Sports and Pastimes

Cornell vs the English Style—Wheeling, Etc.

On glancing over the English papers from the last mail it strikes one that we have been hurling a terrible lot of unnecessary talk and invectives upon Johnny Bull about the way the Cornell crew were the victims of a put up job, contrived in Eton, etc., so to speak. The fact of the matter seems to be that it is not the Cornell eight who deserve our sympathies as much as William the much abused umpire who practically has been the cause of starting all this particle outburst of jingoism and thoughtlessness and hard feelings in general on our part. William is indeed open in England as a sport to the backbone, and the latest of the most impartial; nevertheless, he is accused of showing partiality to Cornell in starting the race before the Leander crew were in a position to get a fair start. Be that as it may, let us take our hats off to Mr. William for being cockalorum enough to give visiting strangers every legal advantage, at the same time everyone wishes that the colors of the first international college race pulled at Henley might have been different, even if Leander had shown a clean pair of heels from the start.

The race the next day turned out just as had been predicted when Cornell made their first appearance on the Thames. Cornell shot ahead from the start and at one time at Trinity by 2½ lengths, but 40 short choppy strokes to the minute are more than human endurance can stand and Trinity rowing a sweeping 37 stroke slowly but surely closed up the gap, passed Cornell, and it was in the last 50 yards that our boys went to pieces and were beaten, and not so badly either, by the winners of the cup this year. And so will be the fate every year unless there is a change in tactics. The English colleges have been rowing now for fifty-five years and so amateurs, certainly ought to know a thing or two as to racing, and get on to every new wrinkle possible, it is impossible for a man to throw the fullest amount of power, vim from the legs, into a stroke averaging 700 every fifteen minutes and short and choppy at that. It is a terrible strain on a man so his greatest exertion then comes from the arm and chest muscles, (and a good many of us know what that is, having been coralled into a boat at Calder's Park or the Lake one and all of which are devoid of foot rests consequently we sit with our knees at right angles, smiling at our best girl, cultivating blisters and pull our arms out of their sockets). Well the sum and substance of the above preamble is that Cornell worked one-third as hard again as Trinity and tried to hold her own and drive the shell to victory with a maximum arm and fractional leg force, versus a judicious jumbination of the two on the part of the Britisher. If any of the readers have seen an Oxford and Cambridge race or seen Yale row, they will probably see the point. The actions of the eight in the uninitiated are most unique, they seem to double simultaneously up like a jack-knife, then fly open until the crew seems to be in nearly a horizontal position, when with a musical rattle of the oars in the row locks, the "slack" of the sliding seats sets a pretty "feather," they recover to the stroke once more, husbanding every ounce of force for the water and not the empty air, and woe betide the man who catches a crab as the knocks and butt of the oar of the man behind him do not resemble an eider down pillow. To ask eight men to keep up a fifty of forty-seven strokes to the minute in a strange climate is to ask them to assume steam engines.

The all absorbing topic this week has been, of course, the Silver Bullet sweet of Rock Hot Springs circle track. Pretty nearly everybody was there to see, wonderous to relate, not a kick was uttered. The "outside" was sanctioned for once. There were no obscene waits, no loafing, no wind, no dust, no, no, no nothing, so the gentle reader, whereupon to register. Hamlin was there and "discovered sweet music." I believe I've heard that phase before. However, the music was good, save when second cornet got violently interested in a finish and then one or two Wagnerian ears got a jolt. Charley Eccles will have to be retained summer nos as announcer. He has been hiding his light under a bushel when you come right down to it. Charlie is a regular "Mike sneyder jr." in the matter of records, past and present; and then he can display them on the blackboard in such an artistic manner as to make Hamlin and Tom Gill green with envy. The announcement the racket when H. J. Jensen, with a smile chiddiks and tiled, rode over the tape with the Utah novice record, with such as example the A's and B's had to hang up their reputation as high equally they did it too, and scores came tumbling down as thick as leaves in autumn. The visitors were good to our boys and did not stick up everything in sight. Wells and Jensen walked some little outside, but questions on the track, McCune pulling second place and first, against Wells's one first place. Those who would have finished first "second" Jensen would have got on his war paint and given the strangers such a dance as to leg them in the mile in 2:30 flat. Now the bleachers did rise as one man and pressed to cut the atmosphere up into fine sections as Jensen sported for a while lap and took away what little fresh the trailing pedal pusher had left and how "Gimlibs" foiled the A mark. "Is it not recorded," etc. Then "Little" auburn haired Jensen's repeat mile, words fail me. It was a fast mile.

