

MINING BY DREDGING

Where the Dredge is Now in Use

London Mining Authority Shows How Economically They Can be Operated.

The attention which this branch of mining is attracting, and the belief entertained as to its possibilities of wide application, are illustrated by the numerous contributions which have appeared in this journal recently.

One portion of the alluvials, however, ancient miners could make little or no attempt to work, and this was the river beds, and it is, therefore, not surprising, when the practicability of recovering gold from the bottom of streams by means of dredges has been demonstrated, that the idea should arise of applying them to countries the extent of whose gold yield in past days shows them to have been rich in auriferous alluvials.

The credit of the conception and the perfecting of the modern dredge is due, as Mr. Turner points out in an article which we conclude this week, to New Zealand. Beginning in 1865, when the late Mr. Sideberg began to operate the Molyneux river with a suction dredge formed of hide fastened to an iron ring, steady improvement both in the number and efficiency of these machines was made until at the end of last year there were working in the South Island a total of 183, while considerably over 200 were in existence. The country which has shown most alacrity in imitating New Zealand has been the United States—Idaho, Colorado, and California being all interested in this industry. Other countries in which dredges are, or were, being tried are New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, British Guiana and Siberia.

The dredging industry is emphatically one of those in which local conditions require steady experience and frequently modification of plant successfully used elsewhere. American engineers have devised a form of dredge differing in many particulars from the New Zealand prototype, and similar modifications are not unlikely to be developed in other countries also. Thus in New South Wales, where there were at the end of last year some 43 dredges erected or in course of erection, considerable alterations were in many cases required in the mining machinery, and when it is remembered that the present New Zealand type represents some 40 years of progressive experience in constant success it is hardly to be looked for under unknown conditions.

The history of gold dredging in the only three countries in which gold dredging can be said to have established itself as an industry—viz., New Zealand, the United States and New South Wales—shows the occurrence in each case of an unjustified anticipation followed by severe losses and discredit. That this should be so is not unreasonable. The dredge can operate exceedingly poor ground at a profit, a return of grains (4d.) to the cubic yard being usually considered to cover expenses; the initial outlay, as compared with underground mining, is exceedingly small, and profits may be handled at once. Against these must be set, however, the fact that reliable prospecting is in many cases impossible, and always difficult, and the difficulties to be encountered can

only be known when the machinery is put to work.

The number of dredges which spend a large portion of the year in idleness owing to breakdowns is proof, if any be needed, of the precarious character of the work, and the necessity for making a very wide margin in calculating the probable returns. At the same time, especially with values so high as those suggested by our correspondents writing of Spain and West Africa, there are the possibilities of very high returns upon capital, so long as the vendors do not seek to make exaggerated profits. It must, however, be borne in mind that the industry is new in both countries, and that experience will undoubtedly have to be bought, and the cautious investor will do well to remember that hitherto the tendency has been to make insufficient allowance for adverse factors, which under strange conditions frequently turn out to be unpleasantly numerous.

At the same time, considering the enormous capitals with which it is customary to float companies in these days, the dredging industry affords the possibility of good returns upon very modest capitalization, and, besides, hording less of the public money, should offer the ordinary shareholder greater assurance of some share in the management of his selection—Mining Journal.

Rail Cars B & Row. New York, Dec. 28.—Consternation was caused in the red sitting room of the Waldorf-Astoria Christmas afternoon by the actions of a powerfully built man, evidently a foreigner, who attacked a man and woman among the guests before he was finally subdued, arrested and removed to a hospital for examination as to his sanity.

On entering the sitting room the stranger grabbed a passing guest by the arm, shook his disengaged fist in his face and said rapidly, and with a decided accent: "You're rich and you've had a good Christmas dinner. The encroachments of organized capital on the poor of the country have driven me from pillar to post until I cannot get work. What right have you to eat when I am starving?"

Attendants rescued the guest, and the excited man then sprang at a young woman. He snatched a fur boa from her neck and then began to berate her in similar language. She screamed but at that moment the detectives rushed in and began to struggle to subdue him.

No papers or anything that would identify the man were found in his pockets. All the way to the hospital he raved of the inequalities brought about by wealth.

The prisoner is said to be the same man who, during the Cornelius Vanderbilt illness, has frequented the neighborhood of Mr. Vanderbilt's home and has several times attempted to obtain an interview with Mrs. Vanderbilt. He has also written to Mrs. Vanderbilt complaining that her servants would not admit him to the house.

Dredging Pays. Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 26.—Mining men talk of a steady growth in the mining industry, and the enquiry at this writing is more noticeable than last year. Loud talk and newspaper gossip regarding rich mines is at an end. Indications point to the fact that the Britannia Copper Mining Company has so good a thing that they are very busy keeping quiet and narrowing down the number of those who would directly benefit by the successful operation of the mine. From the Fraser river comes word that the Cobblehead dredge, which has been stopped for the season, made a handsome cleanup. This is the first to pay in British Columbia.

