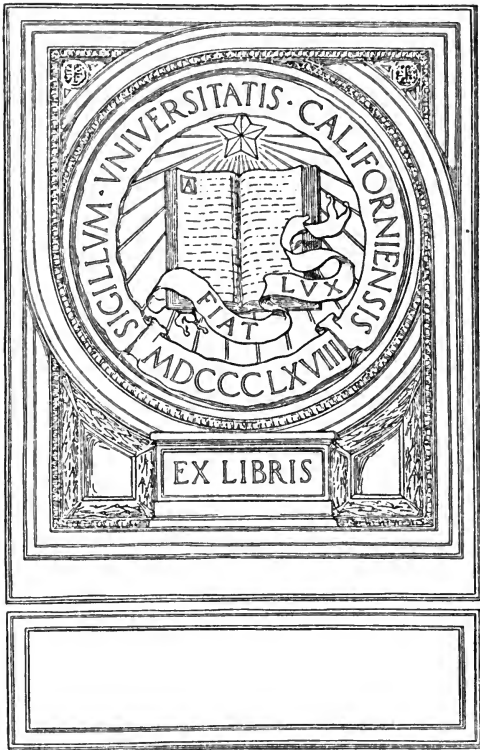


ROCKY MOUNTAIN
ADVENTURES

M. B. SHELTON

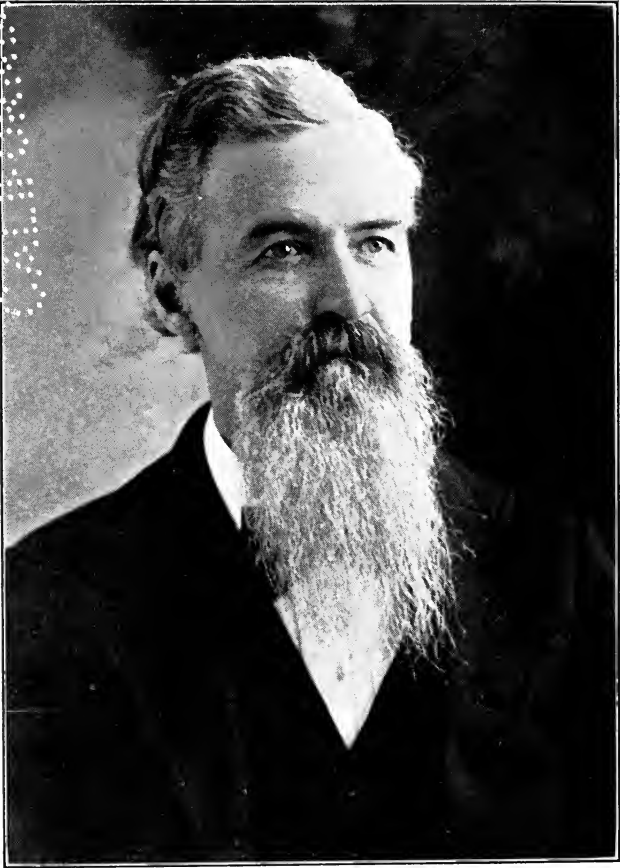


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ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES



ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES

BY

M. B. SHELTON



UNIVERSITY OF
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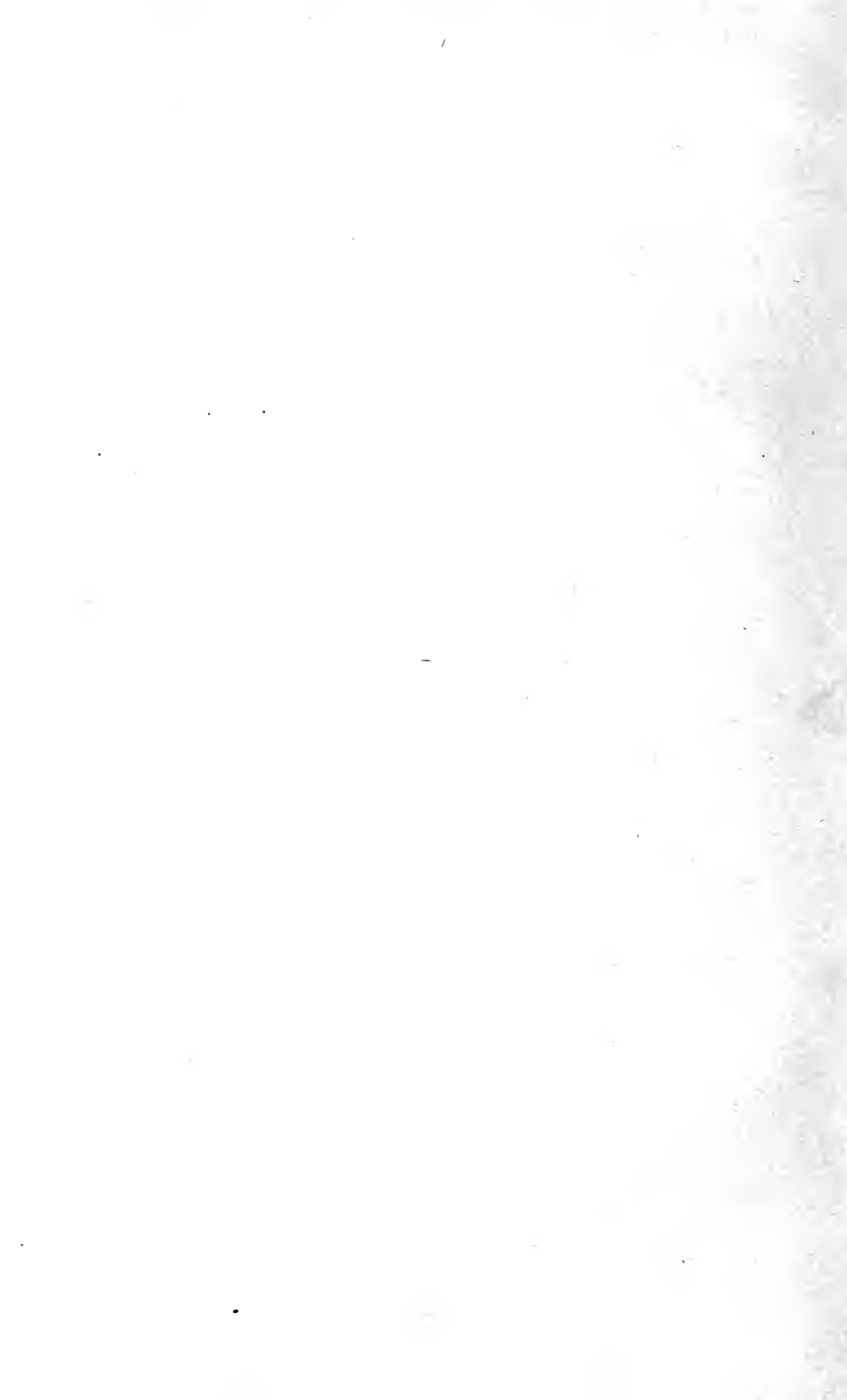
FOREWORD

Only a few words are needed as an introduction to this little volume. It was my good fortune to return home at the close of the Civil War, sound in limb and body, without a scratch or scar; but like others of my age without fame or fortune, even a little bit. I gave up an easy position with a small salary on January first 1867. With a sack full of "wild oats" it was my purpose to go into the mining regions of the Rocky Mountains, discover a big mine, and "get rich quick." To my mind this seemed plausible, and maybe an easy thing to do.

My plans and hopes in this direction were simply visionary dreams which never materialized. A continued series of failures met every effort from beginning to end. At every turn of the wheel the Fates were against me, with nothing left but the memory of past events, which I am now recalling after nearly half a century. As I look back, the past seems to rise before me more like a dream than something real.

The nine years spent in searching for the hidden treasures, with many hardships and adventures, had all the alluring features of a romance, though short of a fortunate hero, always found in fictitious writings. The one enduring thing left, was "a heart for any fate," and ever ready to sing with the poet:

"Thus humbly let me live and die
Nor long for Midas' golden touch,
If heaven more generous gifts deny
I shall not miss them much,
But grateful for blessings lent
Of simple taste and mind content."



Rocky Mountain Adventures

CHAPTER I

ON MY WAY TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. STOP
OVER AT NASHVILLE, LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS
AND KANSAS CITY. FIGHT WITH THE
INDIANS WHILE CROSSING "THE GREAT
AMERICAN DESERT." REACH DEN-
VER CITY IN PERFECT SAFETY

At the close of the war in 1865 I returned to my native village in Northern Alabama. Like a great many young men of my age, after this great conflict had ended, I was bankrupt in everything of value except hope and a willing hand to do things. Heaps of ashes could be seen in place of happy homes that once existed. The solitary, and now useless, chimney stems were pointing to the blue sky above like silent sentries guarding some desolate coast. We may mention with complacency the ravages of war, but we have no right to complain, for that was part of the programme from the beginning, and nothing more than might be expected, when victory went to the other side.

Only one store building was left which was occupied by a sutler. By permission he was allowed to sell a certain line of goods to the Federal army, a part of which was still encamped around our village. He offered me a position as clerk, which I gladly accepted, on the principle that a drowning man will grab at a straw. All my former aspirations of obtaining a still higher education had been cast aside and lost in the maelstrom of "Secession." But to my mind a clerkship, and by no means a large salary, was a very slow way to retrieve my

fallen fortune, so I was thinking and dreaming of something more active.

Gold had been discovered in California in 1849. Men went wild if not crazy over the excitement. Large fortunes were made by men, whether they were worthy of them or not. Of course glowing descriptions of the country, and the great wealth men were accumulating, were published in all the leading papers and magazines, but they failed to tell that for every success there were at least one hundred failures. These auriferous products of Nature were discovered in liberal quantities in 1859 on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains near Denver, Colorado. The old excitement had partly subsided, but the world was set on fire a second time. The war between the States covered the blaze, so to speak, for four years, but the embers were there waiting to be uncovered, when the time was ripe.

In the early part of 1867 with a few hundred dollars and several of those "sparks of Hope" still alive and ready for duty, I decided to "beard the lion" in his den. As it was then too early in the year, the season not being suitable to cross the plains or prospect for gold in the mountains, I accepted for the time a position in a wholesale dry goods store in Nashville, Tenn., to terminate at my own option.

In a very quiet manner, and agreeable to all parties, my contract as salesman was canceled, which left me entirely free to continue my contemplated trip to the mountains in quest of gold and silver, one or both. I left Nashville about May 20th without any definite idea of how I would reach my destination. As seeing things was one object in view I concluded to visit Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, but it would require too much space to describe this greatest cavern in all the earth. It took three days to get back to the railroad, but the sights were worth the trip.

A few days were spent in Louisville, Ky., and

while there I visited the old prison barracks, where as a prisoner of war I was an inmate of the hospital department for nearly two months, with some uncertainty about getting well, but the building had been removed and I failed to recognize the place. One object I had in taking this route was to travel as much as possible by water. To me this was the most pleasant mode of traveling. Further down the river I stopped off a few days at Henderson, Ky. Here the people had been very kind to me just after I had been released from Camp Chase prison. I had the pleasure of meeting many warm friends.

While there Mr. Soaper asked me why I failed to answer his letter, some ten months previous. He said that on learning Mr. Watterman could not comply with his contract, in which I was to assist him as teacher in the high school, that he had written me to return and resume my former position in his store. If I had received that letter in all probability Henderson would have been my future home, for I liked the city, and liked the people. But the time had passed and the current had drifted into another channel. It often happens that a very small matter, if taking place at a certain time, may change the whole trend of life.

From that place I went all the way to Kansas City, Mo., by water, changing boats at Paducha and at St. Louis, remaining in the latter place nearly a week to see the city and the sights. They were playing *Black Crook*, a spectacular production, at the theater, and had been for a hundred and sixty nights consecutively, and expected to continue. It was a mixture of the grand and the beautiful. I took passage on a boat three days before it left on purpose so I would have a nice place to stay without additional cost of a board bill. The pilot of the boat having nothing to do, showed me the attractive features of the city.

It took six days on the boat from St. Louis to Kansas City. From this place a stage line made

three trips each week to Denver, Col. They offered to sell me a ticket from Kansas to Denver for \$100.00, but I paid my own way to Salina nearly 100 miles, and the agent there asked me \$110.00 for a ticket to Denver. This was the Western idea of doing business, or maybe there was a little "graft" in this price. Late in the evening, while sitting in front of the hotel (it passed for such) the stage all the way from Denver drove up, and five or six passengers got out and off the coach.

This was the first conveyance of that character I had ever seen, and with a little "cheek" asked the driver to let me ride with him around to the barn. I told the driver my intention of going to Denver and he remarked, "All right we can put you there in five or six days and maybe less time." It was over 500 miles, and the stage went day and night after it started. The passengers were supposed to sleep on their seats, or if in the summer time, out on top. On examining the coach I noticed in the boot, which is attached to the rear part and used for carrying baggage and other parcels, that there was a good deal of blood. In answer to my question about it the driver replied that the stage on the way had been "held up" by robbers. One of the passengers not willing to give up his money was killed and his body was put in the boot and carried to the next station for burial.

At first I thought it was only a joke to frighten a "tenderfoot," but returning to the hotel and interviewing one of the passengers I found he had made a correct report. This same party said: "if you expect to cross the plains I would advise you to see the banker here and leave your money with him, and he will fix every thing so you can get your money from a banker in Denver. About fifteen or twenty dollars is all you will need. They charge one dollar for a good meal along the road. I have been in several "hold ups" but have made it a point not to have much they want. These des-

perados certainly mean business every time, and there is no use losing your life and money too. By keeping quiet and offering no resistance they will not hurt you or anyone."

This was one of the ways the "Great American Desert," as called in former times, was crossed in 1867. Of course numerous emigrant trains had passed over this route in former years, carrying their own supplies, and in such numbers as to secure their mutual protection. There was still another, perhaps more heroic, way of crossing, at least it required muscle and endurance. The adventures and hardships of this latter way I will try to call to mind as they occurred.

Early next morning while walking down the street I passed a gentleman standing on the sidewalk, gazing at a crowd on the other side. He appeared to me, as pictured in my mind, an ideal frontier-man. He wore high-top boots, a broad-brim hat, a heavy mustache and rather long hair. As an introduction is unnecessary in the Western country I proceeded to tell him I was a stranger here and would be glad to receive any information in regard to the best way to reach the Rocky Mountains out beyond the plains.

He replied: "Well judging from your appearance, perhaps the best way for you will be to go by stage. It will put you there quickest, and in an ordinary way safe enough. However, there is another way. I happen to be the owner of a wagon train now encamped three or four miles out on the way, and nearly ready to start. I need two more drivers and am here today looking for them."

This was all new to me for I had never seen a wagon train, except those used in the army but felt myself ready for nearly anything. I said to him: "Captain, it strikes me that I would like to go with you. What will I be required to do and how much do you pay?"

"It may not suit you," he replied. "There are sixty-six wagons and each one is pulled by ten

oxen. You will be expected to drive one of these teams, and yoke up as well as unyoke the oxen you drive twice each day. I pay one dollar per day and furnish something to eat."

"In my opinion, Captain, if that is all, you can count me already on the job," I replied. "In my early days we used nothing on the farm but oxen, except for plowing and riding, so I understand their nature and how to handle them. When you are ready to start for camp give the motion, and I will go with you. I can get ready in a few minutes."

"Just wait a minute," he said, "let me tell you something. The first thing to do is to get those fine duds off and put away. They will be no use to you on the plains. Here, I will go and show you exactly what to get. A pair of heavy overalls, and four or five dark colored cotton work shirts; you may need a change, and there will be no time to wash clothes after we begin to move. And this hat like mine you will need to protect you from the hot sun, also from the sand-storms we may have to go through. A pair of boots, neither coarse or fine, you will have special use for them. It may take us six weeks to reach Denver."

With these purchases I made my way back to the hotel, and when I emerged, clothed in my new frontier suit it is doubtful if my former associates would have known, or been willing to recognize, me. Of course it is not the clothing that makes the man, but they are a fairly good index to his occupation and ideas about society.

Meeting the Captain later, in the early afternoon, he said: "You are all right now. I have found another man and we are nearly ready to start. Get your grip (which was a regular leather valise) and carry it down to the stable, and I will carry it out in front of me. But before we start step over to the harness shop and get a black-snake whip which you will need as a driver of oxen. Get a good one; it will cost you \$1.50, but you can't

do without it." We took a kind of turkey-trot walk and reached camp in good shape.

This day was really the beginning of my Western life, and is one reason why I have described the events a little more in detail than usual. Although I have commenced the records of my Western life from the time I left Nashville, yet traveling on steam-boats with absolutely nothing to do is more like taking a pleasure trip. Living like a regular Nabob, and going to theatres in big cities is really no part of a Western life, such as I experienced for many years. The real beginning should date from the time I met Captain Carlile on the sidewalk in the street of Salina, Mo.

Our encampment, so-called, consisted of a corral made by all the wagons, so arranged when driven into position as to form an oblong circle and nearly closed at each end, and containing about an acre of land. The rainy season, for this section, had not yet subsided. Mr. Carlile, the owner of the train, told me there was not much use of starting before the tenth or fifteenth of June, which was nearly at hand. That he had made twelve or fifteen trips across the plains, often loading at Kansas City. That he knew the road all the way by heart, especially the bad places, and for many miles this was one of them.

With this information I began to feel a greater degree of safety in crossing this long stretch of desolate country. As the wagons were already loaded and their tongues pointing to the west, a courier was sent out to tell the herders to bring in the cattle. In about two hours here they came, 660 oxen; it looked like a thousand or more, but they were all driven into the corral, and chains stretched across each end to keep them there.

It was the duty of each driver to pick out ten oxen that would be his to drive on the entire trip. The oxen all had big wide horns except two mulies, and before they went into the corral, I claimed them as mine. With a bow in my hand I went into

the corral, as did others, and picked out a large ox for my right or off wheeler, and took him to my wagon and put him under yoke. When each one of the drivers did this, then we all took an even start with bow in hand and brought out an ox to match the other, as a near wheeler, and put him under yoke. This was repeated until the ten oxen stood ready to drive.

When everything was complete Mr. Carlile passed around the train to notice the selections made by the different drivers. When he reached my team he said: "Pard, you have picked out the best team in the 'outfit'; perhaps he said that to others. It was the custom in the Western country to call everything an 'outfit' from a pin to a steam engine. He said putting the mulies in the swing, that is in the center of the team, was a good idea. This was my second day on duty and my first 'stunt.'" (The last word is of course slang with a different meaning from the word found in the dictionary. The man out West that could not use slang had better take down his sign.)

When the order was given to "pull out" it meant that the front wagon of the right wing, driven by White Jim, was to start, and all the other wagons of that wing followed in regular file. In this way the right wing led the van in the forenoon. In the afternoon the front wagon of the left wing, driven by Black Jim, the only colored man in the train, took the front lead, all of the right wing in the rear. My place was in the center of the right wing, each one having his special place. This plan was continued across the Great American Desert, at the rate of ten or fifteen miles per day.

On the fourth day out we "hung up" at one of those bad places where the land was low and there seemed to be no way to go around some other way. The stage went by in a gallop and hardly left a print on the turf, but the heavy-loaded wagons moving much slower cut through, that is a number of them did. I managed to guy my team a little

to one side, as did others, and by keeping the wheels moving easily went across; however, ten or fifteen were down with their axles on the turf, which meant lots of work to get them out.

A corral was formed out about a half mile on higher ground, and we remained there five days before getting ready to start. It was the duty of the night herders to bring in the cattle, when we were on the move, at barely good daylight, but when detained in camp they were relieved by a detail of three men, who remained on duty until past 9 A. M. when another relief was sent, which on this occasion fell to my lot. The duty of a herder is to keep the cattle together as much as possible, and try to keep them not more than two miles from camp, which is sometimes hard to do.

This was the third day of our encampment, and my first duty of this character. About 11 o'clock I noticed a dark cloud looming up above the southern horizon. By noon it began to look very threatening and I was wishing for the third relief due at 1 P. M. The lightning in vivid streaks reached clear down to the ground and the thunder seemed to shake the earth, such earth as it was. The rumbling sounds of the upper deep failed to cause a cheerful feeling. But all this grandeur of the elements was cut short for me by the timely arrival of the third relief.

In the distance the white sheets over the wagons were plainly in view, tho not less than one and a half miles away. Under the circumstances I asked my legs to take me there as quickly as possible. This electrical display no longer had any charms for me. The race was not of the "turkey-trot" kind. It was gratifying to feel that my legs were "on the job" all the time and succeeded in making precisely an even race. I have read graphic descriptions of great storms upon the ocean, where ships and sailors go down in the sea. None the less terrible are the great cyclonic disturbances upon these treeless plains. In fact, the rolling undulations of

the land reminds me of the waves seen upon the ocean.

Our wagons were loaded with 7,000 pounds of freight and locked together in corral shape, making us safe against hurricanes and whirling winds. The rain may and doubtless did fall in sheets of water, but my business now was strictly on the inside, and I had no time to look out. The first thing was to tighten the guy strings of the wagon sheet, and even with this precaution a mist came through enough to wet a man in a short time, but with several ply of blankets I kept in a manner dry. A sense of security, and the thought of barely missing the pelting rain mixed with hail, rather prepared me to enjoy the fury of the outside torrent, made glorious by heaven's finest artillery.

In about two hours the rain subsided, the clouds passed away and the sun came out and shone as beautifully as ever, and even more so, leaving a quiet impression that nothing had happened. Some of the boys were surprised to see me as they thought we were still on the high commons. Mr. Carlile and his two assistants rode out north five or six miles and found the herders trying to bring the cattle back. It was after night before they returned to camp, and hearing them tell of their adventures and hardships made me feel like shaking hands with myself for being lucky enough to miss that drive "by the skin of my teeth."

After leaving Salina I noticed all along for twenty or thirty miles out that some one had plowed deep furrows around plots of land, which may have been future settlers marking off their claims. The soil was dark and had the appearance of being fertile. The land was level, and without trees, shrubs or rocks, making a farmer's regular Paradise with nothing lacking but wood. This continued all the way out to the place where we were then camping some fifty or sixty miles. Just a short distance south of us the U. P. R. R. was laying

track at the rate of one or two miles each day. In all probability this entire section is producing corn and wheat in large quantities, as there was plenty of rain for agricultural purposes. Mr. Carlile remarked that no doubt this was his last time to cross these bad places that had given him so much trouble.

We were now in the central part of the great state of Kansas, and from this point further on the ground was higher and we moved more rapidly. From this time it was the same all the way across the prairie. Every morning, while a big star was still twinkling in the East, some one made heavy raps on the side of the wagon and called out with a lusty voice; "Roll out, roll out, the cattle's in the cavey yard." Often it seemed that I would have given "half my kingdom" for another hour of sleep.

If anyone said anything about breakfast he was simply "talking thru his hat." Not any—not even a crumb. No time to eat now. We usually drove from five to eight miles in four to six hours, the distance depending upon a suitable camping place where both water and grass could be found, two things absolutely necessary. The further we went, it seemed the more barren and desolate the country. If some one should be curious enough to ask where we got wood to do our cooking, the answer would be easy by telling him that we used "buffalo chips" which we found along the side of the road, and it was easy to put them in a sack hung on the wagon for that purpose. Some of them were nearly two feet in diameter and made a splendid fire. In the afternoon we always started out about 3 P. M. and continued to move until we reached the next good camping place, sometimes 8 o'clock.

My time to go on herd duty was about once each week, and after the first one hundred miles further out, I found a special use for boots. It was not convenient to watch the foot-step while watching the cattle, but unless careful I might step on

a rattlesnake. They seem to congregate in colonies or at least they were more numerous in some places than others. In certain localities it was no unusual thing to see hundreds of acres infested with these reptiles. They seemed to be a little careless about getting out of the way, but if given a little time would glide out of the way to one side. If I was to make a reckless statement of seeing ten thousand snakes in one day someone might want me to "fall a snake or two," but they were there to be seen all the same. While the "rattler" showed signs of anger by the singing of his tail, yet in his behalf I can say he bit no one, not even an ox.

Two other denizens of the prairie occupied the same territory, noted more as objects of curiosity than otherwise. One of these, the prairie dog, which in size and color resembled a fox squirrel, though with tail and head like a dog. He was conspicuous along the route, especially when passing through his "city." He stands erect upon the threshold of his burrow, erect like a soldier at "present arms," but on the approach of danger seeks refuge in the windings of his subterranean home.

The other little creature alluded to is the prairie owl, about the size of a pigeon, and singular, as it seems it too claims an ownership in this hole in the ground as a protection from wind and weather. But still more curious is the fact that the rattlesnake makes this burrow his home also. Whether the little dog invites his guest to share the benefits of his home, and built apartments convenient for their use, or they occupied his home by force of invasion, is not a matter for me to decide. In the science of zoonomy we are not able to find a similar instance where three distinct species of creation dwell together in peace and harmony.

Traveling days and weeks without seeing a tree or even a bush was growing monotonous. The country in the main was level, though undulating, with sage bushes between higher places. Off in the distance small herds of buffalo and antelope

could be seen nearly every day. One of the drivers with a long range rifle, side stepped, so to speak, and by a lucky shot killed a young buffalo. That night and next day seventy men had something good to eat. This occurred in the Smoky Hill River section. That night several of the drivers reported seeing groups of Indians off on the higher points.

The assistant "boss" took upon himself next day to vedette for the train and keep us from falling in ambush by the Indians, which was all right for us but not for him. Late that evening, nearly sundown, in plain view of the train, and about a mile away we saw three of the "red-skins" make a rushing covert attack upon him. Evidently, from some cause, he had not seen them, for we saw the smoke from his gun, and saw him fall at the same time, and by this we knew his earthly career was over and his doom was sealed.

The entire train was stopped and about a dozen of us went out and brought him in. They had taken his watch, money and saddle, but his horse was grazing not far away. They also took a piece of scalp from the back part of his head, about three or four inches in diameter. That night we buried him, of course without a coffin, from the light of a fire made of buffalo chips. It was a sad and gloomy scene, and caused us to realize that the only good Indian was a dead one. After this tragical event the driver with a long range gun did not make any more "side steps" to bring in young buffalo.

A few days later we crossed Smoky River, or what passed for a river. As far as I could see it was nothing but an area of sand one or two miles wide. It was reported by knowing ones that the water was running under the sand all right, but I happened to be very busy at that time and could not stop and dig down to verify the fact, so had to take their word for it.

A short distance, perhaps ten miles further, we came to a "sure enough" spring, coming out of

the earth like springs do back in the United States. By making a long drive we got there about noon, and remained there the balance of the day and all night to give the cattle time to rest and graze on the fine grass growing down the branch. There had been quite a grove of trees there of the cottonwood variety, judging from the stumps. The trees had been used in building a fort called Wallace, and a number of federal soldiers were stationed here at that time. We learned from them that the Indians, quite a number of them, were now on the war path, because the limbs of these trees now removed had been used by them as a burial place for their dead .

The "noble red men of the forest" had donned their red paint, and very little of anything else, a short time before, and we were just now receiving our first intelligence of the fact. They had been peaceable for many years before. We were just in time to be "in the midst thereof," and it was just as safe to go on as it was to turn back; in fact we were nearer Denver City than Salina, so the only way was to fight our way through, if necessary.

It seemed to me there was very little use in cutting down these trees, as there was no use in building a fort, especially while the Indians were peaceable. It was entirely useless as it gave no one protection except those on the inside, and besides the railroad would be across the plains in another year, and the traveling would be a pleasure instead of a peril. The stage coach had not passed us for nearly a week, which further convinced us we might have trouble.

The weather was hot and dry, and the roadway firm the balance of our journey. We were making better headway than usual until next day about 4 P. M. the unterrified, uncouth and uncivilized "red skins" made a dash upon the rear part of the train and cut off four wagons. The fourth wagon had only six oxen to it and contained our supplies,

also extra yokes and chains. It seems the object of this raiding party was something to eat. In some way they knew or guessed mighty well where the supplies were kept. When the fourth wagon was stopped the other three behind it did the same; the drivers made no defense but went running towards the front, spreading the alarm. Not a gun was fired on either side.

A train of sixty-six wagons and teams when strung out in single file will reach over a mile, but the word was quickly passed up the line to the front wagon. It required several minutes, but from the thirtieth wagon back we formed in regular battle style and charged back to the rear, but "Lo poor indian" was gone and out of sight. He had carried with him all the sugar, salt and lard he could find. According to estimate there were not more than fifteen or twenty of them. The two wings drove along by the side of each other to the next camping place.

A council was held that night and it was decided we would start out next morning four abreast, which would put me in one of the front wagons on the extreme right. This was done in order to keep the wagons as close together as possible. The cattle were kept in the corral that night and a cordon of six pickets, relieved at midnight, was placed around the wagons in order to avoid a surprise attack that might be made. Others slept under their wagons in touch of their firearms, so as to be ready on quick notice.

Mr. Carlile explained to us that they would try to stampede the cattle as well as kill the drivers. Western men understood that any animals of the bovine kind, including the buffalo, when stampeded want to run, and really with that scare on them have no cow sense. We were out twelve or fifteen miles from Fort Wallace, and near the state line between Kansas and Colorado. Next morning in the distance on high places, we could see the Indians dashing along on their ponies. About 8 A. M.

they came upon us with a mighty rush, whooping, yelling and shooting.

Their attack was made on our left front, riding at full speed and bent over on the opposite side of their ponies. There were about fifty or seventy-five of them and as they passed my corner, making the turn of the circle, my old Colt revolver spoke back to them four times. Of course the oxen were a kind of breast-work for me, except my head and shoulders. They were not more than sixty or seventy yards distant, riding in single file. Possibly they expected us to run but we did not.

They made a complete circuit around the wagons, but this time at least a hundred and fifty yards distant, which showed they were getting weak on the job. As they passed the second time my old Colt only spoke twice more, to let them know it was still on speaking terms. The one in front, or the leader, carried a black flag, which meant they took no prisoners. After this escape they rode off a half mile or so and stopped near our roadway, enough to say: "You can't come this way." Orders were given to form the wagons into a corral and take the oxen on the inside. No one knew their intentions, and the situation began to look serious. What next to do was a very important question.

One of the "bucks" was waving a black flag about a hundred and fifty yards distant. I could not see him while standing on the tongue of my wagon, so climbed up the front with my head near the bow that holds the covering. This was a foolish thing to do. The solid character and curvature of the bow threw the bullet from his gun downward and across the corral hitting one of the boys on the hip, causing a big blue spot but bringing no blood. I carefully examined the print of the bullet on the bow and found it did not miss my head more than three or four inches.

An inventory of our arms showed only forty pieces all told, and nearly all these were of the

pistol variety. Our adversaries, from appearance, were armed with breech-loading carbines and also side arms. On examination I found six or eight bullet holes in the upper part of my wagon and through its covering, showing they had shot too high. Other wagons showed the same effect, but next time they might aim lower. There must have been two or three hundred shots fired on both sides and it was a very strange thing to me that neither man nor beast received even a wound. It is not reasonable to think the whole thing was for the purpose of gun play. On my own part I was not much scared or excited, and I know my shots were fired to hit something.

We often read in novels and in some histories about the Indian war-whoop, but if this yell heard that day was the real thing, then my ideas were somewhat perverted. It was more like the wild howl of a dog that ended with several sharp barks. However, they caused one to have a kind of creepy feeling and wish himself somewhere else quick. It is all a mistake to say these war bucks won't fight, can't shoot worth a cent, nor don't know how to ride. These three things are their stock in trade, and by them they make a living.

We could see them collecting their forces not a mile away, and expecting them to renew the attack at any minute. Mr. Carlile had a field glass and we could easily see the commotion caused by a fresh arrival to their ranks. Out on four or five high points they built fires, and the smoke was a signal for twenty miles around, which brought in the recruits. Their long spears with bright tips on the end, made a war-like impression of a savage nature to say the least, and served to increase that creepy feeling previously referred to. There was no disguising the fact that our situation was growing more critical and gloomy. Visions of tomahawks and scalping knives seemed not far away.

A council of war was held among us to devise

some plan of safety if possible. We knew our deficiency in arms, but our enemy did not know that, and doubtless thought we were supplied in that respect as sensible men ought to have been. And further, they knew we could use the wagons and their contents as fortifications which would be greatly to our advantage. Still we were uneasy over the prospects and anxious for some definite plan for our safety. One of the drivers proposed to go back that night to Fort Wallace and if possible get the soldiers there and more guns, and return by daylight next morning. We were still discussing the probability of a night attack when Mr. Carlile told us that in his opinion he could see soldiers coming to our relief. As they drew nearer we could see more plainly, and in the joy of our hearts got our artillery in shape and started to meet them.

The Indians were busy watching us most of the time and had not seen the approaching soldiers until they were about ready to open fire on them. The effect of the first volley was to send them flying across the plains, though some of them did make a stand long enough to shoot back. And this is the last time we saw any Indians while crossing the plains. This might have been and was a poor way of celebrating the Fourth of July, but it was not of our choosing. Four years previous I had celebrated the day by being captured as a prisoner of war; neither was that of my choosing.

We met our rescuers with a profusion of thanks, and it might be truly said with glad hearts, for there is no way of telling what would have been our fate. The troops, about seventy-five or a hundred were furnished as an escort to the famous Gen. Hancock who had checked the great charge of Pickett at Gettysburg, who in turn had charged the bloody angle at Spottsylvania. He had seen our wagons from a distance and knew in reason we were besieged by the Indians. We went back to the corral and held a council of expediency. The

General advised us to go back with him to Fort Wallace and remain there two or three days. According to his ideas these Red Men were mad about something, and in keeping with their nature would have to fight somebody and then have a war dance over it before they could get in a good humor and willing to bury the hatchet.

