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Vol. XXVII. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24 1899. No. 37

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The mails close at the Hillsboro Post Office, daily:

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CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner Main and Fifth streets. Preaching every Sabbath, morning and evening. Sab. bath School at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting Sunday evening at 6:30 p. m. All services will be held at 8:00 p. m. All services will be short, bright, interesting and helpful. Everyone cordially welcome.

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CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Preaching 2d and 4th Sundays in each month at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m.

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HILLSBORO LODGE NO. 61, A. O. U. W., Meets every 1st and third Friday evening each month.

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P. of H.

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D. M. C. GAULT, Sec'y.

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THE DEGREE OF HONOR, A. O. U. W., meets in Odd Fellows' hall every first and third Friday evening of each month.

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PHOENICIA TEMPLE NO. 10, R. S., meets every 2nd and 4th Friday in each month at 7:30 o'clock in Wehrung's Hall.

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A. F. and A. M.

TUALITY LODGE NO. 6, A. F. & A. M., meets every Saturday night on or after full moon of each month.

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K. O. T. M.

VIOLA TENT, NO. 18, K. O. T. M., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, on second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month.

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WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT No. 8, I. O. O. F., meets on first and third Tuesdays of each month.

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Used by British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galisha. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897 from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale by Delta Drug Store.

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pheumonia it has averted and of the children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand, good medicine. For sale by Delta Drug Store.

THE IVORY QUEEN

A Detective Story Of a Chicago Suburb. The Murder at The Grange and How its Mystery Was Solved by Darrent, the American Lecoq.

BY NORMAN HURST.

Copyright, 1899, by the American Press Association.

"Then his reason left him. In a paroxysm of madness he charged them all with deceiving him; swore that she had not died, but had been lured away, that they were all a party to it and that she had been murdered; swore that 'a life for a life' should be the only object of his existence and left the village with madness in his eye, foaming for revenge. That is the whole story. Your mother sleeps in her grave; your father has been murdered, but by no gang of assassins, for none existed."

"No gang of assassins," Astray cried, rising to his feet, and struggling with rage; "no gang of assassins, when they drove a man to madness for the satisfaction of their own humor! My bitterest curse be on each and every one who had a hand in the torture of my father and blight what yet remains of his life—for each and every one who took a part in that night's devilment shared in the murder! They robbed him of his reason and left him an easy prey to the one who took his life."

"The murderer is yet to be discovered," Darrent answered quietly. "We have found nothing from this diary, and we must begin at the beginning again, and time presses."

"What do you mean by time presses? The law dare not hang me in the face of the statements in that diary. I shall be released in a few days, and then together we will seek the murderer and never rest until he is brought to justice."

"We will hope for the best," was all that Herbert Darrent could say as he shook Astray's hand and left him.

CHAPTER X.

HERBERT DARRENT PROPOSES A TOAST.

Herbert Darrent had left Astray buoyed up with hope. Together they had gone page by page through old Marsden's diary and together had come to the conclusion that here at last was something like the truth.

Astray was exultant in what he called the full establishment of his innocence, but Darrent's enthusiasm was a little less pronounced. He recognized that, while there was undoubtedly much in the diary that was true, there was also much that revealed nothing but the wanderings of an enfeebled intellect and that in any endeavor to get the sentence passed upon Astray Marsden revoked there would be the greatest difficulty to persuade the governor where the truth ended and imagination commenced. If Josiah Marsden dreamed that he had killed his enemy, the man who dogged his footsteps through Europe and had chronicled as a fact in his diary that he had done so, when it could be conclusively proved that at the date set down he had not been away from Norcombe, Ills., it was equally possible that the final entry, the one that said that Astray had been and gone, might also be regarded as the outcome of a dream, and Darrent was bound to own this possibility to himself, although he now thoroughly believed in the innocence of the man—that Astray might have returned.

He felt that Astray was innocent, and yet, if Astray had not committed the murder, who had? Was it a stranger, perhaps a tramp, after all?

