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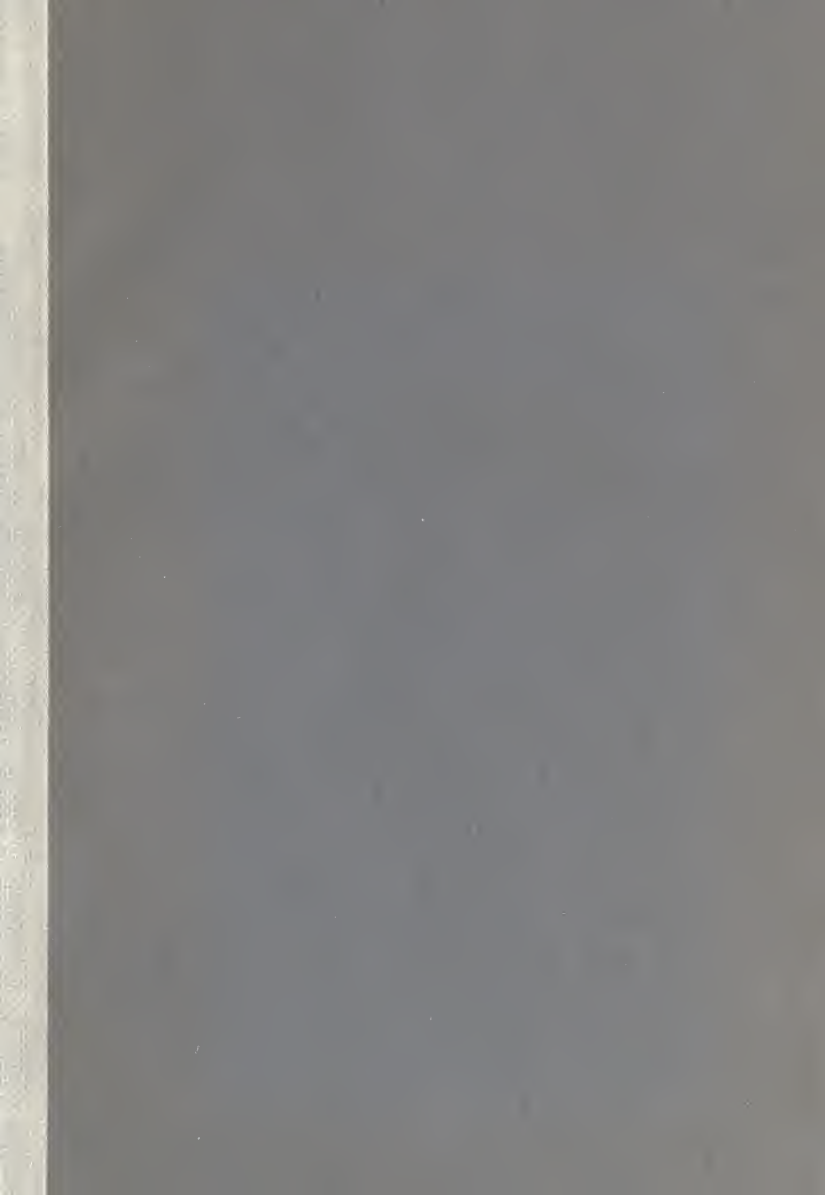
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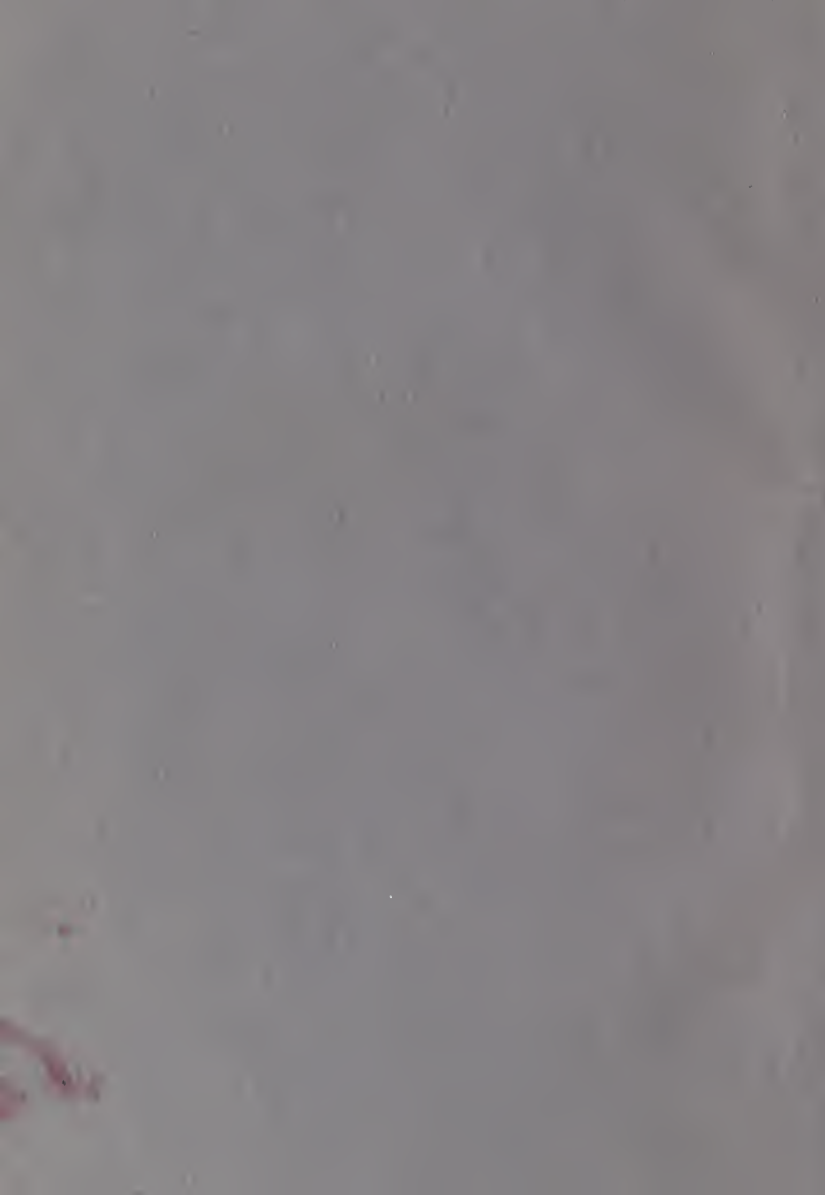


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TENDERFOOT AND EXPERT

A True Story and Experience of a
Tenderfoot at Goldfield and Tenopah

Hoff, John D.