It was nearly sundown before we got strung out on our return, though when night came on the moon made it nearly as light as day. We reached the same camping ground we had formerly occupied about 3 A. M. after an absence of two days and nights. The experience of that night affords material for remembrance if not for reflection and meditation. Everything that makes an unpleasant feature in a healthy man's life was crowded together during this long drive. We were tired, hungry, thirsty and sleepy, not just a little bit either, but a feeling of safety was one consolation. After a late breakfast next morning most of us crawled back in our wagons and went to sleep.

Remaining three days at Fort Wallace we re-resumed our journey. The men and cattle too were all in fine fettle and the first day out we passed the old battle ground and three or four miles beyond went into camp. Further along we came to higher grounds, a kind of plateau; the station was called First View. From this point the dim outlines of the Rocky Mountains could be seen. It was over a hundred miles to Denver and the crest of the mountains were fifty miles beyond that point. At this distance they reminded me of an undulating bank of clouds just above the horizon, a deception not only pleasing to the eye but very consoling to the weary foot-sore driver.

All along this plateau the view of the prairie was also magnificent, spreading out like a great panorama a hundred miles in every direction. There may be more lovely landscapes or more beautiful scenery, but I have my doubts that the

world affords another view more varied and extensive. It is well to mention now, lest I forget it, that piles of rock about two feet high were all along the route, said to have been put there by John C. Fremont, the "pathfinder," to mark out the most direct route to Pike's Peak. I am not able to tell where he got the rocks but they were there all the same.

Yoking up of a morning was not now nearly so much trouble, nor was walking to and fro along the side of the team nearly so tiresome. The very idea itself of being in sight of the end made a world of difference. I could throw my black-snake whip twice around my head and clip a fly off an ox without touching its hide, which was quite an art. I could also sing out the word "Omaha" in regular western style. We were now making fine headway and could notice the mountains were looming up higher every day. Our old friends, the prairie dog and the rattle-snake, were just as friendly as ever, but the poor Indian had gone where the "woodbine twineth," and was conspicuous for his absence. The jackrabbit, the coyote, and the antelope were seen occasionally, but hardly on speaking terms.

The wagons we drove were called "prairie schooners" or "ships of the desert." They were made specially strong for this service, with three inch tire and a deep bed. These schooners were loaded with a hundred and twenty bushels of shelled corn in sacks. We commenced unloading at First View leaving sixty bushels at each station. My career as driver, most unexpectedly was soon coming to a glorious termination. Mr. Carlile had my wagon unloaded among the first ones, and to my surprise asked me to help him keep tally of the weights on the sacks left at the different stations. He was also gracious enough to tell me I could ride the extra horse that had been kept along with the train since its rider had been killed by the

Indians. This was a kind of promotion to assistant boss.

As the schooners were unloaded they were attached to others of the same character, and the oxen herded and driven that way. The rations were very short, due to the thievery of the Indians and the extra time we had been delayed. As Mr. Carlile had a good horse and fleet of foot, he concluded to ride on to Denver, and meet us on the way with supplies. This arrangement left me in charge of the train three days and nights. Once more I was having a good time after a fashion. What I was doing was more like play than work, though there was some responsibility attached. Perhaps nothing makes a man appreciate an easy job more than going through and getting off a hard one. Really I had nothing much to do only to ride along leisurely and feast the eye on the rolling plains as a picture, and the lofty mountains as a background.

When we reached Denver I could see that over half of the corn would be left there or sent on to other stations further along this same stage line extending to various points. Mr. Carlile asked me to go with him up to headquarters and make a report of the corn I had checked out at the different stations. Fortunately the head man was in his office, and as it is rarely the case with men of this class, we found him cordial and pleasant in his deportment. After receiving our report and drawing a check, we told some of the adventures of our trip, in which I was permitted to do some of the talking.

Mr. Carlile remarked incidentally that I was on my way to Georgetown as a prospector with the hope of getting rich quick. He further remarked, as a matter of business, that a complimentary ticket to that place, no doubt, would be highly appreciated. Turning in his easy chair to his desk, he wrote a few lines and handed me, with scarcely a break in our conversation. Parting with Mr. Car-

lile a few hours later my last request of him was to see that no one mistreated my always faithful muley oxen. It seems strange to me now that I did not keep as trophies of the past, the pistol used in fighting the Indians, also the whip used in crossing the "Great American Desert."

Although I was anxious to get up in the mountains to try my luck, yet I remained at this place a week or more. It was considered prudent and advisable before going into the mountains to remain near the base or foot hills for a week at least in order to give the lungs time to get in line for the extra service that would be required of them in higher altitudes. Denver was especially adapted to this purpose, being about twelve miles from the base. It had an elevation itself of 5,000 feet, with a rolling declivity to the Missouri River.

I had worn off many of the "tenderfoot" qualities by walking across the plains and was prepared to tackle nearly anything except a faro bank or poker den. Both of these forms of "innocent amusement" were in easy touch all the time, where a fool and his money would soon part company. Denver was then a kind of rendezvous for men with a little money, from smaller places, and still holds that position up to the present time. It had then four or five thousand inhabitants, it now has over two hundred thousand and is one of the most thrifty as well as most beautiful cities in the world. Its early history is quite interesting, and the future development of the whole country was contingent on its accidental location, which deserves more than merely a passing notice.

From the time gold was first discovered in California in 1848 a large number of emigrants had made up their outfit at Omaha, and from there went through South Pass, a low place in the mountains, and then on by way of Salt Lake City. It occurred to a number of men from the mining section of Georgia that to start from Kansas City and go south of Salt Lake, would cut off the elbow

and shorten the route. Of course when they reached Platt River where Denver is located they were good and tired and ready to rest, at least a few days. I am free to accept this as a fact from personal experience.

This party of pioneers was headed by George Griffith and Green Russel. The latter being a practical miner took his pan down to the creek (it was a creek in time of low water but a river when the snows in the mountains began to melt and scooped up some of the sand. On washing it he found a "color" of gold, and this little find ended their journey Westward. They divided and followed the stream up the several canyons from which the stream debouched and one of them found the hiding place of the gold near the point where Central City is now located. They went to work and before cold weather approached took out in gold dust and nuggets \$32,000.00 as a result of their labor.

Circumstances,—the want of supplies, if nothing else,—forced them to return to Georgia. They told their friends and others of their wonderful discovery, and they had the evidence of the truth with them. As the discovery and its location was a matter of national importance the newspapers all over the country gave it wide publicity. This vast section at that time was a pathless unexplored region known as "Pike's Peak," which had been located and marked on the map, though over one hundred miles further south.

There was no use making a long trip overland to California when gold could be obtained less than half the distance. In the early part of 1859 the "gold fever" was at a high pitch. A great many under the excitement began to move in that direction. It was a common expression in every part of the country to hear people say: "On to Pike's Peak or bust," even among those who had no intention of going. It seems strange what a wonderful effect the magic word "gold" has on the

popular mind. I was told that some people crossed the desert plains carrying their supplies in little push carts.

There was one consolation, however, they were not called on to fight the Indians as we did. Our train was not only the last one of any kind to cross the plains but the only one that had to fight its way. I might mention here that we hunted up back numbers of the papers and read a description of the battle fought by these same Indians that attacked us, with Gen. Custer up on Republican Fork on July 8th and 9th. He killed about twenty or thirty of them, and I presume they had their war dance and got in a good humor.

Not that there is connection or similarity in the events, but it brings to my mind that it rained forty days during the great flood; I served forty days doing hospital work; and was forty days in the army; and now I had been forty days crossing the plains. Any one can take his choice if he wishes to make a selection. As for myself one is about as good as the other. In my future efforts I was not hunting a job of either kind.

After this great excitement of 1859, eight years later found me in the wake they left, possibly trying to trace their footprints. It may be, yes it was, with a hopeful heart, yet with many forebodings as to profitable results. My purpose now it to tell about these uncertainties in the following chapters.

CHAPTER II

ARRIVED IN GEORGETOWN. WENT TO WORK
NEXT DAY. LEARNING HOW TO MINE. FIRST
DISCOVERY. BEAUTIFUL MINERAL BUT LOW
GRADE ORE. WORK ON TERRIBLE MINE.
NEARLY A MINING ACCIDENT. BOUGHT
HALF INTEREST IN "KING DAVID"
MINE. VALUABLE ORE BUT "PE-
TERED OUT."

Away up in one of the mountain gorges there was a small mining camp named Georgetown, the objective point of my journey. In fact any other place might have suited me just as well, for hunting the hidden deposits of mineral may be compared to a blind bat trying to catch a mosquito on a dark night. One morning at barely good daylight the stage was ready for the forty-five mile drive, and so was I, taking my seat with the driver as previously arranged. The first fifteen miles was smooth and level and it seemed quite like a pleasure trip. Leaving the plains and the foothills behind us we entered Clear Creek Canyon and continued in this gorge the balance of the trip.

At many places the high cliffs came so near the water that it had been difficult to find a roadway, though it was firm and well built even if steep and hard to climb. At one place the road had to leave the creek a short distance, and we went up a hill about half a mile long. The driver asked the passengers to please walk up the hill, which we consented to do. After going a short distance I found my legs got tired quickly as though they might be lazy, and my breathing machinery seemed to be on extra duty. This was my first experience in the effects of higher altitudes. They changed horses

twice on the way which enabled us to make good time, reaching the end of our journey before night. I found a boarding place for a few days only, at \$10.00 per week.

As Georgetown is to be my future home and habitation for several years, it might be well to give some definite idea of its location and surroundings. One of the peculiar features about these canyons is that they widen out from a quarter to a half-mile at places, forming beautiful parks from one to three miles long. This generally occurs at the confluence of two streams. Although up in the mountains thirty miles from the foothills, one of these level spots or parks was formed by the deft hand of nature, and there Georgetown was built. Only ten or twelve miles further and we come to the Continental Range, beyond which the waters flow into the Pacific Ocean.

At the time of my arrival this was a new mining camp of little importance. Several years previous George Griffith, one of the first pioneers had made a few discoveries, and along with others built a cabin and named the place Camp George, his given name, but later it assumed the name of Georgetown. They soon found by assaying the ore that it contained silver but no gold. As soon as this fact was ascertained they abandoned their discoveries as worthless, at least for the time. I might say in this connection that there is a wide difference in the treatment of gold and silver ore, the former being always free, while the latter is always in combination with one or several of the baser minerals, such as zink, antimony, lead, etc.

The treatment of gold ore taken from the mines is very simple, though it may be a little difficult to describe without being tedious. I have seen a hundred and fifty stamps in operation at one time, and heard them too, in fact could not hear anything else when a battery of that size is in motion. A stamp is a rod of iron four inches in diameter and about twelve feet long with an eight inch bulge

at one end, and the other end a crook which acts as a shoulder, and the line shaft revolving, the flange lifts the stamp about two feet and passing on turns the stamp loose and it falls on a die firmly fixed beneath.

A receptacle of the proper size and strength for the ore is constructed and properly placed, made water tight except meshed apertures. A constant supply of water is kept running into this long trough and the millman soon learns when and where to shovel in the ore. As the stamp falls upon the ore it is pulverized and in the shape of muddy water forced through the meshes. This muddy water runs over a slightly inclined sheet of copper, to which cleats are fastened about one foot apart, and quicksilver poured along on the upper side of the cleats, which at the proper time are removed, and the amalgam is caught in a tub conveniently arranged so as to catch it.

In the economy of Nature she has been generous in providing that these two metals will adhere to nothing else only each other unless released by a process of heat, nor will they separate by abrasion. All this muddy water is conveyed to a tub by gutter, where more quicksilver has been placed. The cleats are taken up when thought best and everything goes into the tub. Then the water is drained off until nothing is left but the amalgam. This is put in a retort at a low heat the mercury is volatilized and collected in a vessel of water ready to use again, and nothing is left but the gold dust.

There is another way of obtaining gold called "placer mining" which is quicker and often more profitable because less expensive. It seems more than probable that at some geological age the adjacent surroundings where gold is found, were once much higher than at present. I have traveled on foot over the trend of this mountain range for several hundred miles, and visited a number of gold mining camps, and my observation led me to

the conclusion that gold was found at a lower elevation than silver.

It is certainly a plausible theory that the mountains where gold is found were once much higher, and during the glacial period they were torn down and ground up by this great moving mass. There is too much debris with the gold deposits along in the different gulches to have been brought there by ordinary abrasion caused by melting snow. There is very little doubt, if any, that these deep canyons on both sides of the "divide" originated in the main, during the glacial period.

The ordinary miner was not much interested in how the gold got there. The main thing with him was how to find and get it out. Often he prospects along a single gulch for a year or more by digging holes in the ground and testing the dirt without finding anything of value. If he did succeed in finding a rich deposit it was called "luck" and from his point of view, labor of itself was of minor importance. When by "patience and long suffering" he made a lucky find, the mining law gave him the right to stake off a certain boundary, which, by putting it on record, became his property.

It requires a vivid imagination to draw a picture of the glacial epoch and the topographical changes made in the earth's surface, but they occurred, and the deposits of gold they left were very treacherous and uncertain. When a discovery of the kind referred to was made, the most important matter to consider was how to construct a flue, and handle the water in the best way to carry through the flue the debris consisting of dirt, sand and gravel, also to dispose of the boulders too large to enter the flue. But men by experience soon learned this to a degree of perfection.

When the length and width of the flue is decided, cleats are tacked on the bottom and quicksilver placed above them, also in the big tub at the end of the flue. With this all complete the miner is ready to commence work. The best and richest

part of the claim is often found on the bed-rock, or rock in place. Depressions or saucers have been formed by abrasion in this solid rock, and a single scoop of his shovel may bring to light a pint or more of solid gold nuggets of various sizes and shapes.

Many a poor fellow after standing in the cold water for days and weeks has entered his dirt-floor cabin at night with a tingle of joy in every nerve and muscle of his body. His dreams of "getting rich quick" have been realized, because there is more of the same kind of stuff to be captured by scraping the bed-rock at other places. His mind is not disturbed by thought of 'graft' or cheating his fellow man. In turning the wheel of Fortune his coffer is filled, but not at the expense of another who is left in the race to lament his loss. And this to an honest man is worth as much as the gold itself.

When Green Russel dipped his pan in the sands of Platt River he made a discovery that opened the way for a band of adventurous men to follow who were not afraid to take their chance in the mountain defiles, several hundred miles beyond the borders of civilization. This discovery of his led to others still greater in the same line. It opened up a wide field for the development of commercial and industrial activities too numerous to mention. In fact the future building up of this part of Western country hinged upon this event.

In an ordinary way it may seem that too much space and attention is given to gold, but considering its great utility to the human family this would be hard to do. It stands today, and perhaps always will, as "king" in the metal kingdom, and is the unit of value to every other commodity on earth. Its supremacy commenced even before Aaron made the golden calf and hung it up for the Children of Israel to gaze upon and become healed. A bible student once told me the real virtue was in their faith, and not in the "calf."

But we need not go back to the ages of antiquity to find the highest appreciation for its necessity among men. In this modern age of civilization we find its power has increased rather than diminished. We can see in all the walks of life that it is used as a lifting lever to give strength to the actions of men and cause them to do noble or ignoble deeds.

As previously mentioned there is a wide difference in the treatment of gold and silver ores, the latter being much more refractory. The process of eliminating it from the baser metals would be tedious to describe and might not be interesting in the details, therefore will be omitted. The ordinary miner knew very little and cared less how it was done. If we concede that gold is king of metals, silver deserves to be crowned "queen," and on this basis all other metals are the common people.

I have now written, it is hoped, not at too great length, in regard to the two so-called precious metals which have for centuries served not only as a measure of value in the commercial world, but as a basis for our financial system. My next effort will be directed to trying to tell a few of the privations, adventures and disappointments encountered while searching for this alluring and evasive stuff that sometimes makes men and women go crazy for the want of it.

The next morning after my arrival I walked down town, if thirty or forty rather rudely constructed houses are entitled to the name of town. There were already two streets marked off which met two others at right angles, and a notice on the corner lots that they were for sale. I soon met a man who saluted me by the name of "Hello pard," and said he wanted to hire two men for a few days and perhaps longer. I had learned by this time to dress in the garb of a laboring man. One of the men that crossed the plains with me also went up to Georgetown and was boarding at

the same place, so we found him and he was ready for work in a few minutes.

We followed our employer to a point where he wished to commence making a trail over a mile in a straight line to a discovery he had made or bought from some prospector. In order to get the proper grade for pack animals it was necessary to zig-zag with turns, making the distance about three miles. He blazed the way and we followed with pick and shovel. It took five days, the balance of the week, to reach the objective point. Making this trail enabled me to gradually ascend higher points and at the same time get pay for it.

In this connection I might say that though Georgetown is 9,000 feet above the sea yet the mountains on either side were 3000 to 4000 feet higher, in fact as high as the "range" except the highest peaks. This was my introduction as a prospector for prospecting was my intended business. When we completed the trail our employer showed us his so-called mine. There was no mineral in sight nor anything else except rock as far as I could see, yet he was confident a good vein of ore was down below, no telling how far. It was only a short distance to a mine called "Summit", very rich in silver though the quantity was too small to be profitable to work it.

Some one had worked a little on the claim and sold out to this man, and he told us that pack animals would bring up mining tools and supplies, and that we might be ready Monday morning to commence sinking a shaft. We made an honest confession to him that neither of us knew a thing in the world about mining, as for my own part I had never seen a drill or a piece of fuse in my life. That night he paid us \$20.00 each, just half as much as received for the whole time crossing the plains.

While walking around Sunday we found a vacant cabin with a floor in it which we rented at \$5.00 per month. On Monday we built a bunk and a

table, also made numerous purchases necessary for light housekeeping, which in the absence of a female to give directions, is called 'batching'. The tinner made us a sheet-iron stove (for \$6.00) that one man could easily carry in his hand, but it answered our purposes all the same. My experience in the army and in prison had given me some idea of cooking. My partner had also been a soldier, though on the opposite side of the "fence," and knew more of the culinary arts than I did. We "snaked" down off the side of the mountain that evening enough dry pine poles to last us three months, so we were prepared to live on the cheapest plan possible, which was less than half of what we had been paying.

Self-rising flour cost us \$3.00 for a twenty-four pound sack (there was no meal for sale) and everything else in proportion except good steak which was only worth twenty cents per pound. Fat cattle were driven up from the valley where it cost very little to raise them. At that time I did not care much about working by the day for wages, as I had on hand a little over \$600.00 which was \$100. more than I had when leaving Larkinsville. My object in this country was to find or in some way own a big gold or silver mine.

It so happened next morning that we fell in company with two miners getting ready to start out on the mountains. We explained to them that we would like to find out something of the mines and mining so they invited us to go with them and see for ourselves. Their shaft was only six or eight feet deep, and we watched them strike and turn the drill until the hole was deep enough to do the work they expected it to do. We saw them put in the powder and then the fuse. The tamping was carefully done in order to prevent any accident. We watched them take out all the loose rock with a gad and get ready for the next shot.

They explained to us the difference between a pop, foot, lifting and leading shot, and the neces-

sity of understanding the nature of the rock, because if the powder was given too much to do it would do nothing. They showed us where to locate the next shot, and how to use the starter and the spoon, also in regard to turning the drill just so far, and then they sat around until we drilled the hole, loaded it with powder and made the explosion. We took dinner with them, and went back to work like regular miners. I noticed one thing, that they did not have any mineral in sight nor much prospect of any.

This was called "developing" the property. The mining law required some kind of a hole down ten feet from the surface, showing a mineral bearing vein, before a legal record could be made. It further required \$100.00 in work on the claim each year or it was subject to relocation by some other party. When \$500.00 in work had been made and proved by witness, the owner could obtain a patent from the government to a strip of land 3,000 feet long and 150 feet wide, which was taxable like any other property. The wisdom and justice of the law will be seen in the fact that it prevented old abandoned claims from continuing in force, also prevented what was called "wildcat" claims, which meant a record without a genuine discovery.

These mining laws are mentioned here because it is important for a prospector to understand them, and I was preparing myself for that occupation. It seems Destiny or some other power behind the throne had already, without my knowledge or consent, rendered a decree to that effect. In my new field of labor all my former attainments in a literary way were to be set aside as useless, or at least worth very little. I must now learn to be a miner if I expected to follow the business. This explains the object of our errand with the two miners up on the mountain, and it was time well spent.

After learning so much in one day, next morning each one purchased a new pick and shovel, usually

emblems of industry, for which we paid \$16.00 and at once struck out to roam over the mountains, taking them by rotation. It was my private opinion that we could discover a mine of some kind good, bad, or between the two extremes. We even went out above timber line ten or twelve thousand feet in altitude. From these high elevations we could see the wide-spreading plains, and thought we could see the place where we fought Indians.

We spent four days in walking and looking without wearing much of the "new" off our picks and shovels. We now agreed to go alone, each one to work for himself and to do as he pleased. My idea was to move along slowly and be careful, as it is a matter of digging more than simply looking. Incidentally I met a man of more mature years than myself who had been here some time and had also been in other mining sections. He knew a great deal by experience about prospecting, and as a rarity knew how to tell it. A great many people know many things, and yet have no faculty of telling it so as to impart information.

He first told me about "float-stuff," which may be nothing more than a mineral-bearing rock, but all the same it broke loose from somewhere above and might prove to be part of a good mine. He had several specimens in his pocket each one different from the other. One in particular that had specks and streaks of mineral through it, he had spent weeks digging and was still trying to find where it came from, perhaps never did find the place. He said such a thing as accidentally finding a mine was a very poor dependance.

One little piece of advice he ventured to give me was: "If you are ever lucky enough to find a mine and some one offers you above \$1,000 for it, be sure to sell." It was the nature of nearly all mines to have "pockets", liable to pinch or play out. In his opinion not more than one in a hundred would pay to work, and pay a dividend too. As I was a

new beginner this was all valuable information, especially in regard to prospecting.

The next week was spent with a more definite idea of what I was doing and how to do it. I now had more use for my pick and shovel than formerly. This float-stuff, the miners guide, was easily found, and I spent two days digging and tracing up a piece of float, and then some one had already made a discovery by tracing up the piece of float, and had sunk a shaft twenty feet deep, and then gave it up. This saved me a lot of work for I might have done the same. I continued to dig a number of holes at other places, which like Lot's wife that turned to a pillar of salt, are there to this day, also many others of a similar kind scattered far and wide.

In my rambling around I found a dug out place two or three feet deep and from appearance it looked like a favorable prospect. It was the usual custom of the prospector, if he thought anything of his discovery, to whittle a smooth place on a stick, write his name and the date and leave it there, as the law allowed him thirty days for further improvement. The name on the stick was the same one that had been giving me advice and information. I told him about finding one of his discoveries. He said: "Yes, I remember that, but it is kind of a rough place and I have something now more important, so I will make you a present of it, and there may be a good body of mineral down below, not a great way."

I told my batching partner about it and agreed to give him a half interest if he would join with me in buying powder, fuse and other mining tools, as it would require shooting our way right from the beginning, a proposition he gladly accepted. The previous knowledge we had obtained from the two miners enabled us to go right along with the work, though not as fast as men of experience in that line. As progress was made in the develop-

ment we were encouraged greatly by occasional specks of bright mineral in the vein material.

A new stamp mill was building up slowly for the reduction of silver ore, and I had some fear they would not get it ready in time for my patronage. It was hard for us to average more than half a foot per day, yet that was going some. When we were down some eight or nine feet we put in a leading shot one evening which brought to light bright shining mineral in pieces half as large as my head. I might have been excited while fighting the Indians, but this was a different kind. We carefully stacked up our mineral like a banker does his silver dollars, taking with us some of our nicest pieces to show to our friends. Some "smart Alec" suggested that we ought to have an assay made before climbing up too high, on a hope that might be a failure, which of course was the proper thing to do.

I might have slept some that night, but if so I had no recollection of it next morning. Such a thing as sleep was very slightly on the program. A small piece of ore had been left with the assayer, though of course it was rich in our estimation, because bright and beautiful to look at. Things of that kind, like many others, depend upon the eyes with which one sees. He promised that evening to give us a written report next morning showing its real value, at a moderate price of \$4.00, worth not more than \$1.00, but I paid it.

When we read the certificate of \$14.00 per ton our peacock feathers wilted down all of a sudden. At first we tried to "make-believe" there was some mistake, but he offered to put up a forfeit of \$100 and stand by the results, if we wished to get some other responsible assayer to make a test. It was folly on our part to doubt his correctness, for his reputation was at stake on every test he made. It was like a man trying to find an easy way to get down from some high pinnacle. We had been

riding a "high-horse" and it was now our time to get down and walk, simply had it to do.

There was a smelter here at this time for treating ore of this character, but they charged \$25.00 per ton for treatment, by merely melting the ore, then eliminating the lead by de-oxidation. The new mill men told me they would not treat this character of ore, as it was too low grade, and that their price would be not less than \$50.00 per ton. All this information was very essential to a person engaged in mining. This little venture in the mining industries of the country had the good effect of wearing off the "wire-edge" from our "tenderfoot" qualities and put us in line with other miners.

As a matter of course, on my own part, I was discouraged and even disappointed, but my feelings were not of that gloomy character that sinks the heart of man. Hope might be a little lame in one wing, but still able to hold its royal commission. There were a few rich mines in the country, and I was still able to "pick my flint" again, and next time maybe I would be in better luck. When I said to my partner that we had better put on record our claim he said: "I would not give my part of the \$4.00 recording fee, for the whole thing, so you may have it"; and besides that, he said: "I am out of money, haven't a dollar on earth, and must find some one that has, and will give me work to do."

During the month of October in Colorado there are a few weeks of the finest weather in the world. The first snow fails to attract much attention as it remains only a short time on the ground. With the blue sky above us indicating no near approach of winter we were walking down the street when we met a man who proposed to give us a contract of \$200.00 to sink a shaft twenty feet deeper on his mine, that was already ten feet deep. We started at once with him to see his property. We went with him up the main branch of the creek seven or eight miles to a saw mill near the foot

of the range. Turning to the left we followed him up the mountain fully a mile to a point above timber line. It was not hard rock like we were used to working for the last month, and in our opinion we could finish the work inside of four weeks.

He was to bear all expenses of every character, and take it out of the amount he was to pay when the work was completed. Next day he went with us in order to drive back the pack animals that carried the supplies, rope and bucket, also other things necessary to finish the work. We were then at least 12,000 feet in altitude, and in fair view of Erwin's peak some two or three miles distant. The peak ought to have been called by that name down to the present, as he was the first one on its top, made a measurement of its height and gave a written account of the fact. This entitled him to the name.

Later, however, a touring party visited the peak, and a professor, from some Eastern college, named Gray made a barometric measure of its altitude, also by noting the difference in temperature of boiling water, which is conceded to be even more accurate. In giving an account of his trip and measurement it showed the peak to be fifty feet higher than Pike's Peak. His article was published in the Eastern and Colorado papers, and in this way the name was changed. I happened to see the members of the touring party at the time.

But I will "switch" back onto our contract as a matter of far more importance. Some snow was falling but the wind blew it into lower places. We had built a neat strong "bough-house" in a tongue of timber that extended a little higher up the mountain than timber line generally. After nearly two weeks our "grub" was getting low and we concluded to measure up our work and go down for further supplies next day. We only lacked nine feet of finishing our contract. Early that night it commenced snowing sure enough in a regular

storming fashion, and by daylight next day it was three or four feet deep and still coming.

Our little "den" was comfortable enough as it was covered with three or four feet of snow, but we were out of provisions, besides that there was no abatement in the storm, nor liable to be in the next three or four days, and the snow getting deeper all the time. We rolled up our blankets and tied them around us in regular soldier style. Realizing the danger of becoming snow bound, each one with a pole eight or ten feet long to be used in feeling our way, we began the descent to a lower level. At first we could scarcely see ten feet ahead of us, but knew by going down we could reach the creek below.

Neither of us had ever been in a mountain storm before, though we had heard something of its terror. The snow in the canyon below was fully four feet deep and still accumulating. We continued to take it "time about" in the front. It was nearly night when we reached our cabin, and both of us were just about played out, and as we had nothing to eat that day we were hungry as well as tired. In a few days we saw our employer, thinking he would pay us part as the work was over half completed, but he held close to the contract that payment was to be made when the work was finished. He suggested we might take our time and finish next summer. It was usual to pay a third when half the work was completed.

My partner, for reasons already assigned, was anxious to obtain work, and he went to see two men, one named Crow and the other Clark, who jointly owned the "Terrible" mine, one of the best that had been discovered in the whole country up to that time. I was anxious to see and work on a rich paying mine, so with a view of learning something, when he returned and said they would give us \$3.00 per day and board I concluded to try it awhile. There were only two men working on the day shift, and they wanted us to work during the

night. Under the ground and beyond daylight it makes little difference, when one gets used to sleeping in the day time.

Neither of us were first class miners, not even second class, and it was a dangerous piece of business in a mine of this character. The shaft was down seventy-five feet and from the bottom of this shaft they had drifted on the vein thirty feet or more. There was a ladder down one end of the shaft. In putting off a shot the end of the fuse is bent over, and near the end a small piece of burning candle is placed, and the shot will explode in about one and a half minutes; this gives a man time to ascend the ladder far enough to be out of the way.

The ore vein was twelve inches thick and the mill run averaged \$700.00 per ton, giving it the reputation of a first-class mine. The rock between the vein and foot wall is called the matrix of the mine, and in this instance was about five feet wide, and is generally easier to drill than the adjacent granite. In this mine, however, it was both hard to drill and refractory in its nature.

We were at the place ready for work, before time for the day shift to quit. Our object was to learn from them how they managed. We worked hard, made a good showing and our employers were well pleased. The plan adopted was to excavate along the side of the vein four or five feet and then put in a few pop shots behind the ore, first spreading a heavy cloth on the bottom of the drift. Crow and Clark wanted to be present when this was done. Of course this took place in our absence, and ruled me out of the ore handling business.

On the fourth night an incident took place that makes me almost shudder to think about, though we failed to see the danger at the time. There was a kind of a bench, right in the head of the drift, and an extra nice place to locate a good two foot shot. We drilled the hole, loaded and made our escape in the usual way all right, but

no explosion. Of course there was something wrong, either a defective fuse, or we had cut it with the tamping rod. One end of the spoon was sharp on purpose for picking out a missfire, but we had tamped the hole so hard that the pick was of no service, so we had to drill that one over or drill another, and we decided the latter less dangerous and drilled another, one inch from the one that failed.

When the last shot was exploded a print of two holes was left lacking about half an inch of being parallel with each other. The Indian lacked two inches of hitting my head, but this was only half an inch. If the point of the drill had struck the powder no doubt our mining career would have been terminated very quickly. The rock was so hard that the one holding the starter had to bat his eyes when it was struck in order to keep the sparks out. I mention this fact to show the danger of drilling the second hole.

We next put in a good long roof shot which did lots of work and made a big pile of rock for one shift. A shot of this character has to point upward just a little in order to keep the roof in good shape. Of all the work in the world that has ever fallen to my lot, this is just about the most tiresome. Holding one's arms over the head and turning a drill smooth and regular so as to keep the hole true is no easy job, nor is striking the drill any less like work. To load a shot of this kind it is necessary to fold a piece of heavy paper on a stick the right size, and then paste the folded places with a certain kind of soap. By slipping this off the stick and filling it with powder, the fuse being inserted, the cartridge, by folding the top, is ready for use.

The last night of the six I worked there, we had instructions to commence a back-stope, which means to take out all the rock for six or eight feet above the drift. We knew absolutely nothing about that kind of work, but neither of us would admit our ignorance. The stull timber of the right length and size was in the bottom of the

shaft, ready to be used in making a platform to stand on while putting in the shot. It was necessary to cut hitches three inches deep in both the foot and hanging wall, and each one used a small hammer and moil for that purpose. We cut the hitches deeper than necessary and it was 2 o'clock before getting ready to put in the first shot. Expert miners would perhaps have been ready in less than two hours. It took us the balance of the shift to put in one shot, but it did more work than two days in the drift.

Mr. Clark was more agreeable to talk with than his partner. I explained to him that it might be to his interest to employ a more skillful miner to take my place, but still retain my partner. This arrangement was satisfactory, and I was glad enough to find myself safely back in the cabin. The truth of the matter was I still had over \$500.00 in money and did not care to jeopardize my life for a few dollars. I had let a banker have all my gold at a premium of 15 per cent which was added to my bank account, so I felt safe in that respect.

As the "Terrible" was the best mine in all the country at that time I was anxious to learn something of its history. In talking with Mr. Clark he said they had paid \$4,000.00 to four prospectors when it was twenty-five feet deep, and that the mineral vein was about one inch thick at the time; that the prospectors, had not tried to save any of the mineral, in fact it was twenty feet deep before they found any. Clark and Crow let a contract of fifty feet to Cornish miners at \$20.00 per foot, binding them to save the mineral, which was an easy thing to do when men knew how.

At the depth of fifty feet the vein was six inches thick and at seventy-five feet, twelve inches thick. The products of the ore paid for the work, and besides paid back nearly all the purchase money. And further, he said that he and his partner had been teamsters from Georgetown and Central City to Denver for several years, making about \$6.00 each per day above expenses. They always went

together for mutual protection and assistance. This mining venture of theirs shows what the crazy thing called "luck" will do for some, while it ignores the efforts of others, yet it was an inspiration to continue and perhaps some day I might own a mine like this, though I would prefer the rock a little softer.

