

HOLDING FAST

Of when the tide of joy is at its flood,
And hope and zest of life are sailing home.

This stranger craft whose portent none can tell
Is but my startled fear of life's mischance.

But for a moment does the pang endure,
And then rebounds my heart with joy untold.

The New Idea Woman's Magazine.

THE \$12,000,000 BURRO.

A TRUE STORY OF THE FINDING OF THE FAMOUS BUNKER HILL MINE

By G. MOORHEAD.

Dutch Jake tells the story with his
fiat against the window sill of his
private office on the second floor of
the most famous—some call it the
most infamous—music hall in the
West.

The genesis of "Bill," the \$12-
000,000 burro, is shrouded in mys-
tery. The important thing is that
about the time he was sweet sixteen
he belonged to a firm of Westerners
by the name of Cooper & Peck, who
considered it a good risk to grub-
stake one N. S. Kellogg, burning
with ambition to tramp around in the
mountains of Northern Idaho with a
pen in one hand and a hammer in
the other, hunting for gold. Kellogg
had a hunch and he wasn't the sev-
enth son of a seventh son, either. But
he could tell when he saw color of
gold and if somebody would only
see to it that he had enough to eat
while he was out by himself in the
wilderness he'd find gold or bust.
That was the sentiment; Kellogg's
words were a trifle more emphatic.

Dutch Jake tells the story first-
hand, because he was around when
it all happened and there isn't a man
living who knows more about it. He
tells it in a broken Dutch dialect—
his last name is Goetz and he's Dutch
clear through—but the story's the
thing, not the dialect.

"It happened back in '85," says
Goetz. "I was then at Murray, in the
gold belt of the Coeur d'Alenes, where
my partner, Harry Baer, and I had
a saloon. We were partners, too, in
mining deals and did a little
gambling on the side. I was about
thirty years old and had something
like twenty-five thousand dollars in
what was easy come, easy go in those
days. Say, I was the real thing as a
pioneer, having gone into the Coeur
d'Alenes in '83 on snowshoes with
twenty feet of snow on the ground
and helped open up a lot of towns:
Murray, Mullen, Eagle, Burke, Kel-
logg and Wardner.

"I fell in early with Phil
O'Rourke, an old Colorado miner,
who was counted the best prospector
in those days, and Baer and I grub-
staked him to prospect for us. Dutch
Jake has always been pretty lucky,
yeh.

"O'Rourke and I'd been out look-
ing at some claims early in '85 and
when we returned we met Kellogg,
who had been provided with a burro
and \$18.75 worth of provisions by
Cooper and Peck and told to hunt
around until he found color or nev-
er show his nose in civilization again.
The \$18.75 worth of grub didn't last
long, but the burro's going down in
history. You see it was this way."

"Dutch Jake" invariably takes an
extra long puff on his fat cigar and
perches his black sombrero farther
back on his head.

"The burro did it, that's the God's
truth. Kellogg had been plugging
around in the mountains for a good
long time and hadn't hit on anything
that looked good to him, till he was
plumb disgusted. He was for getting
back to the settlement, where there
was always something doing, even if
the grubstake hadn't panned out. So
he made his last camp up in the Coeur
d'Alenes, tied the burro "Bill" to a
rock and hunted around for another
slice of bacon that'd make him think
of home and mother.

"The burro whiffed the bacon and
began to think about his own appet-
ite. He gnawed thoughtfully on the
ropes that held him, but gave it up
in disgust. He wanted something to
eat just as much as Kellogg did.
Finally he got so blooming mad he
snorted and reared around, pawed
up all the loose gravel and bowlders
and then let out with his heels as
though he'd kicked the lining out of
the sky. Kellogg gulped down his
bacon and wandered over to see what
sliced Bill.

"I guess Kellogg never did think
to give that burro anything to eat
that night. He even forgot his own
hunger, for Bill had uncovered a
ledge of iron-galena ore that certain-
ly looked good to Kellogg. There
it was, plenty of it, riches for every-
body, but Bill, the burro, was just
as hungry as ever.

"The next day Kellogg got into
town. He showed his specimens to
Cooper and Peck and they asked
John M. Burke about it. Burke had
a great 'rep,' but a man's got to
make mistakes now and then. He
said it was only a smelting ore, not
worth bothering about. Cooper and
Peck took his word for it and if Kel-
logg couldn't find gold he could eat
up the rest of that \$18.75 worth of
grub in one meal and look for an-
other job. Kellogg ate, but he
didn't have to look far.