TENDERFOOT
AND EXPERT



A true story and experience of a
Tenderfoot at Goldfield and Tonopah.

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Office Western Union Telegraph Company,
New York, 1905.

Expert,
San Francisco, Cal.

Meet me at Reno Monday morning.

(Signed)

TENDERFOOT.

m/f.

3/29/85

On receipt of the above telegram from Tenderfoot to meet him at Reno, Expert took the noted Southern Pacific Limited for Goldfield. While quietly admiring the Grand Gorge, the American River had cut through the Sierra Nevada Mountains, about two hundred miles east of San Francisco, who should drop alongside of Expert and sing out, as they were passing Dutch Flat, but a wiry, little old man, well groomed and with a high-pitched voice: "I never saw these diggin's before, but I know all about 'em. I also know about Union Valley, Hangtown, Grizzly Flat, Yuba Hill and Yuba Dam," as he pointed a long, slender finger beyond Dutch Flat. "And then I was a forty-niner a-working on the river bar in old Mariposa County. Mighty hard work, this mining business, working in the water, a-scrapin' of the bed rock for those little chunks of gold. I got stiffer than a poker, yes I did, yes I did."

Expert said: "These diggings in Forty-nine around Grizzly Flat, Yuba Hill and Yuba Dam were far richer, so history says, than the placer diggings in old Mariposa."

The old man braced up and said: "There was mighty rich spots in old Mariposa, yes there was, yes there was."

He warmed up and said in a high key to prove the wonders of Mariposa County:

"I knew a feller down there on the Merced River who came from 'Old Mizzoura,' who, by the way, was a fine young chap, who picked up a dirty rock and found it was heavy, and when he washed off the dirt, what do you think? It was a gold nugget worth nigh onto three thousand dollars, yes he did, yes he did. What der you think? That feller went right back to

Missouri, and when the war come on between the North and the South he went ter bush whacking. His wife was a Union woman, and she took all the children and left him, yes she did, yes she did; and he never seen sight on her until years afterward, in 1901, and where do you think the two old people met? It was by accident on the old Oakland ferry boat, yes they did, yes they did; and then and thar those two old people made up. Her maiden name was Lee, and now that thar old man is a-telling everybody that Lee did not surrender until 1901."

After being entertained a long time in this manner, Expert said good-bye to this brisk old forty-niner, telling him he was glad to see that in his old age he was able to take a trip East in all the comfort and elegance of the Golden State Flier, which was quite a contrast to the way he came to California on the "Bull Team Flier" in forty-nine:

The colored porter of their train was of unusual interest. He was large for his age and weighed 240 pounds; a very polite and humorous negro. As the train was going at a rapid rate, about fifty miles an hour, a thin, tall Easterner was seen coming down the car, and suddenly stopped as he discovered the aisle was filed with the porter. The porter said "Come on," and to our surprise and wonder at how it was done the Easterner passed.

They exclaimed to the porter: "How was so wonderful a feat so easily accomplished without you getting out of the car?"

"Why, massa, that was simple enough. I just blows all the wind out of me and just let him pass, and then I fills up again. See?" said he; and the expanding, exhilarating, exhaling and compressing feat was done before Expert's eyes, and then he saw how easily the tall, thin man could pass the porter.

Expert arrived at Reno. The Eastern Flier with Tenderfoot on board was flying from the East and was on time. They soon met with a crash—not the trains, but Expert and Tenderfoot. When their breath was recovered—

"How soon will our train start for Goldfield?" exclaimed Tenderfoot. It can't start too soon for me. I must get my trunk re-checked, and there it is."

His face beamed with smiles as he spied his trunk as it was rolled off the Eastern Flier, so down into his pocket he went for that precious check. That bewitching smile soon changed to a picture of utter dismay as in his trousers no check was found.

"I can't go," he yelled, "until I get the check, we will all be in the tail end of the rush in getting to Goldfield—and there goes the bell."

In desperation at the thought of missing the Goldfield train, a happy thought struck him as he made for the baggage man.

"I'll prove it is my trunk by showing the agent that I have the only key that will open that trunk."

But the agent hesitated and said: "Well, if you can open that trunk, what is it we will find in it and what is on top?"

"Well, well," sighed the Tenderfoot "is it not enough evidence to you that I can open the trunk?"

"No," said the agent, "it is not enough. When I open it I want you to tell me what is lying on the top."

Tenderfoot excitedly exclaimed: "If any man besides me has a key that will open that trunk, here is a fifty-dollar bill for him."

But of no avail; the agent would not yield.

"You must describe what is on the top lid of the trunk before I re-check it to Goldfield."

"Well," ejected Tenderfoot, "it is a dress suit. Is that enough?"

The agent grinned and ordered the trunk checked at once. Expert took Tenderfoot aside and said to him:

"Never give it away any more that you have or will wear a dress suit in the evening at Goldfield."

"Why?" said Tenderfoot, in all innocence.

Expert said: "The first time a dress suit appeared on the streets of Goldfield one evening, the blue-shirted and khaki-suited miners exclaimed, as they saw it coming up the main street:

"What is it? Look at it! Rubber! Let's put it on the stage in the Mint Saloon and have it talk and make it sing!"

"No sooner said than done, and at the point of half a dozen automatic revolvers he was put upon the Mint Saloon stage and made to dance and sing between the drinks and the hurrahs of the men." This narration of exploits at Goldfield was chilling to Tenderfoot.