In this talk with Mr. Clark he told me they were now selecting ten tons of mineral to be shipped across the ocean to Sawana, England, to be treated there, and a good sale of the east end of the mine was contingent upon the "mill run" yielding \$700.00 per ton. He did not mention the price to be paid, but I learned later that they received from a British syndicate \$500,000.00 in gold. It required a \$3,000.00 revenue stamp placed on the deed. This syndicate put in an aerial tramway up to the mine with crane-like buckets bringing the ore down to their mill on a wire rope. Whether it was a paying investment or not, no one ever knew. It was always a strange thing to me that no one ever worked the west end of the mine. Of course there was some good reason for this.

Some one in writing a book, put it down that an idle mind was the devil's work shop, and there is more truth than poetry in the proposition. As the hands obey the dictates of the mind they are liable to find mischief and then comes trouble. I never was able to sit around and do nothing, unless reading a book may be rated under that head. I found a cabin that suited me much better than the one I was occupying, and finding the owner I proposed renting. He said, "Let me sell it to you." As I no longer had any particular use for my gold watch I made him an offer to swap even. After looking at it a few minutes he remarked: "Young man, I guess you have bought a cabin."

It was located on the hillside between two large jutting rocks, a rather ideal place for a man to be alone in the big wide world. It had two glass windows and a little porch in front facing the city

below. There was a nice table and two bunks made of dressed lumber. I bought a bale of hay, made a mattress and was prepared to board at home. I put a good lot of stove wood in one corner of the cabin, and soon had everything to the "queen's taste" or rather to the king's taste, for I was monarch of all I surveyed when the door was closed. This deal stopped paying rent, and in every way suited my purpose.

I was now prepared to take the world easy, but the very thought of tramping my way through the world as a pauper or nearly so, disturbed my peace of mind. I had, in a manner lost my former aspirations for a higher education, and the one absorbing thought was how to own a good-paying mine. No lingering doubt in my mind that such a thing was here in the country for me, if I only knew how to find or get hold of it.

Several important discoveries had been made since I reached Georgetown that were yielding valuable ore, enough to keep the new stamp mill in operation day and night. Among these mines was one called "Equator" both rich and prolific in mineral. This mine was really discovered by an old negro named Bowman, sent out by lead miners from Missouri. He had made several excavations in a kind of soil that looked like an old ash bank, but had not found the vein.

An old prospector passing along asked him what he was doing; "Well, boss, there is a big mine here and I's trying to find where he goes down in the ground but it is hard to do. May be some of you white men could find it." The white man went forty or fifty yards further along where the ground was a little higher and after digging a few minutes found a piece of ore, continuing to dig found more, in fact was on the vein. By law he had a priority right, but according to a strict justice the old negro was entitled to part of it.

This old prospector named McFarland was the same man who had given me so many mining dots

formerly mentioned, also gave me one of his discoveries that proved to have low grade mineral. He had a good vein of mineral when down ten feet, but he was afraid to risk its holding out. Two capitalists happened to hear of the mine and offered him \$5,000.00, and the mistake of his life was in accepting the offer. He started back to the States and got as far as Denver where he entered a gambling den and lost all his money except \$100.00. In two weeks' time he was back in Georgetown. After a short time I lost sight of him and never learned where he went.

Returning to my cabin home, to take up the thread of my narrative, I will mention that it was now the middle part of the winter. It generally stormed one or two days and then high winds drifted the snow and packed it into low places. While the temperature was often only a few degrees above zero, yet it was not the same kind of cold as back in the States. The air seemed to be dry as well as pure, and in the absence of moisture it lacked that penetrating quality I had been used to in a southern climate.

Incidentally I met an old time prospector, a regular 59er, by the name of David Hirsha. At first he engaged in gulch mining and made some money but had about run through with it. He had made several discoveries but none of them were developed; of course their value was uncertain. Like nearly all prospectors, he was very hopeful of their final outcome. As one of them was only a little over a mile distant, and about two hundred yards off the road leading to the Terrible mine, I concluded to go with him and look at it.

To my surprise there was a well defined vein though no mineral, yet I thought favorably of its appearance. His proposition was to sell for \$500.00, but I soon convinced him that he had nothing to sell in the first place, and besides that I was a prospector myself and not a capitalist. If you think this hole in the ground is a good mine I will

make you a proposition that will test your faith. I am willing to risk my labor if you are yours. If it proves worthless, in my estimation, I will quit any time and lose my labor, and you will know a little more about the value of your claim. If the mine improves to my satisfaction I am to have the privilege of paying you \$100.00 and we will be joint owners.

He accepted my proposition and went to work at once. As we were near the surface, we could work only as the weather would permit. In about three weeks we were down ten or eleven feet and the vein had widened out to four or five inches with some mineral in it at places. I paid him the \$100.00 and placed it on record under the name of "King David." One month later we were down twenty feet with a decided improvement in the ore vein, and that was the main thing. It was something like a quarter mineral and the balance rock. On going deeper we were hoping and expecting the vein would be thicker and solid ore. The mineral assayed \$485.00 per ton, which would be good enough if solid.

We had improvised a way of getting out of the shaft by driving small pieces of timber from one side of the shaft to the other at one end. As I held the drill it was my business to locate, load and explode the shots. The device for escaping from the shaft seemed to be safe enough. Putting the pieces of candle under the fuse I caught hold, as usual, of the first piece of timber, expecting to reach the next one, but it gave way and I fell back in the shaft. Somewhat stunned, I seized hold of the burning fuse, and with great effort twisted it off, though my hand was burned in doing so.

In five or ten seconds more the fine powder inside the fuse would have caught and then my mining career would have been over, or at least a thousand chances to one against me. My leg and face was considerably bruised and we had to stop work for a week to give my hand time to get

well. It was not a matter of ignorance but one of pure neglect, for I knew very well how to construct a ladder down a rock shaft, as I had carefully noticed the one in the Terrible mine made by cutting hitches on each side at the end of the shaft and putting in 6x4 stull timber, and fastening to them 2x4 scantling, with iron rungs.

It required two or three days to put in a substantial ladder way, and I felt safe in getting out of the way of danger. When we reached the depth of twenty-five feet the ore vein was still improving and we were saving every pound. Some pieces would weigh twenty or thirty pounds, but it seems something was bound to happen. The old man (he was past fifty years of age) was welting the drill with a hefty lick when the hammer struck the drill head a glancing lick and hit my hand. It felt like every bone was crushed, and my hand was bleeding at several places. The doctor dressed the wound, said none of the bones were broken, but I had to put my hand in a sling. It seemed to hurt the old man nearly as bad as it did me.

Spring of the year had arrived which brought much nicer weather. For obvious reasons I was not doing my own cooking, but taking my meals at a restaurant. This forced leisure gave me time from my own little affairs, to pay more attention to passing events. One thing that impressed me was the increased number of people on the streets especially after night. Some eight or ten new business houses had been put up and occupied since my arrival, less than a year previous, and perhaps thirty dwelling houses of a much better type were built and occupied, nor was this all.

A newspaper was published, called the Georgetown Miner, a Methodist church was going up, two new hotels were doing business, a large billiard hall was in operation and liberally patronized, also six or eight saloons were not neglected. Gambling dens could be found by parties looking for them. The town was yet in its infancy and very little

regard paid to law and order. Shooting and killing scrapes were quite common and it was a usual expression, "another man for breakfast this morning."

Something like five miles below Georgetown and one mile up from where the creek forks, there had been a thriving village of three or four thousand inhabitants engaged in placer mining. The houses there were pulled down and brought by wagons to help build up Georgetown, in fact my own cabin was one of these houses. I met a man named Martin who told me all about Empire City as it was called. He was there during its flush times.

Four of them, he said, took out \$200,000 in six months, but it came easy and went easy, all they cared for was to have a good time. There were theatres, dance-houses and all kind of dissipation and depravity by both men and women. This was in 1862-3, during the war. As their claims played out they left the city like rats deserting a sinking ship. Part of this element was now infesting Georgetown. But the better class were in the majority and decided to protect their lives and property. They organized a vigilance committee and at least one man was hung for highway robbery. A mayor of the city and a police force brought conditions in line with civilization.

It occurred to me that I might do something while waiting for my hand to get well, and noticing a number of children on the streets occasionally, I went to see their parents in regard to opening a school, and found many of them very much in favor of it. A merchant, in building his store, had prepared the upper story as a hall for public meetings, which was used at night for occasions of that kind. I rented the hall at \$10.00 per month, put an advertisement in the paper, giving the time of opening and price per month.

The school was much better patronized than I anticipated. Being the first school taught in the

city it naturally had a good moral effect upon society and gave the people assurance they were living in a part of God's country. In speaking of the States they were frequently referred to as "back in God's country." I cleared above expense about \$60.00 per month. I took my meals at one of the hotels that was patronizing the school to the amount of my bill. In leisure time, of an evening and on Saturday, I got acquainted with the best class of people, which of itself is worth a great deal.

I formed the acquaintance of two gentlemen willing to make a small investment in undeveloped property if the location and outlook for mineral resources met their judgment. It is easy enough for a prospector to boast about his mining property; in his estimation he has the world and the "fullness thereof" but it requires a "show down" to convince the other fellow. In due time we reached the place and they were pleased with the location. The stacked-up ore did not look as nice as when it was fresh, but I broke some of the largest pieces in order to make the best impression possible.

We went down in the shaft and found the drill in the hole where it had been left. They took some of the mineral from the vein and then we went back to town. The next day they asked me to make them a reasonable price that I was willing to take and make them a deed. I told them only half belonged to me, and for them to make their best offer and I would submit it to my partner. After considerable talk they agreed to pay us \$10,000. in cash for the mine just as it was and take the chances.

The next move now belonged to me. I studied the matter over carefully and deliberately. I knew how McFarland had in a foolish way disposed of the Equator easily worth a million dollars, and how the four prospectors had let the Terrible slip from them, still I was impressed with the uncer-

tainty of mining ventures. I could now reach Larkinsville with nearly \$5,000 more than when I left there one and a half years before, and have something to talk and think about all the balance of my life, so I decided to make the deal if my partner was willing. That night I tried my best to dream about it.

I knew Hersha was riding a mighty high horse in his estimation of the mine, and it would require caution not to get him excited. I commenced by saying a few thousand dollars would enable him to develop his other discoveries, but he was indifferent and had very little to say. When I mentioned to him that we could get \$5,000. each in cash for the "King David" he spoke out with emphasis and said: "No sir, I would not take a cent less than \$50,000 for my half interest. The mine is worth in my opinion more than that, but I could make out with this much right well the balance of my life. I have been here now nine years wearing my life away, and this is the first and best chance."

There was no use in arguing the question with the old man for he was "sot" in his notions, and besides he might be right. It was simply a matter of whether the vein would increase and become solid mineral, or diminish and finally peter out. No one could tell what might be the results. I told the parties the decision of my partner, and we let the matter drop.

In two months time my hand was well enough to resume work. It seems strange I did not hire a man to take my place, for teaching school was certainly much easier than mining, and I was making nearly enough to pay a good miner; instead of that I quit the school, donned my overalls and went back in the mine. My partner had been working at another place, but was anxious to get back and come in possession of his own, just a little further down. He was a stalwart brawny man, as tough as a pine knot and as strong as an ox. He struck the drill all the time, and used the windlass in pulling

all the rock out of the shaft, but he never complained of doing more than his part.

The first three or four feet, the mineral in the vein increased and in places was nearly a foot wide. I began to think the old man was right in his decision. It is said that Hope springs eternal in the human breast, but I always found it more lively with a little encouragement. It began to look like fortune was staring us in the face and daring us to take hold, but the elusive phantom evaded our touch and slipped away.

When we reached the depth of thirty-five feet the mineral had played out and the vein had pinched down to three or four inches. Our \$5,000. each, had "vamoosed the ranch" as the Mexican greaser says when anything disappears. But Hersha had the true "grit" of a prospector. He was cast down and disappointed, but still buoyant with hope. He contended it was the nature of all mines to have lean places. Because the rock was getting harder it was evidence to him that it had to be that way in order to hold solid mineral. Ten feet further our mine would be in again and bigger than ever.

As the finances of Hersha were running a little low, and my own bank account in a dwindling shape, he suggested that we go over our pile of mineral and chip out as much rock as possible and carry the best ore to the mill for treatment. We borrowed forty ore sacks which were filled and carried down to the road on our shoulders and we paid a passing teamster a dollar to deliver them at the mill. There were just two tons, which netted us \$105.00 each after paying all expense. This was adding, by the way, that much to the wealth of the country.

The ringing sound of the hammer might be heard day after day without the loss of time. As the weather was fine we put in ten hours work like working for wages. Things were a great deal cheaper, both living and mining supplies, than they were a year previous. Perhaps this was due

to the completion of the Union Pacific railroad across the "Great American Desert." Still mining was expensive, and when seven weeks put us down fifty feet my partner was willing to quit as he was again out of means. In fact he was discouraged, as well as I had been for some time past, though I wanted him to say "enough."

We had not been able to find any mineral for the last fifteen feet, but it is a well-known fact that all mines have lean places. In one notable instance the Bob Tail near Central City, after yielding nearly a million dollars pinched out and the owners ceased to do any further work. One of the men, an Irishman by the name of Pat Casey, who had been working on the mine for wages, still had confidence and took a lease on it for six months. In less than two weeks he struck into mineral bigger than ever.

Pat in his new found wealth, as the tale goes, quit work himself, and his butter-fly friends began to tell him how to spend his money. They induced him to buy a fine carriage and four horses. With a lackey perched on a high seat in front he drove his friends to the different saloons and had refreshments brought out to them on a tray. With a high-top hat, a diamond pin and other fine "tog-gery" he had a "swell" time. It might be too tedious to mention his various escapades with his pseudo friends.

CHAPTER III

COULD HAVE OWNED A THIRD INTEREST IN DIVES MINE. FORMED PARTNERSHIP, PREFERABLE. FOUND AN ICEBERG A MILLION YEARS OLD. ORIGIN OF "BOOM DITCH" IDEA. MOUNTAIN LION, BEAR AND BLACK SQUIRREL IN CHAPARRAL DISTRICT. BROKE ANOTHER ONE OF MY SEVEN "DONT'S" FOR A SHORT TIME. SPENT THE WINTER MONTHS MERCHANDISING.

Men never receive any material benefit for their effort unless crowned with success. There was nothing for me to gain by sitting down and crying, or even whining, nor was there any use in laying the whole blame of failure on an imaginary something called "bad luck." Even with the proper industry there is always an element of uncertainty in every kind of business. The farmer depends upon the season, the merchant waits for a customer, the doctor waits for some one to get sick, and so on with other avocations. The only thing in sight for me was to keep on trying.

My partner in the King David said he had another discovery that might turn out better, though a man named Burr owned a half interest with him. They both agreed that if I would bear the "grub" and other expense we three would work together and sink it ten feet deeper, and they would make a deed, so as to make me an equal owner. I went with them, examined the mine and found some mineral in the bottom, at one end of the shaft, then ten feet deep, and recorded under the name of "Dives." I took a small piece of the mineral and paid \$4.00 to find out that it assayed nearly \$500.00 per ton,

Possibly it might be only a pocket and peter out like the King David did. I made a calculation and the expense would be about \$100.00. Approaching winter, which comes early in that section, warned me to be careful of my bank account. I was none too good to work by the day, but that was not my purpose in the country. I was to tell Hersha and Burr in a few days what I decided on doing. It so happened that I met John Burkholder, the teamster that hauled our ore to the mill for us, during the time I was deciding. I told him about our mine playing out, and that I was now going to try my "luck" in finding a better one. And hereon hangs a tale that I will unfold.

The smallest kind of an event, the shifting of a straw to show which way the wind blows, sometimes changes the whole tenor of a man's life. In talking with Burkholder he proposed to pay me half wages (\$2.00) for a half interest in any discovery I might make. He knew as well as I did the uncertainty in prospecting, yet was willing to run the risk. He was clearing between \$5.00 and \$6.00 per day above expense and could afford to make this investment. As he was a nice, quiet, well behaved man and not addicted to the drink habit, I accepted his proposition. In fact it suited my purposes exactly.

Finding the owners of the Dives I declined their proposition, which beyond any doubt was the greatest mistake of all my life. I will have more to say about the Dives in the regular sequence of events. The mistake I made however was not in the selection of a new partner for he was always prompt in payment and liberal in his dealings. He was a Canadian by birth, and always accepted disappointment without complaining.

This might have been a proper time to complete the contract of the past winter which we failed to finish on account of deep snow, but I had a little unpleasantness with my partner in this contract, and we were not now on speaking terms. In his

movements as a soldier in the Northern army he was in Jackson County, my old home, and knew by name a number of people I had once known. He spoke of those he met, as "poor white trash," very little if any better than the negro. Yes that may be so, I said, for no decent, respectable white people down South would associate with a yankee soldier, and as it was congenial for him to meet this "white trash," perhaps he sprung from that class in his own country. I told him it was best for us not to talk of things pertaining to the war.

Once more, with pick and shovel, I took the "blind trail" in search of "float" rock or any kind of "croppings" that appeared above the debris. The greatest trouble in prospecting was this "debris" which was sometimes twenty feet deep, and underneath this mass of stuff there might be the hiding place of a good mine. Due to this fact it may be a thousand years before the country is thoroughly prospected. Even tunnels may pass through a lean spot in a mine.

After the first week, in consultation with my partner I concluded to seek "pastures new." Only a little after daylight found me on my way up the left branch of the creek. The mountain between the two creeks was covered with timber, and the mountain not so high as those on each side of it, however it gradually increased in height the nearer it approached the range. I had never been up this creek before and of course it was all new territory to me.

Slowly winding my way along the mountain side I came to the famous Equator mine. To my surprise they had installed a small steam engine and all the hoisting was done by that means. New ore chambers were being opened and fifty men were working day and night. It required a team making three and four loads each day to the mill. There was very little use of prospecting near this mine for men had already been there with pick

and shovel, so I passed on from one to four miles further.

It was nearly a mile from the Equator to the top of Leavenworth mountain, and from there due west some seven or eight miles to the Continental Range. In this area, which was really in the heart of the mining region, there was quite a territory of unexplored ground which might contain valuable mineral deposits. This was a problem no one could answer without investigation, which meant work with the pick and shovel. Of course this work must be guided to some extent by indications, often uncertain and misleading.

To find a mine, either good or worthless, it is absolutely necessary to find the bedrock in place. I spent two weeks with this object in view, but it is always uncertain how deep the fill may be. The greatest obstacle the prospector encounters in this debris composed of loose rock and dirt. Just how to remove this obstruction was a matter of great importance. About six miles above Georgetown I saw a branch flowing into the creek. Following this up I found its source was from the lower part of a large glacial ice bank. Perhaps it had once been snow at some remote period of the earth while adjusting its surface, but it was solid ice now. It was about one mile long, and at places a quarter mile wide. I made no effort to ascertain its thickness.

My intention in going up this little branch was to look for bedrock, and maybe a solid vein of mineral waiting for some one to come along and claim it. Prospectors like others often imagine things far beyond the real. Instead of this glittering wealth I saw many beautiful cascades, with scraggy chaparral bushes growing down to the edge of the water and difficult to get through. At one place they covered four or five acres on each side of the branch so dense and thick that I had to go around them. This was an excellent place for bear and

mountain lion that infested this part of the country, as I learned later.

But the great iceberg was the principal feature that attracted my attention as well as admiration. At the lower end of the "berg" there was no small undergrowth, but a liberal number of large hemlock pine trees. With all these wild surroundings I took my frugal lunch, using ice cold water as it emerged from its own repository. This solitude and loneliness was enough to inspire one's thoughts and lift him above the sordid affairs of life, but in my case they continued to grovel on a lower plane, with mercenary views only.

It occurred to me this wasting water might be turned aside from its natural channel and carried along by a ditch to desirable points and used in removing the debris that covers the bedrock. The more I thought about the scheme the more plausible it appeared; of course the details would have to be worked out as we got to them. I followed along up the mountain near the iceberg in order to find out more definitely in regard to its dimensions. It extended on above timber line, in fact nearly to the summit. On reaching the top I could see Gray's Peak some three or four miles in the distance, also the place where I had worked and never received any pay for my labor.

I retraced my route back to the lower end of the iceberg, and then moved along what I deemed to be on a water level for a mile or more, in order to see if there was anything to prevent the construction of a ditch. Finding no great obstruction, as it was late in the evening, I hastened to my cabin, reaching there a little after dark. I found Burkholder down in the city, and we went back to the cabin where I drew a diagram of the two creeks, with Leavenworth mountain between them, also showing the location of Equator and Terrible mines. We agreed, as next day was Sunday, to go out on the mountain where I had been digging,

also to the little branch, the chaparral thicket, and iceberg.

We spent the entire day walking, talking and making investigations too tedious to mention. We decided however several important questions. First, that it was rather a big undertaking for two men with a very limited capital; he said \$2.00 per day was about as much as he wished to take out of his earnings, and with me I would soon be at the end of my rope. Second, that it was too far to walk and do a day's work, and for this reason it would be necessary to camp near the place. And we reached still another conclusion, that considering the altitude it would only be a short time before snow would stop the work, as I had learned to my sorrow just a few miles across the mountain, and about the same height, so it was deemed prudent to wait until next season.

I might have found employment in some of the mines but did not like the idea of working by the day under a boss. I had never been used to it, so I spent two or three days providing enough wood for the approaching winter, as I wanted to take a rest and not be in too big a hurry. I felt safe enough on the money question for any emergency, by being careful. Sometimes there is luck in leisure. I might try it a little while. I had tried work and the results were not very encouraging.

Formerly I had always been very fortunate in finding something to do of a suitable character. One of my slogans, that I often repeated, was that a man can always find something to do if he is willing, ready and competent. These three things are needed to give satisfaction. A few days later, in a most casual way, and without any particular purpose, I stopped at a vegetable store. Meeting Mr. Clark, the proprietor, a man some sixty years of age, who had recently sold a mine for \$5,000., and now had more money than sense, I suggested to him that he ought to have a clerk to help him in the business.

He said: "Yes, I need one but there are so many "dag on" rascals in the country I am afraid to risk them." I told him about teaching school here in Georgetown, and that many of the best citizens knew me, that I neither gambled, nor even went into any of the saloons, also that I had clerked for a number of men in the mercantile business. In further conversation he mentioned that the business would not justify him in paying more than \$40.00 per month, if that suited me I could commence at once.

The stock he kept for the trade consisted of potatoes, cabbages, onions, tomatoes and other products the farmers in the valley brought up for sale. Before the day was over I suggested to him, as there were already counters and scales to begin with, why not add the proper shelving and put in a general line of groceries. The suggestion met his approval at once, so I found a Denver paper, and the advertisement of a wholesale grocery house with the various items kept for sale, just the things we wanted.

I made out an order that evening, enclosed a certified check and instructed them to forward out as soon as possible, also requesting them to fill the order at their lowest prices, as future orders would follow. Clark was a good carpenter himself, so the shelving was all in good shape by the time goods arrived. I told him to have a nice sign put up over the door, and to place an advertisement in the paper that he was ready and prepared to wait on the public with a fresh supply of family groceries.

He was nearly tickled to death at the idea of being a real merchant. He cut off the back end part of the store room by a partition for a sleeping room. We were doing well and building up a good trade and had sent in our second and third order. I noticed the old man, at times, was slow and indifferent, frequently he was absent half a day, and made no explanation of what he was doing. At

other times he talked too much and too loud, saying many things unnecessary and out of place, especially for a merchant.

To my surprise he told me one day that he had rented another house, and after making certain changes was about ready to open a new restaurant, and that from now on he wanted me to occupy his room at night, and take my meals at the restaurant, and to look after its management all I could, for he had still another scheme that would take up most of his time.

From this and other various causes I began to suspect that he had wheels in his head that were not running as smoothly as they ought to. The new plan suited me very well as I had been staying in my cabin and doing my own cooking. In cleaning up his room I found several empty wine bottles and egg shells. Asking him about it he said that he broke a fresh egg every morning in a goblet, and after filling it with wine, drank it in order to rejuvenate his system and make him young again. This explained to me why he talked too much and too loud at times, but it was none of my business, so I said nothing.

Just about this time Bob Harper and Milt Buckhana from Alabama made their appearance. What on earth they wanted to come for was more than I could tell. They were both dead broke. They were nearly scared to death, had pawned their pistols and valise in Denver for enough money to ride up in the bus for fear bandits might attack them if they walked. I had to give them \$15.00 to send after their things. After supper at the restaurant I conveyed them up to my cabin and explained to them some of the arts of cooking, and showed them where there was plenty to eat as long as it lasted, and when out we would get more. So they walked back with me down to the store.

We met Mr. Clark and he was in one of his moods to be pleasant and kind hearted toward the boys. He told them to come down to the restaurant

and get their breakfast, and that he would give them their board and \$3.00 per day to work for him, provided they did good work. He was preempting vacant lots by putting foundations for buildings on them, and putting posts around to show the size of the lot. He had bought several old buildings from parties, putting up new houses, and was moving these onto vacant lots. This was a money-making scheme of his own, and no wheels in his head on that score.

He paid them off at night and said to Harper that he would not need him any longer, and told me privately that he was no account to work, though the other fellow did fairly well. I knew Bob of old and did not expect him to hold his job. Next evening he came down to the store and I asked him what he expected to do out here in this rough country, and he replied that he was not going to stay any longer than he could help. That he had already written his mother to send him enough money to carry him back home.

Really I had a very poor opinion of him myself and was glad to learn that he was going to leave. It was still fresh in my mind that while he was fighting a man in the streets of Larkinsville, I stepped to the door, and, as I did so the man broke away and ran. Harper threw a rock that hit the door facing close to me and glancing off broke a lot of queensware on the shelf. When he returned to town later, and while sober, I called his attention to what he had done but he made no offer to pay for the damage, but this was all Harper blood. A few years after returning home he was killed in a fight. He must have been afraid the big mountains out here would fall on him, for he was a holy terror at home.

The other "feller" as Clark called him continued to work while the job lasted. His brother-in-law received his remittance and we both gladly saw him depart. Buck went up one of the forks and found work at a saw-mill, returning in about a month

with more money than he earned by wages. Of course I knew how he got it. The next I heard of him he was connected in some way with a saloon that had a gambling den upstairs. Later he knocked at my door one morning between three and four o'clock and asked me to get up.

He had lost sleep for several nights and maybe had "booze" under his belt. While I was fixing him something to eat he was telling me what a "rattling" time he had with the gamblers, and pulled out a roll of money nearly as large as my arm. "How much have you got, Milt?" I asked. "Oh there is no telling, I have been adding to the roll for several nights, I know there are a number of 20's but I couldn't take time to count it. I am going to start home on the coach which leaves at daylight. I may have some trouble in getting off but I am going to try it." I saw him off all right but I learned later he did not get home with any money. He did well to get home alive. These events are mentioned to show the kind of a life a man may lead in the mountains.

It was now spring of the year, though there was lots of snow on the mountains, but the roads were kept open by constant travel. I might mention here that during the winter I met a lawyer by the name of Frank Pope. He was by birth a Mississippian, and had been captain of a company, from that state, during the war. He was a fine looking man, dressed well, and the presumption was that he had lots of money, though a person cannot always tell by appearances. On his invitation I stepped into his office one night, and in talking about the mining prospects in general I mentioned the plan I had in view. Taking up a piece of paper I drew a diagram of the whole scheme and explained its possibilities.

The main thing needed by me now, as I explained to him, was a partner with a small capital, who would hire a man to work with me all the time during the season, and who would share equally

in all discoveries that might be made. This seems to me, he said, "one of the best things yet presented to my mind, a kind of machine for making discoveries. I have a friend back in Mississippi by the name of Harmon. He is a judge in chancery court embracing a certain division of the state, and is a man of some means. In a letter from him a short time ago he spoke of becoming interested in some of the mines. As this venture will not cost him much, I will send him the diagrams with full explanations, and if he thinks favorably we will take a half interest with you."

The more Pope thought, and perhaps talked to others about the scheme the more enthused he became, even writing his friend Harmon a second letter, who wrote back expressing his willingness to be one of the four partners. Clark sold out his restaurant, as it was not paying expenses. I had insisted from the beginning that everything taken from the store for use in the restaurant must be charged that way, otherwise I would not be responsible for the success of the store.

When the snow disappeared around Georgetown I notified Mr. Clark that as soon as it was off the higher altitudes, where I expected to do prospecting, that I would have to quit, and was giving him timely notice to that effect. About a week later he told me that two grocery men had agreed to take all his goods at first cost, and for me to assist them in making an inventory. I was gratified to show Mr. Clark a balance sheet that he had made a few hundred dollars in the grocery business. The last I heard of him he was in the butcher business in Central City.

It was now about the 20th of May 1869. I easily found Burkholder and on Sunday, the only idle day with him, we went out to see the iceberg and the condition of the snow in that region. We found it melting rapidly, but too much in the timber where we had to commence, though thought it would be all right in another week. By inquiry of

parties who had used water in the valley for irrigating purposes I learned that a fall of one inch to ten feet was just right for water to flow without washing the channel. I also learned from them how to make a triangle, and how to use it so as to give the ditch a uniform grade. A man might guess at it but the eye is often deceived.

A device of this character would be very useful to a farmer in draining his land. It is made by taking two pieces of timber 1x2 and dove-tailing one end of each at right angles and then cutting off the legs so they will be ten feet apart and of equal length. One foot above, and inside each leg adjust a bar of the same size as the legs of the triangle. Suspend a plumb line from the apex of the triangle, first placing its legs on a level surface, and mark on the bar with a scribe awl where the plumb line touches. Put a substance an inch thick under one leg of the triangle and mark where the line touches and this will give a fall of one inch to ten feet.

As a good deal depended upon the correctness of this instrument, I made it myself to be sure it was right. Walking down the street one day I was about to pass a man. He didn't have the appearance of a business man, a miner or a gambler, and I could generally tell what a man was by his appearance. He was moving along rather slowly, I asked him if he was looking for something. "Yes I am looking for a job. I have been working on a ranch down in the valley at \$25.00 per month and thought I might do better up here, but so far have failed to find anything to do."

"Well, I want to hire a man to help me build a ditch, and if you are a good worker I will give you \$50.00 per month and board, such as we cook for ourselves out in camp." "That will suit me exactly," he said, "for very few men can do more work with a pick and shovel than I can, but I am nearly out of money and want to commence at once." I told him he could stay in my cabin with-

out any cost to him, and could begin next Monday, to which he agreed.

This was my leisure week in which to get everything ready. I bought a heavy piece of cloth, 10x4 wide and 5 yards long to make an "A" tent for our camp, also gave an order to the tinner to make me a "dutch" oven for baking bread. The next day being Saturday I asked Lum (that was the first part of his name) to walk with me up to the place we were going to work. We carried a pick and shovel, making a kind of "jack trail" from the creek below up to the camping place. Lum was delighted with the iceberg and the wild scenery which had become commonplace to me. There was yet some snow in the timber.

I hired from the owner, a driver with two pack animals to carry our equipage consisting of two picks, two shovels, one axe, one hatchet, blankets, cooking utensils and "grub" for two weeks. The triangle was light and I carried it myself. After we had unloaded and the driver had departed, we went around to a point below the iceberg, and at places Lum shoveled away the snow. I made a survey to the camp where the timber was much lower and the snow had disappeared.

After dinner, as we had the water grade established, we commenced the ditch and continued the balance of the week on both sides of the camp. In the meantime we took our hatchet and other tools needed and hewed out a place in the iceberg to place our beef steak. Perhaps few men have had the privilege of eating beef frozen in ice, formed ten thousand or perhaps a million years ago, but we continued to use it for that purpose all the summer.

The next week we pushed the ditch on back to the little branch and turned in the water to see if it would flow as expected, and found it moved along just right. The next thing was to find a suitable place to make the first "boom." It was all new to me and I had some erroneous ideas. For instance

I thought the water turned loose down the mountain at any old place would move off the debris and expose the bedrock, but in this I was sadly mistaken, for it had very little effect on it. I began to think the enterprise was a most egregious failure, but it was not my intention to give it up so easily.

It is said that necessity is the mother of invention, in my case it was at least an incentive to thought. That silent monitor used by men as a lever in the social, literary and financial affairs of earth, must help me solve this dilemma. I did not care to let Lum or any one know that I was disappointed and puzzled. As it was Saturday evening and we were nearly out of supplies we stacked our arms and went to town. This gave me more time to decide the proper thing to do. I could use a whole night and day for that purpose.

Evidently the one thing needed was more water. I was not nearly big enough to squeeze the iceberg. Jack the giant killer or Sinbad the sailor might do things of this kind, but it was not in my line. There was only one thing to do, if it was possible, and that was to build a reservoir at the proper place on the side of the mountain. It seems that I ought to have thought of this the first thing. There was some question in my mind whether I could do it or not. One thing sure, I could try, even if failure should be the result.

The plan was all worked out in my head, provided there was no hitch in the program. I purchased a heavy open-tooth saw, a hammer, nails of different sizes and six planks 1x10 inches, six feet long, dressed on one side, also one piece 1x12 and two feet long. Resuming, in due time, our work on the mountain, Lum continued on the supply ditch, while with pick and shovel I went to make a careful selection of a place to build a reservoir. I went all the way to the creek below, a half mile or more and then back taking in the declivity of the

mountain, which is an important matter in making a "boom" down the side.

