

DANGERS IN MINING.

Thrilling Incident That Occurred in the Friday.

A party of mining men, sitting in the hotel lobby an evening or two since, drifted into a discussion of the dangers encountered by miners working under ground. This was followed by the narration of several hair breadth escapes which had come under their personal observation. Neil J. Sorenson won the first prize with his story, which, under his skillful mouth manipulation, was a veritable hair-raising incident; relieved by the humor of Irish wit and inimitable dialect.

The Miner will make no attempt to reproduce the humor, nor to work up the story in the dramatic style in which it was related, but even stripped of these verbal adornments, it is worth repeating.

The incident happened at the Friday mine several years ago, when Mr. Sorenson was the manager of that rich property during its first palmy days of production, before it was closed down by unfortunate litigation—now, fortunately, settled and active work resumed. The best miner at the Friday was Tom Ryan, an erratic genius who was everlastingly doing something that no other man would think of or dare do. One day the engineer in charge of the hoist was delayed for some reason in raising the cage in which Ryan wished to descend. He became impatient, suddenly enraged and finally made a leap for the cable and slid to the bottom of the shaft. When he got there, his hands were entirely out of commission. From the friction they were burned and bruised and lacerated, and he had to lay off for two weeks.

Even at that time they had not healed, but he tired of idleness and longed for the drill and hammer. The first day on he was put to work in an upraise, from the 130-foot to the 80-foot level. This was in excellent ore all the way and our friend Ryan was comparatively happy; for one of his peculiarities was that he delighted to work in good ore and hated barren rock as the devil is credited with loathing holy water. The upraise was only ten feet from the 80-foot level, and there Ryan drilled and loaded his holes, fired his fuse and started to come down.

But, unfortunately, he had stuck his long, sharp handle spoon through a hole in his overalls, made for the purpose, and somehow, it became fastened in a crevice in the rock. His hands were still sore and he couldn't let go the rope with either, for neither would hold his weight; the fuse was burning with perilous rapidity, but not as fast as Ryan was talking, pleading for assistance, trying to square things with his Maker, cursing everything above and below ground; the while tugging away at that pestiferous spoon that was holding him fast in the face of certain terrible death.

That surely was a dramatic climax that an artist could work up to great advantage, which Mr. Sorenson did, and on this point won the high ball prize. He didn't remain to witness poor Ryan's terrible end, but made a dash for a safe retreat from the impending deadly explosion.

It was not until after the party of mining men had refreshed themselves would he consent to finish the story. In some inexplicable way, as such things happen on the stage, Ryan released himself and darted down the drift just as the blast exploded and knocked down about seventeen tons of ore. Mr. Sorenson then volunteered some information about the smelter returns on that rock, which was sorted, hauled twenty

miles to the railroad and shipped to Salt Lake for treatment; but, as Kipling loves to repeat, that is another story—which THE MINER will not here relate, as such stuff comes strictly under the head of paid matter, which this is not.

STRIKE IN THE BLUE BIRD.

Four and a Half Feet of Ore Going \$12 to \$25 a Ton.

The Blue Bird company report the striking this week of the ledge for which they have been driving. The strike was made at a depth of 275 feet, or about 300 feet from the mouth of the tunnel, and is one that will prove of great importance to the camp, as well as for the development of the mine. The vein where crosscut has a width of four and one half feet, and shows values ranging from \$12 to \$25. This strike was made directly under the discovery shaft sunk on the vein, and shows it to be about the same width as on the surface, though carrying higher values, and thus demonstrating the fact that values increase as depth is gained.

This makes the third ledge that has been cut in the main working tunnel of the Blue Bird since work was commenced last spring. One of them is a blind ledge and came as a surprise to the management, though a very agreeable one, since the assays proved it to be quite rich in gold.

The ledge just struck is the second of the five known to be in the property, and it has proved to be so rich, the value of the Blue Bird it would seem will soon rank among the largest and richest mines of the state.

Development work is being pushed as rapidly as possible, and the public need by no means fear that this is the last valuable find that will be made at the Blue Bird. The Red Boy will soon have a neighbor in the Blue Bird that will make it keep moving to maintain its supremacy in the camp.—Lawton Standard.

Another Wonderful Ore Treatment.

A press dispatch from Florence, Colo., says: A new ore treating process has just been perfected by John Stonekin, of this place, which he says will revolutionize the milling of three-fourths of the Cripple Creek ores. It is an agitation process, and roasting, concentration and amalgamation are foreign to the new process. Mr. Stonekin has been working on the invention for several years, but only recently conceived the features that he says made the system practicable. By the Stonekin system, it is claimed, ore carrying \$5 in gold can be treated at a profit and of this amount \$1.50 can be saved. The 50 per cent loss is not in the agitation, but in the mud or tailings. The system is peculiarly adapted to iron ore; in fact, some iron is necessary before the treatment can save the values.

"Now is the Appointed Time."

The O. R. & N. Co. has just issued a handsomely illustrated pamphlet entitled, "Oregon, Washington and Idaho and their resources." People in the east are anxious for information about the Pacific northwest. If you will give the O. R. & N. company agent at Baker City a list of names of eastern people, who are likely to be interested, the booklet will be mailed free to such persons. Yours truly, A. L. Craig, General Passenger Agent.

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