

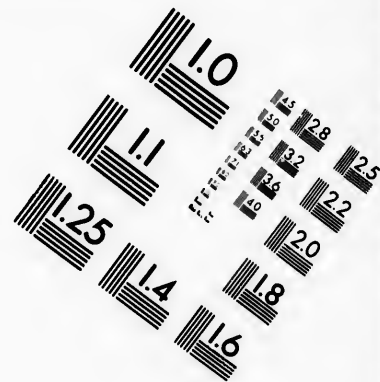
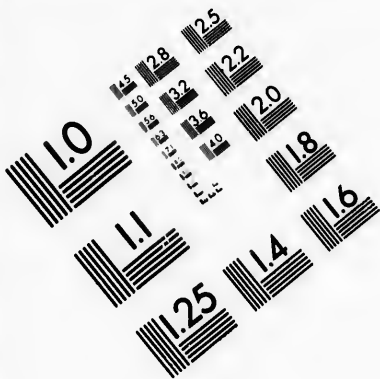
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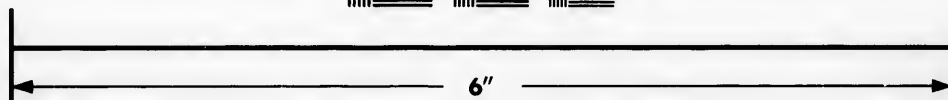
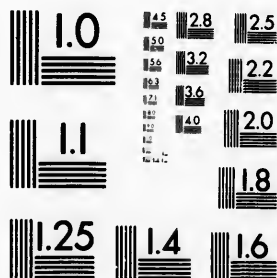


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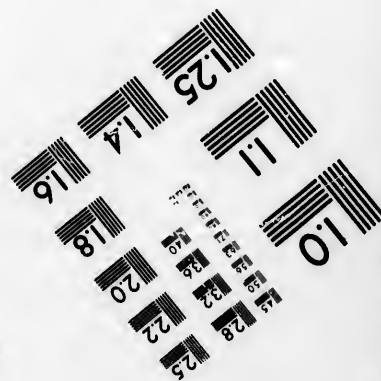
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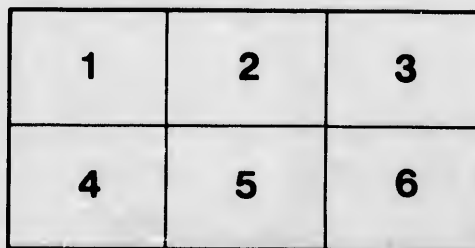
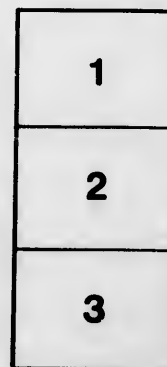
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# THE NEW BONANZALAND

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WITH A BRIEF DISSERTATION  
ON BOOMS.

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BY  
P. DONAN.

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Issued by the Passenger Department  
of the  
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Portland, Oregon,  
1897

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# THE NEW BONANZALAND.

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## I.

### EXISTING IGNORANCE OF THE WEST.

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A Great New York Magazine Manifests a High Quality of It in  
an Elaborate Article on Booms.

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WHAT the average American oriental does not know about his own country and its infinite capabilities, would fill a good many ponderous volumes. What even the wisest of Gotham and Cape Cod pundits and sages have failed to learn, or to appreciate, in regard to the majestic continent they have honored by permitting it to become their native land, would furnish a pretty fair foundation for omniscience, and leave several items of valuable information over for inferior intelligences. What the typical easterner never read, or heard, or imagined, of that vast and varied empire, vaguely characterized as The West, includes about all there is to be told or written of it. To a New Yorker, America is bounded on the north by the Spitting Devil and the Harlem quagmires and goat-pastures, on the south by Greenwood Cemetery and Coney Island wooden elephants, on the east by Hell-Gate, and on the west by Hoboken and Jersey lightning. To a Bostonian, the sun rises over Fort Warren, strikes high noon above Bunker Hill monument, and sets just behind Back Bay. Half the world—a mighty hemisphere, incomparable in grandeur, incomputable in riches, and illimitable in possibilities—lies west of all their geographies. Their maps are all too narrow, their ideas all too small. "Having eyes,

they see not, and having ears, they hear not; neither do they understand," that all the boundless productive powers and possibilities of the new-world republic lie in the matchless region, which they, in their arrogant ignorance, stigmatize as "the wild and woolly west." The fields of grain and grass and cotton; the orchards and vineyards and gardens; the horizon-fenced prairie pastures, with their countless flocks and herds; the forests of timber and quarries of stone; and the mines of gold and silver, copper, iron, lead and coal,—on which they, as mere brokers and handlers, hucksters and peddlers,—depend for food, clothing, shelter and fortune,—are all here, in the west. The bullion for all their banks, and the material for all their factories, mills and forges, come from the west. All their railroads lead to or from the west, and all the business that maintains them is furnished by the west. The very existence of the nation depends upon the west.

The total valuation of New York city, real estate and personal property, under the census of 1890, was \$2,106,484,905; and of Boston, \$981,269,913;—a grand aggregate for both of \$3,087,754,818. According to the same census reports, the yearly value of the farm products of the country—largely of the west—was \$2,460,107,454, and the annual mineral yield amounted to \$678,000,734. Add \$250,000,000 a year for the timber and lumber, and \$50,000,000 for the fish, game and other minor items; and all ordinary arithmetic staggers before the gigantic sum of \$3,438,108,188, as one year's production of the farms, mines and forests of the Union—almost wholly of the west. So, if New York and Boston were swept from the face of the continent, wiped off the earth, and the very ground on which they stand buried in the depths of the sea, a single western crop—one season's yield of western fields and pastures, mines and woodlands—would make good all the loss, and furnish a surplus of \$350,353,370!

The valuation of the entire state of New York, in 1890, was \$3,785,910,313, and of Massachusetts, \$2,154,134,626; or a total for both commonwealths, including their metropolises, of \$5,940,044,939. So two years' produce of western ranches, farms, forests and mines,—amounting to \$6,876,216,376,—would pay for both states, buy them outright, and leave a balance of \$936,169,437!

In view of such facts, it does not seem unpardonably presumptuous to suggest, that a trifle less confidence of assertion would become the omniscients of the orient, when they speak of the occident. Even a Harvard professor, or a Manhattan editor, might find a number of things worth his knowing, west of that monumental blasphemy in bronze, the Bedloe's Island Liberty Statue;—and a few, perhaps, west of the Mississippi and the Rockies. Incredible as it may appear, investigation would possibly show that there are, in this part of God's glorious universe, some truths,—great truths in the abstract, and truths in the concrete,—that have not yet been fully comprehended by the most accomplished oarsman of a Yale boat-crew, or the most profoundly erudite captain of a Princeton football-team.

The Forum, one of the so-called great eastern magazines, —a typical exponent of the Intelligence and Culture, to which the Atlantic wavelets splash perpetual peans of admiring adoration,—recently contained an article, on "The Passing of the Boom;" that has attracted more attention than its intrinsic merits seem to warrant. It was from the pen of a well-known and, considering his longitudinal environments, usually well-informed writer—himself the successful manager of a leading periodical. Starting out with the bold assumptions, that this country has now been fully explored, its mighty wildernesses subdued, its lands settled and brought under cultivation, its mines discovered and opened up, its great railways built, its towns and cities founded, and all its

resources and possibilities revealed,—he maintains that henceforth Americans must adapt themselves to the slow-going methods of old-world peoples; must lay aside their romantic and speculative notions, and become a nation of plodders and toilers and penny-savers—modeled generally on the European-peasant plan. And he winds up his pessimistic pronouncement with the declaration, that “the day of the boom is past; this country will never see another.”