A ring of the bell, a whistle, a puff, and the Goldfield train was off. The crowd on this train were all an interesting study. All kinds of little men and big men, with plug hats, derby hats and broad-brimmed cowboy hats. The khaki suit and big-booted experts were an interesting sight. The women were there, too. All were a jolly and hopeful lot to behold. One big, good-natured fellow said to Expert, as he got into his seat:

"They tell me you have been to Goldfield. Tell us all you know of that 'ar country, for we can hardly wait till we get there; and say, mister, are those tales of gold we hear so much about really and honestly all true?—for I have been a-dreaming every night for one solid month of this yer wonderful Goldfield. One morning, mister, I braced up and said to my dear little wife away up in Oregon: 'I cannot stand it any more, little girl, and I will have to leave you and our little baby girl, Nell, and try to get some of that 'ar gold away down thar in the desert, and then we can build a little home for you and Baby Nell. I'll take you to father's, whose big, warm heart and house are always open for you and our baby girl. I'll soon be back,' I assured her, 'and then we'll build that little home by the Oregon lake.' Mister, it's nigh killin' me to leave that darling lot, but I am strong and healthy and will make the dirt fly, and I 'low I can bury myself in the ground out of sight with pick, shovel and drill quicker than any man in that 'ar camp, and I am sure I am going to get some of that 'ar precious stuff if there is any thar to be got. I am bound to stay there and get some of it before I can see my little wife and Nell."

"Yes," said Expert, as the hopeful crowd pressed round him to hear the words that he might drop. "The gold is there for forty miles long and one mile wide. The belt is running northwesterly and southeasterly through the western portion of Nevada, and is now demonstrated to be the greatest gold and silver belt ever discovered in the world."

A beaming smile spread over the features of the big fellow, for he had seemed to doubt all that he had heard away up in Oregon about Goldfield. The crowd pressed closer around Expert and seemed to be anxious to hear more of the promised land for which they were bound. Expert continuing, gave them a description of the country topographically. He said: "The country is elevated into ridges running northerly and southerly, which have been elevated by the contraction of the north and south poles, the granite core which underlies the country, the sedimentary formations being friable and easily decomposed, it soon eroded away, and exposes the apex of the core, exposing the mineral-bearing blue porphyry which lies over the granite and in which are the valuable mineral veins of Tonopah and Goldfield. Occasionally, every fifteen or twenty miles, the granite is seen cropping out for a short distance through the porphyritic layers called rhyolite and andesite. These peaks are a guide to the direction in which the mineral belt trends. The mineral ore-bearing veins are principally contacts between the different layers of porphyry and between the granite and the porphyry. There is also a system of veins that cut across these porphyry reefs, strata and contacts at right angles. These elevated, exposed, mineralized porphyry reefs, which lie on the apex of the core, are all taken up and located, but there is a chance for all of you who are not able to purchase claims to develop, by applying for leases on this kind of mineral-bearing ground. A company of three of you can sink a shaft and may strike it rich, as others have done. One carload of ore would make a fortune for you. Of course some will lease, work and dig, get nothing and be a disappointed lot, and a knocker you may become; but this

great mineral district will be yielding millions of gold and silver when the knockers are all gone."

As the train went southerly through the beautiful Carson Valley, which supplies the mining camps with produce, potatoes and hay, we passed Virginia City as we emerged from the valley a little east of the railroad, which we could see nestled on the side of Mount Davidson. Expert pointed it out to them as the richest spot on earth, which had yielded \$400,000,000 in gold and silver for the benefit of commerce and mankind, and where Mark Twain was made famous by his story, "Roughing It."

In one of these stories (and all of them were taken from facts) he describes painting this spot with a few friends one night a crimson red, and by so doing admits that they had driven a few nails in their own coffins. When this crowd gets to Goldfield, Expert advised them not to try to paint the town red.

At this juncture Tenderfoot started out on a tour to explore the train. He went into a forward car, where the tough element had gradually congregated and were drinking and carousing, which was a circus for Tenderfoot. After he had been gone about thirty minutes unearthly yells were heard coming from the forward car. Our car door was thrown violently open, with a big, fat woman jammed in the door and Tenderfoot close behind. She screamed: "The men are shooting each other in the other car!" She kept on through the car and did not even stop, banged the door and disappeared in the rear car. Close after Tenderfoot came all kinds of little men and big men from out of the forward car. Expert said:

"What's the matter with you fellows?"

And one little fellow said: "We just come out to let them fight it out."

Quiet was finally restored, the big fat woman and Tenderfoot brought back from the rear of the train where they had fled, and the gun players put into different parts of the train. The train now reached Wabuska for dinner. Here they saw the Indians in from the reservation. The little, narrow guage train



The Great Mizpah Mine at Tonopah, Nevada. \$2,000,000 worth of Gold and Silver are on the Dump.

was soon off for Sodaville, where the train starts for Tonopah. To their dismay they were notified that the railroad had washed away, but to Tonopah and Goldfield they must go. Expert having a few pointers in regard to who might have teams in this section of the country, finally secured from a well known character, you might say a child of the desert, whose name was Tom Piper, who had lived in this part of the country for years. He was a temperate, honest and industrious man who had accumulated a few cattle, and also owned a mine.

When he knew of their predicament and anxiety to push ahead on their trip, he came to them and said:

"Mister, I'll take youse to Tonopah in a rig such as I have. I want you to look at it as it may not suit you. There is no style about it, but it will sure get you there."

He insisted on them seeing it, so they went to look at Tom's rig. Behold! two handsome, large horses whom he called Pacer and Punch, and a stout little wagon, which would be a prospector's delight.

"Why, Tom," said they, "what a fine outfit."

"Yes, Mister, but you city chaps has style in your ridin' and I want to be sure you're plum satisfied with the team, I'll take yer to Tonopah."

A bargain was struck, and Tom said: "I'll get something to eat and you fellows get ready and we will be off in a jiff."

A great crowd from the blockaded train was delayed at Sodaville on account of the washout and they were roaming around in small lots. Tenderfoot was out circulating among the different lots of men while we were packing up. He soon came back and said he had run across a man who was broke and he had a piece of rock which was plum full of gold which was a beautiful specimen, and had at least as much gold in it as was in a \$5 gold piece, and it was surely worth a good deal more for its beauty and he had offered it to Tenderfoot at \$2.50.

