

Mining Tit-Bits, the B. C. Mining Exchange and Investors' Guide.

GOLD FROM THE NORTH.

The Montreal "Chronicle" says: Every steamer arriving at Vancouver with returning Klondikers brings sufficient of the precious metal to warrant belief in the permanency of the mining industry in the Yukon territory. It seems but yesterday that the Klondike adventurers were passing through Montreal, en route to the newly discovered land of golden promise; that the stores of the metropolis made attractive displays of sleeping bags, spirit lamps and camp furniture of wonderful construction; that harrowing stories were told and eagerly listened to of privation and hardship calculated to test the endurance of a Nansen and the strength of a Sandow.

Now, everything is changed. Lav and order reigns supreme at Dawson City and elsewhere; the mining population have been provided with everything obtainable in the east, including banking facilities, oysters and stout; and those who have money can purchase all the luxuries of the season. Moreover, it seems probable that within a short time the Yukon will be only a fourteen days' journey from Montreal, and the introduction of a telegraph system will remove all the romance and mystery so lately associated with the country. Then a reduction in the cost of provisions and labor will make business pursuits in a far away corner of this Dominion possible and profitable, and with our improved knowledge of the country its steady progress is assured. Experience has shown that the tales of returning and disappointed travellers are not always reliable. The climate of the Yukon is now known to be bearable, and for a considerable period of the year the people of Dawson City require no more clothing or food than the toiler in the Canadian metropolis.

RICH GOLD SPECIMENS.

The Butte (Mont.) "Western Mining World," some time ago, told of a collection of mineral brought down by Joseph Brown from his Gear Gulch property in that State. The particles of gold were so large and plentiful in the dead-looking formation in which they were imbedded, that a glimpse of the chunk of mineral put the beholder in a frame of mind to believe almost any tale of miners' sudden wealth. "How much will that stuff go to the ton?" asked a serious-looking tenderfoot. "To the ton!" said the genial banker; "a ton of that would just buy half the State." And the pilgrim believed it.

PART OF THE WORLD'S WORK.

"It is an utterly low view of business," says the "Pall Mall Gazette," "which regards it as only a means of getting a living. A man's business is his part of the world's work, his share of the great activities which render society possible. He may like to or dislike it, but it is his work, and as such requires application, self-denial, discipline."

A BIG WEEK FOR ROSSLAND.

One of the most satisfactory features of last week's business at Rossland was the increase in the ore production, which has not only turned the 100,000 ton mark for 1899, but has also broken the record for weekly shipments, and this notwithstanding that a large shipper, the Centre Star, owing to the installation of a new power plant, did not ship a pound of ore during the week. The Iron Mask is increasing its shipments, and averages eight cars a week, while the Evening Star is holding its own, and the big shippers, the Le Roi and War Eagle, are steadily increasing their output. The Columbia & Kootenay has made its first shipment for the year, having sent a carload of ore to the Hall Mines smelter at Nelson. The following are the approximate shipments for the week:

Mine.	Week. Tons.	Year. Tons.
Le Roi	2,362.5	58,271.5
War Eagle	2,299.5	34,626.5
Iron Mask	252	2,739
Evening Star	63	737
Deer Park		18
Centre Star		6,157
Columbia-Kootenay	31.5	31.5
Total	5,008.5	102,580.5

BADLY MIXED.

Two of Spokane's lucky mining men were playing a friendly game of cribbage. The colonel took whisky, the mayor gin, but the glasses became mixed in some way, and the mayor emptied a small glass of water, while the colonel chased his whisky with juice of juniper. "That's the poorest gin I ever struck," said the mayor.

"It's any worse than this Spokane river water," growled the colonel, "I pity the man who drinks it."—Spokane (Wash.) "Spokesman-Review."

LADIES WANTED.

"A Single Miner," in the course of a letter to the Manitoba "Free Press" from Nelson, British Columbia, says:—"We need more ladies here of the respectable class: strong, healthy, refined and sociable women of good morals, from 18 to 30 years of age and upwards and of a class that are willing to marry gentlemen of small means, middle means, and miners like myself, who may some day, if luck in the prospect claims turns out good on development work, after hard years of toil, get his nice little haul in the thousands, as many of them with patience have already struck it. We have a great future ahead of us here. Nelson promises to be of great wealth in mineral showings. Nelson has a population of about 3,500, and is a central point in the commercial line, and just needs a few hundred marriageable, Protestant Anglo-Saxon ladies, from the British Isles, or elsewhere, to marry the many single men I know of here who cannot find companions."

A MOVING MOUNTAIN.

An Eastern paper is authority for the statement that there is a mountain of dark brown basalt on the Columbia River nearly 2,000 feet in height and stretching along the stream for six or eight miles. When the white settlers first came into the country, the Indians told them that this mountain was travelling; that some day it would move across the Columbia and form a lake which would reach from the Cascades to the Dalles.

What the Indians said has been found true in some respects. The mountain is in motion. Its movement is forward and downward. The railroad builders who constructed their line along the base found the tracks continually forced out of place. In some places the movement has amounted to eight and ten feet in a few hours. Geologists attribute the phenomenon to the fact that the mountain rests on a substratum of conglomerate or of soft sandstone which is steadily being washed away by the current of the big river.

NO VOLCANO THERE.

There have been many startling stories of Alaskan mountains during the past year—some true and some not true. The latest and most vivid was that of an active volcano near the Atlin mining district. That story is a myth. It was given out with Doctor Kinsole of Denver as authority. He repudiated the interviews, and brands the whole yarn as a fake. There is a volcano far to the southeast, but it has long been extinct.

FROM A PEANUT-STAND TO WEALTH.

Running a peanut-stand is a profitable occupation, but it does not compare with placer mining in the Klondike, according to the ideas of Nathaniel Kresky of Long Pond, Pa., who left St. Paul the other day on his way back to Dawson City to resume operations on the eight claims that belong to him and a partner who was taken into the deal two years ago. Mr. Kresky has a lot of gold nuggets to show for his trip, and, in addition, he has placed a number of certificates of deposit in his inside vest pocket, to be used on a rainy day.

He told a "Pioneer Press" reporter of this city that he is worth \$50,000 and that he would not be surprised if the amount would reach more than that. He and his partner recently sold two claims on Bonanza Creek, one for \$10,000 and the other for \$40,000. The latter was one of the choice claims of the original diggings, and had already panned out for its owners half the amount it brought in the market. A number of nuggets were brought out of the claim which commanded in the market over \$100 apiece, and Mr. Kresky now has in his possession nearly \$1,000 of free gold that was taken from this claim.