

THE PROSPECTOR'S LIFE.

A Happy New Year to you, old faithful prospectors! May you live to enjoy the fruits of your labor—and reap the harvest that you have anticipated and so richly deserve! May the year of our Lord, 1894, bring to you the realization of those many dreams of wealth that you have dreamt so often while alone in your bed—that after you get that wealth you will not alone sing the song, "The Girl I left behind me," but that you will go to where you left her, give her all yourself, with your wealth; that real pancakes will take the place of your greasy flapjacks; that chicken pie will be on your table instead of old (J), rusty bacon; that honey shall take the place of molasses, a trout the place of the old mustard sardine that the merchant had on his shelves so long; instead of fried potatoes and onions in bacon grease, may you have potatoes à la française; coffee as only a miner can make it with real cream, instead of condensed milk with mostly chalk, as you now have it! You shall then be able to buy your bread instead of the pie, so often have made on Sunday out of service-breads bought from the Indians, that you shortened with bacon grease, and rolled it out with a bottle after you wiped it on your overalls so as to make it clean! You shall then wear a suit of clothes instead of a pair of blue overalls and a worn overalls! You may wear a plug hat if it won't kill you! You may go to meeting with your wife if you think you can stand it. May the good God deliver you from the mining shaft, and the expert, and the man that wants to incorporate your mine! After you have sold, may you be delivered from the estate man, and may you quit drink forever! May your walks be among the roses instead of the rattle snakes and the prickly pears! May you go good and strong and healthy, and if you ever get the means to do it, may you and when your prospecting on this earth shall have been finished, and you go to the great beyond, that you may not miss the ground taken up and staked. Christ said, "In my Father's house there are many mansions. May I prepare one for you, and may therein be a cabinet of minerals even as fine as that of Richard McIntosh."

The prospector is the advance guard of mining. He is the discoverer of the hidden treasure. To him is due the credit of much wealth that, except for him, we would not have. He often looks after the mining, but he is not a true prospector, being one that will accommodate himself to almost any circumstance. He is a cook, tends horses, mends his shoes, mends his clothing, and on Sunday he cooks Sunday dinner, which consists of beans and bacon; he will wash his shirt and socks, and if he is a very orderly man will sweep the floor, set back the three-legged stools in their places, wash up the dishes and prepare rough coming week. He will not be anxious to give something of the prospector's life. His life is a study and a wonder—he himself wonders what will become of him. In many instances he gets in with some man of means, who will put up

few hundred dollars for the prospector to live on while he himself lives on the edge of the land. The prospector will take a team, some rickety old wagon, some harness, a few dollars to buy some coffee, tea, with a few cans of corn tomatoes and sardines. The prospector will give half his funds to his partner. This money will amount to nothing, but offer a good number of good prospects are found. The prospector is poor; the able man knows it, and makes a kick about it, but he can't do anything to view to freeing the prospector out. There is nothing said about how the money was made, but it is true that in rain storms he has been out in how many months he has been climbing the hills and mountains, sleeping on the ground, wet or dry. The hot summer's sun is not considered, the hot water that gets tea-water heat from being packed around his shoulder in a canvas eschaped to the sun, when the thermometer marks 110 to 120. The prospector has of necessity to be an early riser to see if his horse is there or gone. He sometimes has to go back ten or twelve miles. The horse will not stay where there is no feed. Any morning he will tramp miles and miles, and he will find no feed, and returns and feels grain, if he has any. Then he gets breakfast. After the bacon and coffee are disposed of he loads up his horse and moves on. Stops at the foot of a mountain; turns the team out to grass if there is any, and takes a bunch of what is left from breakfast. With water and a pick he proceeds to hunt for something that he never lost, but what he expects to find. He walks around the hills, eyes on the ground, looking for float rock that contains mineral—turning over rock, breaking rock, turning over quartz to look for the crops of quartz in the mountain, and examination of the country around him. Many times he sees a good looking place where he thinks there is a mine, but he never climbs up to find nothing, or the other prospector has already located and recorded it. Nothing daunted, on he goes, and he will find a rock that is worth, leaving him many miles from home. Some men take pack animals, mule or pony, to pack their little all with. Others, to be sure, will not do this, but they do. These are those that go high up into the mountains and camp at a lonely spring away from any one for days and weeks. The most of the miners have a dog for company.

