

ing with but a small capital, his interests extend over a wide range. Sudden riches too often change the "good fellow" into the unendurable cad—it has not changed "Bob," and we delight in his success.

Later.—This company have since turned out nearly one-half million dollars' worth of silver, and as this goes to press the rumor is that they have struck an "ore chute" with millions in sight.

The Mother Lode Theory

Those conversant with silver values elsewhere cannot realize the richness of this district. \$100 to \$150 ores, to them, are high values; while here it runs as high as 22,000 ounces per ton. For this reason it is justly claimed that this is the richest silver camp in the world, and the only question is: "Will it last?" Since coming to Cobalt I have made it a point to gather from as many sources as possible the impression on the mother lode theory.

While many think it an absurd one, others make it seem most feasible that the silver has been forced up from below. If this be true, then the permanency of the district is assured, and the hidden wealth of Cobalt must run into the fabulous. The advocates of the theory claim, that deep as have the shafts been sunk, that the surface has scarcely been scratched to produce the hundreds of tons already shipped from here, and that many holdings now looked upon as worthless, are underlaid with fortunes only waiting the enterprise of the holders who are not afraid to go down after the wealth.

This does not mean that *all* of the "holdings" are valuable. Some of them whose owners have spent fortunes telling the public how "good" they were, will never be other than worthless. These owners went on the principle that the public is easier "worked" than mines. I've visited water-filled holes in the ground, and by comparing old issues of the daily papers with the locations of those holes, I found that I was gazing upon "The greatest, the richest, the most wonderful proposition in