Papers hostile to the west, and to one of its long-recognized modes of development, have republished the boom-smiting, boom-squelching diatribe, far and wide; and yet, from its titular headline to its last oracular assertion, it is arrant nonsense, founded on baldest fiction. Every premise is baseless, and every conclusion preposterous, as the next brief chapter will endeavor to show.



## II. DEFINITION OF THE BOOM.

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It is the Natural Movement of People Desiring to Better Their  
Condition—Where the Next Great Boom Will Be.

---

WHAT is a boom? In the western sense, it is a rush of people into any region offering new and enhanced possibilities of improvement in condition or estate. So long as the human heart, and its ambitions and longings, remain as they are, a boom will take place whenever and wherever any new country or section of country is opened up, presenting new riches of resource and opportunity; new advantages of soil, forest, mine or climate, and new and increased chances for energy and enterprise to win fortune speedily. To say, that "the day of the boom is past," is to announce that the last great realm of earthly possibility has been explored, and all its treasures laid bare;—that the world's ultimate mysteries have been solved, and there is no longer an Unknown Land.

Could absurdity farther go? The history of humanity began in Asia, and there Christianity had its birth; and civilization had grown old in Africa, when Europe was a wilderness of naked barbarians, and America had never been dreamt of. They are the old world's oldest lands. Armies have marched and countermarched; empires and dynasties have risen, and flourished, and fallen; scientists have chipped and delved, and squabbled; historians and philosophers have written, prophets and apostles have preached and taught, and poets have sung, for untold ages, on their ancient soil;—

and, today, exploration has but penetrated the outermost rim of their mighty areas, and their characteristics and capabilities are almost as much matters of romance and conjecture as they were in the days of the Cæsars and the Ptolemies. A boom, whose possible extent and consequences no mortal intelligence can foresee, is now following the Russian transmundane railway into Siberia, long pictured as an uninhabitable desert of perpetual snows, howling wolves and frozen prison horrors;—and, during the past eight or ten years, a boom, such as this generation has never seen surpassed, has swept over those desolate South African crags, whence Israel's royal Wise Man may possibly have obtained the gold that glittered, on his grand temple spires, in the Judean sunlight of four thousand years ago.

Think of it. Daring explorers still groping and fighting their way through the coast jungles of the lands of which Moses and Herodotus wrote, and David and Hesiod and Homer sang. Booms just beginning in "King Solomon's Mines," in the domains of the Queen of Sheba, and on the trails of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan. While a New York magazine scribbler declares,—and alleged great newspapers endorse his declaration by reproducing it,—that exploration is finished, there is nothing more to be discovered, and "the day of the boom is past," in a hemisphere against which the quaint old scows of Columbus drifted but as yesterday!

America is, by many centuries, the newest of the great continental divisions of the globe, and the American Great West is the newest part of this new wonderland. The grass has hardly sprouted on the graves of Daniel Boone, Merriweather Lewis and William Clark. The moccasined footprints of the first white men, who ever trod on western soil, have scarcely faded from the mountains and valleys and plains. The exploration of the west has not begun. Discovery and boom have marched hand in hand, and boom has followed

boom, through all its brief, bright history. The great agricultural boom, the free lands and free homes boom, in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and all the Mississippi and Missouri valleys; the copper, iron and timber booms in Michigan and Wisconsin; California's wondrous gold boom of fifty years ago, and her fruit-growing and townsite-platting boom of later days; the mighty mining booms in Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Idaho and Montana; the Comstock, Deadwood and Cœur d'Alene, Leadville and Cripple Creek booms; the Texas and Wyoming cattle-raising booms, and a hundred others, have all been grand rushes of population following some new discovery of riches and possibilities, and have all been potent factors in western growth and progress. But the west is still unexplored and unknown. Its fabulous treasures of metal and mineral are unprospected and undreamt-of. The greatest mines of earth are yet to be opened in this western land of miracles and wonders. Mountains of gold and silver ore, beside which all the famed riches of Ophir and of Ind, of Golconda and the Comstock Lode, will some day sink to beggars' pence, yet rear their proud heads to heaven, untouched by pick or spade or drill. The veritable treasure-houses of the genii and the gods yet await the enterprise and muscle of the sturdy prospectors and miners, who are destined to fire the avarice and the envy of the world with their Midas-surpassing wealth of solid ducats. From Alaska to Nicaragua, the whole vast system of Rocky Mountains and Cordilleras is an almost unbroken ore and mineral bed. Although, since the days of the Montezumas and the Incas, thousands of millions have been taken from it, not one ten-thousandth part of it has ever felt the tap of a prospector's hammer. The surface dirt is hardly broken, the glittering hoards are scarcely touched. The great bonanza fortunes are yet to be won!

In a wild and hitherto unheard-of region of the Pacific Northwest, discoveries have just been made, and are daily

being made, that bid fair to eclipse all the dazzling miracles of the past; and this Forum boom-annihilator will only have to live a few months longer to witness such a boom, as the new world has never seen since the California golden days of 1849—if even that is not surpassed.

Where is this new El Dorado? It is in the Kootenai country of British Columbia—itsself an almost unknown realm, in regard to which a few condensed facts will just here serve to form another short chapter.





### III.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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**A Few Brief Bits of Information About the Great Northwestern Empire, in Which Lies the World's Coming Bonanzaland.**

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**S**TRETCHING from 49° to 60° of north latitude, and from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean, British Columbia is a vast empire of 383,000 square miles;—more than three times as large as all Great Britain and Ireland; and within a trifle of as big as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, which all combined have but 392,440 square miles of territory. It has a thousand miles of coast line, and many thousand miles of navigable lakes and rivers. It is a land of huge mountains, fertile valleys and magnificent forests. Its climate in all the coast regions is as mild as that of southern England, or of Maryland. Its soil yields bounteously all the most valuable grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables. Sixty bushels of wheat, and ninety bushels of oats, to the acre, are not unusual crops. The earl of Aberdeen, whose brilliant and accomplished wife recently delivered the commencement address at the Chicago University, has a 13,000-acre farm near Kelowna, on Okanagan lake, where he raises large quantities of grain, hops, all varieties of fruit, and fine yellow-leaf tobacco. Figs are grown at Agassiz in the Fraser river valley. The fisheries are immense and profitable. The city of New Westminster

alone, at the mouth of the Fraser river, has forty salmon-canneries, that employ 8,000 men during the fishing season, and pay out \$750,000 a year in wages. Victoria and Vancouver are beautiful and prosperous cities of 20,000 population, each.

Before the recent marvelous Kootenai discoveries, British Columbia mines had yielded, according to the official, government reports, over \$100,000,000 in gold, silver, copper, lead and other minerals. Two miles of gravel on Williams creek, in the Cariboo region, panned out \$20,000,000, under the most primitive working, with the crudest implements; and early prospectors on Wild Horse creek and other streams near Fort Steele washed out \$6,000,000 in gold dust, in two years. These diggings lie nearly five hundred miles apart, and the discoveries of the last few months seem to indicate, that the whole vast intervening region is an almost unbroken mineral bed. Eminent experts, in fact, declare that, from Washington and Montana to Alaska, every mountain range and spur in all the Columbian dominions of the Widow Victoria will possibly be found ribbed and seamed with royal ore, and every stream and streamlet bottomed with golden sands. Think of 50,000 square miles, with a possible bonanza in every acre!

In the southeastern part of this huge realm of great possibilities is the new world's coming Boomland—the new-found Gods'-Treasury of Kootenai. Let a new chapter begin the story of its wonders—although all description must fall short of giving more than the faintest idea of the incredible truth.

IV.  
THE KOOTENAI COUNTRY.

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A Land of Fairy-Stories in Real Life—Just Discovered, and Already Shipping \$1,000,000 of Ore a Month—A Capitalization of \$52,975,000 in a Single Week.

