

Mining

Oregon's gold mines produced in 1896 \$1,950,200 in gold, the greatest yield of any year in its history.

Previous to last year's output 1877 was the banner year for the production of the yellow metal in Oregon being \$1,102,000. The mining industry of the state teadily decreased from that time on and did not reach the million mark again until 1891. In the last five years it has about doubled and now Oregon produces about one-half as much gold as the great mining state of Montana--Yakima Herald, June 3, 1897.

The mining fever is very virulent in Kittitas county. There 000 were 105 mining locations recorded with the auditor for the month of May, 36 of them being during the last week--Yakima Herald, June 3, 1897.

Miles City, Mont. April 28, 1926-AP- Treasures of lost ships buried under the shifting sands of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers will be sought by Elmore Ellsworth Wenner, who has spent a quarter of a century gathering information as to their location and possibility of recovery.

In the skeletons of these treasure ships Wenner believes still remain quantities of the cargoes of priceless pelts, gold, silver, quicksilver and other merchandise, the value of which government reports indicate to approximate fifty million dollars.

A portion of the cargo ~~one~~ of one wreck, buried for thirty years, Wenner has already salvaged.

Steamboating on the northern waters of the Missouri river began 103 years ago when a fleet of six river steamers were built under government contract for use with the illfated Yellowstone military expedition which had as its object the establishment of a fortified post at the mouth of the Yellowstone river.

One of these, the Thomas Jefferson, provided the first Missouri river wreck near the mouth of the Yellowstone. In 1831, the American Fur company started a fleet of steamboats on the Missouri. Its George Washington struck a snag below Council Bluffs, Iowa and went down. The Assinibone, also owned by this company was grounded in 1825 near the present site of Bismark, N.D. with a cargo of 1,185 pelts and robes.

The Pontiac went down with a cargo of 500 barrels of whisky, 500 casks of wine and 500 casks of brandy, none of which ever was recovered. The Louisville, loaded with whisky, quicksilver and some general stores went down forty miles below Sioux City. At this same spot are eight other sunken steamers. The river has changed its course and the wrecks are believed buried at a point four miles from

the present bed of the stream.

One of the most costly wrecks was that of the American Fur company's boat, the Kate Swinney, in 1855, about fifty miles above Sioux City. It carried the furs of two seasons, valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Altogether the investigations of Mr. Wenner have disclosed between 1819 and 1898 there were more than 275 steamers sunk ~~and~~ in the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers--The Yakima Republic, April 28, 1926.

Mining

Wallace, Ida. Oct 25, 1909-"You meet something new in the profession every day", said George Huston, the well known mining geologist from Mullan.

Not long ago while on a professional visit to the Snowstorm mine they told me of a peculiarly formed copper mineral crystal in the east drift of 000 at the 600 foot level which is 200 feet below the No. 2 tunnel and 923 feet below the outcrop. It was a green crystal all right and naturally everything green around the Snowstorm is supposed to be copper, but this was not. It was pyromorphite and chlor-phosphate of lead a rich mineral which rarely occurs more than from 100 to 200 feet below the outcrop of the lead veins.

"The first occurrence of lead mineral 923 feet below the surface in the copper formation is most unusual and it is abundant. It comes in 150 feet back from the face and it has been crosscut 60 feet. The question is, where is the lead mine below?" "There is no lack of effort on the part of the mine people to try to find it. Manager W.D. Greenough and staff are bending every energy in the work of development."

Mining

The Herald some weeks since published a copy of a free miner's certificate issued to Jody Bland of this city for the privilege of mining in the Atlin district.

The British Columbia exclusion act , passed January 18, annuls all such certificates, thus excluding our miners--Yakima Herald, Jan 26, 1899.

Mining

The hydraulic giants used in placer mining are not always the most docile things imaginable.

At the Grant Bros. mine on the North Fork of the John Day river, Ore., one of the giants got adrift the other day and began throwing its stream of water, eight inches in diameter, in a circle.

