

## The Silver Mine Swindle.

A DOLOROUS REPORT—COLONEL HARRISON ON THE WAR PATH.

On Saturday evening Colonel Harrison, Superintendent of the Silver mines in Utah, the Lone Star and Stafford, in which so many of our oldest and best citizens invested so largely, appeared before the stockholders and made a report of his observations and discoveries in his recent trip to Salt Lake.

The substance of the report was pretty well expressed in the telegram which denounced the whole affair as a gross and palpable swindle, when at last discovered, but so ingeniously planned as to deceive almost any one not versed in "the ways that are dark, and the tricks that are vain," peculiar to the class of people engaged in mining operations. Even Colonel Harrison, for some days after his arrival, was "taken in" by the cunning contrivance of these plotters. Several specimens of the ore, brought from the mines, when assayed, exhibited the same result as the former tests reported upon by the first examiners. The assayer was a person who had formerly lived in this State, Gardner by name, who was recommended by a very responsible citizen of New Orleans, as a perfectly reliable man.

It was after these tests that Mr. Harrison wrote to the stockholders that they had struck the eagle bird, and directed the purchase of thirty more shares on his own account. Some of the original stockholders, who had become dubious, now gave the speculation their unbounded confidence, and one of the subscribers, regarded as one of our shrewdest citizens, who had given his notes for his subscription, and had cautioned the public from receiving the same, as the consideration therefor had failed, renewed the said notes in the hands of the party who had bought them, and took his certificates of stock and went home in the confidence that he had made one of the best investments of his life.

This riveting of his engagement and involvement with the company had hardly been completed before our veteran received the telegram which announced Colonel Harrison's entire change of views in regard to the mines. Other subscribers acting upon the same grounds regarded it an excellent investment to discount their own paper, therefore, at 20 per cent. One of this class of victims was a distinguished and honored ex-Confederate General, and a substantial ex-Judge, a citizen of Shreveport, who sacrificed valuable property in that flourishing town in order to raise some eight or ten thousand dollars to invest in these mines. The first reports, therefore, of Colonel Harrison were most disastrous in their effects. And yet they were the natural and logical effects of the systematic and elaborate plan of deception of the conspirators, who, it appears, had kept a strict surveillance over his every movement and secured the co-operation of the assayer and carefully lulled every suspicion.

It was not until some of the workmen whispered in his ear a warning, that Col. Harrison was put on more vigilant observation and his suspicion aroused, and then it was that by secret assays and further investigation that the whole stupendous fraud was laid bare. Further inquiry elicited the discovery that it was an old and oft-tried scheme, that these mines had been on the market for some time, and the holders had made various attempts to put them off on the capitalists of other cities but had never been able to achieve any success until the beneficent Colonel Jones descended upon New Orleans and impressed a number of our most wide-awake citizens with so profound a feeling of gratitude by his generous proposal to share with them his countless store of glittering silver.

Here at least the scattering shot brought down a rich quarry. As innocently and dignified as so many wild turkeys, a score or so of our shrewdest capitalists walked straight into the trap, and through the successful beguilement of Col. Harrison, the door of the trap was completely closed on them, and there they now are, to their own serious sorrow and annoyance, and somewhat to the malicious amusement of their best friends from whom they so selfishly kept the secret of the "fine thing," which was too good to admit to many in.

No wonder when Col. Harrison made this discovery that he should be excited beyond the bounds of

moderation and discretion, and that he should rush to the nearest newspaper to give vent to his feelings, in a card, which was as heavily salted as the dumping piles of the mines.

Jones, Wooley, Tickner and Gardiner, were all, in emphatic Anglo-Saxon, set down as arrant knaves and swindlers. Counter cards of feeble remonstrance and protest were published by these parties, to which Col. Harrison rejoined by going for the signers thereof in a fleshly way, in consequence of which, two of the conspirators found it convenient to absent themselves from the city, leaving Wooley alone to bear the brunt of the storm; Wooley, the little red-faced man, who spent several weeks in this city last winter in a very convivial and bibulous style. Upon him, Col. Harrison vented his indignation, by a mild slapping of his chops and a gentle booting of less elevated portions of his body. Wooley called a parley and invited Harrison to his room, where the matter could be more satisfactorily discussed.