It would be hard, very hard, to make the cool headed governor believe that a man who had been stabbed had in the throes of death written, "I am dying, murdered by a stranger."

Why should he? That was the question that perplexed Darrent. Why? To exonerate his son, with whom he had quarreled that night, in case he should be accused. Hum! It was possible when one looked at it in that light.

Perhaps that construction placed on the paper, together with the diary, might have some effect upon the governor. Anyhow he could but try. His efforts had condemned Astray Marsden, and now his duty was to obtain the release of Astray, and then together they would search until they brought the real culprit to justice.

In the midst of these reflections, dubious and anxious as to what the ultimate result would be, Darrent was interrupted as he sat by the fire in his own room at the Palace hotel at Norcombe by a rapping at the door.

"Come in!" he cried, and Policeman Thompson entered.

"Well, Thompson," he exclaimed heartily, for he had taken a fancy to the young policeman, "what can I do for you?"

Thompson was evidently ill at ease. He shifted awkwardly from one foot to the other and twirled his helmet nervously between his fingers.

"Sit down, Thompson. Make yourself at home."

"Thank you, sir."

"Now, then, come. What is it?"

"I suppose you're going back to Chicago for good, sir, now?"

"Oh, I see! You desire promotion, eh? Want me to say a word to your mayor? I'll be delighted."

"No; it's not that. It's about the trial, sir."

"Oh! Well, what is it?"

"Do you feel"— And Thompson hesitated again.

"Do I feel what, man? Go on, go on."

"Well, do you feel you've got the right man?"

"Astray Marsden is condemned. Is that all you've got to say?"

"No, sir. I'm not blaming you for any mistake, because you've only put this and that together, but there has been a mistake."

"Well, if that's the case, we'll get him out just as easily as we put him in. Now, then, my boy." Darrent continued, rising and clapping his visitor on the shoulder, "you didn't come to me just to tell me that. What more do you know?"

"Well, sir, of course I'm not a detective like you are, but I've read a lot of detective tales. I'm very partial to them, and—er—"

"Well?"

"I've always found in them that detectives took such a lot of notice of footmarks, and—er—well, you didn't."

"Our footprints were obliterated, trampled out by a lot of jays who had nothing better to do than stare through

Darrent snatched the paper and excitedly examined it.

the windows and fancy they could see ghosts, long before I got to The Grange."

"Well, sir, I saw them when they were fresh."

"Yes? What were they like?"

"I took this copy," Thompson said, pulling a piece of paper from his pocket. "It's the exact size."

Darrent snatched the paper and excitedly examined it. Toe tips, heel tips, hobnails. "Confound it, a farmer!"

And there rang through Darrent's brain as plainly as if the man were standing beside him speaking the words, "And the strodinary part of it was that I got up in the mornin, and 20 of them cows was froze."

"Why have you kept this to yourself all this time?" Darrent sharply asked, turning on the man.

"Well, you were so mighty sure, I feared you would have thought it impertinence for me to have tried to show you anything," the other retorted, with some amount of irritation.

Darrent bit his lips, thoroughly annoyed. He remembered how he had taken a curious delight in mystifying and surprising this novice, and he had been caught in his own trap.

"Thompson," he said after a moment or two, "you're quite right. I was an idiot, but we are together on the right side now, and I'm going to save Astray Marsden."

"That being so, sir, I'm sorry"—

"Nothing to be sorry about, my boy, but you should not have given way to temper. It might have been bad for Astray. Never mind. Leave me now, and we'll soon have him out of jail and put the right man there instead."

"Suppose it was that thick headed fellow who lost the cows?" Darrent mused as his visitor departed. "Well, stranger things have happened. Come in, come in. What is it?"

"A letter for you, just come, sir."

"Thanks. Hum! Chicago postmark."

The contents of the note caused him to start to his feet in surprise.

"Astra is something toward 'Astray,' and so it is toward 'a stranger,'" he read, and that was all.