When the prospector is able to outfit himself or themselves, two or more go together. Then it is pleasanter. In that event, one looks after the other looks after the horses. Most of them prefer to be alone, for these reasons; if they find a mine, it will be their own; another is, that they are not afraid that prospectors will. If many are together they will put in too much time in talking. There are other prospectors that will go to some lonely place and camp for a month or two, and then went to town to get some provisions and spent it all. Now they prefer to be alone. Others have been disappointed here and there. Others still have been away from their best dig, but they have seen that they tired of waiting and married some other fellow. All of these men are cranky, as well as the rest of the human

family on some subject or another. Among the prospectors you will find many that are educated, understand law; many that you talk to know much of history. Are we not toasting our gold? Many only get their mails once a week or month, but when they do get a newspaper every word is read, even to the editorial, and the "editorial" is not uninteresting morning contemporary" had said. It will be some consolation for the miners to know that there are some people that like to read their effusions.

It will be well to give the readers some of these characters, commencing with J. J. Jones, who is a prospector from New York. He started out prospecting when a mere boy, thirty odd years ago. He would work for a few dollars a month, and then he would grab stakes, and start out again. He prospected some in California, Nevada and his footprints all over it, from one end of the continent to the other, but he was in Utah. He has heard the war woom of the Indian in Montana when the boys were out there. He has heard his melodious voice calling, "Boys, dinner is now ready!" He was a good cook from boyhood up, and ever ready to do his share. He had had some narrow escapes from the Indians, and has come near losing his few hairs his cranium possessed. Lost of his time in the mountains, and he has a history, which he knows by heart. He can sit down and tell the history of the camp and every man's name therein. He is well to relate one of his trips. An Indian came in to Shell Creek while he was cooking there, with a piece of lead ore which he had dug out of the ground. The C. P. railroad runs now; Newton purchased a yoke of oxen, procured the hind wheels of an old wagon, put a couple of new ones on, and made up the bounds, lashed his blankets and provisions on the axle-tree, and with a red-headed Irishman and the Indian started. It must have been a picture, the Indian leading the way, the Irishman on the off side to keep the oxen from going too fast, Newton in the middle, and the Indian, they traveled without a road for many days, camping in the sage-brush when night would come, and they would get up and go to the mountain that there was no ledge to be found. Nothing daunted, back he went to work until he got angry, and then he would get up and go to the mountain again and again, until he discovered some of the best mines in the west. To him more than any other man is due the credit of being the first to get a prospect from Gold Hill in the Deep Creek country. The privation and exposure of over a century have at last brought him a rich reward in his old days. He has no prospects in the Deep Creek country, and he will yet be called Mr. Danton, and his mine will prosper live in the society of the world.

There is a prospector living in Nevada who is an exception to the general rule. He has lived in the same cabin for over thirty years. It is a neat little place. His cabin is swept every day. Everything is in its place and he has a place for everything. "Dislike what you see, but don't eat it." He will let them wipe them, but he must wash them himself. I have hung the wiping cloth on the dish-cloth nail, and he will wash even two cats. He will not mate himself. Of him there is but one, and none other but him. He has a good dog. All efforts to draw him out on some of his youthful love stories have so far proven futile. That he has loved some fair damsel way down in Tennessee

in youth there is no doubt. His cabin is the perfection of neatness. He has eleven boxes nailed up to put things in, and four shelves to set things on. He has a brush on the wall, and it has ever been seen with a tooth brush. He has an oil-table-cloth on the table, which he keeps scrupulously clean. Most of the prospectors will set the pans and kettles on the table and every fellow helps himself, if they all live as well as the prospectors. They don't think they are good cooks, if they are not.

I had a partner who hailed from Ohio—that means "I bow it all"—whose name I don't remember, but he did not know about cooking or thought he knew, was not worth knowing. He said to me one Saturday evening, "I will have a plain pudding for tomorrow."