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**K**OOTENAI! It was unheard-of but a few months ago. Even now, scarcely one person in a thousand knows how the name is pronounced, or where the region lies. The pronunciation is "Koot-e-nay," with two-thirds of the accent on the first syllable, and the other third on the last. A reference to the accompanying excellent map of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company will show its whereabouts. With eye, finger or pencil, trace any of the great semi-transcontinental highways to Denver, Salt Lake or Ogden. Then glide along either of the plainly-marked pathways to Huntington, on the southern rim of the great eastern Oregon gold-fields; and, from there, follow the only line to Spokane, in the new and richly resourceful state of Washington. Thence push northward over the track of the Spokane Falls and Northern railroad to the international boundary line;—and, at Waneta, or Fort Sheppard, the Kootenai Country is entered; the world's newest Bonanzaland, where a thousand, or a million, fortunes await their lucky or plucky finders, is reached.

It stretches from 49° to 52° north latitude, and from the Rocky mountains to the Gold range west of the Columbia river, and has an area of about 26,000 square miles, or 16,500,000 acres. The Purcell range of snow-capped giants divides

it into East and West Kootenai, each division as large as Rhode Island, Connecticut and Delaware combined. Every foot of it apparently holds mineral possibilities, but so far the rush of discovery and development has been chiefly confined to West Kootenai, which includes the Trail Creek, Nelson, Ainsworth and Kaslo-Slocan districts.

Let him, who enters here, leave—not hope, but—all his past experiences, impressions and standards of estimation behind. He treads enchanted ground. He is in a region whose whole history is romance; where all the gorgeous dreams of the Arabian Nights seem every-day realities, and the wildest fairy-tales become tame and commonplace. A few brief items must serve to furnish some idea of the incredible truths, the impossible facts, against which one stumbles at every turn.

Think of a region, rugged beyond all description or imagination; an endless maze of mountains from 7,000 to 10,000 feet high, rocky, precipitous, covered with almost impenetrable forests of gigantic timber, and buried for six months of the year under from two to twenty feet of snow. A waste, howling wilderness five or six years ago. Scarcely two hundred hardy hunters, trappers and prospectors in all its vast solitudes, at the beginning of 1892. Virtually unexplored and unknown a few months ago, and accessible only by pack-mule and snowshoes. Today, one of the golden wonders of the world, and the soon-to-be scene of the greatest boom in the last half of the nineteenth century. Fully 50,000 busy, eager, enterprising people digging, drifting, tunneling, building and prospecting among its savage crags and yawning canyons. Traversed by three or four railroads, each a marvel of engineering, and the oldest measuring its history by weeks or months. New lines, branches and extensions planned and pushing in all directions. Trains all running as double-headers, with two locomotives apiece, and still unable

to carry the crowds of fortune-seekers, and masses of machinery, material and supplies, ceaselessly hurrying in, and the ever-increasing shipments of rich ores pouring out. Staunch and handsomely appointed steamers, thronged and heavily-laden, plowing their liquid way, to and fro, on all the lakes and streams. Twenty or thirty flourishing camps, towns and cities, that have risen, like magic exhalations, from the wild mountain-sides and in the ragged gulches. Over a hundred producing mines that, during the first nine weeks of 1897, shipped out 16,174 tons of ore and matte, worth \$2,030,144—or in even figures, \$1,000,000 a month! Ninety-eight mines listed in the stock-exchange, with a total capital of \$94,450,000; and fifty-seven new mining companies, with an aggregate capitalization of \$52,975,000, organized during the single week ending March 9—an average of \$8,829,666 a day, leaving Sunday out of the count!

From the Washington and Idaho line to the head of Kootenai and Slocan lakes, the whole air is filled with glittering fairy-stories, that are all true; and the bewildered traveler jostles everywhere against the gilded creatures of oriental rhapsody and fable, in real life. Two poor prospectors, in one day, located the five claims that are now the Le Roi, War Eagle, Center Star, Idaho and Virginia mines, worth from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000. Another prospector found a single boulder in the Slocan region, that yielded 7,800 ounces of silver and 46,800 pounds of lead. A man, comparatively recently, bought for twelve dollars and a half—\$12.50—a claim that has since paid over \$300,000 in dividends, and, at the actual selling price of its stock today, is worth \$4,000,000, cash. A Spokane saloon-keeper, two or three years ago, grumblingly accepted stock in a Trail Creek mine, in payment of a whisky bill of ten or fifteen dollars, because it was that or nothing. The stock has paid him \$25,900 in dividends, and is now worth \$296,000 in gold. The owners of a claim near Sandon drifted two feet, struck ore, and had a shipping

mine with one day's work. A Rossland washerwoman, about New Year's of 1895, took a few hundred shares of Le Roi stock for a laundry bill. It has since paid her seventy dollars in dividends on every hundred shares, and every share is today worth eight dollars. A young Virginia tenderfoot, when it cost from forty to fifty dollars a ton to ship and treat ore, dug a carload out of a mountain-side near Sandon, and was laughed at by all his neighbors when he told them he expected it to net him \$8,000. It brought him nearly \$9,000 above all charges. A young carpenter, in 1895, did two days' prospecting near Rossland, struck ore, and a few months later sold out for \$50,000, cash. A Spokane lawyer bought a half-interest in a claim between Sandon and Three Forks, for \$500. Last October, he sold out for \$150,000, cash, and the mine has since paid more than twice the price in dividends.

But why continue an endless enumeration? Pages could be filled with such instances, and there will be others—thousands of them—before the end of 1897. Nothing is impossible, nothing is extravagant, in a region where every mountain seems to be a huge snow-capped or glacier-crowned ore-bin; and where ore, in carload lots, runs from one to twenty ounces of gold and 100 to 300 pounds of copper, or from 100 to 1,000 ounces of silver and 300 to 1,200 pounds of lead, to the ton! The gold-and-copper ore is chiefly found in the Trail Creek district, of which Rossland is the capital and center; while the bulk of the silver-lead ore is produced in the Slocan country, which in a general way includes the Nelson and Ainsworth mines. Each is worthy of a volume, but a chapter must suffice; and, as Trail and Rossland are most widely known, they come in for mention first.

## V.

### "TRAIL CREEK."

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The Far-Famed Gold-and-Copper District, and Its Magical Metropolis, Rossland—A Marvelous Story.

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**A** BOUT six miles north of the international boundary-line, a bold, clear mountain stream comes tumbling into the Columbia river from the west. Its length, by its own winding and twisting course, is about twelve miles, though in an air-line it is only six miles from its head to its mouth. The great trail east and west across British Columbia, used first by the old Hudson's Bay Company hunters, trappers and traders, and later by the early placer miners in the Wild Horse country, followed this creek its entire length, from which fact it took its name of "Trail Creek," now becoming famous in the gold-mining annals of the world. Old prospectors have known for years, that there was gold about the headwaters of the stream, but the region was so inaccessible that no attempt at mining was made until 1887, when George Bowerman, of Spokane, dug a number of prospect holes on Red Mountain, today perhaps the vastest known body of gold ore in existence. Finding nothing that assayed more than \$12 or \$15 to the ton, he crossed over the site of the present city of Rossland, and located the Lily May, a short distance south. After doing some work on the claim, he abandoned it and went back to Spokane. Nearly three years later, in July, 1890, Joe Bourgeois and Joe Morris, on a prospecting trip, struck Red Mountain, and in one day located five claims,—the Le Roi, War Eagle, Center Star, Idaho and Virginia,—

all of them now known throughout the world. The only recording office in the region was at Nelson, at the foot of Kooténai lake, sixty miles away, which, in that rugged wilderness of almost perpendicular mountains, mighty forests, and dense, tangled undergrowth, was a long and weary journey. At the office, they met E. S. Topping, and offered him his choice of the claims, if he would pay the fee of \$12.50 for recording the five. After an examination of their ore samples, he accepted the offer, paid the twelve dollars and a half, and chose the Le Roi. So began the history of one of earth's greatest mines and mining-camps.

