NEWS OF THE MINES.

Today's Proceedings on the Exchange Much Better Than Usual.

COLBORN TRIES TO RUSH THINGS.

The Sales Strike a Number of Stocks—Two Hundred Shares of Ajax Bring One Dollar per Share.

If Judge Colborn, as caller of the Salt Lake exchange, doesn't succeed in getting the stock brokers of this city into the habit of dealing as do the "speedy" brokers of the East, it won't be his fault. Today he wielded the gavel, or the tack hammer rather, with a briskness which brought out remarks from the members that he was going "too fast." It will have to be admitted that he was rushing things, more than they were ever rushed before in the pit, but that is what is required to make the exchange a lively, energetic, go-ahead organization. If the brokers have any business to do, let them do it in a business-like manner, without pondering so long on stocks upon which there is no bona fide intentions of doing business.

The call, taken as a whole, was above the average, although none of the high-valued stocks were much interfered with. Anchor was passed unnoticed, but when Ajax was reached it took the initiative in today's record of sales, and was relieved of 200 shares at $1. Centennial-Eureka kept firm in its quotations, so firm in fact that a sale was out of the question, although several small blocks were offered, but at figures which apparently did not suit the bidder.

Dalton and Lark stock was favored with a sale of 200 shares at 50 cents, while Herschel was the next to come forward with a transfer of 1,000 shares at 14 cents. Mercur quotations held their usual firmness as did also Mammoth, of which 81 shares were offered at $2.10, with no takers.

Little Pittsburg was the first of the unlisted stocks to show itself and 2,000 shares found takers. An equal number of shares of Dalton changed hands under sharp bidding, after which Eagle was called up and relieved of 1,000 shares at 10 cents. Omaha made its appearance for the first time today, and was rewarded with a sale of 2,000 shares at 3-1 cents. One hundred shares of Havre brought 50 cents. One-a-d three-eighths cents was asked for 15,000 shares of Golden Star, but none went at the last bid. Provo Woolen Mills stock was offered at $50 per share. The closing figures were as follows:

LISTED STOCKS.

MINES.	Asked.	Bid.
Anchor	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ajax	[illegible]	[illegible]
Alliance	[illegible]	[illegible]
Annie	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bullion-Beck	[illegible]	[illegible]
Centennial-Eureka	[illegible]	[illegible]
Daly	[illegible]	[illegible]
Daly West	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dalton & Lark	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Geyser	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Herschel	[illegible]	[illegible]
Horn Silver	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mammoth	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mercur	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ontario	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Utah	[illegible]	[illegible]

UNLISTED STOCKS.

NAME.	Asked.	Bid.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dexter	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Copper Queen	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Little Pittsburg	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ajax	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Havre	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Minnie	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Eagle	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Golden Treasure	[illegible]	[illegible]
Camp Floyd	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wasatch	[illegible]	[illegible]
Provo Woolen Mills	[illegible]	[illegible]

TRANSFERS OF STOCKS.

Two hundred shares of Ajax at $1; 200 Dalton and Lark at 50 cents; 1,000 Herschel at 14 cents; 1,000 Little Pittsburg at [illegible] cents and 1,000 at [illegible]; 1,000 Dalton at [illegible] cents and 1,000 at [illegible]; 1,000 Eagle at 10 cents; 2,000 Omaha at [illegible] cents; 100 Havre at 50 cents. Total shares sold, 8,[illegible].

FROM THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

Their Reporter Has a Talk With Mr. S. W. Sears of This City.

In connection with Mr. S. W. Sears's recent visit to Chicago, the Tribune of that city published on the 6th inst. says:

S. W. Sears, member of the State Board of Agriculture of Utah and a member of the last Territorial Legislature, is in Chicago on a short business trip. Mr. Sears is one of the most prominent Republican politicians of the State. In regard to the resources and prospects of the State he said yesterday:

"Few people outside of Utah have a realization of the immensity of the mining interests of the State. Ten mines pay a dividend of $3,500,000. This includes the Ontario, Daly, Bullion-Beck and Mercur silver and gold mines.

"The Camp Floyd district, which includes the Mercur, has been known for twenty-five years, but the pay dirt was of such low grade it was not profitable to work it. Thirty square miles have been prospected in the Mercur district and a blanket of gold dirt from fifty to seventy feet in depth is found in this section, resembling the Johannesburg gold fields more than any other deposits we have in the United States.

"Utah is Republican, and tariff men want McKinley for President, with Reed a close second. The radical silverites want Don Cameron, but I believe any Republican favoring silver who should be nominated would carry the State. However, the development of gold production is doing much to modify the silver sentiment in some quarters. We are protectionists and want our wool and lead protected."