Then some one else had caught on to the same idea as himself, some one who was afraid to sign his name, some one perhaps—he gasped as the idea struck him—who did not mind killing an old man, but had enough conscience left not to let a young man suffer for the crime. A clew at last to the actual murderer!

Turning again to the penciled copy of the footprint, Darrent gazed at it carefully. Three of the hobnails were missing from the sole just behind the toe piece. He shook his head. No; it was not a farmer's boot, after all, but a strong, well made— He jumped up and pulled the bell.

"Send a messenger to the police station for Chief Dobson at once!" he cried as his ring was answered.

He looked at his watch—5 minutes to 7. Dobson would be there in ten minutes. In eight minutes Darrent walked down stairs. "Tell Dobson to wait," he said and then stepped out and stood in the shadow of a tree until the chief had arrived and entered the Palace hotel, and then he strode rapidly down to the police station. He pushed open the door. The room was empty. A pair of Chief Dobson's boots stood in a corner by the firplace. In an instant he had them in his hands. No nails were missing, but they were exactly the size and shape of the drawing on the paper. So far so good. But Darrent was not yet satisfied. He took out the note that he had received by mail that evening and held it to the light of the lamp.

"A five star diamond," he muttered, and then, searching about, he discovered Chief Dobson's limited stock of stationery and submitted it to the same scrutiny, but without result. The police station boasted only about half a quire of the commonest paper, too common even to show the faintest watermark. Every drawer, cupboard and box Darrent examined minutely, but discovered nothing to reward his painstaking search. Then the floor, a loose board—ah! He gasped with excitement as he inserted the blade of his knife, and up it came. Nothing there? Yes; a small parcel! In an instant it was in his hands and untied—only a book! A book—that a book—a bankbook of a Chicago bank, and a glance at the figures showed that Edward Dobson had accumulated the respectable little sum of $6,150 which was standing to his credit! Darrent slipped the book into his pocket, replaced the board and strolled back to the Palace hotel.

"He must be a wonderfully clever policeman who saves over $6,000 with-

Continued on Fourth Page.

A LOOK OVER THE FIELD

The political sentiment of the United States at this time is decidedly republican. Anyone can go over the list of states and see that the republicans hold more than in 1896. Three general elections have taken place since that year and the net result is a strengthened republican position. The four states gained is Kansas, Washington, South Dakota and Wyoming. Kentucky, which divided its electoral vote in 1896 is more strongly republican now than it was then. The single state regained by the democrats is Maryland and this was managed only by a platform silent on silver and the rest of the Chicago platform. Compared with 1896 the republican gain of electoral votes is twenty-two, the loss eight. This change would make the electoral college stand republican 285, democratic 162. It is as close an estimate in actual figures as can be made. These are accomplished facts. Thru three so-called off years the opposition has done its utmost to turn the political tide. But it runs more powerfully than ever. The democratic party has crumbled in attempting to develop a weak spot in the republican party.

One new national issue, expansion was tested in the twelve states that voted Tuesday. It was emphatically approved. Massachusetts, the home of Atkinson, Garrison, Boutwell, Hoar and a bitter anti-expansion league piled up an immense republican majority. New York republicans increased their Roosevelt majority and gained twelve members in the legislature. New Jersey shows decided republican gains in both the popular vote and the legislature. McLean is astonished by the 50,000 plurality against him in Ohio. The republicans in Kentucky were united and won a brilliant victory. Iowa increased its majority. South Dakota where the president recently made some of his strongest expansion speeches and where Senator Pettigrew has been untiring on the other side, changed from a fusion majority last year to a phenominal republican majority of 8,000 to 10,000. McLean and other democratic managers counted on a German revolt on expansion. It is invincible in the returns in Ohio, Iowa, New York or anywhere else. There are many thousand Germans in Buffalo and Louisville, and both cities went democratic last year. This year they give large republican majorities.