About forty feet below the supply ditch I marked off the reservoir giving it fifteen feet frontage, flanging into the hill on each side. Next morning we both commenced throwing dirt. After digging back on a level six or eight feet we embedded about a foot inside of where we commenced digging two six-inch logs two feet apart, and on these logs constructed a flue twenty-five inches wide and eight inches deep. We built on each side and over this flue with logs as close together as possible, filling in between these logs with dirt, packed with a pestle. When complete it was in a measure water tight.

We dug back fifteen or eighteen feet and it was nearly twenty feet across at the top, and when nearly full was four feet deep. We had made a head-gate with handle so as to raise it and let the water out. It required two hours to fill and five minutes to run out. Most of two days was required in tracing the water down the mountain, cutting roots and removing obstructions in the beginning, and it kept one man busy along the ditch for that purpose, while the other remained at the reservoir to put off small booms at the start.

These details are mentioned here because they were common to all other reservoirs and booms, made in the various other places. It required all of a month, including building the reservoir, to complete the chasm down the side of the mountain, for it took two or three days to repair the road near the creek. When the chasm was made and completed the bedrock was exposed nearly all the way, and that was the object of the enterprise. The cut was from five to twelve feet deep, and shows the difficulty that menaces the prospector in making discoveries where the bedrock is covered up to this depth.

From the fact that loose dirt and rocks were

still falling from the banks of the cut it was rather dangerous to make a close inspection, though we could see down from the surface favorable indications. We went to work again on the supply ditch, for I had already picked out a place for another reservoir. Lum was a good faithful hand, with an easy agreeable disposition. He could do about a third more ditching than I could. In body he had more strength and also more endurance for hard work. If a tree happened in our line of survey we simply dug it up, and in this way kept a smooth flow of water.

The location for the second reservoir was about a half mile from the iceberg, and on reaching that point I decided to stop work for a short time on the supply ditch. I concluded it would be safe to go down the boom and find out the results of the first cut made. Maybe I was as rich as Croesus and didn't know it. In case of an accident it was best for both of us to be along, and besides Lum was a good hand with a pick and shovel. We commenced at the top in order to knock off any loose rocks that might seem dangerous.

About two hundred feet below the reservoir we found what would be ordinarily termed good indications. Any vein extending down through granite, the indigenous rock of the country, is simply "indications" until it has some kind of mineral, and then it assumes the dignity of a mine. The more gold or silver, the two royal metals, that are found in the vein, the bigger it is. With this definition of a mine we had merely found a fissure, which might be a mine by development.

We worked there two days with a well-defined vein but no mineral, so concluded to go further down the cut, and fare better or do worse. Something like three hundred feet further down we made a similar discovery. Working only two or three hours on this we passed on, hoping to find something better. Over half way down to the creek where the mountain was not nearly so steep, nor

was the cut more than four or five feet deep, we found "indications" much more promising.

The lay of the ground and the flow from the mine, if such it was, reminded me very much of the Equator at the time the old negro was trying to find the vein, and the white man virtually took it away from him. No doubt Bowman the colored man would have discovered the mine if he had been let alone. I was greatly encouraged, at least for the time. We commenced fifteen feet below with an open cut ten feet wide, with two objects in view. First, to make sure of finding the fissure in the bedrock, and second, that we might be able to timber and cover a place for sinking a shaft during the approaching winter.

While Lum enjoyed himself with the shovel I went below to examine other "indications" which would be developed if those above proved any value. As he was still enjoying himself I cut logs to build a small cabin 12x14, also timber to fix a shelter over the intended shaft. It took us two days to complete the cabin and prepare for work during the winter. There was a well defined fissure of about five feet, which is the proper width for a shaft, and it ought to be eight feet long to give good working room. All we lacked now was a good pay streak of mineral. Like the young man telling that he came very near getting married, all he lacked was the girl saying yes! But the season for top work was rapidly passing and we must get back on the supply ditch.

As it occurs to my mind I must mention a little episode that took place while we were working on the cabin. It was only a short distance, say a hundred yards, up toward the branch, where the chararral thicket set in. A disturbance of some character caused the little black squirrels to chatter and bark a great deal more than usual. From appearance there must have been a hundred or more all trying to bark at the same time. As we could

see nothing, Lum concluded to pick his way out into the thicket and try to find out the cause.

In a short time I lost sight of him but could see the bushes shaking. While watching and looking I saw a big mountain lion move up on the hill beyond the branch in clear view, not more than a hundred yards distant. He stopped, switched his long tail, looked back, and I could see he had one of the squirrels in his mouth. I called to Lum and told him to go on across the branch and he could see the lion better than I could, but he came back and said he was not hunting lions, though he had often heard of them and would give \$10.00 to see one, provided there was a good running chance to get away.

On our arrival at the "North Pole," and taking possession of the iceberg, we noticed these sleek black squirrels were both numerous and very frisky. At first they barked at us as intruders, but the less attention we paid to them the better they liked it, until they got so tame that some of them were careless about getting out of our way. Just where they came from, or how they got there, is more than I can tell. They are the only black squirrels I ever saw or heard of. They are about two-thirds the size of the gray squirrel. Perhaps those well versed in zoology may be able to tell all about them.

Returning to the city I soon found Burkholder, and we called on Pope at his office, where I made a verbal report of the progress in the work and the visible results, and in turn they made payment of their part of expenses. Pope suggested that we name the three discoveries Faith, Hope and Charity. In all probability the names had very little to do with their future value.

At the request of Mr. Pope I wrote to Judge E. P. Harmon at Friars Point, Miss., a rather long letter giving him the full particulars of the work and the results, with a hope of something better in the future. I also enclosed a statement of his part

of the expense. In his reply I was pleased to find his check in full payment, and also a kind request that I write him another long letter. As future events unfold I will have more to say of the Judge.

In building the second reservoir it required less than half the time spent on the first. We used some of the same material over, nor was it nearly so large. Experience had taught us several things that we might have known at the beginning. We felled a number of trees near the creek to prevent damage to the road, completed the whole thing in about ten days and resumed work in pushing the supply ditch further along.

Already we had spent a day with my theodolite (triangle) in making a survey of two miles or more to find out for sure whether water could be put on the top of Leavenworth mountain or not. We found there would be both trouble and additional expense, of which I will speak further along, yet it was possible, though it might require two or three years if only two men were to do the work. Examination of the second cut showed up several fine "indications" similar to the first but no mineral. Of course I was greatly disappointed but had a mighty poor way of helping myself, otherwise than to have a heart for any fate. Maybe these fissures were yet in their budding period, and the fruit would have to grow and ripen before it was ready to gather. No one knows, or ever will know, how these fissures cleft their way through a solid granite formation, and still less do they know how the mineral found its way to fill up the space. A few thousand or hundred thousand years hence, these fissures and others of a similar character may be valuable mines, worked by people living at that remote period who will need the various kind of mineral the same as we do now. I am not seriously advancing this as a theory, but as an idea worthy of consideration. It may be one of Nature's ways of providing for future generations.

We were now working fully a mile from the ice-

berg though had to go there two or three times each day after water, as it had to be turned back into its natural channel. Several little flurries of snow had passed over and I knew it was coming pretty soon. One morning a little later, there was eight or ten inches of the "beautiful" on the ground. After breakfast we carried our blanquets and supplies down to the cabin where a brand new feature presented itself.

All around the cabin there were fresh bear tracks that looked to me half as long as my arm. We followed his tracks up to the chaparral thicket. I said to Lum to go in and stir him up, and I would stay out so as to see him run, and then I could tell how big he was. "No sir," he said, "this is your time to go in and run out the bear. I went in and ran out the lion." But I insisted the bear was not bothering me, and I preferred to let him alone. So we went back after the tools and other things and brought them down.

While we were resting and talking I suggested that we could now commence developing our discovery, and that we would fix up a nice place to work. I could see Lum was thinking about something. Presently he said: "I expect to spend the winter down in the valley, and to tell you the truth I don't like the prospect of being "chawed" up by a bear." So we rolled up our blankets and went down to the city.

The first thing I did on reaching Georgetown was to hunt up a man named Roberson whom I knew quite well. He had killed several bears, and I told him about this one. He tried to get me to go back with him and see the fun as he called it, but such amusement was out of my line. I told him that maybe Lum would go, but he too declined the honor. However, he found a man willing to go, as he said to help him bring back the carcass. I gave him the key to the cabin and told him there was plenty in there to eat, and wood to use in cooking.

He expected to be absent two or three days or longer, if necessary.

If time and space permitted I might describe this punitive expedition as related by Mr. Robertson; suffice to say that the deceased Mr. Bruin was given a free ride down the mountain on an improvised sled, thence by wagon to the butcher's shop where he hung on exhibition to an admiring crowd. His remains, some six or eight feet long, and fat as a pig, when sold at 20 cents per pound, and including the pelt enriched the hunters to the tune of \$100.00 or more. Mr. Robertson told me he went through the chaparral thicket and found where his bearship had commenced building his hibernating quarters.

A few of my friends, who like myself were more prospectors than miners, told me about a rich float found up above, and west of the King David. I had dug a number of holes trying to find where this float came from and knew the location referred to by them. This particular side of the mountain had no timber on it, so a light snow soon packed down and in a manner disappeared. Finding a mine is like looking for a needle in a hay-stack, the same place may be searched over several times before finding it, so I concluded to try it over at least a few days.

I may as well confess that I was not very anxious to spend the winter at my new mining camp where preparation had been made for that purpose. In a measure I felt it both my duty, and may be greatly to my interest, so had not entirely given up the idea. I held a consultation with Burkholder and Pope and they were inclined to think it best to wait until next year. I told them my only business now was prospecting, and they could use their own option in sharing in the results. They agreed their interest would be confined to the Leavenworth Boom Ditch Co., and that only.

With an early start I returned by noon from my new mining camp with part of my tools, and the

balance of the supplies left at the cabin, so I am now ready to commence searching for the "needle in the hay stack." A man gets very little credit for his effort or for anything else in this world except success. On the third day out on the desolate mountain side, with a gloomy tired feeling I sat down to rest. Reflecting over some of the events that had taken place since leaving my Alabama home nearly three years previous was not calculated to put me in a very pleasant frame of mind. For the time I lost sight of the many good things received, for which I ought to feel truly thankful.

Under this spirit of resentment I stood up and with outstretched arm exclaimed: "Damn such a country anyhow!" Ordinarily, the use of this little expletive, which is in common use by a large number of men, would not amount to a "hill of beans," but it was decidedly different with me. This was the first profane word that had passed my lips for sixteen years dating back to the time of the first school I taught in my fourteenth year of age. It seems this little slip opened the flood gates, so the next two years a species of profanity was adopted, on special occasions, which for freshness and vigor was in keeping with the latest and most fluent style. One day Reason came back and claimed her own, then the vile habit stopped and was no more.

The above paragraph might have been left out, gladly I would do so, but there is a dereliction of duty by omission as well as commission. In writing these memoirs it is not my intention to throw bouquets to myself, but to hold a steady hand and hew to the line even if the chips fly back and hit me in the face. Some may think I had simply lost my religion, but this was not the case for I didn't have any to lose. Without knowing it I had drifted into a kind of pantheism, tempered in a degree with rationalism. I knew there were certain things I didn't know and couldn't find out, nor could any one else. In this respect there was a strain of agnosticism which was accepted as a fact.

During my early years of maturity before the war I kept a book in which I formulated at different times a number of "dont's" as a rule and guide to my conduct in life.

(1) Don't drink intoxicating liquor, because it will ruin the physical and nervous system and will cause a man to do foolish things.

(2) Don't use tobacco in any form, it is a useless, filthy habit and contains a poison that will kill. A big unsightly worm and man are the only living creatures that will put it inside their mouth.

(3) Don't use profane language, because it will only add fuel to an angry feeling, and show to others that you have a wicked harmful nature.

(4) Don't use obscene language, it indicates a base heart and depraved nature.

(5) Don't gamble(because it will train you in line to want something for nothing, which is next thing to stealing. It opens the way to a life of dissipation.

(6) Don't keep bad company. All nice people will shun you as a bird of the same "feather." It is sure to corrupt your morals and lead you to trouble.

(7) Don't spend your time in idleness, because life is too short to lose an hour that might be spent to a useful purpose.

For several years these seven "donts" were kept inviolate, and as such were almost part of my life; due to this fact they deserve this passing notice. To break one was in a measure like breaking a spoke in a wheel, or making a gap in a fence enclosing a wheat field. The second one was broken while a prisoner of war at Camp Chase, and the first one was slightly fractured shortly after the war. And now the third one had slipped into the "flint mills," though subsequently rescued without a great deal of damage. The two first rules have never been restored to their original position, yet I am glad to say their violation has never been sadly abused.

We read about a set of ten rules said to have been made by Moses about 1400 B. C. called the Decalogue. They were given to the Israelites as a guide to their conduct, and hold good now for the same purpose among men dwelling on earth. It is not my intention to supplement or substitute these seven rules for that ancient document, which Moses said was written by the finger of God, though it took him forty days and nights to do it. Reading the life of Ben Franklin we find he formulated twelve cardinal virtues to be used as pointers along the journey of life. I am making no claim to the originality of the idea of formulating certain rules of conduct, but do claim there is virtue in these seven don't's if practiced.

These so-called "donts" were supplemented with an appendix in the shape of a resolution: "Do right under every condition, and assist your fellow man to bear the burdens of life as much as possible." This was all the religion I had or knew anything about. It may be these rules, and as some may think erratic views entertained, in a measure controlled some of the events I am now trying to recall, but the failure of success in my efforts evidently was due to some other cause.

CHAPTER IV

ALLOW TWO OLD MEN TO MOVE INTO MY CABIN WITH ME. INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUALISM. ARRIVAL OF BROTHER DANIEL. WE BUILD A FLUE AROUND A HIGH CLIFF. JUDGE HARMON PAYS US A VISIT. McMURTY OWNS THE DIVES MINE. DAVID HERSHA DIES. VISIT OF U. S. GRANT. COMMENCE TUNNEL ON THE KING DAVID MINE. ARRIVAL OF BROTHER SHEPARD.

One of the characteristics of a prospector is to carry a lot of rocks in his pockets, regular geological specimens of mineral-bearing quartz, which when traced to their original home may make him a bonanza king. Of course these visionary dreams only occur when he is in one of his hopeful moods, which happens about as often as the moon gets full. Sometimes he has so many of these specimens that it taxes his memory to recollect their different locations. It becomes a kind of second nature with him to pick up every strange looking rock and then break it to see what is inside. He carries with him a magnifying glass for that purpose; also to light his pipe by coverging the rays of the sun. If the wind is blowing it is all the same to him.

A few days yet remained before the season would close against surface prospecting, and the time was spent with more vigor than usual. There were several of us engaged in trying to locate the same mine somewhere above us. We often met and compared samples of float, and knew it would be rich in silver, but could not tell whether a "big thing" or not. There was a spirit of friendly rivalry as to who would be the lucky one, but a heavy snow made its appearance, which caused us to seek shelter and wait a more favorable time.

I had a good cabin and reasonably plenty of everything to make me comfortable, so concluded not to "rush the cattle." On a bleak cold day while the howling winds were drifting the snow, two old men, at least much older than myself, knocked at my door. One of them was named Webster and I have forgotten the name of the other, but he had hurt one of his legs and it had not yet healed. They wanted to occupy part of my cabin. Though strangers, yet they were prospectors like myself, and not being first class miners were unable to get work in any of the paying mines.

There was an empty bunk and plenty of room. They told a tale of disappointment and failure, but still hoped for better results. A fellow feeling often makes us wondrous kind, so I told them under certain conditions they could move in. First, that I had no patience with a drunken man, or one drinking enough to think himself smart, and want to talk with his mouth. That I would expect them to keep the cabin clean, and to use their own cooking vessels and table ware, also to keep the stack of wood up to its present standard. And another thing in particular, not to use my bed in my absence.

Later I found them to be nice, agreeable men and I had no regrets for my extension of kindness. After a short time the one with a lame leg went to the valley and I saw him no more, but Webster continued to stay two or three years. My time was now engaged in reading a few books and many papers, some of them old ones, in regard to Spiritualism. It was entirely a new cult to me and might be true or it might not. I had pamphlets and papers on both sides of the question and was trying to sift the chaff from the wheat, so to speak.

Any person investigating an assumed fact ought to do so unbiased by previously formed opinions, prejudice or self-interest. If he can not clear his mind of these three impediments, that will prevent his reaching a just decision; he is sure to

reach an erroneous conclusion. With either or all of these three things standing in the doorway of light and knowledge it is simply a loss of time and talent to investigate any kind of a subject. It is well to bear this in mind for it is a self-evident fact. During the winter it was my privilege to attend a number of seances, given by Mrs. De Lamar and William Gray as the mediums. Her husband, Frank De Lamar, was one of the leading lawyers of the city, and my acquaintance with the family was due to their children, at a former time, attending my school. It is not my purpose at present to tell all that I saw or the conclusions reached, as it would extend beyond the scope of these memoirs. I have in manuscript form, enough written on this subject, and others of a kindred nature, to fill a book two hundred pages or more, in which I have given the evidence for reaching certain conclusions extending through a period of over forty years.

That a spirit entity, or whatever it is, might be able to impart information to denizens of the earth, was to me at that time a very unreasonable proposition. But it was not a question whether it was reasonable or not, but one involving truth.

During the winter season a man by the name of Caney Doss made his appearance. His brothers and sisters had attended my school, taught in Marshal County, Ala., and from them he learned my location. Being of a roving disposition he was here for business or adventure, however preferring the latter. He seemed to have plenty of money and was quite independent and self-reliant. Remaining with me a week or ten days he joined an expedition, headed by Col. Jackson, who had been a Colonel in a Texas Regiment, and crossed the range on snowshoes, pulling their supplies on sleds made for that purpose.

Some three or four months later he returned. I was a little anxious to learn the nature of the expedition but deferred asking at once. The next

morning, about four o'clock, he was up preparing a hasty meal and said he would leave on the stage at daylight. Calling for pen, ink and paper, he handed me an order on Col. Jackson for \$30.00 and said, make him pay you. I received one letter from him out in Nevada and never heard from him any more. When Col. Jackson returned I presented the order, and he paid it without asking a single question, as he was about ready to take the stage and leave the country. I have mentioned the above incident to show some of the many features of mountain life.

Possibly I might have spent the winter working in some of the mines, but I had decided not to work for any one but myself. As a recreation I spent part of my time in a nice, well-conducted billiard hall where I found a number of the popular Eastern papers, such as Harper's, Leslie's and Days Doings. I also learned to play the fascinating game of billiards, which cost me to the tune of \$20.00 or more, but I had at least that much fun. Here I met a new lot of guys, and gamblers, though never allowed myself to call them by name.

About the middle of April I concluded to visit the place where I quit prospecting the year before to see if the snow was off and the frost was out of the ground enough to resume search for the "needle in the hay stack." I found on reaching the place one of the prospectors, a week before, had stuck his pick down exactly at the right place and turned up a lot of nice ore close to the grass roots. Several were at work sacking up the ore as taken out. I asked who made the discovery, and no one paid any attention to my question. The last hole I dug was a little below, to one side, and not a hundred feet from the place they were working. Some one named it Silver Plume. One singular thing about this mine was that in following the ore vein it went into the mountain on a level sixty or seventy feet before reaching solid bedrock, and then turned down at an angle of 45 degrees.

The mine became involved some way in a law suit and was tied up, and I never heard of it producing valuable results after this. Due to other mining resources, of which I will speak later, people began to build houses at the foot of the mountain below, and the village went by the name of Silver Plume. The last time I saw the place there was all of a thousand inhabitants, and some of the houses were less than a hundred yards from the King David. A big stamp mill had been built on the creek a short distance below.

At this time I was getting downright tired of a rather forced idleness, and I was anxious to push the work of the Boom Ditch Co. I knew there was a big summer's work ahead of me if I reached certain objective points. It was no easy matter to get the right kind of a man to help me in our work. I would have written Lum but did not know his address. Just at this nick of time brother Daniel came to me, fresh from the old home back in Alabama to try his luck in this foreign, and as some would say, God-forsaken country. I had been careful in all my letters written to home folk not to say anything that would encourage any one to visit this country, and I wrote the truth too. There were too many uncertainties, even of life itself, to take the risk of advising others.

Of all the men in the world I thought more of him than any other except my dear father. He was eight years my junior lacking a few days. I had taught him his first lessons at school, and it became natural for him to seek my council and advice. The seven rules previously mentioned, three of which I had broken, were easily kept by him, inviolate, without knowing of their existence as a guide to my conduct. We had both been raised on the same farm, and each one knew the meaning of the word "work." Some people think it means to "kill time" and then draw full pay all the same, which is altogether a selfish idea.

In a few days we took a trip on the mountain to

see the condition of the snow in that locality. It was still too deep to reach the iceberg though all right at the old camping place. I explained the magnitude of the enterprise, and that I could offer him fairly good wages to join with me in the work, which suited the purpose of his visit. The cabin previously built was all right, but would involve walking some distance up hill to reach the work. On the way I stopped at a saw mill and ordered 800 feet of lumber 8x1, 10 feet long to be delivered at a designated point for use in building a flue.

One week on the supply ditch brought us to a cliff at least two hundred feet high, around which we had to build a curving flue four hundred feet, in order to convey the water to ditch building ground beyond it. I had enquired of men who had used flues in gulch mining and they told me it would require a flue two feet wide and one foot high, but my own observation taught me that to increase the fall of the current would diminish the size of the stream, so I decided to give it five inches to the ten feet, instead of one inch. On the basis of this assumption I decided to make the flue eight inches wide and seven inches high.

These same parties advised me that if the flue was much crooked I had better get a good carpenter to build it, but this would be an additional expense, so decided to do the work myself with the assistance of my brother. It occurred to me that any man with a careful steady hand could saw one piece of lumber to fit another, and then by tacking them together with small nails, there could be no chance for the leakage of water.

After making a winding trail about two mile long I hired the use of ten small pack animals called "burros," and in one day the lumber was conveyed to the point where we could use it, at a cost of even \$10.00, and cheap at that price. The most difficult part of the work consisted in putting in the trestle around the cliff so as to give the water a fall of exactly five inches to ten feet.

But I still had the triangle to use for that purpose. It was often necessary to moil out a place in the rock to put the leg of the trestle. The rock below was not a cliff, but it was very precipitous and made it dangerous in case the foot was to slip. It was essential to be very cautious in every movement.

The trestle had to be fastened in some way to the cliff, but my new partner in the work was always ready to assist me in devising some plan to meet every predicament, which would be too tedious to mention in detail. Several parties had predicted we would make a failure, and there was some doubt on my own part, as it was in a measure experimental. By leaving off one section of the flue near the objective end, so the water could run over the rocks below without doing any damage, we went up to the iceberg, turned on the water and watched results. The flue leaked a little at the beginning, but as soon as the lumber got soaked with water, even that little ceased.

We moved camp two miles nearer Georgetown, and it seemed like getting back in sight of civilization. With plenty of cold water fresh from the iceberg we began to push the supply ditch which lacked still another mile of being on the top comb of Leavenworth mountain. It was our usual custom to visit the city on Saturday evening and return on Sunday evening. During one of these visits I met my old friend and former partner, David Hersha.

My eyes were not in the habit of deceiving me, so I had to recognize him in spite of his changed appearance. He wore a new suit of the latest style and fashion, a dangling gold watch chain across his vest, a fancy necktie, smooth shaved except a heavy gray mustache, and a broad brim hat completed his attire. He was too large and too old to pass for a cow-boy, so he might be rated from appearance as a typical well-to-do frontiersman.

My curiosity led me to inquire of him in regard

to all this evidence of prosperity. He seemed a little dilatory about telling, but finally said: "Burr and myself sold the Dives to John McMurtry for \$1,000.00 each, and we have been on a "high lonesome" ever since. We both tried to get you to furnish the powder and grub to sink it ten feet deeper for a third interest. We would all three have been rich long ago, but I don't blame you in the least for no one can tell much about what may be below out of sight, and that is why we decided to sell. It was my fault we did not get a nice little stake out of the King David." All of which was quite true.

By enquiry I learned that parties were then sinking on the shaft, and the mineral more than paid expenses. In fact when the shaft was seventy-five feet deep McMurtry had to his credit \$20,000.00 without doing a lick of work. Another shaft a hundred and fifty feet east was being sunk with about the same results. McMurtry a short time after his purchase was elected Probate Judge of the county on the Republican ticket, by a majority of two votes, but he failed to qualify into the office, and in some way it went to his Democratic competitor.

He built a fine \$15,000 residence and his parents came, either on a visit or to live with him. His mother was a sister to Casius M. Clay of Kentucky, a noted politician and diplomat. His father was an able minister in the Episcopal church. I heard him preach often and liked his style of oratory, also his liberal manner of presenting the subject. They were pleasant people to meet, social and sympathetic in their nature, as the sequel will show.

During the next few months I lost sight of my friend Hersha, in fact my own business on the mountain absorbed my attention to the exclusion of nearly everything else. In due course of time we reached the crest of the mountain and after building a reservoir commenced the process of making

a chasm down the side, directly opposite the side of the mountain to the Equator mine. It was over a mile down to the creek below, and the road was on the opposite side of the creek, so there was no danger of damage on that score. The prosperity of the country depended upon the discovery and development of paying mines, so many others as well as myself were hopeful of good results.

The trouble of making these cuts has been previously explained, but it was even more troublesome here due to the greater depth of debris, which had been a barrier to prospectors finding mines, that is if there were any there. We could look across the ravine and see the dump-piles of the Silver Plume, Dives, Terrible and other mines, while the Equator, Colorado Central, O. K. and other mining property were in another direction but equally as near.

Here was an area of three square miles between these prolific mining centers, that had in a manner remained untouched. Our business was to uncover the bedrock and solve the uncertainty, and then abide the consequences whether good or bad. If the munificent hand of Nature had failed to put veins of mineral in this special part of the earth, in order to please one of its toiling children, it would be no fault of mine, nor would I even have the prerogative of filing a bill of complaint, in case of a failure.

While making this out Judge Harmon of Mississippi paid us a visit. We went to see the flue, the iceberg, and the cuts made the previous year, and then came down the mountain in order to see a boom pass. The force and grandeur of a swiftly moving mass down a steep incline, with the roaring sound it produces is simply terrific to say the least, and beyond my ability to describe. I was anxious for the Judge to see the sight. He was a different kind of man from Pope—more home-like and less aristocratic. On taking his departure he spoke very enthusiastically of our enterprise, and

said to write him long letters, and when in need of money let him know; that "sink or swim" he would stay with me to the end.

Would some one be unkind enough to ask if we found any mineral? If so, I would have to answer in a whisper— "No, not a speck," though we did find some good "indications" at a number of places. Selecting the best one in appearance we decided to prepare for winter work, just as I had one year before, but this time not in the range of bears and lions. Some poor fellow following a forlorn hope, no doubt, had built a cabin which was now vacant, so we took possession. Of course we had to visit the iceberg and turn off the water.

Any man likes to see the fruits of his labor in whatever vocation he may follow. This is natural and commendable. We had a nice comfortable place to work. The fissure was well defined, but no valuable ore in the vein. Perhaps in some future geological age it will bear fruit in the shape of mineral, but we could not afford to wait. At a depth of thirty or forty feet, surrounded by deep snow, and nearly out of rations, we stacked our arms, threw up the sponge, and made a safe retreat to the cabin down in the city.

Here we found Mr. Webster with plenty of wood and glad to see us. After resting a few days Daniel said he would like to work on some of the already "ripe" mines bearing fruit. I felt it my duty to go with him in the beginning, and knowing the foreman on the Dives asked him to give us a job. He said: "I can give you a night shift on the drift from the main shaft. We will meet the drift from the other shaft in about ten days, then there will be a change in the program, and can make no promise beyond that time."

On my part I felt confident that with my knowledge of locating and charging shots, and Daniel's brawny arm to strike the drill, we could make a showing equal to the best of miners. We could easily hear, through the rock, the tapping of the

hammer made by the men on the other side, but it so happened that the two day shifts made the opening.

More extensive development of the mine required sinking of the main shaft a hundred feet deeper, and the foreman wanted to put his best men to do the work, and Daniel was one of the selected men. He didn't know how to get tired and I did, perhaps that was the cause of his selection. I had noticed that small pieces of ore were frequently sent up in the bucket mixed with the fine rock, so I made a proposition to assist at the windlass on shaft number 2, without pay, if allowed to empty the bucket on the edge of the dump, so I could pick out the pieces of mineral and keep them as my own.

No one could be damaged a penny by this deal. Twice each day I put the ore in a sack under my bunk at the boarding house. When filled they weighed about a hundred pounds. I filled one sack every two days and sometimes a little more. They had commenced a back-stope over the drift, which meant an increased amount of mineral to my part, for they did not know how to save it all like Clark and Crow did on the Terrible. Some of the boys called the foreman's attention to the "land office business" I was doing. He was afraid the company would hear that he was not careful in saving the mineral, so he decided to put me on the back-stope as long as I knew so much about saving mineral, but not being an obedient servant I refused to be "put."

The mineral in this mine was worth about \$700.00 per ton, which means a little over 30 cents a pound and I had saved seven sacks in ten or eleven days. This little incident shows what "fickle fortune" can do for a man taking his chances in the mines. Instead of owning a third interest in this mine, by a proposition that stood open to me for two long years, I was refused the privilege of gleaning the buckets of rock as they were emptied

over the dump pile. Such is life, and the man that kicks hurts no one but himself. The mill man, however, paid me \$181.00 for the seven sacks of ore, and this eased my feelings in a measure for the loss of a good paying job, which by rights belonged to me by contract.

During these ten days while working at the windlass an incident occurred worth mention. Brother Daniel and his partner were in the main shaft then about eighty-five feet deep, when the bucket filled with rock had nearly reached the top, from some cause the iron crank of the windlass broke, and the whole thing fell back in the shaft. It was a mystery to me how they escaped, but neither of them were hurt. They were standing in opposite corners watching the bucket when it started back, but a six-foot windlass made it much more dangerous.

At that time, just across a depression or small gulch, and about three hundred feet west of the Dives, parties were working a mine called Pelican. While this mine was not so prolific, yet it was a paying mine and same character of ore, and a strong probability that they were the same vein. Attention is called to this fact now in order to understand the relations of the two mines when referred to further along. The Pelican was discovered by a prospector named Stewart, who lived alone in a cabin of his own not far from the mine, and it goes without saying that we were on the best terms of friendship. I would tell how near I came to owning a half interest in this mine, but it might look as though I were writing fairy tales instead of realities. He sold out to a man named McNiff and went back to the States, and no doubt did a wise thing.

It had now been six months or more since I had seen my old partner Hersha, had been too busy to keep track of him. I wanted to tell him about working on the Dives and its wonderful production, but he was not on the streets nor could any

of his butterfly friends tell me where he was. On entering his cabin I found him on his rustic bunk, without fire or wood to make one. The black dirt floor was as innocent of a broom as it well could be, and to my mind presented an unhealthy condition.

In answering my inquiry, said he did not feel well, though perhaps would be up in a day or two; but I knew on taking hold of his hand that he had a fever, and told him he must have a doctor and further attention. The physician gave instructions in regard to the medicine he prescribed, and told me privately that he was in a bad fix, though agreed that I might bring him a poached egg, a cup of coffee or nearly anything he felt like eating. I got Mr. Webster to stay with him most of the night.

Next day in the forenoon I met an elderly lady at the door of Hersha's cabin. Two gray curls bedecked her massive forehead, and from her distinguished appearance she might have been the counterpart of Queen Victoria. She asked if this was where Mr. Hersha lived, and said she was the mother of John McMurtry, that the doctor had told her Mr. Hersha needed more comfortable quarters and special attention. That the object of her visit was to request someone, if he was willing, to place him in a nice room, with a carpet on it, at some boarding house or hotel, and present the bill of expense to her.

At first he refused to make the change, but before night he was in a cozy room, and I went to see the lady and report what had been done. She went with me at once to his new quarters and spoke to him very kindly. She directed that two men nurses be employed, one for night, and one for day, men that could talk cheerfully as well as wait on him, and then ordered all bills of expense be presented to her for payment. Of course she knew he was the original discoverer of the Dives mine. With all the care and attention that a man

could receive, yet in a short time the spirit of David Hersha took its flight across the great divide, and he was gathered to the land of his fathers.

Some one has said that Opportunity knocks at least one time at every man's door. I am confident she knocked at my door not less than a thousand times but I never found it out until she had left for parts unknown. While dame Fortune is always with her, yet it takes courage and quickness of thought to say "walk in ladies." Though I discarded my chances of ownership in both the Dives and Pelican, in some strange way there was left a feeling of identity in these two mines. They seemed to me a part of my mining experience and prospecting life in the mountains. This feeling is my excuse for telling a few incidents connected with these mines before hanging up the receiver on that subject.

The Pelican was recorded a short time before the Dives, though the latter was some two years previous in point of discovery, due to these facts there was talk on both sides of serving injunctions, and even a conflict of a more violent character was threatened. There was enough mineral in sight to make both claimants immensely rich if a peace basis could be established. McMurtry did not feel any too safe in the legal rights of his valuable property, so concluded to use a little of that diplomacy inherited from his uncle Casius Clay.

It had been decided by the Catholics to build a church, and of course it must be finer than any other in the city. Arrangements were made to hold a fair at the big new hotel, and a gold watch was to be given to the most popular young lady, and a gold headed cane to the most popular young man. Everybody was cordially invited, and a great many attended, including myself, for I wanted to see how it was done, and also see the excitement. The voting was lively enough, though in rather a small way until McMurtry picked out one of the girls, drew his check for \$500.00 and cast that many votes

for her. This was a kind of signal gun that a more extensive business was about to open.