"It was just then we came on him.
He showed his samples to O'Rourke.
It didn't take Phil but a moment
to see that it gave promise of pro-

ducing some galena or carbonate
like the ones that made Colorado fa-
mous. Phil called me to one side
and said we couldn't do better than
to go cahoots with Kellogg in staking
that ground. I agreed, turned over
our cayuses and grub to Kellogg and
Phil and they struck right off for the
find.

"I guess they didn't let any grass
grow under their feet. They wore
out one pack horse and lost another
and while old man Kellogg went in
search of it Phil started up Mtio
gulch to look for the place Kellogg
had described. At the head of the
creek he found some galena float
and though it was dreadful hard
work to get through the brush and
fallen timber, he climbed up the hill
about five hundred feet and there he
stumbled upon the great Bunker Hill
ledge sticking right up out of the
ground. There was nothing to it but
glittering galena, and Phil knew he'd
found the greatest thing ever dis-
covered in the Northwest. He was
so excited he sat right down and
never said a word or took his eyes
off that galena for a half-hour. Fin-
ally he rushed back, found Kellogg,
and the two staked out the claim.

"Next morning the two men start-
ed up the gulch about two miles to
make the location, but their cayuses
had strayed a way. And what do you
suppose they saw, not a great ways
from the Bunker Hill ledge, which
they'd given that name because of
the battle in the Revolutionary War?
Nothing but that ornery, kicking bur-
ro, Bill, by name. He was white
originally and still white enough to
show up against the black and brown
and green, and there he was pawing

round-bellied cigar by this time and
without a word arises and beckons
his listener to follow him into the
music hall. Above the drop curtain
is a large painting, well illuminated
by a circle border of electric lights.

"That's the picture," he says
proudly, with a wave of his hand.
"I ain't much of an artist myself but
I sketched it out and I had a first-
rate painter do the rest. That's how
it looked."

The painting shows the famous
Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines of
Northern Idaho as they appeared
twenty-three years ago, the distant
mountains snow-capped, the green of
the pines, adding color to the scene.
To-day that spot is one of the busiest
and most productive on earth. Div-
idends averaging one hundred and
eighty thousand dollars a month are
paid to the owners out of the ore
brought to the surface by the eight
hundred miners at work all the year
around, their wages aggregating one
hundred thousand dollars a month.
The mines have already paid a total
of approximately twelve million dol-
lars, the few shares to be had on the
market being held for thirteen dol-
lars each. They've been productive
of trouble as well. The Harry Orch-
ard story of the blowing up of the
concentrator and the trouble at the
Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines need
not be re-told. But wealth has made
men forget hardships, danger and
toll; and wealth the spot has certain-
ly produced in abundance. The mines
were sold eighteen years ago for a
million and a half dollars, but to-
day they're valued at twenty million
dollars, and not for sale.

The credit is the burro's; that
much has been positively settled. Af-
ter the lucky find there was the in-
evitable dispute, which was carried
into the courts. Cooper and Peck
heard their burro had been with Kel-
logg and O'Rourke, and though they
hadn't cared enough for Bill to give
him food, shelter or even a pleasant
word, a lawsuit could be based on his
participation in the find; it was worth
trying, anyhow.

Cooper and Peck tried, and won.
The case was tried in Murray, Idaho,
before Judge Norman Buck and a
jury. Cooper and Peck wanted a
half interest in the whole find. The
jury listened intently and brought in
a verdict for the defense, disqualify-
ing the burro entirely. But the
judge shook his head and had the last
word. It is recorded in the Idaho
scrolls of justice:

"From the evidence of the wit-
nesses this court is of the opinion
that the Bunker Hill mine was dis-
covered by the jackass, Phil
O'Rourke and N. S. Kellogg; and as
the jackass is the property of the

HOW A BOY WORKS.

It is remarkable how hard some people will work to
combine business with pleasure. I have had this discovery borne
upon me by noticing frequently during recent years the laborious
operation of going after the cows with a bicycle. In fact, I
have studied the innovation considerably and have come to the
calm conclusion that there is in it more work than in run. This
conclusion, however, is not universally reached and I have
only recently seen cowboys doing the trick and thinking they
were having enjoyment. A bicycle ride after the cows may be
mapped out as follows: A hundred feet on the road to the first
pair of bars. Dismount. Take down all the bars. Mount and
ride through. Dismount. Walk back six yards and put up the
bars. Mount and ride two hundred feet through the first lot,
the path as rough as ever a road to Dublin. At the next pair of
bars and the next, until seven times, repeat the exercise of
dismounting and mounting, and then maybe you
have reached the pasture lot. Now fly around among the
blackberry bushes and rocks and get the herd together. Then
mount and dismount, race, chase, holler, sweat and threaten till
you have got the cattle up to the road. Does it pay? Watch
the line of cattle file into the barnyard, and behind them on the
hard road that easy lad on the wheel. He never says a word
about the rough places. That last one hundred feet of smooth
riding has repaid him for all his labor. To-morrow morning he
will do it all over again. "Cosnarn" the boys, anyhow.—From
the Newark Evening News.