Expert said: "I will go over with you and see"

He found the fellow, who was just from Colorado, with a long tale of misfortune and woe. The specimen of ore he said came from a noted mine in Colorado, but now he was broke.

Tenderfoot reached into his boot for the money, but Expert, who had examined the ore, said: "No, we will see him later." Then taking Tenderfoot aside he said: "This is only a piece of quartz bored into with a dentist's drill and filled up with gold leaf. There is only about five cents worth of gold in the whole piece.

Off to Tonopah they soon started with Tom Piper pulling the reins over Pacer and Punch's backs. What a fine team and outfit, they all said. Tom looked up, seemed very much pleased and said:

"I am mighty glad you think that, for, Mister, it is a fact that some of those fellers that come out here seems to kick at everything all the way to Tonopah and all the way back, and its' mighty pleasin' to me to hear you fellers talk in that way, for I know you will not kick on the way. That horse Pacer, he's a mighty good horse; yes he is, Mister, he and I have been in heaps of mighty tight places, but he always brings me through and he is a lucky horse, too; he has hauled lots of poor chaps to Tonopah that struck it mighty rich up there, including Billy D, Jimmy B. and Shorty K. I'll introduce you to them all over there. They all know Pacer, too."

"Why, Tom, why did you not stay with lucky Pacer too at Tonopah?"

Tom straightened up, pointing back over the town and beyond Sodaville. "I have a little home over thar, a dear wife and four little ones, all in a nice cozy spot. There's lots of young calves and cattle a roamin' about; I've got a mine there, too, Mister, and what more do I want? I am afraid if I leave it I'll never find such another warm spot. I know all about the rest of the boys hereabout who went to Tonopah and Goldfield and are now a mighty rich lot, but their money could not buy that thar place over behind that thar hill, where my babies and cattle are a roamin' about."

They were all very quiet for a time after this speech with their own thoughts. As they drove along through the beautifully colored, treeless hills, stained by the mineral oxides and carbonates of red, yellow and green, which colors and tints no painters could reproduce, and having a view for miles of the contour of the country with the Sierra Nevada at the back as a background covered with snow was an inspiration to all lovers of nature. When suddenly Tom from his quietude exclaimed, as they were rolling along:

"Say, Mister, do you see all that level country beyond there? That's no desert, that soil is mighty rich, and if it just had water on it you would be surprised to see the way vegetables and fruit would grow, and I believe water can be got there by drilling a hole; yes, I do, Mister. I have lived in this country thirty years and it just suits me and when we have good rains here that country is all covered with grass and flowers, and only in the center of the valley, at the low places, is it bare and nothing will grow, for only there the alkali and the borax is found, and this is the country where the Borax King lived when he was a poor man and had teams hauling wood to the silver mills, before he found the borax mine, and he is a mighty fine man. I think lots of him. He is mighty shrewd and smart. See the way he handles his coin at Frisco and the big things he builds and runs. When I took a trip one time to Frisco and got down to his big offices in one of those big head framed buildings. I guess you know he is a mighty busy man, and I thought I would not take his time to see him, but when he heard that I was out there he threw the doors wide open and said: 'Come right in, Tom; I have lots of time to see and visit my old friends,' and he brushed all others aside to chat with me a while."

Thirty miles out from Sodaville they stopped at a beautiful spring of water where they met teams going and coming from Tonopah. Tom was much worried about getting hay in Tonopah for his horses as the railroad was unable to haul any hay into Tonopah, and he kept talking about not being able to get any hay

when he got to Tonopah. Finally he said:

"I know all them livery men over there, and if they have any hay hid away they will divide with me." so Tom quit talking hay from that time on, when he realized what he could do.

As they rode down from the Summit into Lone Mountain Valley, which lies west of Tonopah, they were surprised to find it a rich broad expanse of rich soil and indications of water at different points in it. They remarked to Tom if anyone had ever dug for water in it.

"Oh, yes," he said. "See yonder ahead of us is the old stage station and it is only forty feet to lots of pure, good water."

Driving up at a brisk trot to the station, they saw a man sitting down smoking a pipe near the well. The water was lifted out of the well with horse power belted to a force pump, which filled the tank and trough. He sold the water to the travelers for their horses at 25 cents per head. Expert said to the man with the pipe, the owner of the well:

"Why don't you irrigate a patch of this ground and raise alfalfa, which would now sell for \$100 per ton at Tonopah? This is very rich ground."

He straightened himself up and with one long pull at the pipe, exclaimed: "Me work? Not much. I am a native Californian."

Tom whipped up his horses and drove on in silence. Expert exclaimed: "Tom, at what price do you suppose we could buy that man out? If a gasoline engine was put on there to raise the water a beautiful ranch could be made of this spot and a very profitable one, too."

"I believe, Mister," said Tom, "if you would just show that fellow \$200 in gold twenties he will commence thinking, that he could take that \$200 and go up to Tonopah and beat the big games a running there, yes, he would, mister, and when he had come to that conclusion you would get that thar place sure for that little wad o' gold."

Tenderfoot said: "Why not buy this place as it is so near the Tonopah Railroad, and you told us, Expert, just before we got here, that over yonder to the right on Lone Mountain are mines of lead and silver, and the valleys, you say, are underlaid with coal and limestone cropping out on yonder treeless peak for flux to treat the Tonopah ores. We could form a company and build a smelter to treat these ores, and a townsite we could start and soon a city would be built."

"True," said Expert, "and some day this will all come true, but, Tenderfoot, when you see the great mines of Tonopah and Goldfield this 'pipe dream' will fade away and nothing but a mine of gold will satisfy you—not a ranch to raise hay."

They drove on and soon saw Tonopah nestled high up between two buttes called Mt. Oddie and Mt. Brower with the tall, steel head frames of the mines looming up into the sky. It was a sight in this treeless country and beautiful to behold. The rumbling of the big stamp mills, the noise echoing through the hills was music, said Expert, to his ears, for every drop of the stamps unloosed a dollar from nature's grip to land in Uncle Sam's mint, there to be coined and then scattered broadcast over Uncle Sam's domain, with which to build battleships, which in turn will influence for the peace of the world and augment and protect liberty for all men. We are now able to see how far-reaching are the researches, energy, privation and labor of the prospector, but no one can accurately tell.