The McNiff party soon got together and concentrated on a certain one and then the fun began, which would cost some money. The best of good feeling and sociability prevailed. They knew that McMurtry had a barrel of money, and they began to gather round him like he was a hero. They knew his father was a minister of the Episcopal church, a kind of half-sister to the Catholic, and not much difference on that score.

Voting continued for an hour or two in \$500.00 blocks until McMurtry had spent \$3,000.00. Liberality, however, has its limitation, Mr. McNiff announced that the voting on the most popular young lady was the one selected by Mr. McMurtry, and that he was now requested to make the presentation speech, which he did in a very graceful, pleasant manner. He took the occasion during his remarks to allude to the prosperity of the country, and suggested that in a measure it depended upon the peace and harmony of all the citizens, which, by the way, had a very happy effect on all present.

In a short time, as McMurtry had no opponent as the most popular man, the gold-headed cane was presented to him in a nice speech made by McNiff, in which he said the good of the country demanded the enforcement of the law, and as the war between the States was now over and peace declared, we were also entitled to peace in all our business affairs of life. It was the general impression, as an aftermath to the fair, that the two Mc's got together and agreed that each one would stay on his own side of the fence, although a fine section of ore might stand between the two claimants.

Discord and confusion had subsided and while everything was moving quietly McMurtry formed business relations back East. It is a little singular that all rich men want to travel toward the East, and sometimes still further in that direction.

Perhaps they want to find other rich men to associate with, like birds of a feather seeking others of the same kind. News soon reached us that he had married a niece of Vice President Colfax, and he was expected to introduce his bride, to the fascinating charms of Western civilization. But with an income of \$50,000.00 per day, Georgetown was only an obscure mining village and had lost its former attractions.

In 1868, Gen. Grant, the nominee of the Republican party for President, along with Gen. Sherman, spent a whole week in Georgetown, either resting or hiding out from the numerous toadies. They were dressed in ordinary citizens' clothes, and if much attention was paid to them it was more than I could see. This may be one of the reasons why they stayed so long.

During Gen. Grant's candidacy for a second term in 1872 he paid us another visit, accompanied by his wife and daughter, also other attendants too numerous to mention. They came up from Denver in carriages, and hours before their arrival three or four cannon (blacksmith anvils) gave notice to the miners out in the mountains that something unusual was happening. As a result some four or five thousand people were on the streets to give a vociferous welcome to the distinguished party. Quite a difference from his former visit!

It was the current report, and generally accepted as true, that the President owned a tenth interest in the Dives, and if so his dividend was not less than \$5,000.00 per day. The Dives and the Pelican, no doubt the same vein, were producing more silver by far than any other mine in the whole Mountain Range, or even in the world, at that time. It was more important, financially, to own a small interest in a mine of this character than to be President of the United States. As for honor, Grant had all of that commodity he needed. To receive the surrender of Gen. Lee, the greatest military

chieftain in modern warfare, was honor enough for any one man.

Silver at this time was worth \$1.29 per ounce, and on par with gold, and both at a premium above greenbacks. The free and unlimited coinage of both metals, 16 to 1, caused the Government to be the principal purchaser. The Treasury Department had to build a big rock house in Washington City to hold the silver dollars, and before Congress could stop the unlimited coinage four hundred million dollars was stacked away in this building. It is still there and will be for many years to come. The people refused to use it as a circulating medium because it was too heavy according to value. Yet a man named Bryan made an ass of the Democratic party for twelve long years. By a little flowery speech of his they were led to advocate the unreasonable policy of unlimited coinage of silver, which caused their continued defeat.

About this time, 1872, there were a number of mines in this section, perhaps a dozen or more, producing a liberal quantity of silver and it was a prevailing idea among the miners that the white metal would soon be as plentiful as copper if not more abundant. Gen. Grant told some of the miners in conversation that they held the keys to unlock the secret vaults, and from their treasury deposits we could pay off the national debt.

When a big howling crowd called for him in front of the hotel he made his appearance on the balcony or veranda of the hotel, but no speech. His friend, Frank Blair, of Missouri, took his place and said a great many nice things for him, but nothing that pleased them half so well as the little metaphor of their holding the keys of the hidden vaults. It is a noted fact that no great military leader in either ancient or modern times could make a speech before the public; in fact they are not fit for anything else only to arrange men in the best possible position so they can kill each other.

A few more events, of rather a sad character, will be mentioned and then I will bid adieu to the Dives and Pelican mines. Men that "get rich quick" have to see many things all at once as fast as possible, in order to talk fluently and knowingly with other rich men when they meet them. For this and other purposes the Mc's were "over the hills and far away." They had left their mining interest in the hands of skillful managers. At first there was only a spirit of friendly rivalry, but it was followed by ill feeling and animosity between the two parties.

While traveling in some of the Western States McMurtry stopped at some fashionable resort. He was very temperate in his habits. On this occasion he drank a glass of cold lemonade. As a result inflammation of peritoneum caused his death three days later. He was carried back to his Kentucky home and buried among his kindred. He had very few, if any, enemies.

Standing on the street, Saturday evening I saw two men riding rapidly down the graded road not two hundred yards distant. The one in the rear, named Bishop, and manager of the Dives mine, was firing his pistol at the one in front, named Snyder, and manager of the Pelican. On entering the wide door of the livery stable, being much nearer each other, a ball pierced his brain and Snyder fell dead on the spot. Bishop reloaded his pistol and quietly rode back up the road, no one attempting to arrest him. I knew both men well, and was one of the jury holding an inquest over the body. All work ceased on the mines and in a short time they were tied up in litigation.

After this rather lengthy digression I will try to return to the main subject and take up the thread where it was left. It was yet mid-winter and I spent part of the ensuing month cultivating the art of playing billiards, and enjoying a few of the social features of life. It is quite a relief from the toiling pursuits occasionally to put off the garb of a

miner and change to a nice suit of citizens' clothing, especially if money resources give one a feeling of easiness. A change came over the "spirit of my dreams" and I began to realize it might require many years to reach the object I had in view. My idea of the two words "money-plenty" meant not less than a million dollars with still more in sight, rather visionary ideas, no doubt of that.

For some adequate cause Daniel quit his job and resting a few days, bought a half interest in the King David mine at a public sale of the property, paying only a nominal price. Being equal owners, we at once commenced a cross-cut or tunnel, to strike the vein a hundred feet deep and about a hundred and fifty feet west of the shaft which was fifty feet deep. In a few days we were out of the weather and had a nice place to work. We moved part of our effects up to a house owned and occupied by Dr. Guthrie, and only a short distance below our tunnel.

In a social way I had known the Doctor and his partner Ulhorn for over a year. They were both highly educated. Their parents had given them \$2,000.00 each, no doubt with a hope they would lead brilliant careers, one as a doctor the other as a lawyer. They came to Georgetown, spent part of their effects in purchasing a mine called Alhambra, about a thousand feet west of the King David. At first they took out some mineral that paid expenses, but like many other mines it soon played out. Spending the balance of their means in a vain effort of restoring it to life, they continued to work themselves.

Too proud to write home for money, the Doctor answered professional calls, which kept them in supplies, often leaving his partner in the mine to work by himself. Returning home one day to his sorrow and surprise he found Ulhorn dead in the bottom of the shaft. The supposition was that his foot slipped in climbing the ladder, but the Doctor intimated that a certain man may have knocked

him in the head just as he reached the top of the shaft, which was nearly a hundred feet deep. I mention this little episode which shows that others as well as myself had a hard time contending with the uncertainties of mining ventures. I could mention the names of half dozen men with diplomas from some college who in the garb of miners were trying to obtain the favors of Fickle Fortune.

About the middle of April 1871, entirely unexpected, our brother Shep made his appearance. The Doctor had accumulated a little surplus and hired Daniel to work with him on his mine, and Daniel in turn hired Shep to work with me. In less than a week after leaving home he was striking a drill with an eight-pound hammer, but he was a chip off the same block and proved himself equal to the occasion. Fortunately we found a "muck seam" leading in the same direction of the tunnel. It was a feeder or spur from the King David. By removing the soft material with a pick we could locate the shots, so they would do twice as much work as they would have done without the seam.

It was nearly time to commence work on the top of Leavenworth mountain for the snow disappears, even from this crested point, fully a month earlier than up around the iceberg. We suspended work on the tunnel after a week or ten days and in a short time began building reservoirs and making ready to use the water as soon as it could be turned into the supply ditch. It was my intention this year to either "make a spoon or spoil a horn." I had located the previous year places to make six more cuts on that side of the mountain, and was anxious to complete the work during the ensuing season.

In a month we had three reservoirs about completed. Digging the ditch was hard enough work to suit the brawny muscles of any man, but the two or three days required in tracing the water to start the boom tested my endurance and patience

more than anything else encountered, except driving ten oxen in a drifting sand storm on the desert. It generally required a week or ten days to make one of these long cuts but the labor was over after the first two or three days as there was nothing to do only to raise the gate when the reservoir was full, which was about once every hour.

The water was kept busy all the time. As fast as one cut was finished another reservoir was ready. There were barely four months of the year that water was available for our purposes, and we could not afford to take much time to dig and develop the various "indications" we saw in the different cuts, which could be done later just as well. I was anxious to find a big rich mine sticking up through the bed rock, but this was only a visionary wish not to be realized; in fact my luck was not built that way.

We had deferred making the last cut on purpose. I knew from the lay of the ground that it would be a deep one and perhaps cause some damage to certain property on the creek below, though it might not. Anticipating extra work, we built a much larger reservoir than the others. We turned in all the water the iceberg produced as it was growing late in the season, yet it required over two hours to fill ready to turn loose. The debris of this particular place was composed mostly of sand and boulders, more so than at other places.

The indigenous rock of the country is granite, and this is the case up to the top of the range or continental divide. I have been on or near this range for three or four hundred miles, and the same kind of rocks exist all along. I had noticed in the different cuts that sand and boulders reached a certain altitude and there was none above that point, which indicates that they were deposited there during some great glacial period. But the question might be asked, where did they come from? Possibly this great mountain range was

once much higher, and from these heights were sent both sand and glacier.

This last "boom" of that season was a record breaker in more respects than one, as it caused some trouble from damage, and in turn gave rise to a small future profit, which I will tell about further along. In the first place it was much easier to get under head-way than others had been. We moved our tent down to the reservoir, and at night built up a good fire so as to raise the gate both day and night, and even then it required a whole week to sweep out to the bed rock.

When the water was turned loose it quickly mixed with sand, gravel and boulders some of them as large as a hog's head, and produced a scene of terrific grandeur beyond my power of description. This volume of moving slush-like material in a channel down the side of a mountain meant destruction to everything in its way. Trees as big as a man's body falling in the chasm were torn into fragments by the time they reached the foot of the mountain. It caused a roaring sound like distant thunder, and people from the city came out on the road opposite the creek to see the sight. The depth of the cut depended upon the distance to the bed-rock. In places it was forty feet deep and a hundred feet wide.

From the beginning I had known it was dangerous to enter these cuts, but we were anxious to find out the results of our labor. Toward the foot of the mountain we found uncovered an unusual large "indication" that might be a big mine when developed, so we spent two or three hours with pick and shovel expecting to return in a few days. When nearly at the top of the cut, being a little in front of Shep, I noticed the bank was crumbling under a large boulder, in fact it was already moving. I shouted to him vigorously to look out. He leaped up against the side of the bank and during this nick of time the boulder passed under instead of over him, indeed a very great difference.

The creek was about a hundred yards from the foot of the mountain with a gradual sloping of the ground, yet the boulders came down with such force that they bounded across the space and filled the creek, along with sand and gravel to a depth of five or six feet, which unfortunately drowned a turbine wheel that furnished the power to run a big quartz mill. Of course this had to be removed or the mill would be of no further service. It was not my intention to dodge or evade the consequences, so I went to see the owner of the mill. At first he was very indignant, and was going to bring suit for damage. I let him talk all he wished, knowing one man can't quarrel by himself very long.

When the wrath was removed from his system so he could talk business I said to him: "General, I regret very much the damage to your property, but you can't make anything out of me by bringing suit, simply because I have nothing in the world except a dozen or more "indications", which it would be improper to call mines, located on the mountain above your mill. Each might contain one of the golden eggs that the traditional goose laid, but as yet they are only granite rocks and of no value. If you will furnish me with \$300.00 I will hire men and remove those boulders and pay you back two dollars for one out of the first ore I deliver to your mill."

To this proposition, and much more that was said, he answered by saying: "Young man there is a good deal of the rainbow hue in your talk, but you seem to be willing to do the fair thing, so I am going to give you a chance, though I want to say at the outset, in my opinion, it will take more money than you think, even if it can be done at all." He went with me to the bank and placed to my credit \$300.00 to be used for that purpose. This was Friday and the next day I went among the laboring class and by an offer of \$5.00 per day selected six men to help me do the work.

On going to a blacksmith and telling him what I

wanted to do he made me two grappling hooks with handles five feet long so as to give leverage power, also five crowbars of the same length. We bought seven pairs of rubber boots that fastened with a belt around the waist. On Monday morning we commenced the work which was a big job, no doubt, but it looked bigger than it really was. The plan adopted was to make the water help do the work as much as possible, and to do this the water was reduced to a smaller channel. The bed of the creek was solid rock, and sometimes three or four boulders would be moving down the creek at the same time, followed up by as many men with their crowbars to keep them moving.

In a measure it was like fun, though hard work and in the cold water all the time. The owner of the mill passed by nearly every day to look at the work but said nothing. His idea was to rig up a derrick run by a steam engine, but to do it that way might cost several thousand dollars. On the afternoon of the fourth day the turbine wheel was ready to do its usual work. I had paid \$50.00 for the rubber boots, but in paying off the men I made them a present of the boots. I drew the mill owner a check for the balance yet in the bank to my credit charging nothing for my own labor.

It might be said that this was one way of settling a lawsuit, and many others might be settled in the same way by using a few sober thoughts in the beginning. I fully expected some day before long to pay back the money as promised. It has been my effort not to give too much space to events of this character, and with this object in view have left out most of the details, yet they are interwoven with the many tribulations of my mountain life to such an extent that at least a few of them ought to be mentioned.

Spending a few days in Georgetown, in order to catch my breath before renewing my investigation of discoveries in the various cuts, I was forcibly reminded that the summer season was over. Less

than a half mile up the mountain on each side of the city a rather spectacular view presented itself. Looking out one morning the snow three or four inches deep could be seen down to a certain altitude, and below that line the conditions of summer tended up and down the valley as far as the eyes still prevailed. These two horizontal snow lines ex-could see. This was one way old Borreas had of sending his signal that the country belonged to him for the next eight months. Quite likely a foot of snow was around the iceberg at this time, but fortunately the water was turned off.

To our great surprise and delight Daniel returned from the Stephens mine where he had been working for the past several months. This property is located immediately under the apex of the Gray's Peak which by measurement is fifty feet higher than Pikes' Peak, and perhaps one of the highest silver mines in the world, being 14,000 feet in altitude. They had been paying him \$5.00 per day and board, for none but the best miners were wanted, and those acclimated to a light atmosphere were the only ones that could stand the hardships and do good work. They were drifting on the vein, taking out some nice mineral, and gaining a foot in depth from the surface above, for every foot advanced on the drift.

At the breast of the drift, between four or five hundred feet from its entrance, there was a kind of frozen dirt with some ice in it resembling hardpan, and possibly containing sand and gravel. In order to reach the mine a much nearer way from the boarding house, they held on to a rope around a big high cliff. If there had been no other silver in the world only in this mine, and it devolved upon me to get it out, the supply of white metal would have been completely cut off. But some men can do with ease things dangerous to others.

The most astonishing thing of all was the announcement made by Shep that he had seen enough of the Rocky Mountains and intended to return

to his native home. In making a calculation he would be able to go back and have \$100.00 more than he left with. Neither of us presumed to give him advice one way or the other. There was an element of risk and uncertainty connected with every venture in this country, so we thought it best to leave each one free to decide for himself, and there would be no one to blame for any bad results.

As we wanted to rest awhile before commencing work again on our tunnel to strike the King David I concluded to learn how to make an assay to determine the value of metal which had been my intention for some time. I had been talking with a man named Nichol who was willing to teach me and also allow me the use of his furnace, for \$10.00. It may be a little tedious to tell the process but it is worth knowing, and a thing every prospector ought to know. There is no way of finding out what a piece of mineral contains only by a crucial test.

An assay furnace is made of fireclay and about the size and shape of a twenty-gallon keg, and is usually kept at the same heat about two hours in order to complete the assay, though several may be made at the same time. It requires careful manipulation to make an accurate fire test that will show exactly how many ounces of silver there are in a ton of ore, or any given quantity of ore. The point of a pen knife will hold enough of the pulverized sample, which is placed in the polished scoop of scales so nicely adjusted that a pencil mark on a piece of paper will put them out of balance. The exact weight of this small sample is carefully noted for it forms the basis of a future calculation as to value of the ore.

After adding to this sample three times as much triturated lead and the same amount of borax, wrap all three of them in a piece of tissue paper, and then with a pair of tongs put the cupel containing the sample in the red hot furnace. Half an hour later take out the cupel, and remove the substance

with a pair of tweezers, and tap it lightly with a small hammer on a smooth substance and the slag will fly off like a piece of glass, leaving the lead and silver, if there is any silver.

Then place this lead button in a bone-ash cupel and put it back in the furnace for about an hour, and if there is any silver a bright metallic flash over the little button will indicate that the lead is gone and only the silver remains, the lead being volatilized by the air and absorbed by the bone-ash. If the sample is from low grade mineral the button will be hard to handle, yet it can be weighed and the value of the ore determined.

Accuracy in weighing, manipulating and calculation were essential to a correct assay, but to be an expert required practice. During my week of scholarship perhaps I made forty assays and felt myself as able as any one to do the work. In order to make this information available to me as a prospector it was necessary to substitute the "blow-pipe" in place of the furnace. This little instrument consisted of a brass tube a foot long with an ivory mouthpiece and a two-inch crook at the other end, tipped with platinum, which could be bought for \$3.00 and a cheaper one for a third that price.

A blowpipe assay can be made in less than ten minutes by preparing the sample just the same as used in the furnace. The platinum tip is put in the blaze of an ordinary candle above the end of the wick, and the entire flame is diverted, terminating in a blue point, which must be kept in touch with the sample. By inflating the cheeks and breathing through the nose it is easy, after a little practice, to keep a constant current of air passing through the tube. It is said the end of this blue blaze contains the most intense heat that can be produced by any known process. I obtained a graded scale marked on a strip of ivory showing by measurements the value of assay buttons per ton of ore. By using this scale an approximate value of a piece of ore

could be obtained, which was good enough in a general way for a prospector.

The process by which the mill man obtains a little dust that will lay on the point of a knife which establishes the value of a ton, or any other amount, of ore, might be interesting if it were not too tedious to tell. How it is done is important, if not interesting to the purchaser, as well as owner, as it involves a matter of money which represents labor. A man presents a bale of cotton on the market; it is sampled and paid for according to grade and quantity. In the same way one with a small quantity of ore, say less than a ton can deliver it at a mill and get his check in less than three hours. In a large producing mine, the owner can contract with the mill man to treat his ore at so much per ton, and then the bullion will belong to him.

I might mention before leaving the subject that the three ingredients for making an assay, including the bone ash, and mold for making the cupel, would weigh less than two pounds, and enough to make a hundred assays or more. This is one of the first things I ought to have learned as a prospector. Searching for something and not knowing when it is found is like playing blind-man's-bluff, all guess work after found.

It is now about time for another chapter so I will hang up the receiver and tell "central" to give me a different number.

CHAPTER V

LEASE ON SUMMIT MINE. WORKED ON A MINE
DISCOVERED BY A MINERAL BOB. WORK ON
TUNNEL. A CASE OF LUNG FEVER. THE BIG
PULASKA MINE. VISITED A DANCE HOUSE.
DISCOVERED R. E. LEE AND OTHER MINES.
SOLD SHELTON TUNNEL. DECIDED TO
LEAVE THE COUNTRY. SELLING THE
PULASKA. A NEW ENTERPRISE ON
TAP.

Not even the inspiration of a new chapter can change the old song which has for its refrain "get rich," though the word "quick" is left out, as a known failure. The accumulation of a competency in life, or even a fortune so to speak, is a laudable ambition and is the first step that leads out of poverty's vale. An inordinate desire for wealth, however, if prompted by the alluring pursuits of pleasure, often causes some people to disregard the rights and possessions of others. When honesty is cast aside for the sake of wealth, the material left will make a bandit and a thief.

During the time we were taking the boulders out of the creek one of the men, Dick Simmons, a Cornishman, told me that on a contract he sunk a shaft on the Summit mine a hundred feet deep, and it had to be timbered all the way to the bottom. This work was done in the first part of 1867, a while before my arrival in Georgetown. According to his statement the rich "sulphurett" was worth \$1.00 per pound, the richest mine ever discovered in the Rocky Mountain range, but the stuff was found in pockets and scattered through the shaly rock making it hard to save, in fact he didn't make much effort to save it.

The mine was bought by J. B. Chaffee, a rich banker of Denver, who was also one of the delegates in Congress representing the territory. He expected that the mineral vein would become solid at a hundred feet or less, so with other business of importance, gave out the contract and then paid very little attention to it, waiting for results. At the depth of forty feet the pitch of the vein caused them to leave it on the outside of the shaft, it being easier to timber straight down than to follow the mine. Of course this was an injustice to the owner, and almost equivalent to robbery.

His proposition was to obtain a lease from Mr. Chaffee for three months and after that to pay him a royalty. Dick did not want his name used in the lease, nor did he want anything said about his leaving the vein at forty feet. As Mr. Pope, my partner, was a friend of Mr. Chaffee, he drew up a lease and sent it to Washington City, which was returned properly signed by the time I was through learning to make assays. On Monday morning Dick was ready and we hit the old trail, loaded down to the guard with tools, blankets and supplies to last a whole week. It is amazing the amount a man can carry on his back, through the snow and up a mountain, when he decides to do so.

We found a nice cabin with a floor in it, and a fairly good cook stove and everything as Dick said he left them four and a half years before. We were afraid to risk the safety of the old windlass so Dick tied a loop in one end of a rope we brought with us and fastened the other end to one of the timbers around the shaft. Wrapping the rope around one leg he slid off down the shaft with a hundred feet between him and the bottom. He put one foot in the loop, and with another smaller rope I lowered to him pieces of timber the right length and size to drive between the timbers of the shaft. In a short time he had a good platform to stand on.

With saw and hatchet he cut out four of the shaft

timbers, the lower one fifty feet below the top. By doing this it would expose more of the ore vein. While he was doing this I cut pieces of the right size and length and put them in between the timbers, down one end of the shaft, forming a ladder way so as to get in and out of the mine without being forced to climb the rope. We found two or three old tin buckets, and in these Dick saved the "sulphurett" ore, some of it fine as flour. In the process of saving he had to include a good deal of the shaly rock, and part of my business was to spread it out on a table for careful separation. A lot of the ore was sticking to the rock like melted beeswax, and had to be scraped off with a knife or a chisel.

Several pipe assays, by measurement, showed the ore to be worth close to \$1.00 per pound. As the snow on the trail was too deep to use a pack animal the only alternative was for each of us to carry about forty pounds of it on our shoulders. Considering its value, and being down grade all the way, this work was no worse than moving boulders out of the creek. We continued the work until Friday morning of the third week, when during the previous night the whole thing fell in, so we had to hang up the "fiddle."

It had been my usual custom to peep in two or three times each day and watch Dick working in his "gopher" hole. He was a first class miner and was so rated, having followed the occupation back in Cornwall, England, from the time he was ten years of age. Part of the time I might have helped him take out some of the ore, as he was drifting both ways on the vein, but I thought it too dangerous without putting in timber, and told him so, but it is every man's business to use his own judgment.

No doubt a lot of money might have been made by working the mine in a careful systematic way. Dick's hands were large and clumsy and he didn't save more than half the mineral, but I could not

afford to tell him so, as he was doing the risky part of the work. The beauty of the whole thing was in the wind-up when the mill man gave his check for \$220.00, nearly \$40.00 a week for our work, and on my part not hard work either.

While staying on the summit point which is in plain view of Georgetown, I must not forget to mention that I saw my first and only flock of Rocky Mountain sheep. It seems they range along on points where the wind blows away the snow and leaves the ground bare, or nearly so. At first they were about sixty yards distant and moving slowly. Some four or five of them were wearing their horns, perhaps for my benefit. It is said the horns are about a quarter the size of the sheep, but it looked to me like they were half the size.

An occasional "wind-fall" helps to keep a man's bank account in good shape, and has a tendency to inspire a safe feeling. Since the death of Hersha I had decided to keep enough money on hand to be used in case of an accident, or any other emergency. After a vacation from work for one month Daniel was ready to enter the conflict. We had about decided to resume work on our tunnel when a new field of uncertainty presented itself.

Our old friend Webster still occupied part of the cabin. His resources consisted in owning a placer mining claim somewhere down the creek which he worked about two weeks each year, the balance of the time there was not enough water for sluicing purposes. Some years he took out more than others yet always enough to keep him up by using economy. I have in my possession one of the gold pellets he made, worth about \$5.00, formed by pressing the quicksilver through a piece of buckskin, which shows the grain of the skin on the surface of the pellet. It is not for sale at present.

One of the peculiarities of the old man was the unbounded confidence he had in his power of locating a mine by the use of a mineral bob. We both knew that father once sent for a man who

with a forked limb told him just where to dig, and the number of feet before striking water, and it turned out exactly as he said it would, but that might have been an accident. As for my own part I was willing to give any man's ideas on anything, however unreasonable they might be, a fair trial before condemning them. If I had been present on the ground and had seen Elijah step in his fiery chariot and fly away into the upper deep, I would have accepted it as true, but I was not there, which makes a difference, and requires a good deal of salt, and then some more, to make it go.

The mineral bob he used was made of a cartridge shell partly filled with amalgam and two pieces of whalebone stuck into it and fastened there by a wooden peg between them. He held these whalebones in his hands in such a way that the bob stood out before him, and in crossing a vein of mineral the bob dipped down, either toward or from him, without any volition on his part, that is he said it did. I found it would bob over in my hand by moving the muscles very little. As the bob always went down at a certain place, I asked him to move slowly so I might see and detect any movement of his fingers or wrist, but with all my care and scrutiny I failed to detect any motion or pressure.

Neither of us had much confidence in his wizard ability to control the laws of gravitation. He had a kind of vague theory that his nervous system acting as a battery caused an electric current between the bob and the mineral below. On my own part I realized that it was not a question of confidence or belief, but one involving truth and falsehood, whichever it might be. There was only one way of settling the matter and that was by giving it a fair and impartial trial, and this we decided to do. If it proved true it would be far better than running boom ditches, if false it would only be time lost.

Next morning we struck out, it seemed to me, like the "blind following the blind." It was now

mid-winter and lots of snow, but we cared little more for this than walking over plowed ground, unless it was over waist deep. The high winds generally formed a crust strong enough to bear one's weight. Webster told us before starting he had several places in mind where by digging we would find a good body of mineral, but could not tell how far to it, or how rich in silver it might be. That he could tell as to quantity but not quality.

By following the road up the left branch of the creek we passed where Mr. Glenn, a man about 60 years of age was working in a tunnel by himself. He was using a 5-8 drill and doing his own striking with a four-pound hammer. He was an old California miner, leading a kind of hermit life in a cabin by himself. I will have more to say of him further along. After leaving the tunnel Webster remarked that he was prospecting for one of his locations. I had known the old man Glenn for some time and in talking with him he said he was trying to strike an extension of the Equator, which was about a quarter mile further west.

Passing this mine about two or three hundred feet, and then up the mountain not at all steep, about the same distance, Webster produced his bob and began gyrating around and located several places in line with each other, and said by digging at any of these places we would find a large body of mineral. The snow was two or three feet deep, and timber would be hard to get in case we were forced to use it. This and other reasons caused us to move to another place much nearer town, though higher on the mountain, where as he said the bob worked equally as well, and we would have plenty of timber.

If there is not a "gray eyed" destiny in the affairs of men there is something else very close kin to it, as the sequel will show when the proper time comes to mention it in the regular routine of events. We had every "mineral bob" assurance that the place selected had prolific deposits of a metallic

character. After shoveling away the snow for twenty feet around we marked off a 5x8 shaft and commenced throwing dirt. On the third day at a depth of four or five feet we passed through the hardpan formation and struck into a fine species of "indication" or "flow" from a mine. This was very encouraging and gave us exuberant feelings, for awhile at least.

That night in telling Webster of our luck, we also told him while there was no contract to that effect, yet we were willing to give him a third interest and name it "Webster," and give him credit for its discovery. It seemed to put new life in the old man, turning back the dial of time ten or fifteen years. Next morning he had breakfast prepared for all three of us before daylight, also a lunch for dinner. He was not a lazy man but seemed to have no energy, which may account for the reason why he did not follow up with pick and shovel as directed by his mineral bob, as he had so much confidence in it.

While two worked in a shaft the other one got out timber to rig up a windlass which we would need in a short time. At the depth of twelve or fifteen feet the "lead" was between well defined foot and hanging walls, with a pitch of about twenty degrees from a perpendicular, which was often the case as very few mines went straight down. This in principle was against Webster's idea for his bob told him to continue in a direct line, however he was willing to follow the vein as the most sensible thing to do.

The hanging wall was smooth and solid and looked like it had just received a fresh coat of white paint. When down twenty-five feet we noticed the powder smoke hung unusually long, which caused us to think there might be some foul air, nor did the candles burn with their usual brightness. Instead of getting better the conditions grew worse. We put up near the shaft a sheet-iron stove with two pipes attached, one of them leading down into

the shaft. A brisk fire soon restored normal conditions but did not remove the cause, so it was necessary to keep up the fire nearly all the time.

At the depth of thirty-five or forty feet the mephitic air was more difficult to control, nor had we yet found any mineral. Possibly, and in all probability the real mine was less than one inch from us behind the white, sleek wall. I will mention later my reasons for this conclusion. For these and maybe other reasons we decided to suspend work and try something else. It was not fully proven one way or the other whether Webster could discover a mine with his mineral bob or not. The way the thing stood it was about an even break both ways, with some little difference in his favor.

Finding a vacant house near our tunnel we took possession, but the house was none the worse off because we could not find the owner. Peeling the bark off my knuckles one day while rolling the wheelbarrow caused us to hire a carpenter to make and put in a car, with track complete, which cost \$30.00. It held four or five times as much as the wheelbarrow and could be pushed along with one hand, and was self dumping by simply moving a latch.

We had a nice place to work and were making fine progress but in spite of all these favorable conditions I took the lung fever, the only spell of sickness during my nine years in the mountains. The neighbors were very kind to me, and under treatment of a doctor I was restored to health in about two months. Daniel had made some progress in the tunnel with a 5-8 drill and dynamite, during my convalescence. The snow had nearly all disappeared and it was time to look after "indications" on Leavenworth Mountain.

In a few days we found three men in a hole already ten feet deep, and they were taking out quite a lot of mineral. I pointed out to them that they were guided by my discovery in the boom ditch, and for this reason would ask them to discontinue

their work, and also to abandon all rights to the property. This they very positively declined to do, but fighting was not my way of settling a dispute of any kind unless forced as a last resort. I saw my partner Pope, and through him commenced some kind of ejectment suit which brought them in court.

In a private way Pope explained to me that we might lose the case before either judge or jury on the grounds of neglecting our rights too long; that some points of law were against us. I was well acquainted with one of the parties and concluded to have a talk with him, and also his partners. In this conference I suggested that as prospectors we could not afford to spend money in a lawsuit. If the mine should prove valuable it was big enough to make us all rich. That each party had vested legal rights, and speaking for my company, we were willing for them to own the east end of the mine commencing at the ditch and including their discovery, while we would take the west end.

They readily accepted this proposition and the mine was recorded that way under the name of "Pulaska." After a few weeks they quit work, but said nothing about the cause. We went about two hundred feet west and made a cross-cut showing the ore vein to be six or seven feet across at a depth of twenty-five feet. This was decidedly the largest mine ever discovered in that section of the country, the ore consisting of galena and pyrites. In crossing the vein which required several days, I made two or three pipe assays every day with the uniform results of very little if any silver. For fear my assays might not be correct I took a good sample and made a furnace test with the same results.

There was nothing left for us to do only to quit, as the other parties had done. From there we went on top of the mountain and built a reservoir intending to make a cut some five hundred feet west of the Equator. When we were in fairly a good

headway an injunction was served against us on the plea that travel on the road would be stopped for several months and maybe for all time. I had this cut in view before making those on the other side of the mountain the year before, but anticipated there might be trouble. As there was no way to compromise the matter, we simply quit the drive.

It is not my intention to tell about troubles and misfortunes, but the events in the life of an ordinary man are in constant touch with these stalking spectres so that it is necessary to mention one in order to tell about the other. If I was writing a romance the hero would not be allowed to do a single day's hard work, and every mine he discovered would be worth a million dollars. This country produced a few heroes after a fashion, which will be mentioned in due time, but without any exception they had to climb many high hills before they reached the heroic part of their career.

With some limitations old man Glenn possessed heroic qualities. A few pages back we left him in a tunnel, all alone, removing the ribs of rock between him and a supposed vein of mineral. After hammering six long months he reached the coveted prize, but found the mineral too poor in silver to pay its way through the mill. Perhaps a fourth of the mines in the country were of this character. As a prospector he had been "short" on the lucky side for over twenty years. He simply "picked his flint" after this failure and commenced digging at the very spot, near the Equator, where Webster first told us there was a big deposit of mineral below.