and kicking around right where he
made the big find, just as if he never
prospecting had got in his veins,
too. You see when Kellogg had quit
Cooper and Peck he'd just turned the
donkey loose, Bill not belonging to
him and not being wanted any more.
Cooper and Peck hadn't bothered
about old Bill, and he'd wandered
disconsolately back up the mountain-
side till Kellogg and O'Rourke found
him, and seeing as how nobody
seemed to claim him they just appro-
priated him themselves.

"The sight of the samples those
two men had set the camps crazy,
but nobody knew just where the
lucky find was located. Phil took
me off to one side and advised me
to locate the extension to the Bunker
Hill. He thought I'd better take Con
Sullivan along, Con being a sort of
side partner of Phil's. That night at
10 o'clock we set out in a furious
rain, without even a pack horse. We
thought we could locate the mine by
the directions that O'Rourke gave us,
but as it turned out he made a mis-
take in describing the location and
we took the wrong hog-back and had
a dreadful time. We wandered
around for four days and got complet-
ely lost and had nothing to eat or
drink two days but some snow
that had lain in a gully from the last
winter. Sullivan was pretty nearly
done for, his tongue sticking out and
he could hardly move. You see we
were walking all the time, day and
night, except for the little rest when
we would sit down to get our bear-
ings. We wandered around almost
in a circle in those mountains and at
last came out in the south fork of
the Coeur d'Alene a little above
Kingston. My, but I thought we
would drink that river dry!

"A half-breed woman on a ranch
gave us something to eat and we went
on up to Jackass prairie. By that
time we knew where we were and
Sullivan went over and located the
extension."

"Dutch Jake" has finished his

plaintiffs, they are entitled to a half
interest in the Bunker Hill mine and
a quarter interest in the Sullivan
claims."

The case would have been ap-
pealed, but the disputants came to-
gether on a chance to sell out. Coop-
er and Peck compromised on \$76,-
000; Harry Baer and Dutch Jake got
\$200,000 in cash in a lump sum;
Phil O'Rourke more; Kellogg, \$300,-
000 and Con Sullivan \$75,000.

The burro got a square meal
three times a day for six years. Kel-
logg bought Bill and paid a man at
Forest Grove, Oregon, \$50 a month
to care for him. Bill lived in clover
till he died aged twenty-one years,
and his grave is marked with a stone
to-day. Dutch Jake didn't learn of
his death in time or he'd have bought
the skin and stuffed it. He showed
his appreciation by having two stained
glass reproductions of the scene
where Bill kicked up pay dirt put
over the bar in the Coeur d'Alene sa-
loon in Spokane, where no patrol can
possibly miss them.

The other characters in the drama
have gone their ways. Old man Kel-
logg died a few years ago, having
lost all his money. Phil O'Rourke
went to Alaska but returned and is
now living in Kellogg, Idaho, being
cared for by philanthropic people.
Harry Baer and Dutch Jake erected
a handsome office building in Spo-
kane, at a cost of \$230,000 and the
next year lost it in the fire which
destroyed the entire business district
of the city. They took their \$70,000
insurance money and built the fam-
ous Coeur d'Alene music hall, which
is the next thing to a gold mine.—
Outing Magazine.

The Jewish Women's Foreign Re-
lief Association of Los Angeles, Cal.,
has opened a new settlement house.
It is named for Moses Mendelssohn,
grandfather of the composer.

Mr. Francis Darwin asserts that
plants have intelligence.

THE HONEYMOON.

It seems strange, considering all
the honeymoon experts there are,
that no one has as yet volunteered
to give a few simple directions as to
the manner in which a honeymoon
should be conducted. Let us do this
at once, in order that all those going
on honeymoons may reap the benefit.

After securing what in your opin-
ion is a desirable person to take on
a honeymoon, go at once to your
bank and make as large a loan as
possible. Remember, there are two
kinds of loans—call and time.