B.F. Grant ran to set the machine but was hurled aside like a bit of paper. A miner named Berry sprang at the giant and his arm was broken in two places. But this brave action no doubt saved several lives.

The mighty bolt of water swung in every direction. One of Mr. Grant's sons, a lad of 14, was sitting on a boulder about 100 feet distant and when the water struck him it threw him 10 feet into the air.

The men were rolled and crushed against the banks and rocks. Some of them being badly bruised and cut.

An idea of the danger may be gleaned from the fact that this bolt of eight inches in thickness considerably larger than the thickness of a common stovepipe, was hurled from a pressure of about 160 feet fall--Yakima Herald, July 15, 1897.

Characters

Jim Wardner --Rossland

A correspo dent who visited the Kootenai mining country in British Columbia has been telling the reaceers of the Portland Oregonian about some of the world famous characters to be met in Rossland in the rich Trail Creek district.

A_mong other names mentioned is that of Jim Wardner, a name that is quite familar to a host of good people in the northwestern states.

Wardner exploited the famous Bunker Hill and Sullivan deal in the Coeru d'Alenes for \$16,000 and reserved a quarter of a million for himself; made a big money in Spokane real estate and lost it in a Washington coal mine; made it first and lost it second in the Fairhaven town site; tried to control the South African markets with Puget Sou d lumber; bought and worked successfully a patent for saving gold in the black sands of the rivers and oceans; bought an island and stocked it ith cats in an effort to control the car fur market of the world and finally, now he bought out te Rossland town site for and English syndicate , paid \$175,000 for it and sold one-sixth for enough to repay them their purchase money.

He was the first to meet and greet us on arriving at Rossland-- showed us tthe town; said his profits in the Rossland deal would not be less than \$50,000 if the town grew to 20,000 of which he felt confident; would make a million ; gave us another spin, showed us how the town was growing, improving and spreading out; would in his judgment havea population of 50,000 before the end of the season in which case he would make at least \$2,000,000; said he had just negotiated a mining deal in which his profits would be \$100,000 and had two others on the string; had taken an acknowledgment that day and made a dollar for which he showed us the cash; said he was making from \$12,000 to \$15,000 per day and if he could keep up six or seen months thought he would be able to pay his debts... There are interesting characters all through the hills but none more hopeful or notable than strong-hearted Jim Wardner--June, 1897.

Mining

The spring rush for the gold mines of the Kootenai district has now begun and the Northern Pacific has changed the schedule time of the East bound train so that close connection is made at Spokane for Rossland. The Northern Pacific is the only line that sends passengers through to the gold fields without delay--Yakima Herald, April 1, 1897.

The great rush of pilgrims into the new gold fields around the western base of Pike's Peak is said by some to be unprecedented in the history of Colorado's development but this is not exactly the case.

The greatest of the rushes was during the summer of 1858 when Green Russell and a party of Georgians explored the country of which Pike's Peak was the central and distinctive point and found gold in paying quantities in what is now Gilpin county.

In a short time information of the discovery, in of course an exaggerated form, was disseminated throughout the central and eastern states and in the succeeding spring there was a rush.

By every route and up the course of every stream running from the mountains from the Missouri and Mississippi rivers the ~~oned~~ tide of immigration rolled tumultuously. Men came with horse teams, with ox teamx, with push carts with wheelbarrows and on foot wit out anything except what they could carry on their back.

As the fall of 1859 came on and the horrors of the winter in the great hills was to be feared, it became a serious question as to how the multitude could be fed and housed for it must be understood that the population of Jefferson territory, as it was then called, had become more than 50,000, and there was scarcely house room to shelter so many people.