Mr. Kippenberg, the Los Angeles cycle dealer, is in town, and is annexing Jensen copyright on the track which will be reproduced to far similis detail at Los Angeles ere long.

Alexander, Wells, Park and Renshaw left for Denver on Thursday, where they propose to participate in horses. Renshaw takes back with him two badly damaged understandings as a memento of his introduction to Ted Caine on the cycle track. One wag advised him to dig up one in Salt Lake, which he did, owing to Renshaw being unable to let his tissue extended the wag still lives. All the visiting boys express themselves as being immensely pleased with Salt Lake, their reception, and above all our track which they declare the finest in the West.

Frank Thatcher's 1 mile standing start unpaced world's record, 31 3-5, has been duly posted and passed upon by Gideon of the L. A. W.

On speaking of records, one would like to know the sidewalk record for Salt Lake City. A modest friend of mine wished to just gratulating from the smiles and "kindergarten" stage claim it as the strength that the "special" then reigning b.v. some time ago, told him he was riding a 25 mile an hour gait. At this my modest friend got so elated that he promptly handed Dick Pennant Mackinlosh two collars in nickels for Salt Lake City improvements.

If bicyclists have to carry a light surely it is but fair to ask the gay and festive young adonis from the ribbon counter, who takes his best girl out for an evening's (anywhere from 8:30 to 11:30 p. m.) spin around the drive (at the same time getting his money's worth out of the post equine) to extend a like courtesy to the cyclist in the shape of carrying a light also.

The American Wheelman is responsible for the following:

Here is a joint Mr. Gideon might settle. At Asbury Park Eddie Bald won the two-thirds mile race, and secured, by so doing, a ticket entitling him to a trip to Europe and return. Now suppose Bald uses his ticket—and it does not require a great stretch of the imagination to do so—and after his return Chairman Gideon calls on him to show his prize, which he will be unable to do, what will be the result? The rules are plain, and likely will, if the penalty is passed, be riding for the ever dear and popular track mark 3. "There are others."

Zeigler, the Californian, surprised his Eastern friends, who did not expect to see so modest a youngster as he who, in a bright green suit, came out on the Asbury Park track last week. Many of the "circuit coasters" state that he is one of the cleanest riders on the circuit, but he is the hardest man to follow, as well. He is so small that he can easily run in and out of the small openings that will be impossible for many others. He can crawl through the smallest hole of any man on the circuit.

When the law went into effect in New York recently, providing that all vehicles, as well as bicycles, should be equipped at night with lamps, the factories were ready to meet the demand for a cheap lamp to be used as law-readers. Now you see vehicles being driven about with a rarely distinguishable gleam of light along the sides, which upon investigation appears to come from a 41 cent stove lamp, attached to the wind-scratch.

The woman tricycle thief has made her appearance in central New York and is more of a terror than the man thief. She selects a wheel of good pattern diamond or drop frame and being sick in relation of compass she rides away gracefully, no man being ungalant enough to question her honesty."

Two American girls, after visiting Great Britain, sailed for home, and the faithful chronicle of the English spring gives notice that "tears stood in their eyes as the shores of England faded away." These girls should consult an oculist. There is something wrong with their eyes.

AMENDED HER LIST.

She Now Declares That Lawyers Come Under the Head of Nuisances.

A few evenings ago a lawyer living in West Philadelphia was visited at his residence by an indignant woman, who declared that she had come for legal advice, and in a businesslike manner deposited on his table a $5 note as a retaining fee. After pocketing the money the man of law politely requested her to proceed with her statement. She said she was continually afflicted with a series of nuisances which she desired the lawyer to have abolished.