The key was turned in the lock, and Harrison presumed that all these preparations had in view a little *tele-a-tete* with pistols and bowie knives, for which in the state of his feelings he had quite a keen relish at that particular juncture. But this was a grave error of the gallant Louisianian. Wooley meant quite another sort of business. He was not pleased with the truculent style in which the Colonel proposed to carry on the discussion. He was for peace and a compromise. Colonel Harrison need not be cast down by his personal losses in this matter. His money and notes would be restored to him if he would only be quiet. The complacent little Falstaff was greatly astonished and somewhat shocked by the very illogical and irrelevant response of another application of boot from the irate and unreasonable Louisianian.

This was certainly not a pertinent or customary answer to a plain business proposition, so Wooley thought, as he very courteously unlocked the door and wished Colonel Harrison good-day. Next, the circumspect and prudent operator rushed to the nearest newspaper office, and procured a capias for the arrest of Harrison, on a charge of libel, which capias being served, subjected our fellow citizen to the necessity of giving bail for \$20,000, a citizen of Salt Lake City kindly furnishing the security for him. This, however, imposed upon Colonel Harrison the obligation to return to Salt Lake City to answer to the charge.

It must be confessed that such results of the discovery and exposure of an arrant swindle are not of a very agreeable character, and involve too severe a penalty for the offense of an innocent credulity and childlike simplicity. We think therefore that Col. Harrison has just claims to a larger share of sympathy and commiseration than even the other victims of this brazen imposture, to each and all of whom, however, we tender our sincere condolence, and hopes for their speedy recovery from the loss and disgust into which the bright hopes and golden or rather silver joys of a few days ago have been so suddenly turned.—*New Orleans Herald, May 12.*

## Philadelphia Quakers,

You will seldom hear of the Friends' work, yet there is no reform in the country from the public school system to the abolition of slavery, of which they have not been inaugurators. Our drab-coated friends, Isaac and Deborah, in fact, appear to be so exactly the opposite in private and public of the miserable follies and vices which are now degrading us as a people in the eyes of the world, that we are tempted to lift them up as examples to this untoward generation. The bane, the antidote are both before us. Are we braggarts? Here are stillness and modesty. Do we make a sham show of wealth and prosperity? Go into their plain brick dwelling on Arch street if you would know what reality is from the welcome on the threshold to the dinner on the kitchen fire. Here is no plated pewter-ware, no sleazy silks, no cheap Brussels. Do we squander and drink and gamble our way headlong to poverty? Who ever saw a begging Quaker? Are our belles forward and scheming in flirtation and match-making? Does the hare sometimes hunt the hounds? The

daughters of Deborah wear not the plain garb, perhaps, but they are clothed upon with a wondrous modesty and self-respect. They are clear-eyed and clear-brained, and always able, if need be, to earn their own living by other modes than marriage. The lover who woos them will not pay homage as a carpet knight to a sham queenship, but as the first man to the unknown pure mystery of the first woman. Do we find Free Love and spiritual affinities necessary to solve the problem of marriage? Who has heard of a divorced Quaker? Or, to come to pettier matters, (though just as vital) does the worldly housewife find her children nervous, her husband driven day after day to a restaurant for something to eat, chambermaids a perpetual thorn in her side, and cooks mere messengers of Satan sent to buffet her? Let her go into the noiseless nurseries of the Friend Deborah, through her spotless kitchen, and beholding the serene brews of mistress and maids, lay her hand upon her mouth, and her mouth in the dust, and be silent.

Our Friendly brethren in Philadelphia are about, we perceive, to give to the Indian problem their gravest consideration. We are tempted to wish that they would take all these other muddles of life which prove too much for us, and with their keen eyes and placid fingers set them to rights now and forever.—*New York Tribune.*

## Summer Diet for Infants.

At a recent meeting of the public health association of this city, a series of resolutions were passed requesting Dr. A. Jacobi to furnish for the use of the association a schedule of directions concerning infant diet in summer, and to present the same at a future meeting. Last evening, at the rooms of the Medical Journal Association, Dr. Jacobi responded to the resolution, prefacing his remarks by an elaborate address on the physiology of infant digestion and food. The following is the schedule:

Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse a baby of a month old or two every two or three hours; nurse a baby of six months and over five times in twenty-four hours, and no more.