A few saw mills had been started in the big timber that grew in the gulches along Year creek but these were ~~principally~~ primitive affairs and could not begin to keep up with their orders for building stuff. One of these mills was operated by old man Dexter, now dead and gone. Denver had begun to grow and great quantities of dimension stuff were needed to build up the young city of the plains.

and the population of the place had gone down to 5,000. In 1883 the mines with two exceptions began to play out and the population dropped to 3,000; now Tombstone has less than 1,000 souls.

In the last 10 years there have been four or five stampedes to mining camps in the southwest. In the middle of the winter of 1890 California as far north as San Francisco and Arizona was stirred by the news of rich placer mines to which had been found by Mexicans in Lower California, 70 miles south of San Diego. That was one of the most spontaneous stampedes known in that region. Samples of the pay dirt were sent to San Diego to be assayed one Sunday afternoon. The assayer found that it ran \$400 to the ton. Somehow the secret got out and was telegraphed up the Pacific coast.

The telegraph operators in San Diego spent the next two days and nights in sending and receiving messages about the new diggings.

Before Thursday morning 6,000 to 7,000 men and youths were on their way by cars, wagons, horses, coasting vessels and on foot to San Diego and Lower California. The hardware stores in Los Angeles and San Diego and in every village for 100 miles around sold every pick ax shovel, tin, odd dripping pan, wash dish and milk and bread pan they had on hand to persons who equipped themselves for placer mining and started in a day for the mines.

For a week little but the discovery of gold in Lower California and the prospect of another 1849 gold boom on the Pacific coast was talked in a good part of California. Then when the week was over the first persons who had been down to the mines returned to San Diego declaring that the stories of wealth there were lies.

The last of the big stampedes to mining camps in the southwest was that to Harqua Hala diggings in the spring of 1891. The mines

a few thousand dollars from it. The specimens of ore shown in Tucson and Los Angeles were the very choicest from the mine and not hit or miss pickups as had been said of them.

In the summer of 1878 a miner named Stevens wrote to a friend in Phoenix that he had found a claim to beat anything in mining this side of the Comstock lodge in Nevada and with a com on iron mortar and pestle he had pounded out from \$70 to \$100 worth of gold dust in a day.

The claim was located 120 miles northwest from Kingman near the famous Harqua Hala mining region and there was a chance so Stevens wrote, for other men to strike it rich up there.

Of course such news could not be kept quiet. It traveled with miraculous speed through every camp in the Salt river valley and over to Prescott in less than two weeks all that part of Arizona was deeply stirred.

A thousand miners caught the fever so badly that they started on foot across country. It was a hot dry summer and the journey entailed several weeks of severe physical labor, torturing thirst and endurance of a temperature that frequently stood 110 in the shade.

Having arrived at the Stevens camp they realized that there were claims worth working for about 100 men. Several hundred claims were staked out in less than a day after the excited men got to the scene but in a fortnight the camp population fell from 1,200 to less than 400. In a month more 100 persons were left to do all the mining. The camp was abandoned entirely two years ago.

With the possible exception of the rush to the Leadville mining district of Colorado there has been none anywhere in 40 years attended with the excitement that followed the news of the finding of great deposits of gold and silver in Tombstone in 1879.

Gold Rushes

The extraordinary rush of gold and silver miners and prospectors to the new diggings at Creede and Cripple Creek in Colorado and the emigration of hundreds of old and young men from all the Pacific coast states to the Yukon river in Alaska this season have set many of the older residents of the western states and territories recalling many similar rushes.

A host of men who have been engaged in gold and silver mining in the west for a generation or more have been through many periods of wild excitement. There is hardly a miner of experience anywhere in this region who has not joined a stampede from a played out camp for the district where the latest pay rock has been found.

From the discovery of the Bonnie Bell gold mine on San Antonio creek in September, 1874, until two years ago there have been frequent stampedes.

The mining population has picked up and migrated almost in a week from Gold Run to Benson; from Jones Creek to Never Die; from Tombstone to Sonora; from Kingman to Harqua Hala and now after two decades of constant hardship, there is not a miner who would not hesitate to sell out today and join once more in a rush to any locality, whether in the desert or mountains.