She was annoyed by a neighbor on one side, she said, who is a music teacher and trainer of the voice. The constant thumping on the piano and the discordant notes of the vocal students made her very nervous. On the other side the neighbor kept chickens, which awoke her early in the morning by their crowing and annoyed her during the day by flying over the fence and invading her premises. Day and night she was made nervous by the noise of the trolley cars passing her door, upon which and passing made her life miserable. Lawyers asked to her misery by calling their wives, and she wanted to know what action she must take in order to be made free of such nuisances.

The lawyer reflected a few moments with compressed lips, and then said, "Madam, you are decidedly unfortunate, and my advice to you is that you go to a real estate agent and engage him to secure for you a nice comfortable dwelling in the suburbs of some country village, where the nearest neighbor is a quarter of a mile away, musical instruments, trolley cars unheard of, and where hoarse voices and goblins do not come." Rising the interview at an end, the lawyer rolled, "I'll go as far as I can, but I'm ready to pay the bill." Philadelphia Times.

Fast Mail Complaints.

A New Orleans man named May told me that his yearly profits from his soda fountain were $50,000. One hundred, in Denver, was offered an $8,000 fountain, the finest displayed at the World's fair, from a rushing business, and his sales run from $500 a day the year round. In Buffalo, Mr. Standard Bros. company 90 girls to handle ice cream soda, and it cost $1,000 a year to accommodate their trade. They sell it at 5 cents a glass, and there is not profit of just 1½ cents. In Boston Thompson's eye, the greatest soda resort of the Hub, easily counts for in excess $50,000 a year. There are in the United States 100,000 fountains in operation, and manufacturers are getting more orders now than they ever got before.—Washington Post.

A Prehistoric Mine.

Valuable Archaeological Discovery by Two Montana Prospectors—Implements of Stone.

On the second of July, as noted in News dispatches, a couple of mountain prospectors made a discovery which may prove of the greatest importance to the American archaeologists in tracing the footprints of the prehistoric races of the northern continent. The story is as follows:

W. D. Clark and Thomas J. Howard who have been prospecting in the vicinity of Butte for some time past, discovered what is undoubtedly the ancient workings of a rich copper mine, says an exchange. The mine lies about forty miles southeast of Butte on the south side of an immense peak known as Flower mountain, in one of the roughest portions of the main range of the rocky mountains. While going up the north side of Flower creek, a stream of about four inches, copper float was found and followed up the steep hillside for you feet until a mound, evidently an old ore dump, was found, immediately above which was a deep depression in the hillside.

The depression, or mouth of the old workings, as it proved to be, was ten feet deep and about ten feet wide by fifteen feet long, in the center of which was a scrub pine tree twenty five inches in diameter and evidently a hundred or more years old. The depression was covered with underbrush and other vegetation, and would never have been recognized as the work of human hands were it not for the excavation which followed. Finding that the quartz float which they were following went no farther up the hill and discovering considerable in the vicinity of the old dump, an open cut was started in the bottom of the depression running into the hill, with the result that after going about six feet under the surface a large slab of rock was discovered closing the entrance to an ancient tunnel. Removing the slab and clearing away the debris of ages the prospectors found an opening five and a half feet high by four feet wide, supported on either side by stone pillars and covered by slabs of stone.

The tunnel was followed twenty-three feet into the hill and about ten feet under the surface, and a vein of earth and stone was encountered, which Messrs. Clark and Howard worked on for a day, but were unable to remove, and they came to Butte to secure tools and fellows for further investigation.

Judging from the size of the dump at the entrance Mr. Clark is of the opinion that the tunnel extends at least 200 feet into the hill, and a force of men have been sent from the city for the purpose of removing the accumulated dirt and fully investigating the find. The pillars in the tunnel are thirty inches, 18 feet high, and made by placing stones upon each other and wedged up tight with smaller stones, no cement or any kind being used. The pillars are placed three feet apart, and reaching across from pillar to pillar is a solid slab six feet long, twelve inches wide and eight inches deep, upon the top of these are laid other and smaller slabs of stone reaching on to the next cross slab, and completely covering the top of the tunnel. The bottom of the tunnel is hollowed out as if the ore and dirt which was taken out had been dropped over it, probably in ourselves or by other primitive means. On the protecting rocks of the masonry signs of tools are found very plentiful, indicating that the mine was probably abandoned some time before the only opening was found.