When a baby gets thirsty in the meantime, give it a drink of water or barley water. In very hot weather, mix a teaspoonful of whisky with a tumbler full of water, (no sugar.)

Boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley (grind it on the coffee grinder) and a gill of water with salt for fifteen minutes. Strain it and mix it with half as much boiled milk and a piece of loaf-sugar. Give it lukewarm through a nursing-bottle.

Keep the bottle and mouth-piece in water when not in use.

Give babies of five or six months half barley-water and half boiled milk, with salt and loaf-sugar.

Give older babies more milk in proportion.

When babies are very costive, take oatmeal instead of barley, but be sure to cook and strain it.

When your breast-milk is half enough for the infant, alternate with bread and food.

In hot summer weather, dip a small piece of litmus paper into the food before feeding. If the blue paper turns red, add a pinch of baking soda to the food.

Babies of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day by itself or mixed with other food.

Babies of ten or twelve months may have a crust of bread and a piece of rare beef-steak to suck.

No child under two years ought to eat from your table.

The summer complaint comes from overfeeding and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open. Wash your children at least twice a day. Ten times are not too many in the hot season.

When babies throw off and purge give them nothing to eat for four to six hours, but all the cold air you can. After that, you may give a few drops of whisky in a teaspoonful of icewater, every five or ten minutes, but no more until the doctor comes. When there is vomiting and purging give no milk.

Give no laudanum, no paregoric, no soothing syrup, no teas.

A discussion took place, in which a majority of the physicians present participated, and it was their unanimous opinion that if printed copies of the schedule could be distributed in our tenement houses much good would result from it.—*New York World.*

## Singular Proceedings—A Peremptory Arrest.

Mr. Samuel N. Billings, a Deputy United States Marshal for Utah, on Saturday made a most singularly peremptory arrest, and acted in the matter with arbitrary haste. Mr. Billings came over from Salt Lake, armed with a warrant, supported by a requisition from Governor Woods, of Utah, for the arrest of J. W. Haskins, of Vallejo. The requisition was presented to Governor Booth, who made the usual indorsement in order for service, and Mr. Billings proceeded to Vallejo. On Saturday morning Mr. Haskins, who is an old and well known resident of that city, and has never before been charged with offenses against the law, was on his way to San Francisco, expecting to return to his family the same day. The cars for Sacramento, and the boat for San Francisco leave the wharf at South Vallejo simultaneously. As Mr. Haskins stood near the gangway, Billings arrested him, and moved him at once toward the Sacramento train. Mr. Haskins was thunderstruck, and almost stupefied with surprise when his captor told him that he held him for perjury, alleged to have been committed in Utah. Mr. Haskins' friends who were present, appealed to Governor Booth to interfere and prevent his being rushed away on that train. The Governor expressed his regret and said he was powerless; that when he signed the requisition he had no idea who the Haskins referred to was; he had simply performed a duty. Mr. Haskins then appealed to the officer to stay over with him until the next train, that he might prepare for the journey of 600 miles or more, and inform his family of his whereabouts, offering to remain with his captor, which was refused him, and the Marshal and his prisoner took the train for Sacramento. On the road Mr. Haskins telegraphed to this city, and on the arrival of the train the Marshal was met by Deputy Sheriff Barnes with a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Ramage, of the Sixth Judicial District, commanding him to have his prisoner before him this morning at 9 o'clock. The Marshal was very much put out by this proceeding, and although ample security was offered him he declined to take any responsibility in allowing Mr. Haskins any liberty. All that gentleman desired was time to secure proper clothing and notify his family, when he was willing to go to Utah, having intended to go over to Salt Lake during this week. By some construction of law new to lawyers, the Marshal delivered his prisoner to Deputy Sheriff Barnes, remarking that he would hold him responsible for his appearance this morning. Mr. Haskins at once arranged for his liberty and went back to Vallejo, returning yesterday, and will appear before Judge Ramage this morning. In relation to the cause of this arrest Mr. Haskins gives us the following information: He is the proprietor of the Summit silver mine in Utah Territory. The location of the Last Chance mine crosses it, and conflict arose out of that fact. Under the mining laws Haskins was notified by the authorities at Washington that within sixty days he must file a transcript of the title of his location and take notice of the conflicting location. He employed F. M. Smith, formerly Senator from Butte County, as his attorney. Subsequently Geo. Cadwalader, of this city, became associated with Mr. Smith as attorney for Haskins. His attorney, procured from the proper office the transcript of the records of the location of the Summit mine, and it became necessary for Mr. Haskins to verify it by the usual formal jurat which is made on information and belief as to facts not of the affiant's own knowledge. For thirteen months thereafter Mr. Haskins resided right at the mine, or, at least, in Utah, where the lawsuit between the companies was progressing, and no charge was made against him nor a breath heard concerning it. Business called him home, and now here one Wall, an original locator in the Last Chance, swears out the warrant for his arrest, and the reader knows what follows.