They are now on the outskirts of Tonopah, they pass by the graveyards, which, by the way, was not started by having to kill a man with a six shooter, as was done in '59 at Virvinia City, Nev, according to Mark Twain, but it was bad whisky that started the Tonopah graveyard. They asked Tom to tell what he knew about this graveyard and the fellows in it. He said:

"I knowed most all of those poor fellows that are buried over there. Some of them have been in this country prospecting for thirty years, and when silver went down this part of the country and over by Cinderella went flat, and everybody went broke, and all



A Western Stage Hold up.

we had left to show for our hard work in this country was beautiful bunches of paper, all printed with pictures of mills and mines and a great gold star in the corner, and printed on some of them was 'Continental Consolidated Combination Gold and Silver Mining & Milling Company,' and a lot of other stuff, and the hull lot would not buy a railroad ticket to get out of this place so we all had to stay here, and when Tonopah was struck about three years ago all of those fellows that are buried over thar flocked to Tonopah, where whiskey was galore, and these chaps had not smelt whiskey for a long time, Mister, sure and all the other boys who struck it rich treated all these old fellows from morning till night and when the cold weather came on their headquarters was in the warm barroom so comfortably kept, out into the cold they staggeringly went, into the dark dreary night to find their dugouts or camps and finally reached the same and would crawl into their hard, rough and chilly beds, to awake the next day with a pain in their sides, their poor lungs being diseased with bad whiskey and also their liver by cold storage meat, and in twenty-four hours the poor fellows would be found stone dead. They called it the black plague, but no, Mister, it's that thar bad whisky that killed off my old friends that lie over thar in that lonely spot with a stone uncut or marked at their heads."

They soon passed by the graveyards and were in the city of Tonopah, Pacer holding his head aloft. Tom declared he was smelling for hay and he would get it too if there was any in that thar town. The horses trotted down the busy, hurrying, bustling street, with strains of music from pianos, fiddles and harps floating out from the glaring wide open saloons. Glancing in them as they drove by could be seen the long row of gambling tables, roulette wheel and faro banks around which were groups of men who often won or lost from one dollar to fifty thousand dollars in a few hours, as men in this camp were numerous who could afford and did lose thousands which showed how rapidly wealth is accumulated here. One gambling firm is reported

to have made half a million dollars in a short while.

As Tom did not drink, gamble or smoke, of course he did not haul up at any of these places of resort, but took them to the Palace Hotel, where they were soon in comfortable, modern quarters dreaming of the hidden wealth they had come to get.

The barroom, rotunda and offices of the hotels in Nevada are all one so they were continually being called to the bar to be introduced to the jolly, good-hearted representative men of the town. They were invariably all young men of the best mettle and quality, for only those who have the nerve and grit to penetrate the desert came to this country first. Fully fifty per cent have made a stake here. The crowds that came later, in comfort and ease and a'l the way by rail, are not of the same kind of stock that composed the camp. The vim and the wonderful development of the camp and the unprecedented growth of the same into a city of electric lights, automobile routes, electric power plant and great reduction works and one large hotel with well furnished rooms, electric bells and lights, toilet, bath and telephone for each room, so that each mining operator can reach each of his camps by 'phone, is entirely due to the stalwart, vigorous, enterprising young Americans, and such is the kind of crowd they were called to the bar to meet.

The next morning Expert was aroused by Tenderfoot saying: "I have been out taking in the town and have met a mining man who is a big gun in this town, knows all about the mines, all the prospects and the way the gold and silver belt runs. He told me on the side he had a pointer about a certain mine striking the big Macdonald ledge, but he had a bigger thing, further north on the string. He would like to take me out, and my friends, to show us the big ledge. If we liked it he could get hold of it for a few hundred in coin and a block of stock in the concern, but the parties would not part with it all as they knew it would be a bonanza in time, so get up and get dressed for I will have Tom, Pacer and Punch all ready to go." So off he went with Tenderfoot and his new found friend, with Tom and Pacer all eager for the bout.

They went several miles out from Tonopah and climbed a big hill, and right on the top we came to a shaft and cut.

"Look," said the miner, "at that big ledge of quartz. See how it is stained with mineral and a little more digging will soon be in rich stuff."

Expert's mouth flew open and he steadily gazed at this strange phenomena, that a ledge of white quartz could be running in this Malipi bluff (a recent formation), so he stooped down to examine the supposed big ledge of white quartz and took out his knife, and behold, said he, as he whittled up the white stuff:

"This is not quartz, my friend, or you could not scratch or whittle it in this way. This is only a deposit of sulphate of lime that is used to make plaster and plaster of paris, and to get genuine quartz that carries values on this ground you would have to sink a shaft through this Malipi. Under it you would find the shale, sandstone and lime and then you would strike the blue porphyry in time, I should judge at a total of about 500 feet, and then by drifting and crosscutting you may and you may not strike a mineralized quartz vein. Look back there at Mt. Oddie and Mt. Brower. Don't you see how the Malipi, shale, sandstone and lime are all tilted up by the granite, or alaskite, core, and between these two points all of this friable material has been eroded and washed away leaving the porphyry exposed, with its rich silver and gold quartz veins cropping, which enabled Jim Butler to find it, so we have got to find a washed off place or sink a deep shaft before we can do anything more. Do you see over there the great Mizpah mine which has \$60,000,000 of ore blocked out? It has built a railroad sixty-five miles long and equipped itself, and paid two dividends of a quarter of a million."

"Yes," said Tom, "that is so, and when Jim Butler sold this mine he asked the expert \$350,000 cash down. The expert sent a telegram to Philadelphia that cost \$500, giving a report on the mine and asking the Philadelphia parties to allow him to draw \$50,000. A telegram came back authorizing the expert to draw \$50,000,

which was paid to Jim Butler, and before the balance, \$300,000, was due the royalty of the leasers had paid for the mine in full."