Mr. Sears is stopping with a brother, who is a student at Rush Medical College.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

C. J. L. Meyer, of Michigan, Looking Into the State's Mining Resources.

A jovial, genial, whole-souled fellow is Charles J. L. Meyer, a prominent Michigan lumberman, who was an interested spectator at the stock exchange this morning, where he became acquainted with a large number of the brokers. Mr. Meyer is not a mining man, but was attracted westward by the reports of Cripple Creek and its possible treasures. The altitude in Colorado, however, was too high for the gentleman, who by the way is a doughty little German, and he concluded to go through to California which brought him into this city. He intends visiting Utah's best mining camps before leaving for the west, and may perhaps be persuaded to invest if he sees something in which he believes there is a promising future. Mr. Meyer will remain in the city about one week before continuing his journey to the coast.

Wonder Gold Mining Company

This company has just completed its organization with a capital stock of 1,000,000 shares of the par value of $1 each. George Q. Cannon is president; Angus M. Cannon, vice-president; Lewis M. Cannon, secretary; John W. Donnellan, treasurer; P. J. Quealy, manager and superintendent. The properties of the company form the eastern boundary of De Lamar's Golden Gate group, and also lap over on the eastern line of the Brickyard group at Mercur, and are on the dip of the great ore chute which has been developed by about 5,000 feet of drifts on the Golden Gate, upon which it is estimated that at least five million dollars in gold has been already exposed and blocked out within a few hundred feet of this property, the trend of these immense ore bodies being directly towards Wonder Group. The Wonder Group comprises the following claims, viz: the Wonder, North Star, Mary E., Mary E. No. 2, Old Grover, and fraction of the Navigator, containing about 70 acres. Title perfect.

There is one shaft 100 feet deep upon which a steam hoisting plant is being now erected. A double compartment working shaft is being started. Three hundred thousand shares of the stock is reserved for the development of the property and building a mill, one-half of which is subscribed for. Mr. Quealy, the manager, is one of the ablest mining superintendents in the country. He and his associates have made a large cash investment in this, and he will devote his best energies to the rapid development of this great mine.

In addition to the cash advances by Mr. Quealy and his friends, the management have deemed it advisable to have ample funds on hand to push the work as fast as men and means can accomplish it, and have decided to place on the market a limited number of shares of the treasury stock at the price of 50 cents per share, but reserve the right to raise the price at any time without notice. Brokers Kenneth Donnellan and George Downey have been appointed as the sole agents for the sale of this treasury stock.

A Romantic Story.

A romantic story has been brought to light in connection with the will of Mrs. Susan Scribner, who died in San Francisco January 19, 1894. She was the widow of John S. Scribner, a mining man of Angels, Calaveras county, Cal., and left an estate valued at $30,000. Mrs. Scribner disposed of her estate by a will dated some two weeks before her death. She bequeathed $7,500 to friends, and the residue to several nephews and nieces, said to be the children of Richard and Hannah Barnes and named as Jane, Elizabeth, George and Samuel Barnes, all residing in York, England. It now develops that these heirs, instead of being nephews and nieces of Mrs. Scribner, were her children. This fact has just been brought to the attention of Judge Coffey by a report filed by Charles J. Heggerty, the attorney for the absent heirs. The alleged nephews and nieces for a time had great difficulty in proving their heirship. A ray of light appeared when investigation disclosed that in 1845 Mrs. Barnes left her husband and eloped with Tom Hogan, who boarded with the Barnes family in England. It next developed that the Mrs. Barnes of England and the Mrs. Scribner of this city were one and the same person. Attorney Heggerty reports that the maiden name of Mrs. Scribner was Susannah Weatherill. In 1827 she married Richard Barnes. The issue of this marriage was four children, the last of whom was born August 18, 1838. It was in September, 1845, that Mrs. Barnes eloped with Hogan and came to America. After the death of Hogan she married Scribner, from whom she inherited her estate. The investigations of Attorney Heggerty have brought to light a secret which Mrs. Scribner evidently intended should die with her. Mr. Heggerty says there can be no doubt as to the correctness of the facts which he reports.

Personal Paragraphs.

George H. Bosbuttler, of St. Louis, is at the Templeton.

E. L. Abrams, of New York, is registered at the Knutsford.

Dr. J. E. Hoesner and J. S. Nelson, of Coalville, arrived at the Walker this morning.

P. Frank Hawman and wife, of Reading, Penn., are guests at the Knutsford.

R. M. Robinson, of Omaha, and J. Beatty, of Chicago, two well known business men, are stopping at the Templeton.

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Sold throughout the world. [illegible]

OUR CRIPPLE CREEK.