A call loan is one which is likely
to be called when you least expect it.
Avoid, therefore, any appearance of
a call loan on your honeymoon. When
you are sitting with your loved one
under Niagara Falls, holding hands
under your rubber overcoats and
having your throats sprayed while
you gaze through the fog at trusty
eyes upturned to your own, it is ex-
tremely annoying to have a bank
messenger tap you on the shoulder
and tell you that all is over. Make
a time loan, therefore, and make it
as long as possible. Have it cover
not only the period of your honey-
moon, but the rest of your married
life as well. This will save you the
trouble of renewing it from time to
time.

The next point to consider is the
place, or places, you will visit on
your honeymoon, and should be ar-
ranged in the following manner:
Make out a list of all the possible
places to visit. Do this alone, un-
aided and in secret. For this is an
important matter, and your judg-
ment needs to be clear. When you
have finally selected the exact spot
to visit, break the news to your com-
panion and arrange at once to go to
the place selected by her family and
herself, at the same time doubling
the amount of your loan.

Rapidly but unostentatiously leav-
ing the hired hack at the railroad
station, and shaking the rice out of
your clothes, you should at once con-
duct your bride to her seat in the
parlor car in full view of all the
passengers.

You will then begin at once to pass
her water from the tank in front.
Every bridegroom passes his loved
one a glass of water from the tank
at least every fifteen minutes during
the first round.

Do not smoke for the first week.
No man can do his best work with
a cigar in his mouth. Besides, it is
a waste of good tobacco.

Arriving at the hotel you have
corresponded with, take the clerk
aside confidentially and tell him your
secret. He will appear surprised and
embarrassed, but do not let this dis-
concert you. Ask him frankly for
the bridal suite. When he informs
you that this has already been ar-
ranged for, do not reproach him with
deceit. Remember that he has only
done this to spare your feelings.

Adopt a frank, hearty, bluff man-
ner toward your bride in the pres-
ence of others. Always bear in mind
that you did not originate the honey-
moon idea, and that no blame for
your actions should be attached to
you. This thought should sustain
you at all times. Hold her hand
freely, call her the usual name, and
in general act as if you didn't realize
that you couldn't get away from her
in a lifetime.

No matter where you go, always
buy your return tickets. This will
insure your getting back home with-
out cabling your father-in-law.

To cable your father-in-law on
your honeymoon is extremely bad
form. It may handicap you later,
when you really need the money.—
From Life.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No man is a really artistic lover
who hasn't enough dramatic instinct
to forget all other women while he is
making love to one.

There is something about a wife's
tears that washes all the color and
starch out of a man's love.

When married people can't come
to terms marriage should come to a
termination.

The woman who makes a man per-
fectly happy is the one who cares just
enough to respond when he is inter-
ested and not enough to be interest-
ed when he doesn't respond.

A married woman is always impres-
sionable, because she has become so
used to a total abstinence from flattery
that a compliment from a man
goes to her head like wine to the head
of a teetotaler.

Refinement is what makes a man
turn on his heel and go off to the club
instead of staying at home and hav-
ing a good, old-fashioned row with
his wife.

Cultivated taste is what makes a
man turn from the sporting page or
the joke column to the editorials—
when he notices anybody observing him.

Take a spoonful of violet perfume,
a pound or so of lace, a dash of music,
and serve under a summer moon—
and almost any man will call it
"love."

A wife corresponds to a man's three
square meals; the "other woman" to
a banquet with fancy dishes and
champagne.

Even though the dulcet iciness in
her voice ought to be more effective
than a shriek of warning, a man will
go right on telling his stout, blond
wife that she ought to dress like the
slim brunette next door.—Helen Row-
land, in the New York World.

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of
the Keystone State.

LET REAL GAME ESCAPE

Under Heavy Fire, Man With the
Money Outwits Foreigners.

Butler.—Armed with revolvers 20
foreigners held up four men in a car-
riage near Bredenville and had it not
been for poor marksmanship two of
the men, who escaped, would likely
have been killed. Two who could
not get away were terribly beaten,
but a large sum of money the foreign-
ers evidently knew was being carried
by one of the men, was not secured.

George K. Kummer, who had spent
the day in Bredenville, was returning
to this city with Albert Kummer,
William Connor and William Man-
nox. A mile from Bredenville, a fore-
igner jumped from the bushes and
stopped the team. A signal brought
a band of foreigners from conceal-
ment. With drawn revolvers they
demanded money.

Connor escaped with a volley of
bullets whistling past his head, and
running to Lynrode notified Constable
Jesse Miller, who hurried to the
scene. George Kummer, who carried
over \$300, escaped under fire and se-
creted himself near a creek. Manno
and Albert Kummer, who were cap-
tured before they could leave the car-
riage, were beaten and were found
half conscious in the road.