Tom said when Jim Butler made out the papers for the Mizpah claim and had signed them and delivered the contract to their agent that the Eastern crowd gave orders for the leasers to stop getting out any more ore and as none of them had any written contract, but had all taken Jim Butler's word for a lease of twelve months, so they all threw down their tools and thought they were done up. Jim, hearing of the order, went to the Easterners and asked to see the contract he had signed again. They handed it over to him for his perusal. He no sooner got the contract in his hands than he immediately tore it up and remarked:

"Now I guess the leasers can work out their full time, as my word was given to them in good faith, and I would use the price of the mine to make my word good," so the Easterners, to get another contract for the mine, promised Jim Butler to let the leasers work their time out with the result that the royalty from the leases paid for the mine.

About this time a crowd of Colorado bullies arrived in camp with six shooters strapped around themselves. They called themselves "the dirty dozen" and undertook to run the town. Soon one of them was given a leaden pill and the rest were soon afterward marched out of town. The rough, bulldozing, law-defying, claim-jumping element has had to take a back seat in this camp for all time to come.

Arriving back at Tonopah, Tom said: "Mister, I will now have to leave you sure, as I find that my livery friend has only one bale of hay, and I must start back to Sodaville right away. I am sorry, Mister, yes I am, that I can't take you on to Goldfield." So they reluctantly had to part with Tom and Pacer and take the stage to Goldfield. The road was strung out with teams loaded with ore coming from Goldfield, and teams going there with freight.

At Ramsey's well, about half way between Tonopah and Goldfield, a well was sunk 240 feet, where abund-

ance of pure, clear water was struck. They stopped here for lunch and changed horses. A colored man was on our stage, who had just arrived from the Southern states. As he lined up to the lunch counter he said:

"I'll just take a piece of that pie; what is the price of it, Mister?"

"It is ten cents a slice," said the vendor behind the counter.

The colored man took the piece of pie and soon devoured it. He threw down a twenty-five cent piece on the counter, the vendor dropped it into the till and went on with his work. The stage was just ready to start.

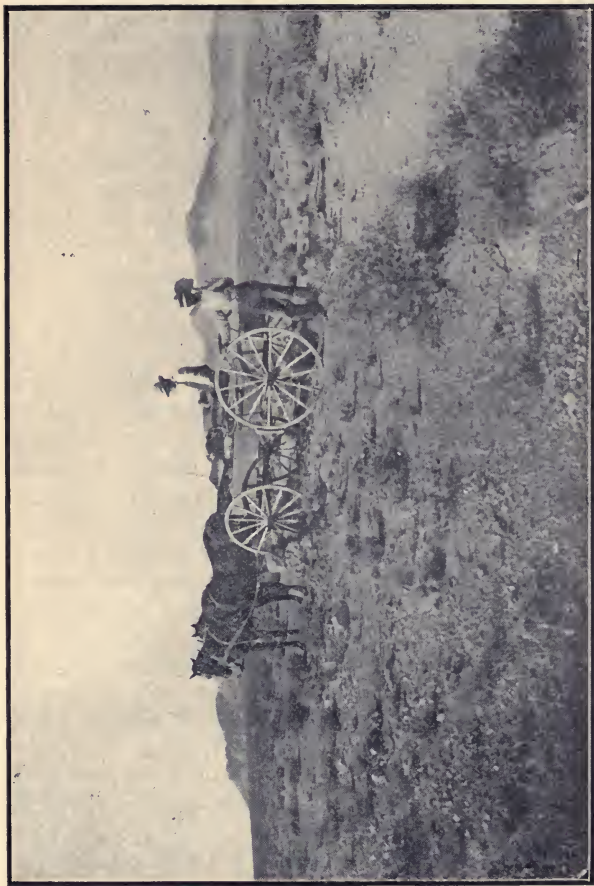
The colored man said: "See here, Mister, you forgot to give me my change."

"Your change?" said the vendor. What do you mean? We never in this country take anything less than twenty-five cents."

The darky turned pale and gasped. Presently they noticed a broad grin and a pair of white teeth showing as he reached his long arm across the counter and said, as he took the rest of the pie: "Say, Mister, I never does take less than a whole pie," and jumped on the stage, and the crack of the whip and the stage rolled away with the pie vender looking after him in dismay.

The stage driver, Shorty Harris, was a curio, rare, young and bold, for he did not gamble, drink or smoke and was a native Nevada boy. As they got well acquainted with him he commenced telling them of his plans.

He said: "I am saving up my money to see your blooming California and that Portland show. Say, Mister, tell me the best way to get there, and what would be the fare? I would like to go by the steamboat as I have rode every beast and thing but a boat that goes. They say that thar boat does rock and pitch about and rock more than my old Concord coach. I would just like to see if she can turn over on her top and right herself about, for I have done that thar feat with this very coach and with six on the line."



Tenderfoot, Tom Piper, Pacer and Punch on a prospecting trip, near Tonopah. Gold Mountain and Gold Reef in the back ground. Expert taking the picture from the South.

Tenderfoot remarked: "That was certainly a feat, but please do not try to do it while we are on this trip. Were you ever held up on your trips?"

"Yes, only once," he said, "when I drove the Bodie stage which every trip brought big bricks of gold down to Hawthorne to be shipped away to Frisco. A lone highwayman rose up all at once from behind a lone Joshua tree, with a Winchester level dead on me and his finger was on the trigger. I tell you what, Mister, the bore in that gun looked mighty big to me because I saw his finger twitching around that trigger. He ordered me to tell the passengers to get out and line up and I quickly ordered them out and told them to be quick about it too, for this fellow meant business. He is in charge now. He sent me to the leaders and made the passengers drop their money on a pile. One fellow, who lived at the town beyond, said: 'Give me back that \$5 for it's all I have to pay my hotel bill.' 'Look here, Mister,' said the robber, 'that won't go. If you did not live out in these parts you would have more than \$5 on you to pay your hotel bill'"

Just at this moment of the graphic description of the hold-up out rang a voice clear and strong on the desert air: "Hold up, there." They all gasped for breath, their hands went to their pockets and the women's hands went to their breasts to hide away what money they had left. With the sudden stoppage of the coach the passengers all had blank and terror stricken faces, but they were all at once all in smiles as they saw a camera fiend line up to take a shot at the overloaded Concord coach out on the plain bound for Goldfield.