Outfitting himself with samples of the ore and assay certificates, Topping went down to Colville, where he met Colonel W. M. Ridpath and George M. Forster, two enterprising Spokane lawyers, and tried to interest them in the claim. They liked the looks of the ore, and asked him to let them take the samples down to Spokane and submit them to Oliver Durant, an old Utah and Cœur d'Alene mining man, adding: "What he says goes." Durant was so favorably impressed with the specimens, that an agreement was soon made to take sixteen-thirtieths of the claim for \$3,000 in work to be done within six months. Durant reached the ground, with men and supplies, in November, 1890; and, in spite of deep snow, work was begun in December. Early in 1891, enough of ore to make a carload was sent out on pack mules to the Columbia river, then by boat to the railroad, and on to a smelter at Butte, Montana. It yielded \$86.40 to the ton in gold and copper, but the enormous expenses of transportation and treatment left little of the proceeds. The experiment, however, established the infinite possibilities of the mine, with improved facilities for handling and treating the ore. A company was organized in November, 1891, with a capitalization of 500,000 shares at five dollars a share. The shares were not in much demand, and sold at anything from a cent or two up, while work went on in slow and desultory fashion. An



occasional shipment of ore was made by mule, boat and rail to far-off smelters; but, with shipping and milling charges in the neighborhood of \$50 a ton, little could be done. Then, at a depth of 200 feet, the shaft ran into a body of ore that showed up only about \$6 to the ton—practically worthless under the existing conditions. On top of all these depressing influences, came the slump in values from the closing of the Indian mints against silver, and the ruinous panic in this country. There was general discouragement in the isolated camp.

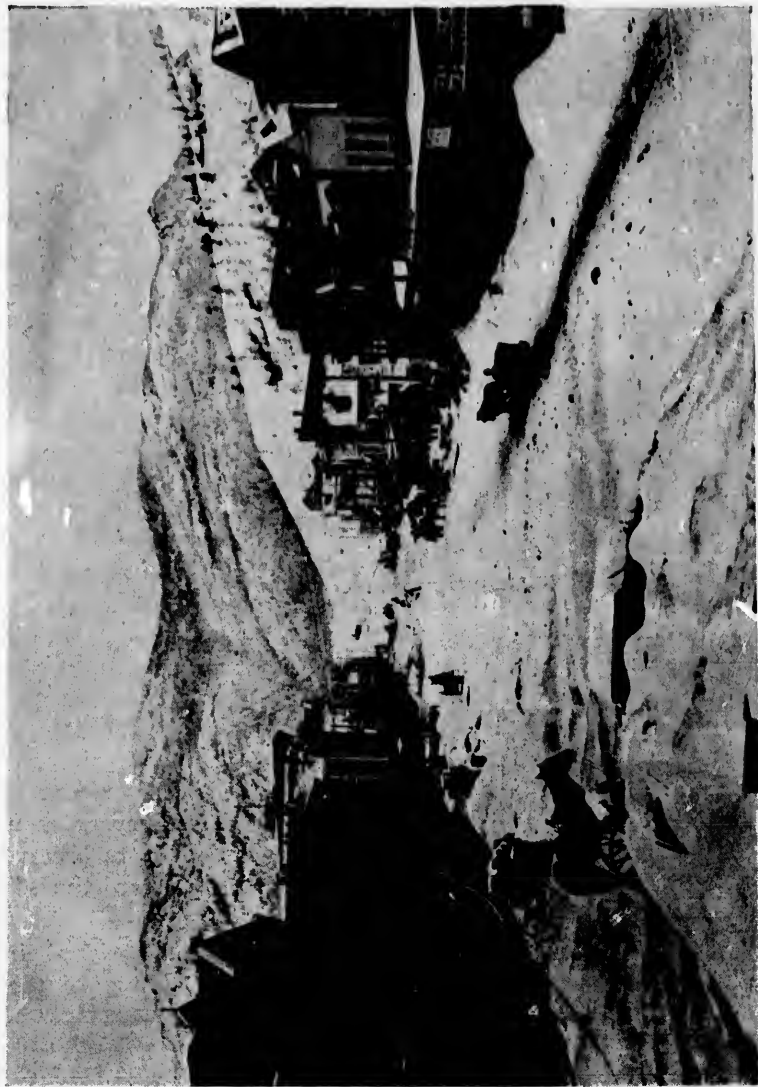
It was during these gloomy days, that L. F. Williams, a court stenographer, is said to have traded a "cayuse" for 15,000 shares of the Le Roi stock. He is now secretary of the great bonanza company, and his stock has already paid him \$10,500 in dividends, and is today worth \$120,000, cash. In the same dark period, W. J. Harris, who was keeping a saloon in Spokane, took 37,000 shares of the stock, in payment of a liquor bill—took the stock, much against his will, because he had to take it or nothing. He considered it virtually worthless, and tried to trade it to his partner for a half-interest in a horse he owned. The partner declined with emphasis; so Harris had to keep his stock, because he could not get rid of it. Within the last fifteen months, it has paid him \$25,900 in dividends, and, at present market prices, is worth \$296,000 in gold. The region abounds with such reminiscences.

Topping let his remaining interest in the Le Roi go. Oliver Durant sold out and, with A. H. Tarbet, of Salt Lake, bought the Center Star and Idaho. Many other claims had been located in the meantime, and development work was being done on the War Eagle, Center Star, Virginia, Josie, Enterprise, and Nickel Plate, and every exploration shaft and drift showed ore. The men, who were working the claims, knew they had vast ore-bodies that, with any reasonable shipping and smelting facilities, would prove bonanza-mines;

and, with true miners' faith, they believed the ore itself would, sooner or later, bring the facilities. Their faith was justified by results. Late in 1893, the British Columbian gold commissioner for West Kootenai ordered the building of a road from the camp to the mouth of Trail creek on the Columbia, and the business men of Northport built first a trail and then a road up from that place. Transportation and smelter charges came down from \$40 or \$50 a ton, to \$27.50, and in October, 1894, to \$16. With the completion, in the winter of 1893-4, of the first road down Trail creek, over which a sled or wagon could pass, hundreds of tons of ore on the dumps of the Le Roi and War Eagle became valuable, profitable shipments began immediately, \$75,000 was speedily realized, and the boom was on! Prospectors, miners, speculators and promoters rushed in, although the region was still so remote and inaccessible, that it was a common thing for a miner to pay a dollar to have a letter carried out to where it could be mailed.

A town became a necessity, and Rossland was founded. And here begins another crystalized fairy-tale—another story of impossibilities achieved, of municipal miracles wrought. Talk about Deadwood, and Leadville, and Cripple Creek? In their palmiest and boomiest days, they were tame and snail-paced compared with this British American wonder. In February, 1894, there were but four log-cabins where Rossland now stands. The first of these was the office of The Weekly Miner, a boom paper, showing that the pioneers of the new world's grandest mining-camp knew which end of city-building to begin at. January 1, 1895, the place had about 200 people. The first native-born citizen was a girl, who put in an appearance August 5, 1895. She was christened Columbia, and the townsite company presented her a deed to a corner-lot.