Probably the wildest and craziest stampede ever known in the southwest was that rush to the Rocky Belle camp in Northern Arizona, in the region of the Moqui Indian reservation in December, 1876. The region is 8,000 feet above the sea and lies among snow-capped mountains. It was an unusually cold winter when the news went abroad that Hank Binford and his companion had struck a whole mountain of gold rock assaying more than \$9,000 to the ton.

The report seemed incredible at first but when samples of the ore

I am now in Colorado's yellow metal storehouse, the great center that is attracting thousands of brave souls..Cripple Creek is producing monthly one million of dollars and the knowing ones claim that this year will close with a production of eighteen millions.

Everything is hurley burley. Saloons are doing aland office busines You step out of the corridor of the principal hotels into the gambling rooms, in fact gambling is one of the important factors of the hotels.

The post office ss a dandy. They have about one quarter help enough to do the work as tons of mail are received weekly.

00000 You can't get a box for love nor money and it's an all-day job to stand n line and wait your turn. Cripple Creek is said to have twenty thousand people and as many more scatter d in the mini g districts adjoining the town.

he people are orderly and kindly disposed and the 000 town under excellent government.

Rents are very high. An ordinary shack rents for fifteen dollars per month. Offices are very scarce and command big prices. Real estate, considering hat is now in sight and the new and rich strikes that are daily being made is very reasonable.

Merchandise of all kinds is surprisingly low and prices compare favorably with those of other sections of the country.

The churches, schools and secret orders are all in flourishing and healthy condition and well represented.

The town has electric lights and water works with a sewerage system under construction. I was very much surprise to find such an orderly and respectable camp or city as it should be called. There is a total absence of toughism and old time gun plays. If a would be bad man gets a jag on and tries to runthings he dosen't even get started for the city marshal, who wears a big gold badge and his able corps

Mining

The town of Rossland, B.C. which is attracting so much attention on account of the reputed wealth of the miners in that vicinity is the mining center of what is known as the Trail Creek country.

It is located 150 miles north of Spokane and although there is now three feet of snow on the ground many of the claims are being actively worked. The country forjation is of syenite and the character of ore arsenical. The rock is extremely hard and in the sinking of winzes an expense of \$30. to \$40 per foot is involved and at times not over four inches a day made.

Claims are held at from half a million to a million and a half dollars. The town of Rossland is 16 miles from Northport, a town on the Spokane & Northern Railroad and the route from the railrad presents but few barriers to easy travel. From present indications it will be only a matter of time when many of the people flocking there will wish they were back where they came from--Yakima Herald, Dec. 19, 1895.

A.S. French returned from Rossland Sunday. He says anyone not a carpenter is foolish to go there before spring to work in the mines as it is closed down.

There are two towns--Trail on the Columbia which has about 400 inhabitants and where a smelter is being built with a capacity for handling 200 tons of ore a day and Rossland, 7 miles distance and 2,500 feet higher up where the mines are located. There is snow at Rossland and mud at Trail. A railroad is being built between the two points. Yakima Herald, Dec. 26, 1895.

Mining

Col. Account of visit to Beale mine near Butte, in August 22 Herald,
1895. By Yakima visitor

Mining

Col. Muncy of Pasco fame is now working a bar of black sand on the coast of Oregon.

If there is a bar, gulch, creek, placer or quartz claim in the United States not worth a tinker's dam, Muncy is sure to get onto it--Walla Walla Statesman, March 21, 1895.

Mining

Jim Whitlatch, the discoverer of the Whitlatch-Union mine near Helena, led a typical western miner's life.

The mine in question is now owned in England and has produced \$20,000,000 in gold.

After Jim Whitlatch had sold the mine for \$1,500,000 he went to New York to "make" as much money as Vande Bilt."

He was a rare treat for "all street which fattened on him and in one year let him go with only his clothes on his back.