Mr. Bryan saved his state and it is evident that there are some republicans in Nebraska who do not care to lessen his conspicuity in the democratic party. Bryan has a strong popularity and perhaps will serve the democratic purpose next year as well as any man could in the present confused condition of the party. He will be defeated but so will any other democrat. To drop him would cost the democrats their chance in Nebraska, Colorado and two or three small western states. He can count on the south as confidently as any other. He will lose Maryland unless he renounces free silver, and that would stultify him to such a degree that he would be a laughing stock. His position against expansion is already condemned. As for trusts he will find no exclusive fighting ground in fact he has no objections to them if they take the shape of his friends McLean and Wetmore. All that the democratic party can do is to hope that an issue will turn up before the meeting of their national convention. In all probability they have their candidate, and he is a beaten man on the face of circumstances.—Globe Democrat.

It is admitted everywhere that the election of a populist by the fusionists of Nebraska was a personal triumph for Mr. Bryan. In no state, however did the democrats make any gains Tuesday, or even hold their own except in Maryland, which was the only state whose democrats refused to endorse the Chicago platform. It is not worth while to argue with the man who cannot see the force of this without argument.—Courier-Journal.

Massachusetts, the home of the Aunties and Edward Atkinson indorsed the war in the Philippines by 65,000 majority. Hadn't Mr. Atkinson best convert his own state before tackling the rest of America?—Courier Journal.

In the United States senate the republican majority over the democrats populists and silverites combined is eighteen. Three of the four vacancies are in republican states. The Billy Mason squad can do little harm.

In October 1898 the war department expended $22,895,029 and in October this year $12,895,395. The imperialistic march is not calculated to alarm the country financially.

HOLLAND TORPEDO BOAT A SUCCESS

Built and planned by John P. Holland of New York.

CONCERNING A FURNACE

What it would cost to start a blast furnace with a capacity of 200 tons per day.

The Holland submarine torpedo boat has been severely tested by naval officers, acting for the government, and found not wanting. She was found to be easily controlled, when under water as well as on the surface. When the naval officers shook hands with John P. Holland, the inventor of the boat, and congratulated him on his success, after he had worked and struggled for 25 years perfecting and making practical his idea, tears streamed down his cheeks. It is a great victory for any man, to perfect a boat to steam under water at eight knots an hour, without disturbing the surface, not giving an inkling of her presence. The government will doubtless purchase the invention and make use of the boat for naval purposes. The requirements for the test as laid down by the naval board was (a) Have three torpedoes in place. (b) Have all arrangements made for discharging torpedoes without delay. (c) Be prepared to fire torpedoes at full speed when submerged as well as when at full speed on the surface. (d) Have crew exercised by actual practice so as to be able to make required submerged runs and steer a straight course. The boat met every test with full satisfaction to the board.

WHAT IT MEANS TO START A BLAST FURNACE.

Few people who have not actually run a blast furnace realize what it means to fill the capious maw of one of these monsters. A stack of 200 tons daily capacity running on 50 per cent ore, must have delivered to it each day something more than 400 tons of ore, 250 to 300 tons of coke, and over 100 tons of limestone besides sand, coal and minor supplies—say 900 tons of raw material. Add the 200 tons of pig iron product shipped out and we have a daily freight movement of 1100 tons, taking no note of the disposition of the slag. The mining of the ore requires the labor of 150 to 300 men, the coal mining, coke making, quarrying of limestone, at least 300 more. The furnace itself employs about 150 or more hands.

Starting up a furnace of ordinary capacity, therefore, calls immediately for the labor of nearly a thousand men, for at least a thousand railway cars and many locomotives, for perhaps several steamers and vessels on the lakes, for capital, from the mines to the pig iron, of one or two million of dollars, and last, but not least, for a high order of managing ability.—Archer Brown, in the Engineering Magazine for October.

BLUE ROAD SUPERVISORS.