In April, 1897,—just eighteen months later,—Rossland is a city of from 8,000 to 10,000 busy and enterprising people,



ROSSLAND, B. C., 1896.

with electric lights, telegraph, telephone and messenger service; water-works, churches, good schools; two live daily papers, and a half-dozen weeklies and monthlies; and between forty and fifty hotels, all crowded to overflowing. With the snow everywhere from two to ten feet deep, over 300 buildings are going up and in every stage of completion. There are scarcely 50 painted houses in the whole place. There is no time for paint. Shelter, walls and roofs,—places to live and do business in,—are what are needed. The arrivals of new people average 100 a day, or 3,000 a month. Every building is filled, pounced upon and occupied, as soon as it is finished—often before. When the great Bank of British North America established its branch here, it rented a building occupied by a barber. When the time came to take possession, the tonsorial artist could not find another room in all the town; so an amicable arrangement was made, characteristic of the free-and-easy good-nature of a mining-camp too big and powerful and prosperous to cavil about trifles or stick at conventionalities. The bank moved in, and ran the finances of the region from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, and the gentleman of the razor and shears clipped and shaved the long-haired, stubbly-chinned bonanza-kings during all the other hours. The bank soon erected a suitable building, and the Bank of Montreal also has its own quarters. Private banks and brokers' offices abound. Assayers, experts and engineers swarm like flies about a molasses-barrel. The streets are thronged, and every man one meets has his pockets filled with rocks. All are breezy, buoyant, enthusiastic, and the dolorous phrase, "hard times," is never heard.

Two railroads fall far short of being able to do, with their present equipment, all the business offered. Many of the trains are run as double-headers, with an engine at each end, and all are jammed with eager, hurrying journeyers, mostly men, and loaded down with machinery, material and supplies

going in, or glittering masses of ore coming out. Nine of the mines last year, under all the transportation disadvantages, made these shipments of ore: Le Roi, 55,331,900 pounds; War Eagle, 18,019,191; Iron Mask, 1,408,760; Josie, 1,148,000; Poorman, 678,000; Crown Point, 300,000; Mayflower, 200,000; Cliff, 150,000; and Evening Star, 54,000—an aggregate of 77,290,751 pounds, or 38,645 tons. Add at least 5,000,000 pounds for numerous small shippers, and it gives a grand total of 82,290,751 pounds, or more than 41,000 tons, worth, at the lowest expert estimate, \$2,250,000, or about \$55 a ton.

The mines in and around the city employ upwards of 1,500 men, whose wages average \$3 a day, or \$45,000 a month. Add wood-choppers, teamsters, clerks and other outside workers, and the Rossland pay-roll runs from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000 a year; and this is rapidly increasing, as new mines are being constantly discovered and opened up, new enterprises begun, and new foundations for greatness laid. The population trebled during 1896, and the amount of machinery increased 2,500 per cent.—that is, the machinery equipment of the camp multiplied itself by twenty-five in a year. More than 2,000 mineral claims were recorded last year, and the mining fees for six months ran over \$50,000. The collections at the three custom-houses in the Trail Creek district, for ten months of the year, were: Rossland, \$71,247; Trail, \$55,035; and Waneta, \$7,756—a total of \$134,038.

Two powerful factors in the growth of Rossland, and the prosperity of the whole region, are the recent completion of the Columbia and Red Mountain railway, 17 miles long, from Northport on the Spokane Falls and Northern road; and the building of a smelter at the mouth of Trail creek, on the Columbia river, and a narrow-gauge railroad to connect it with the mines. The head of the smelter enterprise is F. A. Heinze, a Butte, Montana, smelter-owner. He learned that tens of thousands of tons of ore, that would be considered

incredibly rich in other regions—ore running from \$12 to \$30 a ton—were being piled up on the dumps about Rossland, because it would not bear the heavy costs of hauling to the Columbia river, boating to the railroad, and raiiling on 1,000 miles further to be treated. As the mountains could not come to the smelter, he decided that the smelter should go to the mountains. He first made a contract with the Le Roi Mining Company to furnish him 100 tons—200,000 pounds—of ore a day, for two years from the time his smelter was ready to begin operation, for treatment at \$11 a ton. He selected the mouth of Trail creek, on the Columbia river, as the site, and work on the smelter was promptly begun. A railroad to bring the ore to it was needed, and it was no small undertaking to build it. Although the distance from the chosen smelter-site to Rossland and the mines was only six miles in an air-line, a difference of 2,300 feet in altitude had to be climbed, and to accomplish it the road wound around for twelve miles, with two switchbacks thrown in for good measure in zigzagging. Work on the smelter began in October, 1895, but the difficulties of construction were so great, it was so hard to get in the necessary material and supplies, that the first furnace was not fired up until February, 1896. It started with a capacity of 100 tons a day, and the rush of ore immediately overwhelmed it. The capacity was doubled, but 200 tons a day was a mere bagatelle. The War Eagle, Iron Mask, Crown Point and other mines clamored for a chance to share the smelting privileges of the Le Roi. Additions were built that raised the capacity to 450 tons a day, and still the cry is, Far too small. It is now proposed to double its capacity once more, giving it the ability to reduce from 800 to 1,000 tons a day, and making it one of the largest smelting plants in America. The fuel used is wood, and anthracite coal from the eastern side of the Rocky mountains, which comes over the Canadian Pacific to Revelstoke or Arrowhead, and from there in scows down the Arrow lakes

and the Columbia river to the smelter. Around the smelter has sprung up the flourishing town of Trail, with 2,000 population, good hotels, schools, churches and a booming weekly paper. President D. C. Corbin, of the Spokane Falls and Northern railway, is said to be planning to put up a smelter, with a capacity of 250 tons a day, at Northport, or some other point on his line convenient to the Trail district mines. A branch of the Canadian Pacific, an extension of the Columbia and Western from Trail to Robson, and a line through Crow's Nest Pass, opening up immense coal-fields and giving direct connection with all the great eastern railroads, are projected, and two of them will probably be put through this year.

With the improved transportation and smelting facilities, the cost of handling and treating the ores has fallen to from \$10 to \$15 a ton, and there are whole mountain ranges of ore around the Magical Metropolis of Trail Creek, that will yield from \$15 to \$25 to the ton. A few brief paragraphs in regard to these ores, and present and prospective mines, will form the next chapter.



## VI. EXHAUSTLESS TREASURIES.

### The Ores and the Mines that are Making Trail Creek and Rossland Famous throughout the World.

THE ore-bodies have made the mines, and the mines have made the district and the city. Scientific dissertations on mineral formations are not usually of much interest to the non-scientific reader or fortune-seeker, but it may not be amiss just here to indulge in a few paragraphs of pure "science" in regard to the wondrous Trail Creek ores, which have already made many bonanza fortunes, and, within the next few months, will make many more. Honorable William A. Carlyle, provincial mineralogist of British Columbia, in a report to Honorable James Baker, minister of mines, says:

"The ores at Rossland, barring the exceptional free-milling gold quartz of the O. K. mine, may be divided into three classes:

"1. Those large deposits of coarse-grained, massive pyrrhotite, locally known as the 'iron ore,' in which little or no value in gold is carried.

"2. The ore found in many claims on the south belt, such as the Lilly May, Homestake, Mayflower, Curlew, Gopher, R. E. Lee, and others, in which the sulphides are not pyrrhotite, but iron pyrites and marcasite (white iron), with—in some of these mines—much arsenopyrite, and also zinblend and even galena, in which case the silver value exceeds the gold, and the percentage of copper is very small or nothing.

"3. The typical ore of the camp as sold by the Le Roi, War Eagle, Iron Mask and Josie, divided into first class and second class. The firstclass consists of nearly massive fine-grained pyrrhotite and copper pyrites, sometimes with a little magnetite, or mispickel, with more or less quartz and calcite. In this



class of ore, as obtained from the lowest workings of the Le Roi, the amount of quartz is much higher, the smelter returns giving 41 to 52.8 per cent. silica, and 20.6 to 26.8 per cent. FeO.; but this is proving the best ore in the mine. The average smelter returns on 1,200 tons were 2.6 ounces of gold, 1.8 ounces of silver, and 2.5 per cent. of copper, or \$53.05, net, to the ton, while some shipments went as high as 4.06 ounces in gold.