"What was the cause of that awful racket and disturbance in your office just before you came?" asked one of the tenants on the third floor. "You know that young cowboy that came to me yesterday to begin the study of law?" said the other.

"Yes." "Well, I thought he might as well begin at the bottom, and I told him that when he came down this morning the first thing for him to do would be to clean out the office. He found half a dozen fellows there waiting for me, but he did it, all right."—Chicago Tribune.

FOR SALE—Very cheap, interest in creek claim No. 143 below lower on Dominion. Inquire E. C. Stahl, this office.

Auditorium—Parish Priest.

NOME TO BE A SUB-PORT

Is Now Only a Customs Station

Increase of Business Deemed Sufficient to Change Its Rating.

Port Townsend, Wash., Jan. 1.—It is not improbable that before the next season of navigation opens in Bering sea, Nome may be made a sub-port in the customs district of Alaska.

At the present time Nome is what is known as a customs station, where very little customs business can be transacted. There is a deputy collector there, but his authority is only advisory.

No vessels can be entered or cleared at Nome, and those that go there direct from Puget Sound or San Francisco, do so under a special permit issued in each instance by the secretary of the treasury, and they are not allowed to carry bonded cargoes of any kind.

Under the present arrangement all customs business for that section of the District of Alaska is transacted at the sub-port of St. Michael, where records are also now kept for the Nome office, and whatever business is done at St. Michael is carried on through the St. Michael office.

When the Nome gold discoveries were made and the rush began one of the first vessels that carried a crowd there was the British steamship Alpha, which was declared an outlaw by the United States customs authorities for having violated the law which prohibits a foreign vessel from engaging in commerce at a place which is not a sub-port of entry.

The Alpha was afterwards chased by the revenue cutter Bear, but escaped and was later wrecked with all on board.

At this time American shipping interests combined in an effort to shut foreign vessels out of the Nome trade and they have done this by preventing Nome from being made a sub-port of entry.

The American vessels have therefore enjoyed a monopoly of the extensive trade of that camp, and during the past two seasons there has been little or nothing said about changing the status of the Nome customs station.

With the increasing customs business at that place, however, largely on account of the great amount of small shipping in those waters, Collector Jarvis is now considering the advisability of making Nome a sub-port of entry. This will not be done, however, until shipping interests have been fully consulted. It is known that Mr. J. R. Causten, special deputy collector of customs for the district, who is spending the holidays in Port Townsend, went to Seattle last week, took the matter up informally with shipping men in that place and discussed the question with them. In conversation yesterday Mr. Causten said:

"Nome may be made a sub-port of entry before next summer. It all depends on the attitude of the shipping interests on Puget Sound and at San Francisco. From a customs standpoint it would be a great convenience to have it a sub-port.

"There is not only the matter of routine customs business, such as entrance and clearance of vessels, documenting, etc., to be considered, but also the provisions of the new law requiring mercantile statistics for Alaska, to be considered.

"At the present time the vessels doing business direct between San Francisco or Puget Sound and Nome do so on permits, and there is no way of keeping track of the business they carry on with Alaska, as required by the law passed last year, except in the most indirect and unsatisfactory way. Questions arise there constantly in the customs business that must now be adjusted at the sub-port of St. Michael, often causing an annoying delay.

"The change can be made by an order from the department, on recommendation of the collector, but the recommendation will not be made by Collector Jarvis until the shipping interests have been consulted. I called on several firms in Seattle last week for this purpose, but found so many of the steamship people away for the holidays that I was unable to get expressions representing more than one or two of the big companies.

"While it is of course known that American shipping interests have strongly opposed opening Nome to foreign vessels up to now, it has been represented to us that at the present time the American companies at San Francisco and on the Sound have the Nome trade so well in hand, and the freight and passenger rates there are so reasonable, that probably there would no longer be any objection to making Nome a sub-port. Collector Jarvis would be glad to have expressions from all the shipping men on the Sound between now and the opening of navigation in Bering sea in the spring."

WINTA

By Edward B. Clark

Well, yes, if you want it," said the old cavalry sergeant to a group of interested listeners. "I'll tell you a story. I went last night to see the play where the Indian girl falls in love with a young officer and, y'her heroism saves the garrison. You've seen the play."

"Yes," his listeners assented. "Well, then I'll tell you a story something like that in the play. It was just after the Kearney massacre, that is we whites call it a massacre, but if as many Indians had been killed as there were soldiers it would have been nothing but a fight, and I say this though I have been a regular for thirty years. The whole country up toward that afterward was the Custer battlefield was filled with Sioux. There was old Red Cloud, he was comparatively young. Red Cloud then, American Horse and some others, all big chiefs and had, who were on the war path with hundreds of young bucks, and they were burning and lifting hair whenever they got a chance.