It comes to light that the last legislature adopted a measure calculated to affect the administration of road matters in all the counties of the state Altho the new law does not repeal any of the laws already on the statute books, that is, in so many words, by a specific repealing clause, it practically repeals the others or parts of them. The statutory provisions of this state for road business appear to be somewhat mixed. At the present time there are three road laws upon the statute books. One provides for the old system of road supervision by road district supervisors appointed by the county court, and each one absolutely independent of each other one.

Then the other law was enacted empowering the county court to appoint a county superintendent over all the public roads of the county, and to impose a cash road tax for the maintenance of the highways, in place of toll of labor with which it has formerly been the custom under warrant of the statute to permit the payment of the annual road assessment.

Then, later still, at the last session of the legislature a third law was enacted making these provisions:

The county court "must" divide the county into districts, according to its discretion, and at the general state election of 1900 and annually thereafter a supervisor must be elected by the voters of each district. One provision of the law is that no voting precinct may be partially in one district and partially in another. Another provision of the law is that when a candidate is elected to the position of road supervisor and refuses to serve in that capacity he shall be fined $25 by the justice court in his district, the fine money going into the funds for the maintainance of the roads in that locality.

All these various laws leave matters somewhat confused. The provisions for the election of supervisors next year is mandatory but what is to be done between now and the next general election is a question.

WOMAN SUFFERAGE OPPOSED BY WOMEN

At one time the Herald believed that all the women of Oregon favored female suffrage. Today we find a society styling itself the "Oregon State Association Opposed to the Extension of the Suffrage to Women." The organization is composed of many of the leading ladies of the state. The object of the association is to circularize mankind and to labor with him to defeat the woman suffrage amendment to be submitted to a vote next June. It is enough to make one exclaim: Heaven help us save woman from herself.

The following well known and popular young ladies are officers of the association:

President—Mrs. R. W. Wilbur,

Vice president—Mrs. W. S. Ladd, Mrs. J. B. Montgomery.

Treasurer—Mrs. Wallace McCamant.

Secretary—Mrs Robert Lovett Taft, 534 Morrison St Portland.

Executive committee—Mrs H W Corbett, Mrs H L Corbett, Mrs F M Warren, Mrs A E Rockey, Mrs Rose Burrell, Mrs C H Lewis, Mrs F K Arnold, Mrs David Loring, Mrs C Rockwell.

In part the memorial to the male voters of Oregon, reads:

"We believe that only a small percentage of the women of our state ask for or desire the ballot. Our school elections prove as do those of every state in the union which permits women to vote at such elections that the great majority of Oregon women do not use the ballot even in school matters, in which they may be presumed to take special interest on account of their children.

"We believe that the majority should rule in this, as in other political matters, and that a small tho eager minority of our sex should not force sitting on juries and running for office upon the far larger number of women who do not desire to vote. We have no quarrel with our suffragist sisters; but we protest against their being regarded as representatives of the true opinion of Oregon women upon this vital subject.

"We also believe that the adoption of this suffrage amendment would necessarily lead to serious complications in both the political and social conditions of the state, and that such complications would be harmful to the state in every way.

"Believing these things, we have organized ourselves into an association known as the Oregon State Association Opposed to the Extension of the Suffrage to Women. We are an absolutely non-political association, representing no creed or class, with only one aim—to keep our sex out of politics. We desire to bring the subject to your thoro attention as voters and to ask you to defeat the amendment if, after thinking over the whole question you agree with us that since Oregon women do not want the ballot, it should not be forced upon them.

"We request that you read the pamphlet which we inclose. It is printed, as you see, by a like association of women in the east. There are now such associations as ours in Massachusetts, New York Iowa, Illinois, South Dakota, Washington and California. The suffragists are a minority everywhere. We ask you to act in behalf of the great silent majority of Oregon women by voting against the suffrage amendment in June 1900"—Portland Herald.