"The second class ore—and the bulk of the ore of the camp shipped will most probably be of this character and value—is a diorite, with a comparatively small percentage of these sulphides, but the value is still very good; 1,800 tons of the Le Roi second class yielded, by smelter returns, an average of 1.34 ounces of gold, 1.4 ounces of silver, 1.6 per cent. copper, or \$27.97, net, to the ton. Mr. Bellinger, of the Trail smelter, kindly gave the average analysis of this ore to be FeO. 22 per cent., SiO<sub>2</sub> 42.5 per cent., CaO. 7 per cent., MgO. 3 per cent., Al<sub>2</sub>O<sub>3</sub> 18 per cent., copper 1.5 per cent., S. 6 per cent."

The same high authority pronounces the veins true fissures, and says, "they vary in width from three to fifty feet, and are, as a rule, covered with a strong greenstone capping, heavily impregnated with pyritic or white iron." Another eminent scientist says: "The ore is a massive mixture of copper and iron sulphides, consisting of pyrite, archalopyrite, pyrrhotite, arsenopyrite and mispickel, with a quartz and calcspar gangue. This ore is not often crystallized, but is usually in a solid amorphous mass. It carries from one to four ounces in gold, three to ten per cent. copper, and a small, varying amount of silver, usually less than ten ounces to the ton."

Rosslund is walled in on every side by mountains of this "massive mixture" of gold, silver, copper and lead, blended in all sorts of varying proportions. There are untold millions of tons of it, that can be richly profitably milled at present prices, and millions on millions more, that can be utilized as increasing railway and smelter facilities bring down the costs of treatment to any ordinary standard. There are now about twenty producing mines in the camp, fifteen of them ore-shippers, including the Le Roi, War Eagle, Iron Mask,

Josie, Poorman, Crown Point, Mayflower, Cliff, Kootenai-Columbia and I. X. L. Two of these alone, the Le Roi and War Eagle, could furnish ore enough, for years to come, to tax to the utmost all existing means of handling. The O. K. mine, which has the only body of free-milling gold ore so far discovered, does its own reduction work.

The history of the Le Roi has been given. Given away, in 1890, for \$12.50 recording fees. A few months later, sixteen-thirtieths of it sold for \$3,000 in work. Capitalized at \$2,500,000, and the stock traded for horses, laundry-bills, drinks, and anything else that could be gotten for it. The first real ore shipment made in 1894. Today, it has paid for all development and improvement, machinery, buildings and roads; pays in salaries and wages, and for supplies, \$25,000 a month; and has paid up to March, 1897, \$350,000 in dividends, paying two of \$25,000 each in January. It now has 10,000 tons of ore, valued at \$500,000, on its dump; and experts declare it has opened up and in sight 150,000 tons of ore that will yield \$30 a ton, and \$10,000,000 worth of lower grade that will run from \$12 to \$15 to the ton—a gigantic total of \$14,500,000 in sight, in a mine that recently sold for \$12.50!

The War Eagle, another of the five claims choice of which was offered to E. S. Topping for \$12.50, was sold in 1894 for \$17,000. It was resold, a few months ago, to a Toronto syndicate, for \$800,000 cash; and it is reported that the new owners are negotiating for its transfer to English capitalists at \$2,475,000. It has been next to the Le Roi, as an ore-shipper; has paid for all development work, machinery and buildings, and paid \$187,500 in dividends; and now has 50,000 tons of ore in sight, that experts say will run at least \$25 to the ton, a total of \$1,250,000. Much of its ore runs as high as \$80 to the ton. It took out ore enough from its first surface tunnel to pay \$50,000 in dividends.

The Iron Mask is owned and worked by the War Eagle Company. Its ore runs up to \$60 in gold, six per cent.—or

120 pounds—of copper, and four ounces of silver, to the ton. It shipped between seven and eight hundred tons last year. The Virginia is also included in the War Eagle group. In the fall of 1892, Captain S. L. Burbridge, as the representative of a San Francisco and Michigan company, bonded the entire group for \$17,500, and was offered half the townsite of Rossland for \$250. The wise capitalists he represented declined both propositions!

The Josie was offered for \$4,000 in 1892. It has shipped nearly 3,000 tons of ore, yielding two ounces of gold, five ounces of silver, and five per cent.—or 100 pounds—of copper to the ton.

The Jumbo was sold in 1894 for \$300. It has a whole mountain-side of ore that runs from \$16 to \$30 to the ton. It began shipping ore last December, shipped 91 tons in January, and has recently been bonded to an English syndicate for \$500,000.

The Poorman, another of the War Eagle group, shipped 678,900 pounds, or 339½ tons, of ore last year.

In April, 1895, a young carpenter named Charles Dougherty, who had been prospecting about Rossland for a few days, brought some pieces of rock to Frank Davey, an old Deadwood boy, to be assayed. In October, 1896, he sold out his interest in the Crown Point mine for \$50,000 cash; and his partner, Volney Williams, cleaned up \$100,000 in the same deal. It was bought by a Toronto syndicate at \$350,000. It is capitalized at \$1,000,000, and last year shipped 300,000 pounds, or 150 tons, of high-grade ore, carrying two ounces of gold, twelve ounces of silver, and seven per cent., or 140 pounds, of copper, to the ton.

The Center Star, of which Oliver Durant, one of the fathers of the camp, is the manager, promises to be as great a mine as the greatest in the district. It has six veins of rich ore. One—the Center Star and Le Roi vein—is 70 feet wide, opened by a tunnel 1,500 feet long, every foot of it in ore. The north

vein, running parallel with this, is 40 feet wide, and the other veins range from nine inches to six feet in width, all shown up by tunnels and crosscuts. In the middle of the 70-foot vein are 18 feet of solid sulphide ore. Next to the hanging wall is a body of silicious ore, 12 feet wide, running from \$25 to \$85 in gold. Another division of this vast 70-foot-wide vein, extending the full length of the claim—1,500 feet—is a channel 24 feet wide, yielding \$40 in gold, and 20 per cent., or 400 pounds, of copper, to the ton. Still another streak of this marvelous vein, five feet wide, and 1,500 feet long, runs \$76 in gold, combined with iron. Thousands of feet of underground work have been done, and there is at least \$2,500,000 worth of ore in sight. The intention of the company is to build its own reduction works. The Center Star is still another of the five locations made in a single day by two tramp prospectors, and of which choice was offered for \$12.50.

The Cliff has shipped about 25 car-loads, shipping 75 tons last year, of ore that gave \$35 in gold, five ounces of silver, and 15 per cent., or 300 pounds, of copper, to the ton.

The Columbia and Kootenai has one of the vastest bodies of ore in this district, and has recently become a shipper. It sent out 230 tons of ore in January, averaging \$50 to the ton. A half-interest in the mine was vainly offered at \$7,000 in 1894. The par value of its stock is \$100 a share, and \$115 a share was recently refused for a block of it.

The O. K. is the only free-milling gold mine so far found in the camp, but, besides the free gold, it contains metallic silver and copper. It has its own stamp-mill and concentrator, with a capacity of 25 tons a day, running constantly on ore that yields \$20 to the ton in free gold, and from \$55 to \$115 in concentrates. An expert gives this dazzling description of the O. K. ore: "The metals carried in this quartz are native gold, native silver, native copper, both shot and flake, galena, pyrrhite, arsenopyrite, bornite or peacock copper and chalcopyrite, with the alternation of

malachite or green copper carbonate, azurite or blue copper carbonate, and black copper oxide, with here and there bunches of crystalized azurite."