They were now in sight of Goldfield. Tenderfoot was peering with wide open eyes and mouth at the spot of spots now noted as the richest spot on this globe. Expert said: "Look at the tilted table hills on the right and left of Goldfield, see how the stratas pitch to the west toward the mountains, then look toward Diamond field and notice how they dip east toward Ralston desert, and notice a little to the west of Columbia mountain that small, sharp peak just in line with us and Goldfield; that is the granite, or Alaskite, core, that lifted up those flat topped, tilted table hills, which are sedimentary stratas under the capping consisting of sandstone, shale and lime, which are all washed away, exposing the mineral porphyry which carried the veins of gold. Don't that old red hill beyond the Combination and the Jumbo look fine? What artist could paint it a more lovely hue and how precious is that old hill with its stores and stores of gold. It is painted though by nature's chemical actions red, blue, gray and green. Some think it is a volcanic heat that burnt them, but such is not the case. That red is the simple result of a chemical change in the original sulphide of iron to a red oxide of iron.

They are now at last in Goldfield, with piles and piles of sacks, which makes you think of the California wheat houses with their piles and piles of sacks of wheat; but there is quite a difference in the value of a sack of wheat and a sack of this ore, which makes one stand in awe, for wheat is worth \$2.00 a sack, while this ore you see is worth as high as \$100.00 a sack. Of course, all the men here are in high spirits, and they congregate around the bars telling of the new and rich strikes of ore, and how Bill and Jim and

John had a big offer for their finds, and how Dick, Shorty and Jack sold their claims for a good big sum, were now treating the whole town with every thing on tap, and it was a day galore for all the old bums.

At one of the big saloons an attractive woman of striking appearance, with diamonds as big as peanuts flashing from her ears, alighted from a large automobile, came up to the bar, and said, "Come on, boys, and have a drink with me; come on you fellows that are hanging around the stove line up here, and order just what you want."

The glasses soon cracked to the health of this booming camp, and the thing is done. A twenty-dollar gold piece is flung to the counter. She did not stop for change. She and the auto car were soon gone. "Who is she?" was asked. "Why, she is a Jewess, and her fellow makes money by the barrel; she spends it as she wants to and makes things hum when she is hereabout," said one of the crowd.

Tenderfoot said, "This is a mighty swift place. I hope we will soon get into the swim and be able to keep up with the pace." "All right," said Expert, "for here is Max Kunsey, a good mining man and a hail fellow well met, who knows the country, mines and claims, and stands in solid with the supers at the mines. He took them first to the January mine, where he introduced them to the genial and popular Super Sol Camp. Max whispered something into his ear. Sol looked around and picked up a pestle and mortar and a chunk of ore from the dump. He crushed it in the mortar, and when he had panned out the gold in the ore showed up fully a teaspoonful of the yellow stuff."

"My," said Tenderfoot, "how could such a small piece of rock contain so much gold?"



A Kodak Stage Hold up between Tonopah and Goldfield

Mr. Camp said, with a smile, "This is poor stuff beside that which is in those white sacks."

Tenderfoot looked in amazement, and turned to a miner who had just come up the shaft from the depths below, who stopped as he passed to look at the gold that was just panned out in the little black pan. Tenderfoot looked up and said to him, "You have a wonderful camp here."

"That's what we have, mister; and it will be a hell of a camp if the Government does not demonetize gold."

Expert turned to Max Kunsey, and asked at what price could a claim be bought close in near the January, Jumbo or Florence mines.

"Look over there just north of the January claim. I can get you that group of claims for \$125,000," said Max.

"What!" said Expert, "is not that a big price for a claim with no out-cropping ledges and without development work done?"

"Well," said Max, "you will find you will have to pay for possibilities in this camp, if you get any ground close in on the mineral belt."

Expert, turning to Tenderfoot, said: "We will have to trace the direction this belt runs, then secure some cheap claims on the line of same; I cannot recommend you to buy that ground at such a price."

Expert turned to Max as he stood on the January ore dump, sizing up the general trend, strike and pitch of the outcropping reefs. "I have in my mind the trend of the mineral belt; can we get some claims right over that granite peak that sticks up to the left of Columbia mountain?"

"Yes, you can get claims over there at your own price; it is over a mile and a half to the point you designate from here. I will recommend you a man to show you that place over there."

A man came who had just got over a bum, and said, "You go on in your carriage, and I will go on my horse."

So off they went. Their carriage rolled on though the camp just north of Goldfield, called Columbia, and they drove up the slope of the little granite peak beside Columbia Mountain, and drove over to what was then called the Grandpa mines. Everything was quiet and not a soul in sight; nor could they hear a hammer, pick or drill, and no horseman was in sight.

They climbed up to the top of the ridge to see if he was coming (on which ridge is now located and being developed the celebrated Sandstorm and Kendall mines), and waited and watched for the lone horseman to appear to show them the claims they had come to see.

"What do you think of this ground?" said Tenderfoot.

"It is my opinion," said Expert, "we are right on line with the mineral belt, although we are a mile and a half beyond the edge of the demonstrated mines. See here, how the porphyry reefs are running a little west of north, and heading directly for Tonopah. They dip in the valley just over there and probably lie horizontal, as the core probably did not pitch them up very much; then rise up again beyond, don't you see, at Gold Mountain and Gold Reef, where there is another little peak of granite that does the elevating process there.

They waited in vain for the horseman to appear. Their patience was exhausted, as nobody came in sight, so they drove on to Diamondfield, and there met

Diamondfield Jack, who only a few months before had come into this country on a borrowed bronco. He staked a claim for the loan of a bronco, which claim afterward sold for a big sum, and now Diamondfield Jack, the noted cowboy, is now breaking in autos, and the only gun plays he now makes are when some foreign devil jumps one of his claims, and there are two jumps in the play, one on and one off, to the crack of Jack's gun.