The masonry of the tunnel throughout is very crude, and there are no marks of any tools, other than hammers or other hand instruments. No cement being used small stones are inserted into every opening, until the whole is as solid as can be made. The small stones, or keys, are much battered and bear evidence of having been hammered a great deal. The only implements found so far are two stone shovels, which bear evidence of having been much used. They are about twelve inches across the broad part, or blade, and have small stone handles eight inches long, to which a longer handle was evidently fastened. Along each side of the tunnel and on the dump in front ore was found scattered in abundance, although no trace of a lead appears upon the surface, it having evidently been covered by the accumulated dirt of ages. The ore found is not native copper, nor in any way similar to the found in the ancient excavations which have been brought to light in the other parts of the country. It is a very bright pyrites of iron and copper, smelting very easily, and is very rich, the samples found and brought to Butte assaying forty five per cent copper. No tools or other evidence of how or where the ores were smelted have so far been brought to light, but a complete investigation will be made.

The canyon in which the ancient mine lies is very narrow and precipitous, and can only be reached on foot, there not being room for a wagon in the canyon, or even room enough to build a wagon road. The nearest place where human beings could live, and where, undoubtedly, the prehistoric miners of Flower creek had their abodes, is the Big Hole basin, four miles distant, where the famous Big Hole battlefield is located, and where General Gibbons gave the Nez Perces Indians battle in the early days of Montana. Numerous implements of stone and flint have been picked up in that vicinity heretofore, but were supposed to have belonged to some of the Indian tribes which roamed there in early days, and no particular attention was paid to them.

The country rock where the discovery was made is lime and granite, and the lead is what is known as a "contact" vein. The mineral was evidently started on the lead, and follows it into the hill. All about be granite bowlders weighing hundreds of tons, and above rise cliffs of granite and limestone hundreds of feet in height. Flower mountain, in whose towering shadow lies the scene of a past and forgotten race of men, is one of the highest peaks in the range of the Rockies, and its hoary head reaching above the clouds is covered with perpetual snow. That the workings were ever discovered was the merest chance, and may lead to still greater discoveries in the archaeological world. Within the past few years considerable prospecting has been done in the vicinity of the Big Hole basin and some very promising prospects have been discovered, some of them going phenomenally high in copper for surface showings. The men of old who worked the Flower mountain copper mines undoubtedly had some crude method of extracting the copper, which may be discovered later.

As an instance of how easily the ores in that district may be reached, a number of years ago an old prospector at Divide, near Flower mountain, pitched a rough stone furnace and smelted a large amount of copper from some ores which he found, with scarcely any help other than a flat of horseback. About ten years ago an old prospector on Gold gulch, about thirty miles northwest of the present discovery, found a tunnel fifty feet under ground while working upon one of his quartz claims, but as he was very uncommunicative but little of it was ever said to it, and no one knows anything of it, only that the tunnel was discovered. As the prospector referred to has lived for thirty years upon the ground continuously and no one else has ever done any work upon it since his residence there, it is almost certain that the workings discovered by him were by people who lived in Montana during times now forgotten.

The discovery of Messrs. Clark and Howard has created considerable excitement among mining and scientific men in this vicinity, and the result of their researches is awaited with great interest. Only two days' work upon the discovery was done by them when they came to Butte and had it recorded under the name of the Catalla. Mr. Clark and Mr. Howard are well known and highly respected in Butte, having lived here for many years and enjoyed many honors at the hands of their fellow citizens. Both gentlemen were on the Democratic ticket in Silver Bow county last fall and both are men whose honesty and veracity have never been called into question.

The clearing out of the tunnel and going through the cave, which no doubt is, will probably take several weeks. At the end of that time developments may be looked for of such a character as will startle the entire scientific world and throw the Mississippi mound builders far in the rear of the aboriginal processes.

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