DROUTH CAUSES SHUT-DOWNS

Nearly All Big Coke Plants of West
moreland County May Be
Forced to Close.

Greensburg.—The greatest drouth
in 15 years has made the question of
water supply a grave one to hundreds
of Westmoreland county residents.

At Crabtree water is being carried
into the town by railroad, oil tank
cars being utilized. The coke works
there are closed because of lack of
water.

In Unity township there have been
no heavy rains for six weeks and the
Bessemer Coke Company plant is
shut own. The past 20 years have
seen most of the timber in that sec-
tion cut into lumber and this is blamed
for the frequent drouths. Refore-
station, it is declared, is the only
remedy.

It is asserted that if heavy rains
do not come within the next week,
nearly all of the big coking establish-
ments will be compelled to suspend.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Com-
pany is supply the Hecla region with
water for drinking purposes.

Several Hurt at Wedding.

Latrobe.—At Derry No. 6, several
men were injured, following a wed-
ding celebration. Dan Tresina was
struck in the back. Tony Moraw-
sky was seriously burned about the
body when a companion playfully ap-
plied a lighted match to the tail of
his shirt. The blazing garment was
finally torn off and thrown into a cor-
ner when it set fire to some rubbish
and the house narrowly escaped de-
struction. Thirty foreigners were
arrested.

\$10,000 Fire in Butler.

Butler.—Fire destroyed the J. A.
Criswell livery stable, Dale Walters'
undertaking establishment and B.
Pierson plumbing shop, in Railway
avenue, Mars. Twenty horses were
saved with difficulty. The blaze
started in the rear of the plumbing
establishment and is of mysterious
origin. The loss is \$10,000. Cris-
well had purchased the Walters es-
tablishment, but the legal transfer
was postponed until today.

Receiver for Foundry.

Allentown.—On application of Louis
R. Albright and the Texter Lumber
Company, court named F. Jenner
as receiver of the Allentown Foundry
& Machine Company, one of the old-
est local industries, dating back to
1837. The plant is valued at \$200,-
000 and produces \$300,000 worth of
material annually. A strike three
years ago and the recent depression
led to the receivership. The com-
pany has liabilities of \$155,500.

Fire Destroys Lumber Mill.

Oil City.—A large mill and a gener-
al store, owned by the Grandin Lum-
ber Company at Eagle Rock, were de-
stroyed by fire. A million feet of
sawed lumber, close to the burning
buildings was saved by a detachment
of the Oil City fire department, rush-
ing to the scene with a steamer and a
hosecart on a special train. The
loss is estimated at \$25,000, partially
covered by insurance.

Wants to Be a City.

Washington.—A petition will be
presented to Washington council asking
that the question of forming the bor-
ough into a third class city be sub-
stituted to a vote of the citizens. A
similar petition will be presented to
East Washington Council, it being
the intention to consolidate the two
municipalities under one city charter.

Meets Death in Runaway.

New Castle.—Thomas Boyle of Ma-
honingtown, died at the hospital here
from injuries sustained a few hours
before in a runaway. He was re-
turning from the country when his
horses became frightened. An hour
later he was found in the road uncon-
scious. He was 55 years of age, and
leaves his wife, four sons and a
daughter.

Three Dead.

West Chester.—Benjamin Degildo
of Philadelphia shot and instantly
killed Benjamin Defelix and seriously
wounded Pasquelo Defelix, father of
the slain man, here and then, to es-
cape capture at the hands of an en-
raged mob, committed suicide by
shooting himself.

Another Plant Resumes Operations.

Leechburg.—Two hundred men re-
sumed work at the plant of the
American Sheet & Tin Plate Company
after being idle since last November.
District Manager A. H. Beate has
given orders to have the plant at
Saltsburg made ready to resume.

Another Furnace Resumes Work.

Sharon.—The Hall blast furnace of
the Republic Iron & Steel Company
resumed operations after several
months' idleness, affording employ-
ment to 100 men.

W. A. Campbell of Allegheny county.

has been appointed a mining engineer
in the Geological Survey at a salary
of \$2,700 per annum.

Beaver Falls.—The farmers com-

mittee of the Old Home week to begin
here September 13 will hold a poultry
and pet stock exhibition Thursday,
Friday and Saturday in connection
with the Beaver County Poultry As-
sociation.

Washington.—Tony Marianne

of Charleroi, is in the Memorial hospital
at Monongahelt, with ten probably fatal
injuries sustained when he investi-
gated a delayed blast in a stone
quarry. His skull was fractured and
one shoulder broken.