They proceeded to Goldfield, where they met the celebrated Dr. White Wolf, an educated Indian from the Carlisle School, noted for his cleverness in times past in protecting and defending his tribe. At one time, it is said, he and a few others were selected to go to Washington and confer with President Cleveland. All went there in their native dress. It seems that the interpreter had a card up his sleeve to beat this Indian tribe in the deal that was to be made, and he falsely interpreted the conversations held by the representative men on each side. After the council was over White Wolf insisted on seeing the President alone. His request was finally granted, and as he was ushered into the presence of the President he said, in perfect English: "Good morning, President Cleveland, I sought to see you to denounce the great fraud that the interpreter has made your representative believe, and save my people from a gang of thieves." The matter was sifted, and the tribe was protected, and Dr. White Wolf was presented with a present from the President for the service he had done his people and Uncle Sam.

Dr. White Wolf was on the ground early when Goldfield was discovered, and secured some very valu-

able claims. He said: "I had quite a time to hold that White Rack claim adjoining the January, as some jumpers claimed part of it. I took my Winchester and camped on that spot, and never slept a minute for three days and nights watching for those jumpers, and I got so desperate and nervous that if a man, woman or child had put a foot on that ground during that dreadful time, I believe I would surely have shot them down. Just a week or two after I went through this ordeal I caught a jumper building a monument and digging a hole within a stone's throw of my door. I just reached up for my gun, and said to him: 'Say, mister, what are you doing on this property of mine?' and he haughtily replied, 'It's none of your damn business; this ground is mine.' I just got a drop on him, and said, 'Now, fill up that hole you dug, you dog,' and then I made him pull down the monument and carry all the rocks off the claim, and as he sulked off, he cried back, 'I'll fix you for this.' One Monday morning early a fellow rapped at my door, and when I opened it there stood a poor old drunk whom I had tried to help and doctor him up. 'Come in, Tom, what can I do for you now?' He said, excitedly, as he looked around, 'Doc, I just came from the Mint Saloon, and early this morning, as I was waking up out of a booze which I was on last night, I heard some fellows talking near the stove, and I heard the word White Wolf. I immediately closed my eyes and opened my ears, and I heard those fellows planning to kill you, and this is the plan, Doc: One of them is to come and ask you to show him one of your claims south of town, as he had a tenderfoot in hand who would buy it. When they get you out into the canyon the other two fellows are

to lie in ambush and are to kill you; so, Doc, watch out and keep your eye peeled for them. I know if you get half a chance you can take care of yourself.'

"I put Tom to bed, and gave him some Bromo to sober him up, and then I sat down and waited for my visitor, who soon came along. He gave me a talk and wanted a price and terms on one of my claims. He proposed to me that I should go out and show him the claim. 'All right,' said I, as I reached up on the wall for my gun. 'Now, you ——— ——— ———, march out of that door, and stay straight ahead of me; don't you go to the right or the left. At the first rustle or sight of another man up in that canyon you are a dead man.' I marched him right up to that canyon, and then back again. These jumpers, I guess, will now let me alone."

Tenderfoot said: "Well, Doc, I see now that you have got to fight as well as work for what you get here, and I am not made of that kind of stuff, so I am afraid I will not prosper here."

As they bade Dr. White Wolf adieu and started down the streets of Goldfield they saw a small crowd of miners in a bunch, examining a piece of ore which was covered with gold, just brought in from a new district just discovered south of Goldfield, and plans were being made by the crowd for a rush to the new field. All were mentally scheming to get there first and locate the vacant ground.

A prospector out on the edge of the crowd said to Tenderfoot: "Grubstake me, and I will go and locate claims at this new find"

"I will do it," said Tenderfoot.

There was a rush to the livery stables to hire the best teams. Expert turned to look for Tenderfoot, and

lo! and behold, we saw his big form leading the flying gang. The stable was reached in a moment of time, and through the door they went in a rush, all clamoring for the best team.

He managed to catch up and pull Tenderfoot aside. He had already bargained for the best team to be had.

Expert said: "This is nothing new, as a rush is made every thirty days to some new find, and only one stampede in a thousand ever amounts to anything, and if we would follow up every reported new find we would be continually stampeding all the time; and if we did, we would no sooner be well settled in camp at the new find, when some day in would rush some fellows from another new section of country still further on, and announce a new strike richer than anything yet that had ever been found. If we would follow this excitement up we would in time be exhausted in flesh, health, money and wind, and have nothing but claims staked out from one end of the State to the other. We would soon be in the same condition that Mark Twain vividly describes of when he was a tenderfoot, prospector, mining and newspaper man, in the early days on the Comstock, which he fully and truthfully describes in his noted book 'Roughing it' So don't you see now, Tenderfoot, that we must stick close to Tonopah and Goldfield, and be like the boy going blackberry hunting who stuck to the first blackberry bush and got his pail full of berries while the other boys kept hunting for bigger patches of berries, and all their time was consumed in hunting for same, and they returned home with only partly filled pails."

"I see your philosophy and think, also, we ought to carry the plan out and stay with Tonopah and Gold-

field, no matter what thunder may be raised about new districts far and near," said Tenderfoot.

Just then, as they were walking down the main street toward the north end of the town, they saw another crowd running to what turned out to be a woman with a six-shooter cowhiding a man, who had the nerve to jump her lot, which she had bought when she first came to town and which now was worth a good deal of coin. Of course, the jumper was put to flight by such a startling onslaught, and she was left in peaceable possession of that portion of the townsite.

Tenderfoot excitedly exclaimed: "I see there is no rest now for the owner of mines or lands, so one is bound to be in trouble whether he has much or little, and it appears to me now that he has the least trouble who has nothing to defend or lose. I could never see until now the philosophy of that text, 'Blessed is he who is poor.'"

If we should continue to narrate all that befell Tenderfoot and Expert, and all that they saw and did in this wonderful golden land, it would fill so many pages you would be reading from daylight to dawn; so we believe we have found a place to leave Tenderfoot for a while, at least until he has bought a mine, made a stake and his pile.