There was some kind of an arrangement between Glenn and the owner of a saloon and billiard hall. His name was "Tobe", though doubtless he had some other name, yet I never heard it. He was very reticent, but quite popular with the miners and prospectors. When they got "stuck" for the game and had no money he would say "all right, come

again." He furnished Glenn with all his supplies of every character, but could not trust him with a jug or bottle of liquor. Glenn knew his failing and submitted to an allowance.

Every morning before breakfast he walked nearly two miles and back to get his goblet of liquor, holding a third of a pint. When the day's work was over this was repeated, no matter how cold or how deep the snow. He was digging this hole in the ground at the time we were stopped from making the cut previously referred to, which would have misled him about two hundred feet. There was no indication of any mine whatever where he was digging, nothing but dirt and gravel known as hardpan. He filled a bucket with this stuff and then climbed a ladder and pulled it up with a windlass, doing all the work himself.

During the summer, at the depth of thirty-five or forty feet he broke through this compact dirt and "mirabile dictu" the dream of his life was beneath his feet. Two feet of solid mineral worth \$700.00 per ton, one of the richest mines considering its size ever discovered in that mining region. If we had been allowed to finish our last cut we would have beat him to it at least thirty days, but it seems the irony of fate was against us. Of course there was great rejoicing in the house of Tobe and Glenn, and no doubt the old man was given an extra goblet of liquor.

The mine was recorded under the name "Colorado Central." Very little was said and perhaps very little known of the very singular manner of its discovery. It seems results are about the only thing interesting to people in a general way. No doubt our old friend Webster deserved credit for locating the mine, though Glenn would not accept it as a fact. It seems unreasonable that a man of his age and experience in mining would dig just anywhere for mineral without some kind of a pointer. In the meantime Webster had sold out his placer claim

and left for parts unknown and there was no way of proving the fact.

As a sequel to this great discovery, Glenn with a few thousand dollars, left to visit his old friends back in California, and it is almost needless to say was never heard of any more. I had heard the old man tell of his adventures out further West in his younger days. However before leaving he gave Tobe written authority to manage and own the mine in his absence. In a short time Tobe sold his saloon, and in less than a year was a very wealthy man, and like others that got rich quick he went back East to spend his money.

It is said, and with much truth it may be, that the beneficent hand of Nature makes nothing in vain or without a purpose. According to wise plans of Creation this great system of mountains ten thousand miles in length must have been designed to contain veins of different kinds of mineral, otherwise their formation would have been without a purpose. Advancing civilization caused a greater demand for these minerals and a great army of men were enduring hardships and privations in order to find their hidden vaults. My career in life for the time was devoted to pursuit of these treasures.

Several miles of bedrock had been exposed for this specific purpose. These veins above referred to, which in some mysterious way penetrate the ribs of granite rock, chimney out at certain places forming what is termed in mining parlance "croppings" of a mine. But they are very treacherous and misleading. A fine "indication" often, very often, proves to be a false blossom with no fruit to follow, while a poor one might with a little development show up a valuable mine as the case with the Dives. Due to these facts we ought to examine nearly every foot of exposed bedrock.

Not being able or allowed to finish what we considered one of our most important cuts near the Equator we commenced exploring the cuts on the

other side already made. We dug out numerous holes in the rocks, ran open cuts where the mountain was steepest, in fact did lots of work worthy of a better cause, but with the same invariable results, nothing doing. Four of the cuts had been examined, two yet remaining, but as it was surface work and the winter snow made its appearance we struck camp, moved back into the same house, and resumed work on our tunnel which we left about six months previous.

Silver Plume consisted of eight or ten houses at this time, and others in process of construction. The citizens thought this little house belonged to us, as no one else claimed it. We knew better, but said nothing. No one ever did claim it, as far as I know. In order to keep up the connecting links of my narrative I will mention that this was in the latter part of 1872 after Grant's visit, but before the death of McMurtry, or the shooting of Snyder by Bishop, and of course the Dives and Pelican were large producers of ore.

In the early part of 1873 we struck the King David at a depth of a hundred feet from the surface and a hundred and ten feet from mouth of tunnel. After drifting some distance each way on the vein we became discouraged and felt like throwing up the sponge and retiring to private life. But we found the spur, as we called it, that brought us to the mine continued on into the mountain. We made a record of our cross-cut and called it the Shelton Tunnel, and began talking about striking an extension of the Dives and Pelican, just off their territory and at a depth of six hundred feet, provided their limitations were that extensive.

In this way the "spur" became more valuable than the mine. The tunnel was talked about by others and mentioned in the papers as an enterprise promising big results. There are "fads" in mining countries as well as other places. At this time the Diamond tunnel, about a quarter of a mile west of ours, was in operation for the purpose of

striking the Dives five or six hundred feet under its discovery point. But our tunnel could be driven at a third the cost of others on account of the "gouge" or spur, and of course this enhanced its value.

The Burleigh tunnel situated half way between Silver Plume and Brownville, named for the man who discovered the Terrible mine, had been in operation for some time. Mr. Burleigh was the inventor of a drill run by compressed air. I have seen it at work and it made a kind of clatter. No man living could count the strokes, they were so rapid. They struck a mine which had a big lot of low grade ore at the surface, a thousand feet above, but it did not vary an ounce in value. Work had been conducted on the Marshal tunnel for two years, expecting to strike the Equator and other mines in its line.

Mention is made of these tunnels, and still there were others, to show this was one way of developing mining property. It not only facilitated taking out the ore in many ways, and delivering it to wagons on a lower level, but gave the mine drainage and pure air. Our object now was to place the Shelton tunnel on the same basis with other big tunnels, merely prospecting for mines that might be and doubtless were in front of us.

As our tunnel was easy to approach, we had a number of visitors nearly every day, and it was always easy enough to tell them that we expected to strike other mines before reaching the extension of the Dives. I met a man one day by the name of John Murley, and he suggested to me the plan of forming a stock company retaining a half interest for ourselves. Let each stockholder bind himself to pay \$10.00 per month on each \$100.00 of stock for two years. It would only require a capital of \$5,000. paid in as needed. By adopting his plan two shifts could be paid, both night and day.

He ventured to suggest that if the property be-

longed to him he would work it that way. His confidence and enthusiasm in the scheme prompted me to propose selling out to him. As a fact neither Daniel or myself had much confidence in the scheme, or in the probability of valuable mines in line with our tunnel, nor did we wish to spend too much time and money on a venture of this character. After a good deal of talk too tedious to mention we made him a deed to the tunnel and he gave us his check for \$800.00. There was nothing said about selling the King David which we thought might be worth something

Quite true this did not pay us in full for our time and expense on the tunnel, which we had driven a hundred and forty feet, but we had the prospect during the time and lively hope of striking a young fortune by developing our mine. Murley was meeting with some success in his scheme of raising a company when unfortunately he took sick and died, and there was no one to take his place. Nothing more was done about it up to the time I left the country, which was forty-four years ago. Perhaps it still remains just as we left it.

Nothing else being in sight we moved our trap-pings down to the old cabin in Georgetown. It seemed a little strange not to meet Mr. Webster there to give us a warm welcome and glad hand, but before leaving he had stacked a nice lot of stove wood under the bunks ready for use. The woods were full of worse men than Webster. Some one found out that we did not claim the little house left in Silver Plume, and as it was a good building site they moved it, and built a regular "dance-house" in its place. I will refer to this building later when finished, and the wild orgies held there after it was in swinging operation.

We had not lost a day for nine months, and why should we unless for some good cause. Getting back home made us feel like returning from a long visit, and it was pleasant to have our old friends call to see us. Bill Moore and the Coules brothers were

welcome visitors as they always had something to tell that we liked to hear. Tom Johns and his brother Frank were from Florida. They were pleasant, agreeable companions, and their absence from their home was for purposes similar to our own. Cooley and Bob Harper were Mississippians and cousins to my cousins, but were a different and better class of men. They had plenty of money and spent three or four days with us before leaving for Nevada and other Western countries. We felt like going with them but were not ready.

To our great surprise my partner John Burkholder made his appearance with a tale of woe and misfortune. His wagon was loaded with two tons of ore, and he was making his way down a graded road as usual when the lower side gave way and the team and wagon went down the mountain two hundred feet or more, breaking the wagon into pieces and killing the horses, barely saving his own life by jumping in the nick of time, when he felt the wagon going over.

He had on hand plenty of money to buy another team and have some left, but he was badly upset over his loss and the close shave in losing his life. It was his nature to have very little to say, but now he was gloomy and more reticent than ever. I mentioned to him one day that it was nearly time to resume our work on Leavenworth Mountain, and as one of the partners it was his privilege to work with me if he wished to do so. After some hesitancy he said: "I have about made up my mind to try some other section of the country. If I can be released from further obligations I will deed you all my interest in the company, except the Pulaska."

My only alternative was to accept his proposition, as I knew Daniel would accept his place. The mistake was in not taking a power of attorney to sell his interest in the Pulaska, if an opportunity presented itself, as the sequel will show. When the season permitted we commenced work where we left off the year before. We had very little hope

of finding anything of much, or any value, but we had spent too much labor and money on these cuts to abandon them without a thorough investigation. Disappointment sinks the heart of man is a trite old adage, and very true, especially if repeated quite often. Water puts out fire and in the same way repeated failure puts out the fire of enthusiasm and effort.

Nearing the top and on the last cut we found a small vein of mineral about an inch thick, we came near passing over it, on account of no other indication only the mineral. In appearance it reminded me of stuff found in the Summit mine. It had been a full year since having a direct use for the blow-pipe when it told me the Pulaska was no account, but now it told a different tale and said \$1200.00 per ton or 60 cents per pound. We now owned the least though richest mine in the country, also the largest and most worthless one. The two extremes, and yet not more than a half mile apart.

We ran an open cut so as to strike the vein ten feet from the surface. This would enable us to save the ore to a much better advantage, and also determine whether other small veins were near this one or not. In three weeks we had in sacks over two hundred pounds of ore, but the vein had pinched down to about half an inch. Some mines increase in size as depth is gained while others taper a different way. There was a party in the city that made small bars and buttons from rich ore. I carried down to Captain Pope fifteen or twenty pounds of ore to make him a paper weight for his office. I have now in my possession a small silver button, containing three or four dollars in silver, sprouted to resemble a full blown rose, but, like the gold pellet, it is not for sale.

Every night we could see the lights gleaming over in Silver Plume. Through curiosity we concluded to walk down and see how a dance house was conducted, on the principle that the cat is not hurt by looking at a king. The village of five or

six hundred inhabitants was a regular mining town run on the wide-open plan. This was awhile before Snyder was killed and the Dives and Pelican were giving work to over a hundred day laborers and paying them \$100.00 each per month when they put in full time, and there were other mines doing the same, so nearly everybody had a pocket full of money, of no other use than to spend it.

There was a large hall with a new sleek floor, and it cost nothing to enter. A bar with large mirrors attractively arranged occupied most of the rear end, the balance of the rear space was used by a band of musicians. There were fifteen or twenty women, I didn't count them, of the demi-monde character of course. Fifty or seventy-five men, some of them well-dressed, the gamblers, but most of them wore the garb of a miner. As they were the bone and sinew of the whole thing, decided preferment was given them. A "set" lasted five or six minutes and then the music stopped, and every man treated his partner at the bar. He paid in fifty cents for what cost the bar less than five cents, and the balance was clear profit. In the meantime another "set" was forming so the Bacchanalian ball went on.

Everybody seemed to be laughing and talking about something, but I could see nothing funny or interesting. How on earth men could find pleasure or amusement in such debauchery passed my comprehension. The Spaniard and Mexican spend their time and money to see a man fight an infuriated bull. On Sunday morning he attends church, and in the evening he goes to see and bet money on a chicken fight, and we call them half-civilized. The highest type of civilization spend their time and money to see a lot of young men risk limb and life over a ball game in which some of them are maimed for life while others are killed outright, and they call this heathen game, "football." Men and women travel thousands of miles to see two beastly men stand up and knock each other down, and they call

it pugilism. There might be question whether dance house amusements were a greater evil than the others mentioned called athletic sports. After an hour or two we quietly "skidooed". Further comments on the subject will be deferred to some other occasion, which may never occur.

While working on the little mine which we gave the big name of "Robert Lee," we discovered another mine about two hundred feet further up the mountain. It showed two inches solid mineral and in some places better, and we were greatly encouraged because across the way about five hundred feet distant, though on the other slope of the mountain, three Welshmen owned a mine just like it from which they had taken several tons of ore. A few weeks later Bill Moore paid them \$10,000. each and they left for the old country. Moore made \$45,000. on the sale he told me.

The blow-pipe said it was worth \$400.00 per ton which means 20 cents per pound. To get a fairly good price for a mine it was necessary to show a mill run of more tons of ore than one. Capitalists were shy in buying gopher holes. I had imbibed an idea that one man could run the risk of a mine continuing to produce ore as well as another, yet it might be best on general principles to let the man with lots of money assume that risk. We sold the ore taken from the "Lee", which brought us over \$200.00.

In the spring or first part of the year Judge Harmon had moved to Denver and was then engaged in the practice of law at that place. I received a very kind letter from him inviting me to attend the big fair and spend a week or so with him. As I had been in the mountains for six long years I concluded to accept his invitation. It is not my purpose to write about the fair but will say the exhibits of every character were far superior to what I expected. One of the attractive features was a stack of silver brick as high as my head. They were stacked across each other like building a rail pen

and capped off with a gold brick on top. These bricks were near the size and shape of an ordinary brick. A guard, dressed in blue uniform stood near, and a little paper flag, with the words "hands off," was a warning to the public.

The principal object of my visit to Judge Harmon was to talk over with him our mining enterprise. He had spent some money keeping up his part. We might easily get two or three thousand dollars each for the two mines without incurring any further risk of their pinching out, and he had a right to his preference in the matter. I wanted him to have some assurance he could get his money back and some besides. But I found he was more enthused over our prospects than even myself. He thought some of those mines we had discarded might yet prove valuable, at any rate if we failed it would be an honest failure.

On my return to the mountain I found Daniel had been out among the cliffs, which were directly opposite where we built the flue, and discovered a small streak of mineral. It seems like maybe things were coming our way, so we concluded to put in a few shots, in fact worked there two or thre days. A thunder shower, a very unusual thing, passed over and the sun came out with vigor. Fortunately, yes very fortunately, I happened to look up toward a jutting cliff some thousand feet or more higher up than where we were working, and to my amazement saw part of the cliff toppling over and the rocks coming toward us. I called Daniel to run, expecting him to follow me in safety to a cliff some forty feet distant. I could see millions of rocks whizzing and scooting by. There is no use trying to describe a thing of this kind for I am not able to do the subject justice. But where was Daniel? Naturally I supposed he had been swept away by this deluge of rocks. Presently he made his appearance. He had taken refuge behind a bluff some nearer, where the rocks had passed over him.

The rocks passed within a few feet of the place

we were working and filled up the excavation we had made. As the danger might not yet be over we gathered up what tools we could find and made a hasty departure. A few days later we went back, but never did get all our tools. We deemed it a dangerous place to work and concluded to wait until our scare was over.

After an absence of nearly two weeks we resumed work on our new discovery with a vim. Taking out mineral from a mine of our own was quite exhilarating. Before this our work had been on "indications" except the Pulaska and it was very little better. We were always hopeful, but hope with something in sight was a new experience in our mining career. There might be a fortune near at hand, at least the prospects were fine in that direction. To me it was very gratifying to know that Daniel would be an equal partner.

Our mine was near a pathway, not trail, leading from Georgetown to a huckleberry patch of nearly a hundred acres. The little bushes grew about twelve inches high, thick with small limbs, on which the berries grew. In former years I had gathered the same kind of berries from bushes higher than my head, on the Cumberland Mountains. The tinner made a device with prongs, and a tin cup attached, by which the berries could be gathered without picking them. One person could gather two gallons in less than an hour. From twenty to fifty people passed by our mine every day as long as the berries lasted.

Further along and below the place where the loose rock had given us a close call, there was a two or three-acre patch of red raspberries, also ripe at that time. Due to this fact many people went there. This place was also the home of the coney rabbit, a little animal about the size of a big rat, though size and shape of the rabbit. They seemed to be busy putting up their winter supplies. These were the only conies I ever saw. And these two kinds of berries, found at no other place, are the

only two things fit for people to eat that I ever saw growing in these high altitudes.

The many people passing soon spread the news around that we were opening a number of valuable mines on the north slope of Leavenworth Mountain, which brought us a different class of visitors. There were four classes of miners: (1) the man that worked by the day and took no chances; (2) taking a lease on a mine or discovery with a written or oral agreement; (3) the prospector, and to this class I had the honor of being a member; (4) the man that took an option on a mine, and if he sold it retained the better part for himself.

Our visitors referred to, belonged to class No. 2. If we were opening up mines as reported possibly they might get a good lease. I explained to them that we had numerous discoveries and many of them no doubt might be paying mines when properly developed. After going over the different cuts with six or eight parties, three of them decided to take leases. We had already built a trail up that side of the mountain in order to carry our ore to the mill. Pope wrote the lease giving them all they might take out for the first six months, binding them to work the mine so as to leave it in good shape. We were anxious to see some of these "indications" at a depth of seventy-five or a hundred feet.

Some men made good money on leases. I will mention one instance and could mention others. Judge Coules discovered a small pay streak on the hill above the Equator. His two sons, Mart and Clay, by drifting on the vein could gain depth from the surface as fast as sinking a shaft, and the mineral paid some more than wages. The boys were good miners, yet for some cause they lost the pay streak. Continuing the drift forty or fifty feet further leaving behind them what they supposed was the sleek, smooth, hanging wall, and not finding any mineral, concluded to quit at least for awhile.

My special friend Tom Pirtle belonged to class

No. 2 and with candle and pick entered the drift with a view of taking a lease if things looked favorable. In a half accidental way he picked through the supposed hanging wall and found two or three inches of solid rich mineral. He lost no time in taking a lease to have all he could take out of the mine for two months. With his brother and two hired men they took out \$11,000. by the time the lease expired. This was a little fortune to the boys, so they left for their home in Nebraska.

With a positive knowledge of the above facts before us it seems strange we did not at least put in one shot in the sleek wall of the Webster discovery. It is my opinion even at this late day that there might have been maybe a foot of mineral behind that wall. No doubt it remains just as we left it over forty years ago. Possibly it may wait for my return to earth a second or third time; if so there is a gloomy uncertainty hanging over its future development. If one should wish to know more let him ask the whistling winds.

Some one had built a large cabin, and by economizing space eight of us were now occupying it, and the work vigorously pressed with hopeful results. This was our time to finish making the spoon or spoil the horn. Two of our lessees went down seventy-five feet and the other eighty-five feet before hanging up the fiddle. We drifted east and west on our mines, and then went down toward China until patience and fortitude ceased to be a virtue. At least one consolation, we had taken out enough mineral to pay fairly good wages, so did not have to call on our partners to make good their part of the expense.

The old cabin in the city made us feel like getting back home. We had about run our length and done our do. The "Boom Ditch Co." was a thing of the past and no use to whine over results. We talked some of going further west and maybe our luck would change. Everything in sight had vanished, except working by the day, but this was no part of

my program. I spent nearly every night, two or three hours for a few weeks, playing chess with a friend. His wife and I played against him; we discussed our moves and their result, and then he moved to suit himself. We sometimes beat him, though he was the best in the city.

Occasionally I met my old friend, of several years' standing, Bill Moore. He no longer wore the garb of a miner for he had quit that kind of business. He was two or three years younger than myself, had no education, could scarcely write his name, but he had energy and "cheek" to make up for that deficiency. At that time he had made three or four hundred thousand dollars selling mines that did not belong to him. Mr. Rodgers who lived with his family at the foot of the hill a hundred feet below my cabin had discovered a mine and named it for himself. Moore paid him \$50,000 for it and kept for himself \$100,000. He went to St. Louis, Chicago and other cities in order to make his mining deals, but invested his money in and around Lincoln, a new town just starting up in Nebraska. Tom Johns, another one of the boys, was in the same business and not far behind him. Moore often told me if I ever expected to make big money I would have to quit throwing dirt.

On my own part I had made my mind to leave Georgetown, but Daniel was undecided. I could not afford to persuade him to follow me, for there was no telling what wild venture I might undertake. I had now been away from my native home over seven long years. My efforts in a manner had been a failure, from my standpoint of what constituted a success. I had a good deal of dearly bought experience which every man needs in the battle of life, but his feelings prompt him to want something else as a recompense. My better judgment appealed to me to return home and take up the thread of life where I had left it, but my pride of purpose stood in the way.

The snow was disappearing rapidly from lower

points and I was hesitating and fully realized that I must make a decision now that would affect my destiny for years to come. While in this state of uncertainty I received a letter from Judge Harmon in Denver telling me of a party there wishing to buy a big mine for only a little money. This seemed to me more like a joke than business, but he advised me to pack up some fine samples from the Pulaska, come to Denver and help him talk a sale of the property.

In due course of time I received an introduction to the parties referred to in Judge Harmon's letter. The parley that ensued for the next several days would be too tedious to relate. I told them the mineral vein was five or six feet in width and contained mineral like the samples. That by a tunnel four or five hundred feet the mine would be tapped three or four hundred feet deep and from the mouth of the tunnel the ore could be delivered, on an easy grade, by a car into a mill already built for the treatment of ore. As they were willing to purchase a big mine for small money we set our price at only \$25,000.

Very few questions, if any at all, were asked in regard to the value of the ore. To verify my word about the mine I proposed to pay all expenses of any one they might designate, if he found it misrepresented. They had made a rough calculation that it would take \$8,000. to run the tunnel and that \$15,000. was all they would invest in the venture, leaving only \$7,000. in actual cash to pay us. At first Pope and Harmon were opposed to accepting their offer, but I explained to them that the mine was worth nothing to us, and that this money would pay them back three or four times as much money as they had expended, so we finally agreed to accept their proposition.

While this deal was going on, another, in some respects more important, was working itself to the front. The Government had bought part of the Ute Indian reservation, and from the glowing ac-

counts in the papers it was rich in mineral. A banker by the name of Collins as a partner with Mr. Harmon proposed to pay me two-thirds of all expenses, including wages at \$4.00 per day, to go into this section and we would be one-third owners in all I might find. As I wanted to see more of the Western country, I accepted their proposition to take effect as soon as we completed our mining sale, which would require only a short while.

Returning to Georgetown with the party designated we visited the Pulaska next day, and he was highly pleased. I told Daniel about my expected trip through the mountains and found he would like to go with me, in fact I was anxious for him to go, but did not want to insist or even advise him to do so. We called on our friend Tom Johns at his room in the hotel. After a conference lasting an hour or two he took Daniel's receipt for \$200.00 and they were to be equal partners in the discoveries, virtually the same arrangement I had made with the parties in Denver.

This man Johns was a shrewd trader and had made over \$200,000. selling and dealing in mines. He had this actual cash in a leather valise or grip which he carried in his hand swung across his shoulder by a strap. He had a tinner to make tin boxes, with hinges to them, of a certain size to hold \$500., \$100., \$50. and \$20. dollar bills. The grip and its contents would not weigh over six or eight pounds. He expected to start in a few days, so he said, out through Utah and other Western sections on a speculating detour, and wanted to have his money with him. According to his idea it was too much money to risk in the banks.

A favorable report on the Pulaska mine consummated the deal and the money was ready on presentation of the deed but one of the owners was absent. I had received a postal card from Burkholder at Halls Gulch, out in the mountains about seventy miles west of Denver. As it was very uncertain about getting a letter to him quickly, Judge

Harmon went with me to a livery stable and we hired a suitable conveyance to make the trip. That evening I drove out to the head of Turkey Canyon about thirty miles.

Halls Gulch was a place of one store and a few other buildings. I had feed for my team with me, and for some cause quite a number of men were standing around, some of them pitching horse shoes, others seeing it. I saw several parties that knew Burkholder and they told me he and others had left for Oro City, about forty miles distant, expecting to make part of the trip on snowshoes. They also told me there was a way of reaching that place by going through Fairplay, and then some hundred and fifty miles or more still further, with practically a good road and no snow all the way.

Being on the job to stay, after night overtook me I let the ponies do their own driving, and about nine o'clock they stopped in front of a livery stable, perhaps they had been there before. I had traveled all day over good roads in an altitude of 10,000 feet, another 1,000 feet in height would have been above timber line, and had made seventy miles, paying out \$3.00 at the different toll gates. Next morning I could plainly see a mountain range five or six miles distant, bearing off toward the west, yet covered with snow. A man offered for \$10.00 to furnish the snowshoes and lead the way through Mosquito Pass over to Oro City only fifteen miles away. But I was not in the snowshoe business.

The memory of this long trip and the events are still fresh in my mind, but time and space warn me that most of them must be left out of this narrative. Middle Park is a level tract of land in the heart of the mountains, suitable for grazing in the summer season. It was fifty miles to Chubb's ranch on the head of Trout Creek, and not a house of any kind on the way. Three or four miles out on my journey I noticed a number of men working in a pit fifty or seventy-five feet in diameter and

about twenty feet deep. As this was something new to me I halted a few minutes to see what they were doing and how they did it.

They were using a derrick run by a small engine, and with a large iron scoop were depositing sand and gravel in a flue on top of the ground, partly filled with water. A gentleman came forward and we shook hands. I readily recognized him as Mr. Clark for whom I had worked on the Terrible mine. He was a rich man now but still hunting for something bigger than ever. I learned from him that he was taking out some gold but expected to find better pay on reaching the bed rock. Six days later, on my return trip, bed rock had not been found, the derrick had fallen, which killed one man, and that man was Mr. Clark. The irony of Fate or some other decree had called him to a higher court.

Next day at the mouth of Trout Creek I crossed the Arkansas River and made an acute angle bearing east of north, and recrossed the river next day near Granite City. This village was in a fever of excitement over the killing of a man in the court room during a trial. It was yet twenty-five miles to my point of destination. About three miles above the city I found an obstruction across the road. A large flat boulder and part of the bank had filled the road two-thirds full for ten or fifteen feet making it impossible for me to pass without assistance.

Unhitching the team and pushing back the buggy a hundred yards I turned it around and was soon on the way back to Granite City but I failed to find any one willing to assist me until I approached a man hammering on a piece of hot iron. I asked him the question if he was a mason, and after a brief conversation he banked his fires, took a hammer and a wrench, and went with me. He seemed to know exactly what to do and how to do it. Taking the tongue and wheels off, we lifted the balance of the conveyance over the obstruction. It took fifteen or twenty minutes to put me on my

journey. The dashing waters of the river could be seen and heard fifty feet below. I offered and insisted on paying him for his trouble, but not a cent would he receive, telling me it was not a money job.

I reached the mouth of California Gulch between sundown and dark. When darkness overtook me I still held the lines but the ponies did their own driving, as it was too dark for me to see the road. At last a gleam of light in the distance caught my eye. When the team stopped I could see men in a room paying cards, but could not make them hear me. I was numb with cold and fatigue; finally when they came out one of them assisted me into the house. A cup of hot coffee and a warm supper brought me to the fore, right side up with care. If any man should presume to say that traveling through a strange country on a very dark night was a species of fun and amusement, he might open up a good case for impeaching his veracity.

In commencing my search for Burkholder next morning I soon learned that the object of my long drive through the mountains was liable to prove a failure. I made it a point to ask everyone I met if he knew a man by the name of Burkholder and received the same negative answer from each one. I was not much surprised at this for we had been partners in the prospecting business for three or four months before I knew his name, in fact did not know it until we organized the Leavenworth Boom Ditch Co.

Oro City was simply a placer mining village that had been on wheels, so to speak, from the mouth of California Gulch. Parties had been sluicing for gold in this gulch for ten years past and had gradually moved their camp higher up the gulch as the gold deposits were worked out below. They expected ultimately to find the mother lode where the gold had its origin, and then commence quartz mining on the vein which is often more profitable. At several places, on my return trip,

I noticed banks forty feet high with a chasm a hundred feet wide, while at other places the banks were lower showing the bed rock was much nearer the surface. I noticed one place in particular where my buggy wheel had run within a foot of a forty-foot bank, but I did not know it at the time.

In the head of the chasm or gulch six or eight men were working and I went down among them to make inquiry. They were using two large nozzles, which under hydraulic pressure were throwing water against the banks, the water carrying off the sand, dirt and small gravel through a flue prepared in the regular way for catching the gold. Several men were moving boulders, large and small so as to assist the water in doing its work. This was the most systematic way of gulch mining I had ever seen, and reduced the labor to a minimum.

The only man I could find that knew Burkholder was the one merchant of the city. He had sold Burkholder a bill of supplies for him and his companions, but did not know how far or which way it was to their camp. As it was yet early in the day I decided to take a tramp through the hills and ravines to see if I could find them. This gave me an opportunity as a prospector to examine the mineral croppings of that particular section. Perhaps I walked ten miles or more as the ground was not nearly so rough or precipitous as I had been used to.

Possibly it would have been greatly to my interest had I remained there another day, or even several days, and continued my tramping with pick and shovel. It is always a hard and difficult thing for a man to wear his "fore" sights, where there is a strong element of uncertainty, but I picked up during the day a number of fine float specimens, and saw three or four of those gray ashbank indications which led me to know from experience that lead, and maybe silver, could be easily found, and a few years later, was found in large quantities.

To prove the correctness of this idea and statement, in less than five years from that time a flourishing city, called Leadville, with a population of 20,000 inhabitants was built up there in the vicinity of Oro City. It was the largest strictly mining town in all the Rocky Mountains. Georgetown, less than a hundred miles distant in a straight line, once had a population of 5,000, and Cripple Creek 12,000 or 15,000; they were the next largest.

As my expenses were \$14.00 per day it looked like burning up too much money, though later I could see this was a mistake on my part, so I concluded to write Burkholder a letter, telling him all the particulars, and left it with the merchant, explaining to him its importance. On my return I made the regular fifty miles per day except the last lap of thirty miles. It was eighteen miles down Turkey Canyon, and then twelve further to Denver. Both ponies were lame in their front feet, so had to let them walk. It was dark when I drove in the home stable. I had been absent ten days and expected to pay him \$100.00 but he reduced the bill, of his own accord, to \$70.00.

Of course I met Judge Harmon and explained to him the results of the trip. We both called on the purchasers of the Pulaska, but found they were unwilling to pay the money until all parties had signed the deed. We assured them that Burkholder would be on hand in ten days or less time, and they agreed to wait. Really we were afraid they might back out. Daniel had arranged with four other men that on my return six of us would pay a teamster that had agreed to take us to Del Norte for \$20.00 each. I gave Judge Harmon power of attorney to collect my money, and we started on our long trip.

CHAPTER VI

PROSPECTING IN THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY.
LARGE MINERAL VEINS BUT LOW GRADE ORE.
A LONG TRIP OF 250 MILES. FAILED TO REACH
GUNNISON MINES. INDIAN TROUBLE. DIS-
COURAGED RETURNED TO GEORGETOWN.
AGREED WITH MY PARTNERS TO MAKE
ANOTHER TRIP INTO THE MINES.
RETURN TO MY NATIVE HOME TO
STAY.

Beginning a new chapter is also the beginning of a new venture. The estimated distance to Del Norte was three hundred miles. With nice spring seats, an easy running wagon and a spanking good team, the driver expected to make an average of forty miles per day, and at this rate reach our destination in seven days. I had just made fifty miles a day and in higher altitudes. As our board was included in the price of transportation, he hired an extra man to do the cooking. The supplies were carried with us and we were not overly hard to please, so they did not cost much. Riding all day long for a whole week grows monotonous and tiresome, otherwise we had a pleasant time and a good chance to see the country.

On the third day we passed through Manitou, and circling around Pike's Peak, camped a little north of where Cripple Creek is now located. Of course we all expected to get rich in the new "Eldorado" of the San Juan (San Wan) country, and were in high glee over the prospects. There is nothing like a high-grade incentive behind a man's movements. We had lots to talk about, and nothing else to do, so camp life was very like a pastime.

We reached Del Norte, situated on the Rio

Grande River, a little before noon on the seventh day. From this point the real tug of war commenced. It was a hundred miles to the head waters of the river, and then ten miles further to Bakers Park, the supposed center of the new mining region. The mill would be of no further service. It was gion. The necessary equipment to make this journey was the next thing in order. We knew everything needed in prospecting and developing a mine if such was found, also we knew the largest amount of supplies possible, would all have to be carried with us, for such things as these would be hard to get in a new mining camp.

One of the very important things was to purchase two good pack animals. There were two burros' corrals near the town owned by two Mexicans, and they, the burros, were there for sale. The price of these little animals ranged from \$10.00 to \$30.00 according to size and age. They were gentle and easy to handle, in fact they are "born that way." Using our best judgment we selected two of the best ones. We gave a greaser fifty cents to select two good pack saddles and show us how to do the packing act. He showed us how to tie knots that would not slip, and taught us the secret of the "diamond hitch" by which the pack was kept to its place up or down hill.

We drove out eight or ten miles the first evening and selected a good camping place which contained of wood, water and grass, three indispensable things. One of the commendable qualities of these little animals is that with plenty of grass they will stay near camp, and frequently come in at daylight to get a taste of salt. They will carry a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds all day and never sulk. He needs no shoes for his feet, and can go anywhere a man can go without using his hands. So much said for the donkey, and I ought to know him well.

Fifty miles on our journey we passed Wagon Wheel Gap which was the limit of the expedition

led by John C. Fremont seeking a low pass in the Continental Divide. Two old wagon wheels were on the side of the road said to be part of his train. The river passes through a gorge at this place a mile long, and it was five miles over a rough mountain to get back into the valley.