"I was a duty sergeant in the 11th cavalry at that time, serving with 'B' troop. With 'B' troop we had been following the trail of a bunch of reds near the Grand River. We struck 'em unexpectedly and killed some eight or ten and lost four men ourselves. The rest of the band scattered and got away, but we made a queer capture. No Indian on the war path ever takes a squaw along with him, that is if he's regularly on the war path, but that bunch had along with 'em the prettiest Sioux girl any one ever laid eyes on. Indian girls ain't pretty anyway, but this one was, and you have my word for it. She wasn't more than 18 years old. A lot of meo spoke 'em the Sioux boys and we got her story. Her name was Winta and she was the daughter of a Sioux chief. She had gone down Grand River way on a visit to a Sioux village that was peaceful. Her father was a tough old warrior who hated the whites and he was now up near the Black Hills.

"Winta said she had become homesick and that this rising band of Sioux coming along and being headed for her father's headquarters, she had asked them to take her home. Being a big chief's daughter the braves had done as she requested. "This was along in October and the weather was getting sharp. 'B' had orders to go into winter quarters up Black Hills way. We and we were mighty well content if they wouldn't come to attack us. "When Winta, the Indian girl, heard about the village she said that it was her father's, but that he had changed his place since she last had seen him. For three weeks now Winta had been billing and cooing with young Blake, and they certainly were sweet on each other. The fellows were betting even, though such things don't happen often, that Blake

as any prairie flower that ever grew. She took a shine, however, to the West Point youngster, and he was mighty attentive to her. You can bet the old major commanding our little squadron wouldn't a-had it any other way, for you see, a woman under the protection of a bunch of soldiers is safe, be she red, white or yellow. Blake, that was the youngster's name, used to ride alongside of Winta, and he saw so it that she got the best bits of Buffalo meat that the carcass afforded. She used to hang her head on one side and look at him just the way you have seen many a white girl look. They're all alike, these women.

"Well, we got up near the Black Hills some time early in November, and it was getting colder than sin. The old major looked about for a suitable place for our winter camp and found it under the shelter of some bluffs, with plenty of water close at hand. Our position was all right except that we were pretty badly open on one side in case of attack, but as a matter of fact we didn't think much of that because there were sixty odd of us and we thought we were good for all the Sioux and northern Cheyennes that were likely to come.

"We had the Indian girl Winta with us, and the major gave her a tent by herself. She was sweeter than sweet still on the major's Blake, that is, her eyes would follow him round, and she always smiled when he spoke to her, something she wouldn't do for any one else in the outfit, though she was always polite and nice enough. Sioux fashion.

"We were running short of meat and the major sent out a hunting party into the hills with a lot of pack horses. They were gone ten days, and they came back with a bunch of gun and last us all winter, but they had a bit of news that we didn't like. They told us that not more than fifteen miles off where two creeks came together there was a huge encampment of Indians, evidently settled for the winter. They had counted the tepee poles by the aid of a glass and figured that there must be at least 3,000 Indians in the place, which meant a fighting strength of about 800 men.

"A soldier's willin' to fight, but he can't fight long with odds of four to one against him. We didn't care about going to attack the reds, and we were mighty well content if they wouldn't come to attack us. "When Winta, the Indian girl, heard about the village she said that it was her father's, but that he had changed his place since she last had seen him. For three weeks now Winta had been billing and cooing with young Blake, and they certainly were sweet on each other. The fellows were betting even, though such things don't happen often, that Blake

they got into the hills and escaped. "I know it," said the sergeant, "but if you'll show me a play with a soldier or an Indian in it that's anything like real life I'll show you six white blackbirds."

Septimus Winner. "Probably you never heard his name. It conveys no meaning to you, and yet he has done as much as it is ever given to a man to do to make that name a household word in America. He died in Philadelphia the other day at the age of 75 years; and then it began to be remembered that he wrote 'Listen to the Mocking Bird' and 'What is Home Without a Mother' and other songs that had a tremendous popularity some forty years ago—a popularity that has lasted even to our own day. But his name has not been popularized in connection with them. This is something which not infrequently happens to song writers. How many, many times did you not read in your earliest youth that 'Home, Sweet Home' was written by one John Payne who never had a home before that 'fact' took root in your consciousness? Several hundred times, doubtless. And perhaps you remember now, and perhaps you do not, and who wrote 'The Swallow Tither' and 'Who Woodman, Spare That Tree?' or 'The Old Arm Chair' or 'You cannot tell, and probably you might ask a thousand people before finding one who knew. To write the songs of a people may conduce to influence, but never to celebrity."

made her go back to civilization with him and that there they would splice up. They were two regular turtle doves. "The day after we heard of the Indian village Winta went to the major, got down on her knees in front of him and prayed that she might be allowed to go to her father's village. The major understood Sioux. He'd been up against the devils often enough to be able to write a dictionary of their lingo.

