is hauling free many train loads of people from San Francisco, who are without any money, and are looking for a place to stop and get a fresh start in life.

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday morning three train loads each morning passed through, on their way to Portland and the East. In talking with a number of men on the train Tuesday morning they said "We have not got a cent hardly and nothing but the clothes we have on our backs. No place to work to earn more. What we want is a job and a place to get started again, wherever it be." This was from a number of young men from every class. Some have money in San Francisco banks, but cannot get any of it for some time at least, and in the meantime must live. All of them are hungry. While the people all along the line are generous, yet they have not provided enough to feed all.

The sight of the train loads of people going through from the south looking for a resting place or friends, many of them only partly clothed, in all kinds of garments, and unwashed, hungry and exhausted is enough to break one's heart. All that the people can do to relieve them is not enough. For the people of the town to have hot coffee and some sandwiches at the train would be a great blessing to these people. Find out when the next train comes through with them and give something for them to eat.

### Dan Thomas' Experience in the Earthquake

Dan Thomas, a son of I. E. Thomas of this city, who has been working in the Passenger Auditor's Office of the Southern Pacific at San Francisco got home Sunday morning, after passing in safety through the great shock. He was living with his sister Mrs. Dyer in a four story wooden building at 750 Ellis Street between Polk and Larkin Streets, and had their rooms on the third floor. When the first shock came he was thrown from his bed, and the plaster fell all over his room. He rushed with the rest of the people to get out, and as the building became still again they went back to their rooms, dressed,

lighted a gas stove, and cooked breakfast, and left the house about nine o'clock. He thinks that they were the only family of the 60 families in the building that had breakfast that morning. They got to Van Ness Avenue about noon, and about 4 o'clock reached the graveyard and staid there until about 11 o'clock p. m. when a gentleman walking by recognized Mrs. Dyer and invited her to occupy a room at his house only a short distance away. They camped out in that room until the next evening, and then started to get away, and got to Fort Mason, where a government boat took a great company of them around to the ferry, and from there they went to Oakland, where his sister is now stopping with friends. He said both nights in the graveyard it was as bright as day, and that the sight as they were going over on the ferry to Oakland was one of the grandest he ever expects to see. It was as light as day, the lights were reflected on the boats and in the water, the fires were burning for two or three miles and withal its terribleness it was a beautiful sight. When he got ready to leave Friday morning the mob carried him off his feet to the first section but it was too crowded and he got off and came on the second second. Dan was very thoughtful, for as soon as they had gotten in safety to the graveyard, he thought they would be short of things to eat and went to a bakery and got several loaves of bread and other things and were comfortably fixed for two or three days without anything else.

He says the Southern Pacific office must have all been destroyed with all its records. The house where he lived was destroyed, quite early by the fire. The soldiers were on duty within two hours of the first shock and by 8 had things well in hand. He saw many that were killed by the earthquake and fire, and a great many that were badly hurt.

H. Colfax of San Diego, a machinist who has been working in San Francisco, and who was there in the earthquake, was here Sunday and was looking for work. In an interview he told of the terror of the shock and how he got dressed and got out to the streets and how in just a few minutes a fire broke out at 22nd and Mission streets and that he ran there and that the fire department arrived and were able in a short time to get that fire out, but that then a dozen fires were visible in different places, all over the city, and that in many places the mains were broken and that one great one on 17th street was flooding everything. The fires seemed to be caused by the crossing of electric wires. He was able to send a message to his people that he was safe Wednesday night, and on Friday got over to Oakland where he was fed and started on his way north by a friend. He said there was no need of any famine the way things were coming in, that of course one did not get so very much to eat, but enough, but that the great danger was from pestilence. The soldiers seemed to arrive almost within a few minutes after the disaster, and good order was maintained. In speaking of how everybody helped each other, he said he saw a man and woman walking along with a trunk swung from a pole, which rested on their shoulders and that though the woman was slight, she was doing her share. Everybody is being kind to the refugees.

### Rev. Anna H. Shaw

The most noted of Woman's Suffrage lecturers will speak in the Opera House, Friday evening the 27th. She is an exceptionally brilliant woman and her lecture will be a treat. In order that good seats may be had, it has been decided to reserve any seats desired up to that evening, at which time all seats untaken are free. Ten cents only is charged for such seats in order to pay expenses.

### Wanted.

Gentleman or lady with good reference to travel by rail or with a rig, for a firm of \$250,000.00 capital. Salary \$1,072.00 per year and expenses; salary paid weekly and expenses advanced. Address, with stamp, Jos. A. Alexander, Cottage Grove, Ore.

## PRIMARY ELECTION RETURNS

### Practically all Returns are in, and Republican Nominees Will be as Follows.

#### STATE

Senator, short term—F. W. Mulkey.  
Senator, long term—H. M. Calk.  
Congressman, First District—W. C. Hawley.  
Congressman, Second District—W. R. Ellis.  
Governor—James Withycombe.  
Secretary of State—F. W. Benson.  
State Treasurer—G. A. Steel.  
Supreme Judge—Robert Eakin.  
Superintendent of Public Instruction—J. H. Ackerman.  
State Printer—W. S. Dunniway.  
Attorney-General—A. M. Crawford.  
Labor Commissioner—O. P. Hoff.

#### LANE COUNTY.

State Senator—I. H. Bingham.  
State Representatives—Allen H. Eaton, B. A. Washburne, I. N. Edwards.  
County Clerk, E. U. Lee.  
Sheriff—W. J. Warnock.  
County Commissioner—H. D. Edwards.  
County Treasurer—R. E. Eastland.  
County Surveyor—C. M. Collier.  
County Coroner—Wm. T. Gordon.