At Pole Creek we found several parties unable to get across. After 10 or 11 A. M. until midnight, the creek was a raging torrent, but in the early morning it could be crossed with safety. One of the men went up the creek and killed a mountain sheep and brought the hind-quarters into camp, but for my part I preferred taking a rest instead of hunting. Next morning our donkeys easily took the lead. Usually I walked in front to pick the best part of the road, and they soon learned to follow my footsteps. The numerous little branches, some of them knee deep, we paid no more attention to than if they had been dry land.

On the sixth day we crossed the "Great Divide." There were yet patches of snow in low places. A deep ravine was down below us, and the mountain was steep. We could look up the canyon and see a beautiful cascade, formed by melting snow, pitching off a cliff not less than 1,000 feet high. We struck camp that night about a mile above Bullion City, so-called, on the Animus River which flows westward and finally into the Pacific Ocean.

In talking with several parties that evening and night I learned from them that a number of prospectors were up the river about eight miles at the mouth of Eureka Gulch. This is where Baker and five of his comrades were massacred by the Indians a few years previous, two of them escaping to tell the tale of horror. Their representation of vast mineral deposits led the Government to purchase the Indians' claim to the country, though some of them were still displeased about it and frequently went on the war-path.

On reaching that point next day we found much nicer camping ground, and soon formed the ac-

quaintance of other prospectors. Three or four of them had already made a big discovery, and in their vivid imagination were quite wealthy, or soon would be. On invitation we visited their mine and found it big enough, in fact larger than the Pulas-ka. It was hard to tell where it commenced or ended. There was no break in the granite rock to indicate the walls of a mine, such as we had been used to see incasing a vein either large or small. They were very kind in explaining to us the nature of mineral deposits and how to determine their value, taking great pride in pointing out to us the spots and streaks of ruby silver seen in their specimens of ore. As we had been in the business of prospecting only seven or eight years we readily conceded to them a superiority of knowledge. I had often been in their fix and well knew that "where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise." They presented us with several small specimens of their ore to carry in our pockets as a "mascot" to give us luck in finding a mine of the same kind.

Leaving our new found friends we proceeded to trace the croppings of their mine, which was easily done as there was nothing but bare rocks all the way, a distance of a quarter mile or perhaps 2000 feet. We made a discovery of our own, however, as we had no drill with us we passed on to see if some other mine was waiting to be located. We made a kind of preliminary survey of the country that day, passing by the spot where Baker and his men lost their lives. A few rusty shovels and other tools bore a silent testimony to the sad fate of their former owners, but such is often the ending of an early western life.

In a measure we now had a secondary interest in the "Ruby Mine" (maybe that was its name) by virtue of a discovery on its extension. Due to this fact and partly through curiosity I decided to take out my blowpipe and see how it stood the recent 400-mile trip, with a view of making an assay on the "mascot" specimen. The little Wedge-

wood mortar and pestle was all right. I soon made a few bone-ash cupels, and in a short time a small part of the specimen, was under the "blue blaze." Ruby silver is nearly a third pure silver, and I might expect a nice little button as a result, but instead it went into thin air and only a trace of silver was left, possibly six or eight ounces to the ton.

Our friends paid us a social visit that night, and we told them of making a discovery on the extension of their mine, and that it was our intention to cross-cut the entire width of the vein with a view of finding the core or rich streak if such existed. We also showed them our $\frac{5}{8}$ drills, two of them eighteen and two nine inches long all sharp and ready for use. Each one of us by using a three-pound hammer drilled a hole, and then a little stick of giant powder or dynamite did the work. We learned this from Mr. Glenn formerly mentioned.

Drills in constant use require sharpening and the nearest place for that kind of work was Bullion City, six miles distant. This fact forced us to build a forge of our own, and by the way it is worth mentioning how it is done. Build a rock flue about a foot in diameter at the base and gradually draw in to six inches, three feet from the ground, and then flange it out for the next foot. About two or three inches from the base leave an aperture 2x4 or less, to insert the drill or point of the pick. If too much draft at any time the place can be closed by a rock of the proper size. As a substitute for an anvil we used a small steel plate 1-4 inch thick 2x3, fastened on a stump or log.

Ten days work put our claim in proper shape for record. The "stuff" when first brought to light had a metallic appearance, but a few days exposure to the air turned it to a dingy black. I made a dozen or more assays, each time with the same result, "nothing doing." We might have quit the job, but thought maybe there might be a rich streak, but it was not there. It reminded me of zink-blend,

sometimes called "black-jack," and is about as innocent of gold or silver as granite itself. Perhaps mines of this character are yet in their adolescent period, and in the course of a thousand years or longer they will be valuable for future generations.

We continued to prospect for several days higher up on the mountain on both sides and the head of Eureka gulch. It was much preferable to find a smaller mine with richer mineral, something like the Robert Lee, formerly mentioned, for instance. There were large mines of little value around Georgetown, but there were smaller ones of great value, and such might be the case in this section of the country. But failing to find anything of that kind we folded our tent and went back to Bullion City to take a new start.

On going up the gulch, we came down the first day, we noticed the beautiful cascade was no longer in business, the supply of water had given out. We made a circuit higher on the mountain, and as it happened found two men we had formerly known, though had lost sight of for the last few years. They were crossing a big mine just as we had done. I took a specimen of their best mineral to our camp and found it just like ours. I was slowly making up my mind there was no rich mineral in the country, but did not want to reach this conclusion until I had tested the mineral from discoveries made by others as well as myself. If I could find some one with a rich specimen I would visit that location.

In order to obtain better grazing for our burros we moved further down the Animus, which was called a river, though in size was only a creek, easily forded in the first part of the day. It was our intention in starting one day to go out as far as the Continental Range, perhaps six miles. Men looking for a needle in a haystack possibly might find it near the top. I owned a small telescope about six inches long kept in a leather case with a shoulder strap. When extended it was about two

feet long and enabled me to see things at a distance, a hundred or more times better.

When going into high altitudes I usually carried this instrument with me. Part of my business in the country was to see things. Like the miser that never gets enough gold, so with the eye it is never feasted. Ascending the mountain a short distance we concluded to take a look at Silverton situated in the upper end of Bakers Park and about three miles distant. To our great surprise we could see a number of "Noble Red Men" of the forest riding around and others on their way. We changed our intended trip to another day, and started to the park to see what it meant.

As it happened a number of prospectors and others were on hand and had staked out a race track in the park by the time we got there. Ouray, the big Chief of the Ute tribe, was on his way down to the Animus valley, about thirty miles further, where some of his "big braves" were threatening to take the "war path" against white settlers. This part of the valley was included in the purchase by the Government yet the Indians, some of them, did not want to give it up, as it was valuable for grazing purposes.

Chief Ouray was a large portly Indian of over two hundred pounds. He wore an old rusty high crown beaver hat, a faded yellow vest and buckskin pants. It seemed to me his mouth was at least four inches from corner to corner. Like other Indians he had very little to say, though could grunt out a few English words. Some ten bucks were along, his bodyguard I suppose, all riding nice sleek ponies. Only two of his squaws were present, both riding astride the same animal. But Ouray was friendly to the white man and was trying to keep peace.

Baker's Park was three miles wide and five long, and certain parties had a few nice ponies picketed out on the grass. They brought several in to race with the Chief's ponies, but he would only bet

\$5.00 on each race. Out of ten races the Chief lost three. The last race was a close one, and there was some contention over it. After this the Chief said "Umph! me bet no more, good white man, big Indian go, want peace." Ouray put up his money like a good gambler, but did not decide the winner of the race.

We met three of the men that camped with us on Pole Creek, and they were jubilant over their prospects. They had beaten us to the "jug" and had taken a good "swig" in the shape of several big discoveries. With pride and assurance of great wealth they showed me specimens containing nearly half gray copper, which of itself is twenty per cent pure silver. For the time I was encouraged that there was valuable mineral in the country, and told them we would visit their mining section at an early date. I was allowed to keep a small specimen.

Silverton was rated as the County Site, and a nice location for a large city, which is more than can be said for most all mining towns. We found a man for the paltry sum of \$4.00 who was willing to write a few lines in a blank book, and then fill out the blank and sign his name as Recorder. After handing back the change for a \$5.00 bill, he could afford to sit back with an air of assumed importance of holding an office.

After Ouray left the crowd dispersed. In order to reach camp we had to cross the Animus which was then at full tide. Where the water was shallow it was too swift to be safe, so we found a good wading place and it circled around just under the chin, and good cold water too. The first thing on docket after reaching camp was to find out what the "blue blaze" said about the sample of gray copper. With amazement and disappointment I watched it vanish into thin air. There was no use now in keeping the engagement, just as well stay on our own side of the river, at least the chances were equally as good.

In prospecting we usually carried a pick, hammer, drill and a few sticks of giant powder. No use looking for "indications" for there were none. We had not even worn the new off our shovels, in fact had very little use for them. Perhaps we put twenty shots, on as many discoveries, trying to find mineral that would pay its way through a mill. I invariably made an assay from each shot and each one of us kept a sample of the mineral, wrapped in a piece of paper and numbered. This would enable us to make a report of our work.

We had no idea of quitting the job. The contract was for the summer season, and our intention was to stay with it, hit or miss. We were about ready to move our camp up around the head waters of the Animus, some fifteen miles, when I received a letter from Judge Harmon telling me the sale of the Pulaska was consummated, and the money paid over in full, and that Burkholder had paid him, for me, all my expenses on the trip hunting him. He also wrote me that the papers were giving very favorable reports from a new mining section on the Gunnison River, and suggested that I make a short detour through that country and see if the reports were true. By looking on the map, which doubtless he did, the distance might be estimated at about seventy-five miles.

But there was not even an Indian trail connecting the two points. The only practical route was to go to Del Norte and Saguache, a distance of over two hundred miles. As we were badly rattled over the value of mines in that section we concluded to make the trip and on the way prospect up the different creeks flowing into the Rio Grande. This entire country consisted of mountain ranges, and the mountain streams with their parks and valleys gave it drainage. In the economy of Nature the mountains were made to contain mineral for the use of man as he became more enlightened; the thing was to find it.

A long trip like this meant much walking. What

is the use of money anyhow, unless to buy comfort? For \$35.00 we bought a pony and cheap saddle so we could take time about riding. The only trouble with a pony, it had to be picketed out, as it might take a notion to leave for parts unknown. We prospected one day up Pole Creek, and one day at Antelope Park, and two days at Wagon Wheel Gap. Several years later a man named Creed found valuable mines near this place. We gave them a close call but it was not our prerogative to find them. Luck, as such, is made of that kind of material.

After a long ramble on the evening of the first day at this place, while Daniel got supper I took my line and hook and went up the gorge about two hundred yards and walked out on a jutting boulder, with the hopeful object of catching the speckled trout that inhabited the stream. I only had fifteen grasshoppers in a tin can with which to bait the hook. It was not a matter of either art or luck, but simply to throw the line as far up stream as possible and watch the bait as it floated down. When the fish struck it, I gave a quick jerk, and the speckled beauty would come wiggling along until he stood in front.

If a small one less than two pounds happened on the hook, I threw it back and let it grow larger for somebody else. In an hour or less time I had a nice string of ten that would weigh from two to four pounds each. I was not fishing for fun, but for a change in diet, and something better to eat. We knew from others that it was the nature of these fish to migrate up or down the stream in order to find water of a certain temperature to suit their preference, but that exact location was sometimes hard to find.

Fishing never was much pleasure to me, it requires too much patience and not enough work, though lots of people think it is great sport. Next day we went further up the gorge, and might have gone all the way. There was a fascinating charm

about the dashing roaring waters, enhanced by the surroundings, hardly excelled if ever equalled. On the opposite side a massive volume of rock was so high that it seemed to be looking over in astonishment at the performance below. It was not less than 2000 feet high. Of course we did not measure the height, it might have been 3000 feet.

Nor was this the only wonderful thing at that place. A short distance from the road, maybe a hundred yards, a big boiling spring of hot water came out of the earth with enough force to bulge up in the center. We had crossed the stream made by it, in passing that way before, but did not know it was hot water. Nor did we know this time until next morning from our camp we could see a big smoke, and went down to find out the cause. The spring looked like the inside part of a large black caldron eight feet in diameter with a hole in the bottom.

The water was too hot to hold one's hand in it longer than two seconds. My report in regard to the source of this supply of water will necessarily be incomplete, as we didn't have time to dig down to the big fire that did the heating act. About two hundred feet off I noticed a nice little stream of clear cool water trickling through the crevice in a rock. It was just about the right height from the ground, so I concluded to take a drink, but it only got part of the way to the swallow point. My first impression was of rotten eggs. Some people might like this kind of water if bottled up, and they had to pay twenty-five cents per bottle, but for my own part I would prefer a different brand.

Eventually we reached Del Norte and struck camp about half a mile out from the city. Fortunately a friendly looking Mexican was standing near his gate, and we asked him the privilege of turning our burros in his pasture. "As you are prospectors it won't cost you anything," he replied, which was very kind of him. As it happened he knew the animals, and was glad they were in good

hands. That night we visited the city to make a few purchases so as to be ready for an early start next morning. We passed a new building with many lights, and the sound of music and revelry on the inside and we stepped in to see what it meant. To our surprise we found a regular dance hall in full blast, and a motley crowd it was, consisting of men and women galore. Judging from the costume and deportment I think the Mexican element predominated. It was different, however, from the one we had formerly visited. There were various rooms set apart, one for faro, one for poker, one for the wheel of fortune, and one for roulette. Neither of us spoke a word to a single man or woman, in fact we were not needed as a factor in the success of the institution.

There was a bridge across the river at this point, but at this time of the year when the waters were high there was an overflow about a hundred yards further along, which was both too deep and swift to ford. A large rope about a hundred feet long was stretched across, and a man in a skiff waited on the traveling public by pulling on the rope. But how to get our animals across was a difficult question to me. The ferryman assured us there would be no trouble by following his instructions which was easy to do.

Taking our packs off he tied one end of a rope to the pack saddle, and one of us got in the skiff with him, holding the other end, and when half-way across the other one pushed the animal into the current. The ferryman pulled on his rope while the animal slued around and came out on the other side. Of course this process was followed with the other two animals. While crossing it dawned upon my mind that the ferryman was our old friend Henry Adams. We had entirely lost sight of him for the past two years.

This man Adams discovered a mine and named it Matilda Fletcher, after a young lady that gave a lecture of some kind in Georgetown. Either Bill

Moore or Tom Johns paid him \$10,000 and kept the balance of a \$40,000 deal. He invested a few hundred dollars in a little cigar and tobacco stand on one of the side streets. I called several times to see him but he was always absent. There was a back door, locked all the time, supposed to be his private room, but as I learned later was used as a gambling den. In five months Henry lost in a manner, all his money and then dropped out of sight. He was now making some good money, and when he had enough for a "grub stake" would try it over.

A journey of thirty-five miles lay before us, and as our baggage was reduced to a minimum in the way of supplies we put all on one burro and rode the other. No animal, as far as I know, moves with more ease to the rider than the burro. He has a kind of pacing movement that reminds one of being in a swing. The road all the way was smooth and level, not a single hill to climb, and only one branch on the route where we rested about an hour. We were passing through the lower part of the San Luis valley. South of us lay the Sangre De Cristo range, showing we were still in the confines of the mountain regions.

We reached Saguache about sundown and stopped in front of a store. The merchant came out and invited us to put our baggage in his store, and turn our stock in his pasture. There had developed a spirit of rivalry between this town and Del Norte as an "outfitting" place for parties going into the new mining country, and this gave the prospector favorable consideration. As the hotel only charged us \$1.00 per day for board and lodging we concluded not to be in any extra hurry getting away, as it was a nice place to stay.

Quite a big trial was going on at the courthouse — not much house — in which a Mexican was charged with some misdemeanor. As the witnesses were all Mexican and could not talk English it was necessary to have an interpreter. My interest

in the trial was to hear the lawyer ask questions in English, and then watch the interpreter "jabber" awhile with the witness, and then answer back in English. The novelty of the thing made it interesting. Several large counties in the southern part of the territory were occupied by Greasers, and the legislature had to provide interpreters for the benefit of the members elected from these counties. The Spanish language, as such, when spoken by a glib tongue sounds very nice, much more so than the German, French or English.

We made our purchases that evening and next day went up the Saguache valley about twenty-five miles. Opposite our camp, across the creek, and about two miles distant, we could see what appeared to be holes in the high cliffs. With the glass we could see clearly enough they were holes, but could not tell whether made by Nature or by hand. I have regretted many times not spending at least one day of investigation. Possibly they had been used by the early Indians as a habitation and place of refuge from other tribes.

There was a passably good wagon road all the way across the Continental Divide into the Gunnison mines, and we expected a pleasant speedy trip. This is the route Fremont ought to have taken in order to find the low pass across the great divide that he was looking for when he went up the Rio Grande. Next day we met four men riding in a wagon and direct from the Gunnison. This was decidedly a fortunate meeting for us as they could give us definite information, which we had failed to obtain by asking others.

They were armed both with guns and side arms, and told us we would not be able to reach the mining region without a fight with the Indians. They had no objections to parties coming out, but were on the war path against those going in. These Indians claimed the treaty included the upper part of the Gunnison, but not where the mines were located. This same trouble existed on the Animus

when Chief Ouray went down there to settle it as previously mentioned. These men advised us to wait awhile until the trouble was settled.

My past experience with the Indian, as a human being, gave me a very poor opinion of him, and that he placed a low value on the life of the white man. When we came to the fork of the road, we decided in about three seconds to take the left hand which led back to the head waters of the Animus. A few of the progressive citizens of Saguache had ten men at that time marking and building a road to the Animus, and when we finished was much better and at least fifty miles nearer, than the route via Del Norte.

We had left the Saguache valley several miles back and were gradually ascending some higher altitude, in fact we passed the great divide on such an easy grade that we scarcely realized the fact. As I recall some of the events of this trip, I will mention crossing one stretch of ten miles with no trees or rocks, though covered with a kind of short grass. It was not a park in the usual meaning of that word, because there was no high frowning cliff to be seen. The road builders had put up a line of stakes to mark out the way to go. On reaching the far side a nice small stream crossed our route and as there was plenty of wood, water, and grass, we struck camp.

We noticed along up and down this branch rather a peculiar growth different from anything I had ever seen before. It was more like a big stalk of some kind, than bush or sapling. They grow from twenty to thirty feet high without a single limb on them, though a bunch of leaves grew on top. They are four inches in diameter at the bottom, and three inches at the top. I cut three of them down and found they had a pith on the inside, and was told by others that the pole when peeled and dried, was light and nearly as hard as bone.

It seems Nature is always bountiful as well as

generous in supplying the demands of her creatures, either creeping, flying or walking. She provided this singular growth here, and here only, for the special benefit of the Indians, as teepee poles. They grew just the right size and length for that purpose, and used by a people unable to make or obtain them any other way.

In pursuing our journey, without expecting such a thing, we came to one of the agencies established by the government, where supplies of the various kinds were issued according to the terms of the treaty. Here we could see a number of these good-for-nothing scamps sitting and loafing around, and a short distance up the valley could see their teepees reminding one of a city, after a fashion. This was a fortunate arrangement between Uncle Sam and the Big Chief, especially the latter. Under the new deal his people belonged strictly to the aristocratic class, with plenty to eat and nothing to do but to organize excursion parties and hunting bouts. Like a rich man with a big income they could "laugh to scorn the ills of life, and be gay and happy still." It was easy enough to comply with one part of the treaty, that of drawing rations and supplies, but they were disposed to break over in other respects. Due to this disposition on their part we failed to visit the Gunnison mines.

Merely by accident we camped one day at noon where an Indian trail crossed our road. Entirely unexpectedly a moving band of Indian passed within a hundred feet or so of our camp. Perhaps there were two hundred or more of them, old and young, male and female. This was one of the sights I was anxious to see. It took them fully half an hour to pass. The bucks were riding in front at an easy gait in single file, in fact they all passed that way, seemingly without the least bit of confusion. The squaws were all walking and looking after the pack animals. The teepee poles were fastened on in such a way that one end dragged on the ground behind the pack animal. A device of some character

was fastened to these poles about five feet from the end in which the small papoose did the riding act, perhaps it was tied there. None of them paid the slightest attention to us, which met my hearty approval, I am sure. It is part of the Indian's nature to be indifferent toward the white man or anything he does, except when he encroaches upon his hunting ground. The chances are he would go to sleep while watching a display of fire works. We had no idea where they were going or whence they came.

I am free to admit that after seeing so many of them, and looking at their savage faces, which bore the marks of a cruel nature, I formed even a more unfavorable opinion of them than formerly. I felt more inclined than ever to accept the common western opinion, that the "only good Indian is a dead one." Several passed us that evening going the same way we were. This of itself was a little suspicious, considering the low opinion we had of them. Two or three were more liable to do a real mean thing than a large number.

As the evening shades drew near we were glad to strike some lower levels. We crossed Saboia River (creek) on a bridge made by the road builders. The river took its name, I am told, from wild onions that grew there. On account of the land being nearly level the creek was too deep to ford. On each side the grass was growing over waist high. That night we went down near the creek bank and spread our blankets on the tall grass. All through the night we could hear thudding sounds like some one pitching rocks in the water. On examination next morning we found the banks were made slick by beavers sliding down into the water. Only a short distance below was a regular beaver dam.

It was only three miles down to the Gunnison River forming a rich valley of several thousand acres, in my opinion suitable for wheat or other cereal growth. We followed the newly made road, which was through the woods above the river,

though near enough at times to hear the rushing waters. All along for ten miles the pine trees, perhaps a hundred or more, had been denuded of their bark as high as one could reach. On inquiring of others I learned that the squaws took it off to use as bread before the treaty. I can't vouch for the explanation, but can vouch for the trees being barkless.

By making rather a long march that day we reached the forks of the Gunnison. For some distance below, by the widening of the valley forming a park it was evident that we were approaching the forks. Late in the evening we passed by what seemed to be an old camp with pieces of striped blankets and a few cooking vessels left behind. This of itself was very unusual, yet such things could happen. Here we overtook and camped near the road builders that night. It was a little like getting back into civilization once more to find white men that would speak back and give us some attention.

That night, when we first visited their camp, I noticed the carcass of a beaver hanging up taking the cool night breeze. But it looked so much like a little baby that next morning when they offered us some of it as a breakfast food, I declined with thanks, in fact I was always a little tender about eating animal flesh. That night while sitting around the camp fire I asked Mr. Hodgkiss, who was in charge of the road hands, in regard to the old camp we had passed about a mile below. He was a little surprised that I had not heard the events connected with this camp while in Saguache, that it was the chief topic of conversation four months ago.

As he related the events pertaining to this old camp they seemed like some big ghost story, or more like a part of the history of Captain Kidd and John A. Murrell combined. I will try to be as brief as possible in relating the story he told which was corroborated later by others. The story is

about as follows: A company of four men, no doubt prospectors, were taking their chances in finding a new mining region. They were under the leadership of a half-breed, part Indian and part Mexican, with the duplicity and cunning of both races.

After wandering around through the mountain defiles, being either lost or so arranged by intention, found a resting place and escape from starvation in the Uncompahgre valley, the home grounds of Ouray the big chief, where he kept his ponies through the long winter, also a herd of sheep and goats. This plateau was maybe fifty miles long by ten miles wide, and was sheltered by high ranges of mountains, making it a fine winter resort. About the first or middle of March they concluded to pass over onto the head waters of the Gunnison, which they did, and camped at the place about a mile below. Under the plea of saving his own life from starvation this half-bred knocked his companions in the head with a hatchet, one at a time and used their flesh as a cannibal. After this horrible deed he passed over the Cochatopa Range, which we had passed a few days previous, and on down to Saguache. He had plenty of money and spent it freely. In telling of his exploits through the mountains he failed to tell the same tale every time which led men to suspect he had killed his comrades for their money. He was arrested, put in jail, but broke out in some way and no trace of him had been found up to that time. The road builders found the camp as he described it, but the murdered men no doubt were thrown in the river and the high water from melting snow had washed them down in to the gorge below.

This gruesome tale might have been left out of these memoirs as I was not directly connected with the tragical events. But it serves to illustrate what might befall any prospector that risks his life too far in any field of uncertainty. We know nothing of these men that lost their lives only that they had some money. Seeking gold (which is a synonym

of wealth) and the love of adventure, induced these men to undertake this perilous journey. This same incentive caused Baker and those with him to go beyond the bounds of safety, and hundreds of others were still doing the same thing one way or another.

Next morning Mr. Hodgekiss moved his camp six miles further up the left fork of the river. It was twenty miles yet to the head of the Animus. As this was an extra nice place to recuperate we remained there a whole week prospecting up both forks of the river, also to give the road builders more time to finish their work. We went up the right hand branch first and found several fairly good looking mines. Putting one or two shots in each one the "blue blaze" told us it was not the kind of mineral we were expecting to find. My experience had taught me there was no use wasting time on low grade mineral.

On the last day up this branch we went higher up on the mountain, even above timber line, hoping to find a vein or croppings of some kind indicating a higher grade of mineral. Out on top of one of the higher points or peaks, with the aid of the glass we could see in the distance the winding course of the Uncompahgre valley, and where its waters emptied into a larger river. Less than half a mile up the left fork there was a beautiful lake some three miles long and one mile wide. A lake in the mountains is something of a novelty, though in my travels I have seen several.

About a hundred feet below the lower end of this lake there is a chasm through the solid rock fifteen feet wide and thirty feet deep, and the lake maintained its same level by flowing through this fissure. Keeping the road on the south side of the lake we stepped across a nice little stream of clear water. It was about my time to "take a drink" but the first gulp made me wish there was some way to get it back. Vinegar sweetened with green persimons might give an idea how it tasted. The as-

tringent effect was due to a strong solution of alum. This was not the first time I had been deceived in taking a sip of what I thought was "Adam's ale" in its purest form. We followed this little streamlet up the mountain nearly a mile to its source. It was not large enough to be called a branch. A very short distance above the source of the branch, we came to a freaky section that baffles my power of description. It did not consist of ordinary earth or rock, one or both such as I had been walking over up to this time. From appearance it might be a mixture of wheat bran and sawdust mixed together under a pressure, and at places not a very high pressure.

Through a spirit of curiosity we walked out over this strange formation maybe half a mile and came to a place, where from the sound of our footsteps the earth below might be hollow, and perhaps the crust not very thick. A conclusion was rapidly reached that this was a good place to be far away from. By no means was it a good location to establish a health resort. If some wise-acre suggested it was the remnant of an extinct volcano which had been in active operation two million years ago, I might accept the plausibility, but I would want to know how he knew it was true. It would hardly be reasonable to think that Nature was holding this vast deposit of raw material in a large hopper, so to speak, for the purpose of draining out a little measley branch of alum water, yet that seemed to be the only result. On reaching terra firma we concluded to leave explorations of this character for some one else. Our object was to see things, and if possible, to find a mine with enough gold or silver to pay for working. With these two objects in view we bent our way out into higher altitudes, where by the aid of the glass we could see the high cliffs around Wagon Wheel Gap not more than forty miles distant, though a rough unexplored country intervening.

Next day we followed the road to a point above

the lake and prospected the mountains on each side of the stream and made one discovery on each side, and had some hope that they might prove valuable, but such was not the case. That evening, perhaps just at the right time, we witnessed a sight few people on earth have ever seen. Out across the smooth waters of the lake we saw what at first we thought were ducks, but the glass seemed to bring them up to us and we could easily see they were beavers. On a rough estimate I think there was between one and two hundred. We could see them in a manner clear across the lake and nearly in every direction. Seemingly they were divided in bunches, sometimes swimming in single file, and then in double columns as though out on dress parade. Occasionally we could see a general mix-up and a splashing of water; then they would disappear and rise again not far away. Apparently they were catching their evening meal consisting of bugs and grasshoppers. This lake was too remote, otherwise, it might have been a trapper's paradise.

Speaking of grasshoppers reminds me that I have seen them in various parts of the mountains, flying in the air so thick, that the sun seemed to be shining through a hazy atmosphere. It is wonderful the distance they can be seen overhead with their myriad of glistening wings. When exhausted they fall to the earth, some of them in swift flowing streams and are washed down into eddie waters, where I am told the squaws gather them in large quantities and in some way prepare them for winter food. And why not? Like cattle and other ruminating animals they are only one remove from the grass or other vegetable matter.

We prospected, high and low, on both sides of the mountain below the forks of the Gunnison. As we were the first prospectors in this section of the country we were very anxious to make at least one valuable discovery, say three or four hundred dol-

lars to the ton. We could afford to stay with a mine of this character and cease further rambling which was wearing to both the physical and nervous system. It would have given us the privilege of naming the new mining district, also the right to ask the Governor of the territory to authorize us to make records of mining claims, and records of other kinds. This might have been done by virtue of the eight or ten discoveries already made, but the "blue blaze" told us the mines were not worth staying with them. If men received credit according to their effort we might have been able to show a good balance sheet. It is a generally known fact that kissing comes by favor and not by merit. There was nothing left for us only to fold our tent and seek pastures new, leaving behind us reminiscences of an eventful week.

At the foot of the divide between the head waters of the two rivers the Animus and the Gunnison we found the encampment of the road builders. In a mining country the prospector is about as much at home one place as another if he has wood, water and grass, so we concluded to give them a few days longer to complete the work, and during that time we scoured that part of the country in search of the needle in the haystack. One day we passed over the Continental onto the head of Pole creek. We had an idea that maybe valuable mines might be found in higher altitudes as we had failed to find them of that character in the lower regions.

While in camp near the builders I told Mr. Hodgekiss about our discoveries down at the forks where we first met them, and showed him our specimens of mineral, but did not tell him why we left. At the point where the road crosses the divide within a radius of five or six miles you will reach the head waters of four rivers each one flowing in a different direction. The Rio to the South, the Animus to the West, the Uncompahgre to the North, the Gunnison to the East. We had the distinction of being the first travelers to pass over the new

road, which brought us on the head waters of the Animus. It was about fifteen miles down to Bullion City, where we left, yet we had traveled over two hundred and fifty miles to reach our destination. Instead of a one day trip, we had been over a month, with many adventures and uncertainties.

In our new camp on the Animus we were surrounded in a measure by rough and rugged cliffs, and if they contained valuable mineral we were ready to greet them with brawny arms. For several days we climbed over and around them with no success, so we decided to move across the divide onto the head of the Uncompahgre. There were about ten miles here unclaimed by the Indians, and included in the treaty. Very few if any prospectors had been in this particular locality. We picked out a possible way of going before starting.

Individually I was imbued with the idea that there might and ought to be valuable mines in this vast mineral-bearing region. We were not specially hanging around where others had made discoveries, but were willing to go even where others had never been. At first we were favorably impressed with the location though it was rugged and precipitous. After making two or three promising discoveries we found our drills were too dull for use, which forced us to build another furnace, as previously described. We added half a dozen or more samples to our list, with labels and locations. A few of them contained the so-called "gray copper" which according to rules in metallurgy ought to be rich in silver. I felt a hesitancy to apply the test that would decide their value. Our whole year's work, in a measure, depended upon the results. In all probability this was our last chance to establish a new mining district, for the summer season was rapidly passing, and something like three hundred and fifty miles with high mountain ranges intervened between our home and present location. Traveling in the mountains at best is a slow progress, but with deep snow it is simply impossible, especially with pack animals.

One entire evening was spent, in order to be extra careful, in making these assays. One by one I watched the "blue blaze" convert them into thin air. It is said that disappointment sinks the heart of man, but it was no new thing for me, in fact I had grown use to it through a series of defeated expectations during the last eight years. However, we were not yet ready to throw up the "sponge". It wouldn't do to get lazy or indifferent, for that would be a reflection on our high calling as prospectors, in which we took some pride. So we decided to widen our circle and maybe we could see something if we couldn't find anything.

It was our intention to go down stream some five miles, keeping well up on the mountain above it, for the purpose of taking in a view of the much noted valey below. The beautiful landscape, with all its surroundings, was of itself enough to repay us for the long walk, but this was not all. During the day's rambling a sight presented itself not down on the program. Without the least expectation on our part we came to a charming little cascade, maybe thirty feet high fed by a snow bank, higher up the mountain, which had been in the business, no doubt, these many years.

In bold relief there stood out before us in all its flashing beauty, a regular pyramid of pyrites, perhaps ten feet in height and six feet on its base, gradually tapering from bottom to the top. While thousands of the little facets glinted in the rays of a noonday sun, sprays of limpid water fell upon its uncrowned head. Just behind the falls and on each side we could see the same kind of mineral. Although it had the appearance of burnished gold yet it contained only sulphate of iron, and practically without value. At the risk of getting wet, with my hammer I chipped off a nice little sample. This brilliant statue might be useful and appropriate in some Fairy Land exhibition, otherwise it is only a thing of beauty.

As a sequel or rather a winding-up of our career for the season we traced out a mammoth mineral vein forty feet in width. The trend of the vein is along on top of the divide between the two rivers. The ground is in a manner smooth and easy to walk over as there are no trees, shrubs, or cliffs. We spent nearly the entire day chipping off specimens at different places and examining them with our magnifying glass. We followed this kind of mineral veins more than two miles, over to a lower level where there was more grass and in fact a better place to camp. If anyone doubts the accuracy of this statement I will take great pleasure in pointing out its location, also the pyrites statue, if he wishes to make an investment in either or both.