A Description of the Noted Mercur Camp.

DRAWBACKS AND OTHER THINGS.

Good Water at a Premium—Size and Population—Enthusiastic Prospectors.

SALT LAKE CITY, March 8.—Having taken a little run to Mercur, I take my pen in hand to tell you about it; not that the movements of the writer hereof are of any special consequence by any means, but some things seen and heard are of as much importance when experienced by him as by a member of the Legislature or other exalted personage.

Most descriptions of a place, when the writer wants to say something graceful about it, begin with "it is pleasantly situated at" and then go on with the description; but candor, of which I have a limited supply left, compels me to say that Mercur is not pleasantly situated anywhere. It is located at the upper end of a long, winding, rocky canyon (all of which was located and staked out long ago) which stretches out toward and finally empties into Rush Valley, which contains as many curios as the ground surrounding our celebrated "new town" and no more. No one seems to know where it got its name and an immense majority really don't care; it has got it and couldn't change it now except by act of the Legislature, which body at present is too busily engaged passing resolutions of censure of foreign ministers, defending our Republican Senators from censure, and the like, to even think of so insignificant a matter as the name of anything. Rush Valley produces the regulation crop of sage, of which it can occasionally be said that there is a live ox (or mule), some very good roads containing in some places 4,562 pounds of dust to the rod, and three small towns, one of which is the once renowned Stockton, now all but depopulated. It also has some fine-looking ranches, where the only drinkable water on the east side is to be found; all other water, and more particularly that obtained from a distance at Mercur, is so strongly impregnated with arsenic that it is not only unfit but unsafe to drink. Those who do drink it do so in moderation of course, but even then they are soon made aware by kidney troubles that it is a very unwise thing to do; however, as water is not much used for drinking purposes in the average mining camp, it does not matter greatly.

It would be about as difficult a matter to estimate the population of Mercur at this time as to determine the number of ants in a hill where they are abundant and busy. There are certainly a thousand people, perhaps more. You see there are large numbers coming along every day and those or at least a majority of them do not come to stay; besides, some that did come with the intention of remaining change their minds and leave, not a few of them by the old, familiar means introduced by the first biped of our race as soon as he got done crawling—that is, they walk. This discloses the fact—and pricks a popular bubble at the same time—that all who are there are not millionaires; the truth is that several are not worth over $100,000, and I am personally acquainted with a few who would give full title and immediate possession to all their property for $5,000 or $10,000 at the most. These are the ones previously referred to as walking out. The walking is not very good and is oftener than otherwise aggravated by the accompaniment of an empty stomach. It sounds queerly enough to say that in a place where opulence is the rule and native wealth in its manifold forms abounds—in places—there are more men wanting jobs than jobs wanting men; but such is undoubtedly the case. This is not the fault of the camp either; in most other respects it is equal to its reputation; but whenever any camp, or other place for that matter, begins to boom, it immediately becomes a cynosure and transients and others are attracted to it like bees to a flower, the result being that a flower of a dozen bee capacity is beleaguered by two or three dozen bees and a very great proportion of them are disappointed in the matter of obtaining honey; a very few get all they want, or at least all they need, a larger number have to get along with a moderate supply, and several get nothing at all, unless getting "left" figure as a possession, and this is no fault of the supply point at all but of those who persist in overdoing things.

The central portion of the town proper presents as near an approach to an appearance as any new mining camp ever does. The frame buildings are confluent for some distance on either side of the principal street and a rambling sort of building up is evident almost everywhere. The great Mercur mine is situated due south of this part and is not so hard to get at as most big concerns of the kind are, being less than a quarter of a mile distant and up a forty-five degree hill. The ore is emptied from the mine right into cars ready to receive it and taken to the mill. Other properties of less renown are in evidence whichever way you look and it is the expressed belief of many that the greatest ones have yet to be discovered. Perhaps this is true, but it would be a reversal of the record if it were. Anyway, prospecting is going actively ahead and will be more vigorously conducted than now when the snow shall have entirely disappeared for the season. Locations extend down the canyon which stretches out southerly and at right angles with the one in which the town lies, thence reaching down as far as Five Mile Pass, where the Union Pacific leaves Cedar Valley and passes into the one first spoken of.

And how long will the boom last? Current history shows us that these outgrowths of enterprising communities are all more or less consumptive, but that of Mercur shows symptoms of holding out longer than many of its predecessors. The working, in the language of the song, may be for years and it may be forever—as far as any presently known appliances of man go.