The Mayflower shipped 100 tons, and the Evening Star 27 tons, last year. The Nickel Plate has begun shipping, and some of its ore runs \$275 in gold to the ton. The Red Mountain, Homestake, I. X. L. and R. E. Lee are all new shippers; and it is expected that the Delaware, Coxey, Giant, Colonna, Monte Cristo, City of Spokane, Great Western, Commander, Lily May, Red Eagle, Deer Park, Nest Egg, Iron Colt, and Mascot will be pouring their golden tide into the mills and smelters early in this season. Pages could be filled with descriptions of these mines, and of the scores of others on which work is being pushed with all the energy of eager, earnest owners and managers; but there are other great districts and camps, that are worthy of mention, and the next chapter will tell of one of the greatest of them all.



## VII.

### "THE SLOCAN COUNTRY."

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Where Prospectors are Mine-Owners and Bonanza-Kings, and  
Ore Runs from Hundreds to Thousands of Ounces  
to the Ton.

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**G**REAT as Trail and Rossland are, and greater far as they are to be, they have a rival in the Slocan country, that is pushing them hard for first honors, with less trumpet-blowing, less advertising, less celebrity and ado. Trail and Rossland have their mountains of gold and copper ore, but the Slocan has its mountains of silver and lead, large enough and rich enough to overrun all such comparative standards as 16-to-1. While the Rossland-Trail ore yields from 1 to 10 ounces of gold to the ton, the Slocan ore turns out from 100 to 1,000—and, in some cases, from 5,000 to 10,000—ounces of silver to the ton! The Rossland mines are generally the property of powerful corporations, while a large proportion of the Slocan mines belong to individual owners—often the prospectors who found them, and have successfully and profitably worked them. There is no other camp or region in the world where so many men, who came in with a pick, a blanket, a side of bacon and a pair of strong arms, as their total capital, have in so short a time become substantial and wealthy mine-owners. Wild, inaccessible and unknown as Central Africa, four or five years ago, and still almost unexplored, it now has between sixty and seventy mines that are shipping ore; and, according to the official report of Honorable

William A. Carlyle, provincial mineralogist, it—with Nelson and Ainsworth—last year shipped 50,039 tons of ore, that yielded, by smelter returns, 663 ounces of gold, 2,960,327 ounces of silver, 2,237,921 pounds of copper, and 21,367,666 pounds of lead, worth \$2,745,166! In January and February of this year, it shipped 9,608 tons of ore and matte, or nearly 5,000 tons a month, and the monthly shipments are now running from 6,000 to 7,000 tons.

The whole region is so new and so little known, that no two maps or descriptions exactly agree as to its boundaries or extent; but, as the enclosed Oregon Railway and Navigation Company map shows, "The Slocan Country," as it is vaguely styled, includes in a general way the vast territory bounded on the east by Kootenai lake, on the west by Gold mountains or Lower Arrow lake, on the south by the Columbia and Kootenai rivers, and on the north by a line from the foot of Upper Arrow lake and Trout lake to Lake Duncan. Slocan lake, which is about 30 miles long, from one to two miles wide, and from 400 to 900 feet deep, divides it near the middle; and, so far, exploration and development have been chiefly confined to an area some 25 miles square between Kootenai and Slocan lakes. Topographically, it is one of the roughest regions on earth. God Almighty could hardly have found space anywhere between sea-level and clouds, to pile up rock and dirt in huger, more rugged masses. There is scarcely a foot of level land in the whole country. The mountains tower from 8,000 to 10,000 feet high, so nearly perpendicular that it is difficult to understand how the snow sticks on them, from five to twenty feet deep, nearly half the year. It is steep climbing for a mountain goat. The canyons are vast, with precipitous walls of stone, and their beds heaped with boulders of all shapes and sizes; and the forests of cedars, firs, pines and hemlocks are so gigantic and so dense that, in many places, it would seem likely to puzzle a bird to fly over them or a

weasel to creep through them. One who sees the region wonders, not that its riches went so long undiscovered, but that they were ever discovered at all.

The history of the district goes back but five or six years. Authorities differ as to dates, even in that short period. In September, 1891, according to one set of chroniclers, and September, 1892, according to another, Jack Seaton and Eli Carpenter came by canoe from the old Ainsworth camp on Kootenai lake to where the town of Kaslo now stands. Then, with their prospector outfits strapped on their backs, they footed it up what is now Kaslo creek to its head, crossed over the divide near Bear lake, and meandered down the middle fork of the stream that was afterwards christened Carpenter's creek, to the junction of its three branches, where is now the railroad and mining town of Three Forks. Here they began prospecting, and speedily located what is today the famous Payne mine. By this time they were out of provisions; so, with a small sack of partnership ore samples—and each with a few private samples up his sleeve—they started back to Ainsworth. The sack lay around for several days, while each partner secretly had his own personal samples assayed. Carpenter got his report first, and immediately lit out with a comrade, by a roundabout route. Seaton, with four others—two Hennesseys, J. G. McGuigan and Frank Flint—took the Kaslo route, beat the Carpenter party in, and, on the 28th of September, located the Payne extensions, and crossed the mountain and staked out The Noble Five—called for the five of themselves. Meanwhile, as a result of the assays, showing hundreds of ounces of silver to the ton, the whole population of Ainsworth had strapped its blankets and frying-pans on its back, and struck out for the new-found El Dorado. By October 9, something like 50 claims had been located, among them the now famous Slocan Star, which was located by Bruce White and Joe Sandon, for whom the city of Sandon is named. Snow



began to fall the night of October 10, and the pioneers of the Kaslo-Slocan country shouldered their packs and fled.

All this, according to one lot of historians, was but four years and a half ago; and, today, the whole region is dotted with prosperous towns; two railroads wind through its seemingly impenetrable fastnesses, and find far more business than they can do; steamers and barges plow their way to and fro on all its lakes and large streams, loaded down to the guards with passengers and freight; over 4,000 of its mining claims have been located, and stamp-mills and smelters have risen amid its rugged desolation; it has from 10,000 to 15,000 people, and its great mines are shipping out thousands of tons of ore every month, and have paid and are paying hundreds of thousands of dollars in dividends. The first ore shipped out cost \$100 a ton in transportation and smelter charges; but it yielded 552 ounces of silver and over 1,000 pounds of lead to the ton! The ore from most of the mines now is "rawhided" to the railroad or wagon road in the winter and packed on mules or horses in the summer. "Rawhiding" is a mode of shipment to be seen in few other mining regions. The ore is put in sacks, and the sacks are done up in a green ox or bull hide, and hitched to a horse to be hauled down a rude trail on the snow. Each hide carries from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds, and one horse will pull two hides. Much of the trail is so steep that about all the horse has to do is to keep himself from being run over by the ore-loaded hides. Think of lead and silver ores, that will bear the expense of this sort of handling; then possibly hauling by wagon to a railway, boating down lake or river, and reshipping by rail, 1,000 miles or more, to smelters at Butte, Helena, Omaha, Denver, Pueblo, Tacoma or Vancouver; and, after all charges of transportation and treatment are paid, return clear net profits of from \$5,000 to \$9,000 to the carload! That is just what Slocan ores have done ever since they were first discovered, and are now

doing every day. No ore that yields less than 50 ounces of silver to the ton can be handled under existing conditions.