For several days the burros had been staying around in camp more than usual, which was their way of telling us that their feed was getting scarce, and it was hard to find a good place to picket the pony, so we decided to move at once. A short distance from our new camp we could see what appeared to be an extra high peak, which seemed to be only four or five miles distant. Early one morning with pick and hammer we started and it took us all of five hours to reach the top, perhaps ten miles instead of five. Our camp was on the upper edge of timber line which usually marks the 11,000 feet altitude. In my opinion we ascended not less than 5,000 feet higher that day, which would be nearly 2,000 feet higher than Pike's Peak, considered the highest point in the United States.

My command of words and capacity of arranging them so as to convey an adequate idea of the imposing grandeur as seen from this lofty height will fall short of doing the subject any kind of justice. We were not only above timber line but beyond the sight of timber. Spread out before our vision, in every direction, even by the aid of a glass, nothing could be seen but mountain ranges with piercing peaks here and there, like steeples in a

large city. A panoramic view covering hundreds of miles far and near with deep shaded spots and streaks that might be caused by rivers and parks.

All this vast section now before us was the hidden home of gold, silver and other metals, which future generations for a thousand years to come will not be able to explore and determine their value. While we were about to retire from the field of effort, yet we had only scratched at a few places, so to speak. We built a small rock house about four feet high, leaving a window near the top, in which we placed a smooth rock with the name Shelton engraved upon it, also the date. Some one might have been there before us, but I have my doubts. The only expedient and sensible thing that presented itself was to turn our heads in a homeward direction. Before starting I rode down to Bullion City to enquire for letters and mail others. We sold our picks and shovels for more than they cost us, our mining munition had been used up, and our grub supply was getting low, so the pack animals would have a much lighter load. We made the trip through to Saguache, a hundred and twenty miles in four days, on an average of thirty miles per day. We camped the first night at the forks of the Gunnison where we found several prospectors that had come through in wagons. Mr. Hodgekiss had spread the report that mineral had been found in quantity at these forks. No one asked us in regard to the quality of the mineral, nor did we tell them we knew its low grade character. One or two of the men that had worked on the road knew us, and that was all they cared to find out.

Our route from Saguache lay through the San Luis valley noted for its beauty and fertility. It is a hundred miles long and forty wide, with a lake of some size in the lower end. While in camp late in the evening, incidentally we looked down the valley and saw a horseman apparently riding very rapidly. But the strange thing was that he seemed to be up in the air about twenty degrees above the level.

We quickly brought out our glass and to our surprise could see the waters of the lake far beyond and at the same height. We were camping on a small stream where large cotton wood trees were growing. I suppose the atmosphere and other conditions were favorable to produce a *mirage*. At any rate it was a thing worth seeing, nor did we have to climb a mountain to see it, either.

After passing through the gap between the Cochatopa Hills, part of the Continental divide, and the Sangre de Cristo range, we noticed a left hand fork to the road, but we did not know whether it went somewhere or nowhere and then stopped, but all the same it would have been a hundred miles or more nearer home by this road. Eventually we passed through Manitou and camped a short distance beyond in the celebrated Garden of the Gods, where we remained two days. It was about a hundred miles to Denver, with a nice smooth road all the way, and we could have easily made the trip in four days, and from that place the railroad extended within ten miles of Georgetown. We were now on the edge of the plains and it seemed almost like summer time. It would look like "going back" on our job to go in too early, in fact we might have remained on the Animus, or at the forks of the Gunnison two weeks longer, if there had been any occasion for doing so. To relieve the situation a "wild goose" notion entered our minds that would serve to round out our excursion trip.

In telling the events of our trip my narrative would be incomplete if I fail to call special attention to the Garden of the Gods. It is a level area of fifty acres more or less with rough grotesque rocks protruding from the ground, ranging from ten to fifteen feet high. Some of them are round-like in form, giving one an idea of a sculptor's model in its early stage. By walking around the supposed statue, at a certain distance, and catching the proper angle, also with a liberal supply of imagination, the rough outline of the human spe-

cies may be detected, consisting of the eyes, nose, mouth, chin and other parts of the body. The Indians called the place Manitou, which meant in their language a home of their gods. The entrance to this so-called garden, from the plains, was by a road between two large rocks. One of them was not less than three hundred feet long, a hundred feet wide and over two hundred feet high. Looking around we found a place where by using caution and muscular exertion we could ascend at least part of the way. Perhaps others had been that way before. When we reached a point something like a hundred feet high, there was a rather small level space, giving us a fine view of the plains. There was a narrow walk-way around to the far end of the huge rock, but I was afraid to even stand up where we were, yet Daniel walked to the far end, and then out on top where he remained so long I was uneasy about him. From our high perch we could see Colorado Springs, and could count the houses if we had time, as it was only four miles. From appearance there might have been 2000 inhabitants.

Manitou was a town of four stores and half dozen hotels or big boarding houses, in which the "idle rich" spent their time in playing checkers, billiards and drinking fine liquor. If I had a barrel of money I would be with them, there or somewhere else. There is a beautiful soda spring here, walled up with rock. The water bulges up in the center, and the thousands of bursting bubbles as they flow toward the wall present a sight worth seeing. Nice pavilions with easy seats and swings for the half sick and convalescent, were some of the attractions. We found very few springs in the mountains, it was either snow water or nothing. In all my tramps and travels in the mountains I never saw a snake. These two things, snakes and springs, were conspicuous for their absence. Colorado Springs was also noted as a health and pleasure resort. All along the base of the mountains

the air was pure, being free from dust and malaria. It was claimed by parties that there was in the air an element called "ozone", which gave health and vigor to the body, but I am not stating this as a fact.

In a casual way we met an old mountaineer, not so old in years, who had been a kind of scout or guide to exploring parties until he knew many of the trails as well as roads. He told us by taking the left hand fork after passing through Cochatopa Pass we would have shortened our distance to Georgetown over a hundred miles. By going back he said about twenty miles to the edge of South Park there is a pathway leading all the way to Georgetown, crossing the road from Denver to Fairplay about ten miles east of Halls Gulch. As that suited our "ticket" exactly we offered him \$5.00 to show us the trail, and that suited his "ticket." Next morning about sunrise he rode into our camp and found us ready to start, having purchased two weeks' supplies the evening before. A few miles north from the base of Pikes' Peak he pointed out rather a dim trail, which we followed all next day when late in the evening it ceased to exist. He was kind enough on parting to tell us if the trail played out, keep due north and we would be sure to find the road, a fact we already knew. We were thirty miles or more from the designated crossing of the trail and road. While we had lost the trail, if such existed, yet we were not lost in a strict meaning of the word, for we had no uneasiness about finding our way out.

The section of country we were passing through had a peculiar grandeur and wildness which I will not attempt to describe, though it was well worth seeing. Under different conditions we might have done a little prospecting, for there was no good reason why mines might not exist here as well as other localities. Fortunately we had with us a pocket compass which always told the truth about the direction toward the North, though at times

if I had trusted my own judgment we might have traveled in a different direction. It was impossible to go in anything like a straight line, due to the rugged nature of the country, and more than one high peak that had to be surrounded. It took us four days to travel the last supposed thirty miles, and no doubt we went sixty miles in doing so.

One feature of our different encampments I have failed to mention up to the present time. When we struck camp, if only one night or a month, before retiring we broke pine boughs and spread them on the ground shingle fashion with the broken part next to the ground. By spreading over this a pair of heavy blankets we had a bed like a spring mattress and as soft as a cushion. There was a kind of aroma from the pine boughs which was somnific in its effect. With the twinkling stars above, and the moaning winds in the pinery, there was no use for any one to "rock the cradle." No matter how much toil during the day, with a good night of sleep the muscles of the body are restored as well as the activity of the mind. Nature requires this much of all her children.

It was yet forty miles to Georgetown, and then some more, with rugged mountains all the way, but the trail was some better and easier to find. We made our last camp at the far end of a nice little lake, something near a mile long and half a mile wide, and about fifteen miles from Georgetown. At the other end of the lake we saw in passing a few hunters in camp. I am unable to say what they were hunting. On hearing the rapid yelping of dogs we looked up the trail, and saw two coal black grayhounds in close pursuit of a big jack rabbit. They passed about ten feet from us at full speed. It was a pretty race but too soon over. I think the jack outran the hounds.

Next day in the afternoon we drove up in front of the "little old cabin" and made a deposit of our plunder. At first in the livery stable our animals refused to eat the dry hay and pint of oats allowed

them. We went at once to see a party that owned a train of pack animals, and after some parley closed a sale at \$5.00 more than we paid for them, though we ought to have received more, as they were in fine shape. The burros had been so true and faithful all the time that I felt toward them like I did toward the muley oxen I had driven across the plains. Part of next day we spent in looking for Tom Johns, as Daniel was ready to make his report to him as a partner. He left about the same time we did and no one had ever heard from him, in fact he never was heard from even at a later period. He had plenty of money and might be doing well, though plenty of money often leads a man into trouble, it depends upon the man.

It seemed to me that I was getting nearly to the end of my row, and no use trying to go any further. I was now past thirty-six years of age and a few gray hairs forcibly reminded me that old age, if nothing else, would eventually claim its own. All my thoughts and plans for the last eight years had been in line that I would in some way own in whole or part a valuable paying mine; however, I was not in the habit of building air-castles. While this plan, so to speak, or rather hope as it was, seemed both laudable and possible, yet it had failed to materialize or reached a tangible shape. Continuity may be one of the cardinal virtues, yet it is not prudent to give it a life long test.

My first big failure was in my lack of efforts to obtain a better education. This failure was caused by the Civil War, as previously mentioned, and now I was about ready to abandon the idea of recouping this loss by getting rich quick, yet there was no use in hanging a dark cloud over the future. From the time we broke camp on the Uncampahgre I had been seriously thinking there might be some other pursuit in life that would bring better results. Though I said nothing about it, yet the time had come to mention the matter to Daniel and let

him know my decision; also to test his ideas in regard to leaving the country. He was eight years my junior and could afford to spend a few more years chasing the rainbow, so he decided to remain a while longer. I explained to him that part of my object in returning to our native home was contingent upon certain events which might happen, and then again they might not. In case they did, my life would be spent in a different channel, and my career in the mountains would be over for all time to come. Under these uncertain conditions the cabin and all my mining interests would belong to him, and I would send him a deed to that effect later.

At this particular time there was no lingering doubt in my mind that Harmon would pay the \$1,800. and over he had collected under the power of attorney I had given him. With the mineral specimens nicely packed in a box for that purpose, I was prepared to make a report to Judge Harmon and Mr. Colins. In taking the specimens out, one at a time, I gave them a description of its location, interspersing my remarks with various things in regard to the rough features of the country. Seemingly they were both very much interested, and also highly pleased with my successs in making discoveries. From their view of the enterprise all we had to do was to follow up what had been done in order to make big money. They both paid the amount due me, but my report was not finished. The most important part of the report was yet to make, though Mr. Colins wished to defer the matter until after banking hours, and then he could give it more attention. On meeting a second time I informed them that I carried with me all the time a blowpipe, and the ingredients for making a test of any mineral that might be found. That I would not consider myself properly equipped as a prospector without some way of knowing the value of a piece of ore. I then told them that I had made a careful assay, not only of these specimens, but also

other specimens obtained from mines discovered by other parties, and that they were all without any exception low grade mineral.

In view of this fact I confessed to them that I was greatly disappointed with our venture, and that I had about made up my mind to return to my native home and give up all further mining efforts. It seems strange that they did not accept the importance of the fact that our ore was low grade in the same light I did. Possibly they doubted my ability to make even an approximate assay, though I did not say so, at any rate they contended that it would not be justice to them or myself to get "in sight of the game and then quit the hunt," as they put it. In the conversation, which was a friendly discussion, in regard to our future progress in the new mining country, I learned their plan was to form a Stock Company embracing all the mines I had discovered. Out of the proceeds in sale of stock part would be set aside for developing the property and the balance retained for the benefit of the original owners. Judge Harmon was a good lawyer and knew how to manipulate a scheme of this character. I noticed one thing in particular, they never mentioned the fact that our mineral was low grade. I had told them the truth about it one time, and there was no use making myself a nuisance by continually referring to it.

Both these gentlemen were men of some wealth, or at least I thought so, and doubtless had influence with others of that kind, which of itself is worth a good deal. Their judgment in fact might be better than my own. Making a second detour through the country would be far less labor than the first one, for I had already climbed many of the high peaks, and no use to repeat that part of the program. The mines were already located, and besides all this we could ride both going and coming which made a big difference.

A Georgetown paper published two letters I had written it in regard to the country, which they had

read. The plan they had in view was for me when the season opened, to do some more work on two or three of the best looking mines and ship them a box of the mineral, say fifty or a hundred pounds, and write them letters every week or two in regard to the progress I was making, and also the mining interest of the country in general, but not to mention the formation of a stock company, they would attend to that at their end of the line. As this was extra duty and responsibility on my part, they proposed to pay a third each of all expense including my wages at \$6.00 per day, instead of \$4.00 as formerly.

To the casual observer it may seem that there was an element of fraud connected with this plan, but to parties speculating in the result of mining ventures it was known, if not they would soon find out, that mining was a risky business. It might be rated as a species of honest gambling, where the chances of failure were at least ten, against one in favor of success. Under this arrangement, as suggested, there was no chance for me to lose anything, unless failing to make a large amount in the deal could be considered a loss, which of course would be an unfair construction of the word.

If I returned to my old home, with all its fond memories, I might feel as I did on getting home from the war. After spending two days and nights there at that time an occupation presented itself and that ended my visit, and no doubt it would be the same thing over. Considering these and other uncertain conditions surrounding my future course I concluded to accept their proposition, and we entered into a written agreement to that effect. As this was a matter of more than usual importance to me at the time I have taken more space to detail the particulars than was intended. When this business was disposed of, at my first opportunity I asked Judge Harmon about the money he had collected for me in my absence. To my great surprise I learned from him that he had used it along with

his own in building another residence of a more expensive style, which was now in process of building and nearly completed. Of course he knew as well as I did that it was very poor business to use another man's money without his consent, and I had no hesitancy in telling him so. His rather lame excuse that he thought it better, and that I would so consider it, to have my money out at interest, than in my pocket or laying idle in some bank. I told him on general principles this was true enough, yet I preferred to handle my own money and make my own investments.

My disappointment was not so much a want of confidence in the Judge's honesty, integrity or solvency, as in the fact that I wanted to show my money to my father and mother, and perhaps to one or two others. Possibly it was better for me financially in the long run, but a man can stand straighter and walk "pearter" with a thousand or two dollars in his pocket than he can with only a few hundred. At any rate there was no use to kick, squirm or complain for that would only make matters worse. However, we parted on friendly terms, yet I could not help feeling a little grouchy. As my trip back in the mountains was about five months off, I was in no great hurry in starting back home, in fact ought to have put it off another year under the circumstances, no doubt about that. While in this quandary over the proper thing to do I happened to meet my old friend Rogers on the street. He and his family had been my near neighbor for many years. When he sold his mine he spent part of the \$50,000 for a ranch about six miles out from Denver. He insisted on my going home with him to see his farm, which I did.

He owned about six hundred acres below the supply ditch, divided off into fields to suit his purposes. He showed me one area of about 200 acres from which he saved 6,000 bushels of wheat. It is said the finest flour in the world is made from wheat grown in this section. His land below the

ditch was in a high state of cultivation on which many kind of vegetables grew to a high degree of perfection, and found a ready market in Denver. Among other things he owned a fine herd of sheep and some young cattle. He pointed out to me that the land above the ditch was not worth \$1.00 per acre while that below would easily bring \$100.00 per acre. He did very little work himself, yet his net income ranged between five and eight thousand dollars per year.

Traveling across the plains, sitting on a cushion seat, and pulled by an engine is quite a different thing from crossing with a wagon train pulled by slow-moving oxen, and every man doing his own walking. If any one refuses to believe there is a big difference let him try it. Looking out of the window of the moving train, at times I could see the print of the old road we had traveled. When we reached a proper distance by keeping a sharp look-out I saw the place where we fought the Indians, and further along where we buried one of our comrades who had been scalped.

During the trip a rather amusing episode occurred in the shape of a race between the train and a small herd of antelopes, perhaps thirty in number. It was hardly intended as a special diversion for the passengers, yet they enjoyed the race all the same. Going in the same direction and about one hundred and fifty yards apart, it was nip and tuck which one went the fastest. From the baggage car we could see and hear the rapid firing of magazine rifles not carried for that purpose, but specially for general protection. We could see the animals fall and knew some of them were being killed. The train stopped, most of the passengers and the train crew brought in four of them and they were put in the baggage car. It might seem this was taking an unfair advantage of the contest.

Early in the morning by going under part of St. Louis the train stopped at the big depot. Walking up the street I saw a sign hung out, "Board

\$1.00 per week." It had always been a mystery to me how so many people in a big city managed to make a living, maybe I could find out right here. The proprietor, a healthy looking German, said the bell will ring now in a few minutes. As soon as the signal was given about twenty "bummy" looking men passed back to what I supposed was the dining room, and I followed the procession. They quietly arranged themselves around a long table each man helping himself.

There was nothing on the table except a lot of brown looking bread and cold half-cooked beef, which, perhaps the butcher couldn't sell, and a bucket of water with one dipper. There was good order, no pushing or loud talking, perhaps this was according to the rule. I was standing back looking on without any intention of joining "Gideon's band" when the proprietor came around and said to me, "You can eat with me and my family," for which I paid him twenty-five cents and it was well worth it for I was hungry. But I had seen and learned enough for one time, and decided to change my location. From there I went to the Southern Hotel, which they were building when I was there eight years before, and as it was to be absolutely fire-proof. I had some curiosity to see it. The charges there was \$4.00 per day, but the difference in price was no greater than the difference in other respects. This palatial edifice was built of iron and stone. The sills, joists and rafters were made of iron. The walls, floors, stairways and bannisters were made of stone in fact there was nothing but chairs, tables and bedding that would burn. I remained there three days looking over the city, however, not with a view of buying even a small part of it.

When convenient and not in a hurry I always traveled by water. To me there was a peculiar charm and fascination in this mode of transit. Due to this penchant I took passage on a boat bound for Memphis, and maybe further. It was a slow way of getting there, but it was a pleasant one

and beat walking. At times we were hung up on account of heavy fog, and at other times stuck in a sand bar, and to avoid this a man sat on the prow of the boat throwing a plumbline. When the channel was less than six feet a tinkling sound of a bell could be heard back in the engine room. When the depth was greater than ten feet he would sing out "mark twain." I have been told this is where Clemmons got his pseudonym as a writer—meaning deep water.

On a trip of this character, which lasted a week or more, a number of both amusing and interesting events occurred, which are still fresh in my mind, but will not try to mention them at present. We could feel the pulsating effect of a warmer breeze as each day brought us further south. While on passenger deck we could frequently see, while passing some island, large flocks of cranes and wild geese. Attention was called one day to a large buck, at least he had large horns, that had crossed our line of headway, swimming from the Arkansas side. A party of hunters on board fired a dozen shots or more, but without effect, for we saw him make a safe landing on the Kentucky side and disappear.

While on the train from Memphis I formed an idea to pass myself off as a stranger when I reached Larkinsville. I had barely touched the ground and had taken a few steps when several parties came up and called me by name, there was no use trying to play off as a stranger. Of course I was glad to see my friends and relatives, especially my dear father and mother. It might be tedious to tell the consecutive events that occurred, or to mention the various changes that had taken place, nor would it be in line with this part of my narrative even if I wished to do so.

Part of my object in returning at this time, may be the greater part, was to see a lady—Miss Dora Pittman. On leaving eight years previous my agreement with her was to return in three years. By

looking back through these pages the cause can be seen why I did not comply with this promise. She asked to be released from this engagement, which was right, and in justice to her was granted. With me "absence had only caused the heart to grow fonder," but she might have drifted into a different channel, where the thoughts and feelings had changed. This is the meaning of the uncertainty formerly referred to.

To be brief and concise in relating this most important event in all my earthly career will say that on February 24th, 1875 we were married. My purpose in life has been to give her as little cause for regret as possible, considering my imperfections, for I never posed as a saint. The latter part of April I started on my second trip to the mountains, and about the first of May found me in Denver ready to comply with my part of the contract as previously agreed upon. My partners were still hopeful of our success.

My trip and wages were both to commence on the first of May. I thought more of my wages than I did of the prospects of making big money. The very idea of men investing their money without a thorough investigation seemed to me absurd, but possibly my ideas were wrong. Just how to get back into the mines was a problem left for me to solve. I might buy a pony and ride through alone in about ten days, but traveling and camping alone in the mountain wilds is not a thing to inspire pleasant dreams. I remained around Denver several days and found several parties expecting to make the trip but not ready to start.

While in this dilemma I concluded to pay Georgetown another visit and see how Daniel was getting along. He was working on a lease with another party, but not making much, yet they had a prospect of striking a pocket of good ore; more than I could say. He had no thought of going with me on another wild goose chase. While there I called on my friend Pope. He seemed to think some one

had not treated him right in leaving him out of my prospecting venture. He could count himself over \$1,000 ahead in his association with me as a partner. Mr. E. O. Walcot the law partner of Mr. Pope I had met before quite often. He is the only person I ever saw who by changing his seat a little, could write as well with the left hand as with the right. Colorado is called the Centennial State because it was admitted into the Union in 1876. Mr. Walcot became a famous senator from this state, a few years later, gaining a reputation as such in Europe as well as America.

Part of my business now was to talk about the wonderful resources of the San Juan country, and the vast amount of mineral waiting for skillful miners. The editor of the paper was kind enough to mention that I was on my way to this section for the second time. This of itself caused many to ask me the best way to get there. The output of the mines around Georgetown was not nearly as good as it had been, in fact some of them were "playing out." Many had already left, and others were thinking about it. A mining town can unmake just about as fast as it built up.

The dilemma that had troubled my mind regarding how to get back to the Animus river disappeared one day in about ten minutes. Dr. Bell, who owned a team and wagon, proposed to carry me and what supplies I might wish, free of charge, to pilot them through the mountains, a near way that could be taken. Two other men, Steve Baxter and another man whose name I am not able to recall, were included in the transport, and all of them about ready to start. We went by Idaho Springs, and the first night out, camped not far from the hotel thirty miles west of Denver where I had stopped on my way to hunt Burkholder.

From this point we had a direct route through Fairplay, the bridge across the Arkansas River, and the low gap between the Sangre de Cristo range, and the Cochatopa hills, cutting off, so to speak,

an elbow of nearly two hundred miles. Reaching Saguache we stopped in front of the merchant's store that had formerly been very kind to me. He was even more so now for I brought him new customers. We remained there two nights and one day in order to rest and ask a few questions about the mines and the road leading to them. I met several parties that had heard I was the first one to discover mines at the forks of the Gunnison. We bought supplies to last two months, as they were much cheaper than they would be in the mining region.

In passing the forks of the Gunnison, where the three men were killed, and where we had overtaken the road-builders some nine months previous, I noticed ten houses already built and others in process of construction, and they had named the town Lake City. Whether they knew the pauper quality of the ore or not I never asked, it was my policy to let every one find that out for himself. Possibly there might be good mines there, but I had spent eight days traveling over the adjacent mountains without finding anything of that character.

Finally we reached our destination and struck camp within a few hundred yards of the place where Daniel and I made up our minds to leave the country on account of "pauperosity" of the mines. This was a nice plateau of several hundred acres between the head waters of the two rivers, and good grazing for stock as well as a fine field for prospecting. Several houses had been built since I left, and there was some talk of calling the place Ouray. The doctor and his men built them a cabin the first thing, but for myself I preferred camping out in the open until a definite inducement presented itself.

It was now about the first of June. My object in view was well defined and the hard part of the work was over. I wrote Judge Harmon of my safe arrival and that he might look for a box of mineral

as soon as possible, and a more lengthy letter would follow. Some of the mines previously discovered, and partially developed, were only two miles from camp, and with hammer and drill I made them a friendly visit. The bright looking stuff, formerly brought to light which passed for ore, now had more the appearance of black rock, but this appearance was only on the outside, as it was bright when again broken.

Three or four shots each in two or three of the best looking mines enabled me to select a number of fine specimens which were carefully wrapped in paper to protect them from the air. To make more sure of their value, several assays were made with the same results as formerly. In passing along, though not specially looking for it, I made a very promising discovery less than a mile from camp. Prospecting like everything else becomes a habit. It was part of my nature, whether thinking about it or not, to look for mineral croppings and float rock, and this habit followed me the balance of my life.

The mine we had worked on more than all the others was on the mountain above Eureka Gulch some ten miles distant, but it was necessary to get ore from this mine to complete the shipment. There was no other way only to walk down there, even if I had to walk back the same day. I found my old friends that owned the mine with ruby silver, formerly mentioned, but they had been absent during the winter. They very kindly invited me to remain overnight with them. We had a great deal to talk about, though nothing said in regard to the low grade character of their ore. I knew this subject was not for discussion. They still had full ideas about their ability as prospectors.

When men know a great deal that is not true, there is very little to be gained by pointing out their errors. They mentioned as a fact that a mine grew more valuable in its ore as depth was gained from the surface, whether by sinking or drifting on

the vein, and this was conceded as a fact by everyone they had talked with. To this I replied it was not according to my experience and observation. If they were in Georgetown and went to the Burleigh tunnel they would find where it crossed a mine a thousand feet from the surface, and it was worthless at that depth as well as at the top. Take the Terrible, Dives and Equator mines, each one had produced over a million dollars, and were down to a depth of four to six hundred feet, yet the value of the ore per ton had neither increased or decreased, and other mines would show the same results.

This is mentioned to show one reason why the prospectors continued to have confidence in the valuable resources of the country. When asked my opinion of the country and its mines I told them it was like every other man's, worth very little; nothing was any value only cold stern facts. It will be seen by this that the subject of the ore being low grade was ignored. These men like nearly all others were getting their mine ready for sale to some men with less sense than money. It was very unpopular to talk about the value of the ore. The slogan was quantity and not quality.

With a fine specimen of twenty pounds I made my way back into camp, a little tired but not out of breath. After making my first shipment of fifty pounds, and writing a letter in regard to the mining activities of the country and many other things "appertaining thereto," I felt the burden of my duty had been performed. With this part of our agreement on my part filled in first class shape I felt like moving out on "Easy Street" to work or play as it might suit my taste. I wrote the Judge a second letter in regard to my new discovery, proposing to ship them some of the mineral if they wished to see it.

Weeks and weeks passed and no letter. The time seemed long to me, for naturally enough I wanted to be back in my native home, yet if we made a

failure in our efforts, the cause must be on some other shoulders. Finally I received a letter acknowledging receipt of box and contents. The Judge generally wrote long letters but this was brief and rather formal, in which he stated they were making some head-way in forming the stock mining company, though capital at that time was inclined to be a little shy. From this I inferred they were meeting with very little success, which would not surprise me at all.

Another small shipment of mineral was made, this time from the new discovery, followed by a letter which they could use if it suited their purpose to do so. In this letter I asked them if they had any suggestion to make that would benefit the company. I was ready and willing to do anything on my part of the enterprise. A month or more slipped away and yet no instructions or advice. There was only one legitimate conclusion reasonable to me, that they were making a failure, and would not admit the fact by writing.

Cold weather was approaching, which meant deep snow in that country. I had written several letters without any reply, and I began to think about some way of getting back to Georgetown, for Dr. Bell and his party were, like other prospectors, enthused over their prospects of getting several mines in shape for a big sale, so their movements were uncertain. A stray pony had taken up with the doctor's horses, supposed to belong to some prospector. He had tried to run the pony off, but it would not run. As it was gentle, I asked the doctor to loan me his saddle and bridle, and I would ride it around and find an owner.

By visiting the different camps and not being able to find an owner I decided it did not have any. I rode all the way to Silverton, twenty-five miles distant, stayed all night, paid a man \$2.00 to write a few lines on a book describing the pony which he called "posting." While there, parties found a mark on the animal showing it belonged to the

Indians, and now according to law belonged to me as much as anyone, as somebody ought to take care of it. Under this version of ownership I bought a saddle, bridle and blanket, fixed them up in a bundle and carried them back with me to camp. There was no earthly use to remain longer in this section. I had done my duty to the best of my ability, and was now equipped for the return trip. Wagons occasionally brought supplies of different kinds to the few merchants in this country. I preferred to have company at least as far as Saguache, and it was nearly a week before I found a wagon returning to that place. As we passed through Lake City I saw they were still building houses, and one man was nearly ready to issue a paper for the reading public. This was the western way of doing things.

We camped one night on the Saboia where we had heard the beavers slide in the water. A man had built him a house there within a hundred yards of the place where we first camped, and had his wife and children with him. He also had cattle and sheep grazing on the rich valley below, formerly mentioned. Again I remained in Saguache two nights and a day, for I seemed to like the people. By making long and short rides, to suit the distance, I managed to find a house to stay at all the way to Georgetown, except one night, I camped all alone near the lake where we saw the greyhounds chase the jack rabbit. Next day I reached the little old cabin a few days earlier than the year before. This time I sold the pony and the outfit for \$35.00 to a livery man, which was a good deal less than it was worth, as it was a good one.

My career as a prospector and miner was now about to reach the closing period. I had sowed the last handful of wild oats, and the wild goose notions had been eliminated from my system. There was a charm and fascination about the adjacent high cliffs and the distant azure piercing peaks. I

could see them today and tomorrow, but in a few days I must bid them adieu, perhaps forever, at least I felt that way.

In a casual way I met my friend Bill Moore. He had just returned from some point back East where he had made a mining sale of some character. I asked him why he did not turn his mining interest toward the San Juan country, and told him that there were more mines in that section than he could shake a stick at in a week. He replied that reliable information had reached him that the mines were of a low grade quality, which would by no means suit Eastern capital. This was the whole thing in a nut shell, and explained why my partners had failed to get up their company. When it came to a show-down they had nothing to sell.

To my great surprise I met a man that asked me if I owned a mine called the Peru, and would I sell it cheap. This was the first mine of my own that I worked on in the country, and assayed only fourteen ounces to the ton. I asked him to make me an offer, remarking at the same time that it ought to be worth at least \$500.00. He offered \$200.00 and I said to him, "Make it \$300.00, and we will trade." "All right, make out the deed and it is a go," he replied. We went to the Recorder's office to see the description and finding a blank deed there I soon filled it out and signed it, and he paid me the money. This all happened within an hour from the time I first met him.

But this was not all. I had loaned a man named Kimberlain \$200.00 which I never expected to get. He was now working on a lease and taking out good money, and when I presented his note he gave me a check for all he owed me. It began to look like things were coming my way. Maybe the long "lean place" that hung like an incubus over all my efforts had at last given way to brighter days. It is a mighty long lane that has no turn, and it was high time to reach an angle of some kind. This all took time, and yes, my wages were still going

on at \$4.00 per day and I was in a big hurry, too.

Only one more day before my departure, and part of this I spent in visiting Daniel on the mountain at his lease. Sometimes he received good pay and at others very little. He had been working there nearly a whole year, barely making wages. I handed him a deed to the cabin and to all my mining interest in that section, and told him to do as he pleased with it. I regretted to leave him in the mountains all alone more than I can tell here, but we both understood well enough that each one decided for himself the best thing to do. He remained there twelve years longer before returning to his native home.

On the first day of December I met both my partners in Denver City after an absence of seven months. I gave them a brief report of my trip, though I had written most of the facts. I was glad to hear them say that our failure was no fault of mine. Their part of the expenses aside from my wages was very little. Each one drew his check for \$280.00 which added to the amount on hand made nearly \$1,400. quite an item considering the new responsibilities I had assumed. There was no use explaining to me the cause of their failure, for I almost knew that from the beginning. The Judge told me they were getting along fine with the company until a few smart Alex's insisted on an assay.

But the greatest disappointment was yet to come when Judge Harmon in a quiet inoffensive way told me it was impossible for him to pay me nearly \$2,000. he had of my money. I had met with disappointments for many years, but this was the climax. In a business kind of way he handed me his note with positive assurance he would send me the money by the first of next April, at which time he would receive a lot of money from parties in Mississippi. As this was the best I could do, there was no use making things worse by trying to settle the matter in a personal difficulty, for then I might

never get it. I might say in this connection that at the appointed time he sent me every dollar including the interest.

My career in the Rocky Mountains had now terminated forever, though I felt a strain of sadness in leaving the grand old peaks and canyons. They had for me a weird charm and fascination in spite of the many hardships and privations. It was fully my intention to visit them at some future period if a favorable opportunity presented itself. Long years have rolled away leaving their imprint upon the scroll of time. With only a slight jar I passed the eightieth mile post on life's journey, and for all I know those old frowning cliffs and yawning canyons are still waiting for me to return and claim my own.

While still in the vigor of manhood, yet I was willing to throw up the sponge, to use a pugilist's term, and try my efforts at something else. True enough my fondest hopes had been wrecked, still I had one consolation, that of making an honest effort. After all, mediocrity in life may be the best in many respects. Of course this depends upon the kind of a man one is. According to my idea, life was made up of events, and viewing life from this peak, a person could live more in five years with a million dollars to spend, than he could in fifty years plodding with barely enough to make buckle and tongue meet.

In looking back over these written pages the past seems to rise up before me like a dream, and many events not here recorded are still fresh in my memory. The romance of a Western life, which once had its charms and allurements, had in a measure grown monotonous. In bidding adieu to these high altitudes I fully realized the fact that I was nearly thirty-eight years of age, and that the flower of my manhood had been spent in trying to get rich quick in an honest way, and had failed. I was now ready and willing to follow the more plodding pursuits of life, yet I had no regrets for making the effort.



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