

BINGHAM.

A Little Spin Around the Camp—
Winnamuck Talks Tattly to
a Saint.

Correspondence Tribune.]

BINGHAM, May 12, 1875.

No changes in mining matters this week, the Jacquelines, Aladdin, and Winnamuck being the only mines shipping ore out of this canyon.

THE ASHLAND TUNNEL

is still under way, and if we may judge by the size of the dump, it won't be many years before they bid the boys of Car Fork "top o' the mornin'."

THE NEPTUNE

is still under guard, and the boys are determined to hold on until they are paid up to date. Come down with the stamps, gents, it is not a paying business to keep a mine like the Neptune idle.

The superintendent of the Spanish returned from the East a few days ago, and we expect that mine to turn loose on ore soon. A small force are at work on the

GREY EAGLE.

Some very good ore is piled on their dumps, but they have not commenced shipping.

The Revere is still the same; in fact the Yosemite and Revere vary but little either in quantity or quality of ore. The former is down about 240 feet, working on a large body of ore, assaying 60 per cent. copper and 25 silver.

Mike Driscoll continues to make the Yosemite "sate."

And now there is a diminutive representative of Enoch employed around the railroad yard in Bingham, who is highly indignant because Winnamuck has no regard for the "feelings of the Mormon people." The same old stereotyped phrase. I've heard it before, Mr. Railroad-man. When Brigham Young ceases to be a double-dealing, lying hypocrite, when his satellites, the horde of cut-throats, cease to be an eye-sore on the face of God's green earth, then and not till then can Winnamuck shake hands across the bloody carcass. Men of your stamp, Mr. Railroad-er, are very good in their way, but the only way is when dead. Get wrap yourself in the Decret alphabet, seek some nook by the classic Jordan and suicide. Utah is in a bad fix with the the epizootic, but we cannot spare the Stars and Stripes for a pocket-handkerchief. WINNAMUCK.