He returned to Montana began prospecting again and discovered a mine for which he got \$250,000. He went to Chicago, to rival Mr. Potter Palmer in wealth, and returned just as he did from New York, "flat strapped." as he would have expressed it.

He made still another fortune and went to San Francisco where he died a poor man.

Another Lewis and Clarke county mine--the Drum Lummon, provided another such story. It was discovered by an Irish Immigrant named Thomas Cruse. Although he owned it he could not get a sack of flour on credit. He sold it to an English syndicate for \$1,500,000. But he remains one of the wealthy men of Helena.

There is an ex-state senator in Beaver Head country who owns a very rich mine, the ore yielding \$700 to the ton net. He is a California forty-niner and came as a prospector to Montana and since discovering his mine has lived upon it in a peculiar way. He has no faith in banks.

He says his money is safest in the ground. When he has spent what money he has, he takes out a wagon load of ore, ships it to Omaha, sells it and lives on the return until he needs another wagon load.

Mining

One evening last week after a long ramble over the hills I had reached the conclusion to return home, lest night should overtake me in that locality, when I came upon a trail which had evidently recently been traveled. I followed it up the mountain for some distance when I noticed a dump right in front of me. Being a prospector, as a matter of course, I climbed right up to it. The shaft out of which it came was about forty or fifty feet deep, timbered to the bottom. I saw nothing remarkable about the dump or shaft that might have passed on but for the great disproportion between them, the dump being more than sufficient to have filled two shafts the size of the one beneath me.

Notwithstanding the night was fast approaching, I descended the broken ladder to the bottom of the shaft. I took from my pocket a piece of candle which I usually carry on such expeditions, when by its aid I discovered a crosscut running from the bottom of the shaft. The crosscut had been lagged up so as to conceal it, but some of the lagging had fallen to one side. Upon exploring it I found it was perhaps fifty feet in length and had crosscut the finest body of ore that I ever saw. The vein was nearly four feet in width and seemed to be widening. Specimens which I broke from the ledge showed native gold and native silver.

I had stood there examining and admiring the jewel for some time when I heard a noise in the shaft. I looked up and my heart stood still, for there in the cut were two pairs of fiery eyes glaring at me. I knew in a moment they were mountain lions. I reached for my revolver but I had left it at home and my gun was on top. One who has never been in such a predicament can hardly imagine the feelings, thoughts and emotions of a man in such peril. I shouted and advanced toward them, but they only growled defiance. I have heard of old hunters who said that such animals are afraid of fire so I kept my candle in front of me, but that would soon be gone, for it

was only a few inches in length, and then I would be devoured by the owners of these firey eyes.

The lions kept growling and threatening every moment to attack me. My candle was growing shorter. Something had to be done. I picked up a piece of rock from the side of the cut and tied a letter to it which I chanced to have in my pocket. I then set the letter on fire and threw the rock with the blazing letter at the lions and gave a yell and the way these lions got out of the shaft was amusing to me even under the circumstances, for it seemed to me that I had been down there a thousand years, though in reality it was about two hours. When I reached the top, which I did immediately after the retreat of the beast I heard someone coming up the trail. I waited. It was the men who struck the bonanza. They were astonished to find me there at that hour and were inclined to be cross, but when I told them what kind of an experience I had they had a good laugh over it. When I asked them some particularly as to their find they said there was a cloud on their title to the property which the statute of limitation would dispell provided the other party was kept in ignorance of the strike and added they had taken out a few tons secretly, which netted them over \$1100 a ton. After the boys had secured the opening through which I entered the cut, we all went down the hill together. As I believe in the right of the discoverer to reap the benefit of his discovery, I shall not give the boys away---

J.C. Kinman, Woodville, Montana, in the Butte Miner. March, 1889.

Lost Mines. Gold.

the Sawtooth cave, a continuation of the Wild Man of Camas,
pp 856 868, West Shore, 1887.