### Out of the Kettle Into Fire—Reversed

Napa, Cal., April 20, 1906.  
Friend Conner and Others: Have been in such a turmoil and amid such constant straining excitement that I could not write until now. Was broke and could not write. Misfortune seems to be on my trail good and plenty, but I am still fortunate to be alive and able to tell it. I was in San Francisco in the

and another such a horror I hope never to witness. I think you can testify that there are some things I am not afraid of, but I can truthfully say that an earthquake is not one of these things. I had gone down to the city Tuesday to get a ticket and see my boy safely on his way home Wednesday morning. We were stopping at the Tremont House, on Kearney street, in the fourth story, and when the first disturbance came I was instantly awakened. Realizing at once what the matter was, I tried to get out of the door, but there was a lock on the door that I did not understand and could not open it. For fully a minute (it seemed an hour) I stood at the open window looking out on the roofs and walls of other buildings which were swaying and falling all around, while the walls of my own room were shaking and trembling, plaster falling, and barely able to keep my feet, expecting every second to be my last on this earth. Say, I came near going crazy in that minute, standing there defenseless, hopeless amid a deafening roar and a horrid rumbling, the like of which I never before heard. When things evened up and got still I thought all was over and did not then realize the awful damage that had been done elsewhere. In fact my boy and I went back to bed, but when another tremor came a light one this time, you bet your last penny I got up, dressed hastily and got out to where I thought there was safety, but when I saw the streets, I knew then that if the thing had occurred during the day or early in the evening, no doubt more than 30,000 or 40,000 people would have been killed outright. It could not have happened at a later hour or more opportune time for the safety of life. The boy and I went immediately down Sacramento street to Montgomery and from that point, at about six o'clock, three quarters of an hour after shock, I counted seven fires in the wholesale district. I did not then even realize the danger or that such awful things would occur as those which took place in a few hours. My boy wanted to leave town immediately, so we caught the seven o'clock boat for Oakland mole, where I placed him with some people going on the same train as far as Pueblo. I returned to the

city by eight o'clock and when I reached the ferry, the entire wholesale district was a mass of roaring uncontrollable flames. I could not go to the right, so I struck out for Mission street, then to Howard and within a few blocks was driven to Folsom, and west I went, but it was nine o'clock before I got to where I could go around the burning district. I crossed Market at 9th and later in the day saw even that neighborhood, mechanics pavilion, city hall and all go up in smoke. I soon met some friends—and together we tramped and walked miles watching the progress of the fire, and saw whole blocks blown up with dynamite in hopes of checking the flames, but to no avail. It is needless for me to try to write you the rest—you have already read the particulars in the papers, but of one thing you can rest assured the newspaper accounts were not exaggerated. No man's pen could tell in detail the horrible awfulness of the sad affair. In some respects it was a grand sight and I would not have missed it for anything yet I would not take the chances and go through the same experience again for any sum. In the meantime I had not heard a whisper of anything wrong at Santa Rosa. Myself and friend made our way to the ferry in order to get a boat home. They were all short of change—I paid the fare of one, a dollar, to Petaluma, bought my own ticket, \$1.25, and then gave one of the boys my last cent with the promise to send him more Saturday, and I boarded the boat without a cent. There I met one of our office crew and he told me the first I knew of the awful condition at home.

These are facts and the absolute truth with reference to Santa Rosa. Not one business house was left standing in the town—they all went down in one great crash, a mass of ruins and rubbish which ignited from live wires and burned up. Every print shop in town was totally destroyed. Four people in our office were killed, including the man who worked in my place while I was away. The foreman remained in the building and was nearly killed by a few slight bruises. He jumped in the doorway between the press room and composing room and remained there while the walls were trembling and falling all around him. The pressman ran to the street, was caught by falling walls and crushed to death, while three carrier boys were buried beneath the ruins and were cremated in the flames which came later. I lost all my baggage and had not one solitary thing left but the rags on my back. Everything was in confusion, desolation and gloom was in the air, there was nothing to do and no prospect of anything soon so I biked out for the nearest place where there was no danger. There is nothing to do here, but the printers are holding me up until I can get my bearings and determine which way to turn. It will be bad for printers anywhere in this section, for 900 of them are set adrift from San Francisco. I would make a blue streak for Nevada, but I hate to go on the "pig". Anyhow, I will be here until some time next week, until I can find or get in some communication with the boys who were in the city. Will write again. Drop me a line. Regards to all my friends and tell them, I'm glad I'm alive.

Yours  
T. J. Boyd.

Mr. Boyd was at one time connected with the Leader office and has a wide acquaintance here.

### Grant's Pass Mine Sold.

Grants Pass, Ore., April 18.—The sale of the Eureka mine, on Soldier Creek, 37 miles west of Grants Pass, was consummated this week, the first payment, \$30,000 being made through the First National Bank Tuesday. The balance of the purchase price is to be paid in installments. It is understood that \$100,000 is to be paid for the mine. The purchasers are John W. Coileau and associates of Pittsburgh, Pa. The mine was owned by a company at Eureka, Cal.—Telegram.

Dr. Lowe the eye specialist does not go from house to house, glasses cannot be correctly fitted to the eyes that way and no first class optician will attempt it.

## Mothers Attention!

We are showing a line of boys clothing creditable to Portland ranging in prices from \$1.00 to \$8.00. The new styles, single and double breasted, also the Buster Brown Hose. We have also 40 styles in Mens Suits.

# Welch & Woods.