Iowa should not be lost sight of by students of the "lessons of the elections." There were no local issues in that state. The fight was made on the sharply defined question of imperialism, which White the democratic candidate for governor, forced to the front under the advice of Mr. Bryan who made a campaign in its interest. White and his speakers pressed this issue in every county in the state, and Shaw the republican accepted the challenge and gave them a square fight. His resulting majority of over 60,000 is big enough to be seen even away out in Aguinaldo's swamps.—Courier-Journal.

Admiral Dewey says the report of the Philippine commission is an absolutely truthful representation of all that has happened and of the existing situation. Carl Schurz says it is contradictory and inconsistent. Dewey was in the Philippines for a year. Schurz has never been there. But this is immaterial to Schurz. He set himself up to be infinitely wiser than Lincoln and considers Dewey merely an infant in brain power compared to himself.

New stock of Umbrellas at Schulmerich & Son's.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED DURING THE WEEK

Gold-bearing ore found on Hay Creek in Crook County.

PIPE ORGAN AT EUGENE

Two boys escaped from the reform school—Marion County jail being painted by a prisoner.

A $50,000 life insurance policy was issued to a Union Co. sawmill man.

Harry Brown and Walter Bradley escaped from the state reform school Thursday evening.

During recent rough weather a piece of driftwood was thrown thru a window of the Bandon lighthouse by a heavy sea.

Up to last Thursday evening the Elgin branch road had delivered 230 carloads of sugar beets to the factory. This is a total of about 7000 tons.

The town of Joseph Wallowa Co. finds consolation for the smallpox scare in the fact that it drove all the "tin-horn" gamblers out of town.

The La Grande Commercial Club is arranging to erect a building with adequate accommodations for the club its present quarters having been outgrown.

The potato crop appears to be good and the demand is very fair, but there is some complaint of rot on account of fall rains says the Newberg Graphic.

The M. E. church of Eugene, has purchased a pipe organ at a cost of $1254. Of this amount $154 is contributed by outsiders. The remainder is paid by the local church.

About 60,000 pounds of wool the remnant of the season's clip in this vicinity, was shipped to San Francisco by local merchants last week, says the Myrtle Point Enterprise.

Clarence Johnson was arrested at Moro last week for attempting to cash a check for $105 bearing the forged signature of Scott & Co. of Grass Valley. On examination he was held to the grand jury on a bond of $500.

Burglars stole $100 from Tom Burgess' store in Bakeoven last Friday night. A young man named Bowman of Grass Valley has been arrested on suspicion of having committed the burglary tho only 60 cents was found on him.

The Dalles is about to purchase a new chemical fire engine and put in a fire alarm system, the expense of which is to be paid by subscription of business houses. The improvements will bring a reduction of 10 per cent in insurance rates.

Felix Lantier a well known miner and metallurgist of eastern Oregon, has been missing since Saturday, and it is feared he has fallen into some hole or shaft and been killed or disabled. He started out on foot to examine a mine near the Pocahontas Saturday afternoon.

Joseph R. Willard the sole occupant of the Marion county jail, recently proposed to the county officials that if they would furnish the material he would paint the interior of the jail cells etc. The proposition was accepted and the county is now getting the cheapest and best job of painting ever done around that court house.

Benno Heimann a practitioner of the Kneipp school of medicine came from San Francisco to treat a Mount Angel patient whom he had had at his San Francisco institution and complaint was made that he violated the Oregon law by practicing without a license. The first trial at Albany resulted in disagreement of the jury, and the second trial in acquittal. The case cost the county $125.

Great excitement prevails in Crook county owing to the recent discovery of ledges of goldbearing quartz at the head of Hay creek. The new find was made by J. S. McColl an old prospector who lives at Lamonta, 20 miles from the place and who has filed on a claim, the ore of which assays $50 per ton. When the new strike became known there was a general stampede to the new Klondike. The ledges are situated ten miles southwest of the Silver King mine, which was recently bought by a company of capitalists for $100,000. These ledges were discovered several years ago by a party of prospectors from California. An old forge still stands where they tried some experimental smelting pronouncing the ore rich but conclucing that it could not be milled by the process then in vogue.