"Can you cook it?" I asked. "No," he said. "I will have a good working for us to cook milk for supper while we went to the trading post to get the trimmings of a new pair of gaiters, and I will have a way iron the house the Dutchman called out: "Jake, Jake! I can't make mush, there are no onions in the house!" He had a couple of onions in the mush if there had been any.

For the pudding we purchased one pint of brandy and everything else that was needed for the pudding. The brandy amounted up to \$5. He made the pudding out of self-raising flour. I took one of my white shirts and tore the tail end off, and made a bag, and put it in a tight, filled in some water in the camp kettle, and put it on to boil. It boiled and swelled so all the water ran out—the shirt and the pudding were in the water, between boiling and baking for several hours there was enough done for us to eat off the outside. We cooked it each for a minute, and then we had a pudding left. Forever afterwards Jake was silent on cooking, and we had only to take up a quart of stout pudding for him to take up his hat and give on.

The new prospector fits up a good spring wagon with all the modern improvements, folding chairs, table and a pair of new chairs, a pair of new tin canoes, preserves, and eggs, that the market affords; a new pair of miner's expert boots, shipped to wear in camp; and a new pair of miner's pants, the most able-stove—in fact everything that might be wanted. One lot of young men that he had in the night, describing nearly all of them. They had a good deal of money all right, and having been dirty in the city they concluded that it would be a good idea to have a pair of new pants made. One of them cut the bottoms of a fashionable pair of pants so he could stick them in to the boot tops. He sawed off his old legs. He had not turned around it was different. An Indian standing by his side, when the young man turned around, pointed at the boots and said, "He has got his feet all the time heap sit down." When he would come into camp and change the boots for the silpers, he would indeed find that he had a pair of new boots. He was an only son with four sisters; hence his mother was tender of him. She gave him a pair of boots—two of the trimmed and a pair of new ones. He had a good dress himself up to fit it resembled a Chinaman smoking the opium-pipe. One day he was out with a pair of boots to hunt and what to hunt for. "One broke out in great earnestness: "Say, boys, why not hunt for a brass ledge to work on? It is a good one. It is a good one to look in the summer time; take lunch, water and picks, go out until they tired—which would be soon after they left—when they would return and quarrel

in should cook supper. The town would lead to reading novels. One morning they took inventory, and found that there were but four eggs left. The bread man says, "Boys, I am gone; the eggs are gone, and home I go."

Prospecting is a very exciting occupation. A lay man will work at that. Hundreds of men will do nothing else but hunt hill and date, year after year. We know one man that worked alone for on his mine ten years. He was dug down he would add a section of ladders to the end at the bottom, which he would climb down, dig and fill the bucket then go up the ladder and windlass it up. He ran up and down that ladder until he dug and blasted fifty feet. All this work he did, thinking every day to strike a large body of ore. He never struck it.

The claim allowed by the government is 1000 feet long by 600 feet wide. You own all that is inside of the lines. Some times the ledge is traceable the whole length, but often it only crops out in places here and there. The owner will want to know what he has got, hence he will go to work. He digs down and blasts out the rock as deep as he can throw the waste out, to see how wide the ledge is and that it will away.

Then he will go to another place and try that the same way, until he is satisfied that he has struck the place to commence putting works to hoist with. This is a windlass first, worked by men. When they get down a hundred or hundred and fifty feet, a horse power will be put up. That on, you work about 300 feet, then you will have to get steam. There is expense from the time the first pick is struck into the ground until the mine is worked out. Not one in one hundred ever pays for the labor expended, to say nothing of clear gain. You can get a mine you will have to have fortune to work it. The Centennial Eureka expended before they got a dollar back one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but now she is paying in great shape.

Mining is good for mining men, but the farmer and the mechanic had best stay at home. It is a hard life, and each man stick to his own trade. If he is a miner let him mine; may strike it, he might be next. While the year of 1893 was a corker on you, let us hope that '94 will even things up for all of us. There is no reason why it should not. We state good for Utah, with a railroad to Deep Creek, and silver on a par with gold, all hail to the year of 1894. Utah will be happy!

H. J. FAUST.