"Why, Winta," he said, "if you go back they'll know that somebody must have brought you most of the way, and they'll be down on us like a whirlwind."

"I'm putting the girl's talk into straight English. She said that the reason she wanted to go was to keep her father and his men from attacking us. 'I am his only child,' she said 'and he can't refuse anything. I'll tell him of your goodness to me and his heart will be soft. Some of the warriors will find you are here when they rove in search of game and then you will be attacked and killed.' "It was about this time that young Blake came up. The girl turned a face full of love toward him. Blake blushed a little and said to the major, 'I guess Winta knows what she's about, and I think she can keep these fellows quiet until spring, when we'll have some kind of a chance at them.' "We follow all said to one another, 'The girl's going back to her father to keep him from getting after us just for the sake of the youngster. She don't care a rap for all our kindness, but she does just dote on Blake.' "Well, the upshot of it was that the major let the girl go. It was only a matter of fifteen miles, and she had the same pony that she rode when we captured her. Winta and Blake had a tearful parting. 'My father's people shall protect you,' she said. Then she rode away just at reveille on that bright November morning.

"Just at gray of the day the following morning the rifles of our two outposts on our exposed side rang out and then rang out again. Then came the alarm from the guard, and inside of a minute every trooper in the camp was in the little redoubt which we had constructed on our exposed side. Out of the half darkness there came a thundering horde of warriors. We met them with volley and then with another, crash, crash, crash. They went hilling back, but we knew it was only to come again. We held them off, and it became broad daylight. They swept down on us time after time. I never saw Indians come like that before, never the open against an entrenched foe.

"The rest of the Eleven had been ordered to join us in winter quarters. They came just in time. The reds went off like the wind with our comrades and us after them. We got two or three long range volleys before they got into the hills and escaped.

"We picked up a lot of wounded, and what do you think? One of them was Winta. She had betrayed us, and she was dying. Blake looked at her and she looked at him. 'Why did you do it?' he asked. "The girl looked him in the eye. 'Because I hate you and all whites,' she said. "Well, sergeant," broke in one of his auditors, "that ain't stage stories. In them the Indian girl always saves her soldier lover."

"I know it," said the sergeant, "but if you'll show me a play with a soldier or an Indian in it that's anything like real life I'll show you six white blackbirds."

Another of the Festive Holiday Celebrants. Wm. Taggart was another victim of too much booze during the Christmas holidays. He was in court yesterday charged with being of unsound mind and incapable of minding his own affairs, to which he plead not guilty. Dr. Thompson was called to the stand and stated the accused had come under his notice on January 6 at which time he was suffering from alcoholism and a mild attack of the luzzy wuzzies. He has now recovered and the witness considered that he was able to care for himself in the future as long as he let the flowing bowl alone. In discharging him from custody his honor took occasion to remark that his experience should prove a lesson to him and if he cannot take a drink without it having that effect on him he had better let liquor alone entirely. Taggart replied that until his recent fall from grace he had not touched liquor for a year and the chances are that he will again indulge in the big swear off.

The Rhodios Scholars. Oxford has been excoriated by more than the question of Greek in response, says the London Graphic. During the last three weeks Mr. Parlin has been busy with the arrangements for the reception of Rhodios scholars. At first indeed, until quite lately, Oxford was in great doubt as to whether the new scholars would be a blessing or a curse to Oxford, and the general feeling, at least among the older members, was one of furious doubt lest to parody Canning—the new world should upset the balance of the old. It may be said that the general effect of the vigorous discussions has been not only to reassure Oxford conservatives, but to make young Oxford feel that it may itself benefit not a little from the contact with the other wits. Citizens of the new world, probably approach Oxford with a good deal more reverence for its mediaeval sanctity than the moral freshman who is not seldom either blasé or careless. It is quite possible that the American scholars even, for example, on such questions as the retention of Greek, will be found to outdo Oxford itself in conservatism, and this increased reverence would do as much to improve them as their fresh views on other questions would help to awaken Oxford.

Nome to Council. San Francisco, Dec. 21.—San Francisco and Seattle parties, including W. H. Metson, J. E. and Eugene Chiberg, John Brynastson, M. Kjerberg, J. Lindeberg and F. O. Lindblom, have decided to build a railroad between Nome and Council City a distance of eighty miles. Later on an extension will be made into the Salmon river and the Casa de Paga country. The cost of handling supplies and other kinds of freight between Nome and the interior mines ranges from \$25 to \$50 a ton. The railroad will greatly reduce these charges and at the same time is expected to earn handsome dividends. All the material for the road is to be shipped from Seattle on the first vessel going north next spring.

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