Look at it from any standpoint you please. Mercur is a pretty big proposition. It has its drawbacks, which do but prove the good qualities. The genus millionaire of the mushroom variety, previously spoken of, does it more harm than anything else, but then he is coincidental and inevitable. A few days since a couple of men who have been prospecting for some time made what was considered a fair strike, and while such things do not create any great excitement this one attracted enough attention to cause quite a few persons to go out and take a look at the discovery. The interest manifested was about the same as that which the good middle-aged and more elderly ladies of a community show when a neighbor has a brand new baby. One of the discoverers, who has of late vainly striven to "stand off" a barkeeper and only "works" the "nursery" because the proprietor of the latter knows full well that to dismiss his customer now would be to lose all arrearages, recently announced that he and his partner had been offered $10,000 for their find. "Well, why didn't you take it?" some one asked. "Oh," he replied, "ten thousand ain't no money; it don't cut no ice at all." These self-sufficient barnacles on prosperity whose affected indifference to small sums of money is so diaphanous that there is not a sucker in the country so green that they can catch him, serve but one useful purpose—their example is an incentive to honorable effort.

ESSAY CALOR.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Edwin Milton Royle's Mexican, which will be seen at the Theater on Thursday and Friday evenings, is spoken of as a play worthy of more than passing notice because of its strength and originality. The Denver Republican says the culmination of the second act is one of the strongest climaxes that has been produced on the Denver stage for a good many years. The climax which made Held by the Enemy such a favorite is not comparable for several good and sufficient reasons. The advance sale of seats is now on at the box office of the Theater.

AT THE GRAND.

This week's bill at the Grand is a distinct departure from the serious society dramas that have held the boards for the past five weeks. As a prescription to drive away temporarily the worries and cares of the average genus homo, Snowball together the spot, by tickling hilarity first and last and all the time. The farce is preceded by a new little gem of a curtain-raiser entitled Red or White, which, in the hands of Messrs. Edwards and Ward, Miss Henry and Miss Jerome, was a pathetic little sketch with a finale somewhat distinct from the types of young and old love. Walter Edwards, in the role of the wealthy old bachelor, gave a quite subdued rendering of the part of Robert Gray that materially assisted in keeping up the illusion. Helen Henry and Hugo Ward also gave a good account of themselves to the extent of showing that they were as equally at home in a serious part as in comedy. Miss Jerome, as the elderly spinster, also partook of the spirit of the production.

As the curtain went up on the first act of Snowball the audience settled themselves into their seats preparatory to indulging in a good laugh, which extended throughout the three acts. As is usual in farces the plot was not very heavy. Felix Featherstone, by the way of a practical joke upon his wife, puts a note into her workbasket, which in her hands is a veritable bomb, and the complications arising, coupled with Felix's Ananias-like accomplishments, furnishing the merriment. Wm. Ingersoll as Felix is in his element whilst Geo. Edeson as Uncle John (with a string on Felix) who has a knack of only getting matters deeper into the mire convulsed the audience. Marge Carr Cooke in the role of Mrs. Featherstone had a part in which she was at home. Miss Warren and Walter Edwards, although they had but small parts, assisted in making the farce go with a vim. Helen Henry as Penelope, the parlor maid who made hay whilst the sun shone, made a cute little Abigail, although probably was not the typical English slave the author had in his mind when he wrote the play. Harry Hathaway filled the small part of the butler. Altogether the performance went without a hitch and judging from last night's reception will play to good business the balance of the week. Notwithstanding the heavy matinee at the Theater in the afternoon, there was a good house at the Grand last night.

AT THE LYCEUM.

For a first night, the audience at the Lyceum last night was a good one. People are afraid to patronize initial performances of the stock companies here, but why this should be the case, there is no apparent reason. Last night the actors "stuck to their lines" very well, except "Isaacs"—and it is his business to be not over particular as to the path marked out by the author. His drolleries made the irrepressible gallery god still more obstreperous; and besides that, as Johnny Williams has a knack of evoking them to do, the older people laughed.

Miss Hall, as the young Mrs. Kate Maitland, did her part very creditably; and especially did the young lady show her ability in her meeting, when blind, with her little son. Miss Hall is a conscientious actress and her identity is absorbed in the character she portrays, more so than any other performer on the Lyceum stage at present.

Mr. Brinker did Gilbert Maitland, the young husband, in very good style.

Mr. Hayes has not the part in which he can shine, but does it well enough.

The other characters were well taken care of. De Witt Jennings is fast becoming a great favorite and his excellent and improving all-round impersonations entitle him to the favor he is gaining.

Queen's Evidence is a melo-drama and is full of exciting situations, and the play will draw good houses.

The orchestra, under Prof. Zimmler, is doing excellent work, especially for the small number of men—five. Light Cavalry overture and Hohenzollern march were noticed among last night's choicest.

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