Mr. Haskins adds that he believes Governor Woods, of Utah, in issuing the prayer for his arrest in this State, was not actuated by the best of motives, inasmuch as he had a personal difficulty with Woods concerning this mine, and the Governor menaced him.

We learn that Governor Booth was told the requisition was for a criminal in Santa Cruz county, who was fleeing from justice and the officers of Utah. If so the order from Governor Booth was procured under false pretences and it should be revoked. Application has been made to the governor to do so, and it is believed he will at once send an order (being absent) to that effect, for it is certain that the laws of California are in full effect, and are of sufficient force. A warrant can be sworn out here and any prisoner secured like Mr. Haskins. There is no fleeing from justice in the matter, and it would be a great hardship to take Mr. Haskins over to Utah a prisoner and compel him to give bail there, when at his own home he can produce any required amount of bail at the briefest notice. At the best there was no call for the harsh action of Billings, and his haste is inexcusable when all the circumstances are considered.—*Sacramento Record, May 2.*

## EASTERN NOTES.

A Georgia girl rode a mule eighty-one miles in one day, and said she was not half so tired as she had been after a day at camp meeting or a picnic.

The Brooklyn ladies have been attacked with the mania for sculpturing, and the head of the family, instead of being coaxed for new bonnets, is being urged to send home marble, mallets and chisels.

The Chicago Times warns the public against a traveling woman named Perry, who tries to pass herself off as a relative of its editor. The poor creature must be mighty hard up in the matter of relatives.

The St. Louis coopers are making a war-hoop about the employment of Chinese labor in their trade, and threaten to "stave in" and "bung up" the Mongolian interlopers.

One result has been attained by the Darien inter-oceanic ship canal survey, and that is that the levels of the waters of both the Caribbean and the Pacific are the same, a popular fallacy being that the water of the Atlantic is higher than that on the Pacific side.

Mr. B. J. Loomis, Columbus correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, was married to Mrs. Hally Yeoman on Sunday night, and the Columbus Journal announces the fact with the startling head-line, "A woman who deserves sympathy."

The Golden Age would like to have Charles Sumner appointed to the vacant Chief Justiceship, but thinks his health and the President's indisposition will unite to prevent the appointment, very likely.

The Winnebagoes of Wisconsin, numbering 1,000 souls, are to be removed to a reservation in the western part of the Indian Territory. Some of the chiefs have gone thither to select grounds, but the mass of the Indians are adverse to removing from Wisconsin.

Baltimore's richest man is John Hopkins, an old Quaker bachelor of seventy-eight. He has given two or three million dollars to found a hospital and orphan home, and his magnificent private estate at Clifton, in the eastern suburbs of the city, is to be the site of a fully-equipped university, to which he proposes to give two or three millions more.

The parties dissatisfied with the recent award of Indian contracts say that the "ring" that carried off the prizes consists of R. B. Campbell, of Missouri, and George H. Stuart, of Pennsylvania, members of the commission; Granville M. Dodge, of Iowa, J. W. Slavins, of Missouri, A. H. Wilder, of Minnesota, Bozler, of Pennsylvania and D. W. (Clint) Wheeler, of New York. Gen. Dodge got a beef contract of about \$20,000.

George E. Fifield, of South New Market, N. H., has been building, for a few years past, a novel class of locomotives for the wooden-track railways in the lumber regions of Georgia. They are only six tons in weight, and have very large cylinders for so light machines. The capacity for carrying water and fuel is very great, the whole forming a very unique and serviceable machine, one of them being able to do the work of thirty mules easily.—*Boston Transcript.*