

CONCENTRATES.

The Iron Mask's shipments last week were the largest in its history.

Pike's Peak, where gold was first discovered on this side of the Rocky Mountains, is 14,320 feet high.

Thomas Gully, a miner, was badly hurt the other day through falling forty feet into the winze of the War Eagle.

The city council of Rossland is considering an offer of the plant and property of the Rossland Water Works company for \$80,000.

It is the large supply of paying ore, and not the extraordinary richness of small pieces, that makes the great mine.

Gold mining is almost the only business that never suffers hard times. But faking and mismanagement in it sometimes help to cause them.

The town of Fort Steele has a population of nearly 1,000, which is increasing at the rate of 50 a day. The town boasts three good hotels, and a banking house will open in a day or two.

A trial shipment is to be made from the Monte Cristo, though it has not yet been announced when. The full face of the drift is in solid ore, and about a car-load is being knocked down at every shot.

The Cliff is getting ready to resume shipments. Several hundred tons of ore are on the dump of the upper tunnel, and the mine is being put in shape to produce regularly.

The Annie placer claim on Seymour creek and the Silver Prince on Gambier island, the properties of J. B. Meytyer, now at the Sherman hotel, are receiving much attention at present. It is intended to incorporate and expedite development work, which the indications justify.

The Lynn Creek Mining company has recently acquired two claims—the Copper King and Lynn—in our vicinity, which show a ledge 35 by 3,000. Surface assays are stated to show \$52 per ton, copper only; \$10 gold, and \$3 silver. There is apparently an inexhaustible supply of ore.

The Kootenay and Columbia is to resume shipments. This ore will go to the Trail smelter. A contract has been made for hauling the ore in wagons to the Columbia and Western siding, near the milk ranch. There will be three teams at work, and they will deliver from 25 to 30 tons of ore per day.

A mine is not made in a day. It is a long distance between prospect and mine, and the distance must be bridged by skill, energy, hard work and capital. When the mine is reached, however, everything is repaid many times over. Good judgment and experience are required to tell when the prospect may be properly developed into a mine. Mining is safe and profitable when carried on

Walter J. King of Fort Steele arrived last evening from Spokane, says the Rossland Miner. He came down from East Kootenay on the Gwendoline on her first trip this season—the one before she was wrecked. He reports things very lively in that section, prospectors and others going into the country in droves. Real estate in the town is advancing rapidly in price, and about fifty buildings are under construction. Two saw-mills are running at their full capacity to supply the demand for lumber, and a brick yard is about to be started.

AS HE TOLD IT.

He had a face like the phiz of an undertaker, and one would never from his looks have taken him to be an individual in whose composition humor lurked in any large-sized chunks. But you can no more tell what sort of man a human being is by looking at his face than you can tell the value of a clock by the same form of inspection: and so, when he began with, "In an unguarded moment I purchased a bicycle," the listener quite naturally prepared himself to hear the usual hard-luck story; but it didn't come in the usual form.

"I have always been accounted a fairly level-headed man," he continued, "and why I suddenly became bent on buying a bicycle I cannot imagine. Perhaps it was that without knowing it I had gotten a wheel in my head, and that one was lonely and was yearning for another. I believe that cycling is really an epidemic, and anybody is liable to be afflicted.

"How in the world it was learned that I contemplated purchasing a bicycle is something I cannot imagine, but it was revealed in some manner. The upshot was that I received agents at all hours, eager to detail the many advantages possessed by the wheels which they represented. I mortally insulted the new minister by not recognizing him, giving him a stony glare, and informing him curtly that I had given up all idea of purchasing a bicycle and was thinking about securing a horseless carriage instead.

"He looked at me as if he were certain I had everything in the wheel line I needed, and left. Upon my word, I would not have been at all surprised to have been awakened by a burglar, with a pistol at my head, and an order to buy a Ratchet bicycle or die.

"After examining, I think, not less than several thousand, or so it seemed, different makes, I tempted fate and made a purchase.

"Did my troubles end then? To use the classic Shakespearian phrase, not on your life. No sooner had I bought a bicycle than I was invaded by accident insurance agents, eager to pay me a thousand dollars for the loss of a leg or an arm, or five thousand dollars for the

"I hunted up my best friend, who had been an enthusiastic wheelman for months, to have him extend the warm grasp of the L. A. W. to me.

"He seemed pleased when I told him what I had done. The first question he asked me was:

"What wheel did you buy?"

"I told him. His face grew hard and cold, and he smiled sarcastically.

"I knew you sometimes made mistakes," he said; "but I never thought you were capable of making such a one as that. Why, oh! why did you not get the Bugaboo instead of the Hullabaloo?"

"I left him with tears in my eyes and my spirit completely crushed. But now that I have gotten to know it, I would not part with my wheel for love or money."

THE CARIBOO.

TO THE EDITOR:—Why all this break-neck business about the snow and ice-bound Yukon when there is so much practically unexplored and unprospected ground in rich old Cariboo, the parent of British Columbia? Better expend a little labor and energy in the more accessible regions of the old channels, creeks and rivers of Cariboo—north and south forks of Quesnelle, Horsefly and Willow rivers; Dancing Bill, Keithly, Harvey, Snowshoe, Antler, Grouse, Lightning, Williams and other creeks, as well as the innumerable old auriferous channels which traverse this section of the province—all of which have given unc-istakeable evidence of golden stores for the unearthing.

Millions have been taken out, and yet there are millions more awaiting the judicious application of capital and brains to harvest.

It is within the recollection of many that it was no uncommon thing for \$50 and \$100 a day to the hand to be taken out of the above named rivers by very primitive methods, and on the various creeks. In addition to the Cariboo Hydraulic Company's works on Dancing Bill, there are now several old hands who have during the last thirty years been working within a few feet of the same spot, and are taking out a pile every season, which is spent in the winter—Jack-tar like, the old miner is a jolly, generous fellow; he spends his money and works for more.

Stumbling upon an old report of 1875 relating more particularly to Lightning creek, a few facts culled therefrom may not be without interest to readers of today. In one place "a company of four men took out on an average \$600 per day during the season"; in another "\$100 a day to the hand, forty pounds weight of gold was taken out in one day, the property of four men." The amount of gold from five claims for that season was \$507,101.

The writer is well acquainted with Cariboo, and although of most conservative disposition is sanguine enough to believe that the "old placers" will yet eclipse anything thus far discovered in