Provincial Mineralogist William A. Carlyle, in his official report for 1896 to Honorable James Baker, minister of mines, says of the Slocan: "The richness of the ores may be seen from the lead and silver values, as per smelter returns from a few of the mines, as: Slocan Star, 80 to 95 ounces of silver and 70 to 75 per cent. lead, to the ton; Reco, 83 to 730 ounces of silver, and 19 to 67 per cent. lead; Goodenough, 167 to 507 ounces of silver, and 15 to 67 per cent. lead; Noble Five, 62 to 543 ounces of silver, and from 30 to 75 per cent. lead; Last Chance, 135 to 238 ounces of silver, and 35 to 78 per cent. lead; Wonderful, 113 to 133 ounces of silver, and 70 to 76 per cent. lead; Ruth, 40 to 125 ounces of silver, and 15 to 73 per cent. lead; Monitor, 142 to 367 ounces of silver, 32 to 57 per cent. lead, and \$13 in gold; Wellington, 125 to 328 ounces of silver, and 10 to 55 per cent. lead; Whitewater, 72 to 326 ounces of silver, and 10 to 65 per cent. lead; Dardanelles, 149 to 470 ounces of silver, and 15 to 55 per cent. lead; Enterprise, 155 to 180 ounces of silver, and 18 to 30 per cent. lead; Two Friends, 248 to 380 ounces of silver, and 38 to 52 per cent. lead. The other Slocan mines have ore of the same character and high grade. The lowest values in the above indicate the lowest smelter returns on ore that is classed as 'carbonates.' The average value of all the ore sold has been given above."

Remember, that is the official statement of the highest government expert and authority; and think of mountains 8,000 to 10,000 feet high, ribbed from glacier-crowned summit to volcanic heart with ore that yields, in carload lots, "by smelter returns," 730 ounces of silver, and 67 per cent., or 1,340 pounds, of lead, to the ton! At 3 cents a pound, the lead would bring \$40.20 to the ton; more than enough to pay all shipping and smelting charges, and leave the 730 ounces

—or 45 pounds and 10 ounces—of pure silver clear for every ton! This is the Slocan country!

Near the center of the region, straggling up and down a half-dozen ragged gulches that spraddle out like the legs of a huge spider, is the city of Sandon. In June, 1895, it consisted of four or five cabins, all of which are still standing. The place, with its various suburban attachments, now has from 1,500 to 2,500 people, two railroads, electric lights, telegraph and telephones, a live newspaper, a half dozen mills and concentrators, branches of the Bank of British Columbia and of British North America, good schools and churches, and eight or ten hotels, one of which is as well furnished and well kept as any house in Louisville, Memphis or New Orleans. The town is a miners' ideal. Every other man one meets is the discoverer, owner or worker of a mine. There are few speculators or promoters. Real miners go here, and nearly every man of them has made and is making money. The place is as orderly as Mount Holyoke, Massachusetts, or a mission station in New Jersey. All the principal mines lie near it and around it. A narrow-gauge railroad 30 miles long connects it with Kaslo on Kootenai lake, and two lines of steamers run from there to a connection near Nelson with the trains of the Spokane Falls and Northern railway. A branch of the Canadian Pacific gives another outlet, with two changes from rail to steamer, to Revelstoke on the main line. The first railroad and the first machinery reached the town and its mines in 1895. The vast forests furnish timber for all purposes, and water tumbles and foams and dances in every gulch.

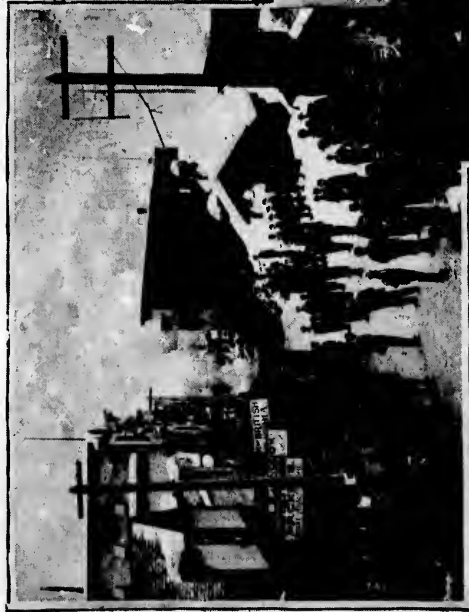
The shipping mines include the Alamo, American Boy, Cumberland, Dardanelles, Grey Hoyle, Idler, Kootenay-Columbia, Minnesota, Monitor, Noble Five, Rambler Consolidated, Reco, Slocan Star, Sunshine, Washington, Wonderful, Payne, Slocan Boy, Ruth, Ruby Silver, Surprise, White-water, Wellington, Jackson, Silver Bell, Black Fox, London,

Montezuma, Mountain Chief, Irene, Lucky Jim, Iron Hand, London Hill, Charleston, Deadman, Ibex, Ivanhoe, Gibson, Mountain Chief, Freddie Lee, Chambers Group, Reid and Robinson, Alpha, Bird-Holder, Enterprise, Exchange Group, Fisher Maiden, Galena Farm, B. and A., Briggs' Group, Two Friends, Silver Crown, Idler, Bon-Ton, Big Bertha, Kokanea, Trade Dollar, Texas, Fourth of July, Bell, Bullion, Blue Bell, Sky-Line, Sunset, Highlander, California, Highland, Yakima, Idaho, Ivanhoe, Best, Northern Belle, Blue Bird, R. E. Lee, Antoine, Paddy's Fraction, Great Western, Miner Boy, Jo-Jo, Goodenough and Black Diamond. Of these, a dozen or more are dividend-payers, and twenty or thirty others are paying all expenses and putting money in the pockets of their owners.

Just south of Sandon is the great Slocan Star mine, which has paid for all development work, a mill with a capacity of 150 tons a day, all buildings and machinery, and \$350,000 in dividends. Its ore runs an average of 95 ounces of silver, and 75 per cent., or 1,500 pounds, of lead to the ton. It employs 100 men, and its pay-roll amounts to \$12,000 a month.

The Payne group lies about three miles northwest of Sandon. The history of its location by Seaton and Carpenter has been given. They sold a half-interest in it to S. S. Bailey for \$500. In October, 1896, Bailey sold out to A. W. McCune, of Salt Lake City, and W. L. Hoge, of Anaconda, Montana, a partner of Marcus Daly, for \$150,000 cash. Since then the mine has yielded, without machinery, nearly \$500,000, and paid something like \$300,000 in profits, paying \$125,000 in February alone. It ships about 50 tons a day of ore that nets \$100 to the ton, and is said by experts to have \$5,000,000 in sight.

HEART OF  
The GREAT  
SLOCAN  
DISTRICT



SANDON  
B. C.  
1895 1896

The Reco, about a mile and a half northeast of Sandon, has paid \$287,000 in dividends, with comparatively few shipments. Its ore is almost incredibly rich. One shipment of 391 sacks, weighing 43,178 pounds, was sent to the Omaha & Grant smelter, at Omaha. It assayed 730 ounces of silver, and 67 per cent. lead to the ton, and yielded 95 per cent. of the assay; a total of 14,971.97 ounces of silver, and 26,036 pounds of lead. The silver sold for 60 $\frac{3}{8}$  cents an ounce, or \$9,039.33; and the lead brought 3.02 $\frac{1}{2}$  a hundred-weight, or \$781.59. This gave a total of \$9,826.92. The duties amounted to \$220.72, and freight and smelting to \$636.97, making the total charges \$857.69, and leaving as the net returns for the carload \$8,969.23. Another shipment of 44,880 pounds to the Puget Sound Reduction Company yielded \$8,665.65 net returns; and still another of 44,850 pounds returned \$8,404.78 net.

A recent shipment of 42 tons of ore from the Good-enough mine, which adjoins the Reco, yielded at the Kaslo smelter 524.8 ounces of silver, and 70.5 per cent, or 1,500 pounds, of lead, to the ton, and netted its owners nearly \$14,000.

The Noble Five lies just west of the Reco. Before its organization as a company, it had shipped out ore, at a cost of \$90 a ton for transportation and smelting, that yielded a total of \$225,000. Its mill and plant at Cody, a mile and a half from Sandon, cost \$75,000, and are unsurpassed in British America. The mill has a capacity of 120 tons a day, and the ore is brought down the mountain-side, 6,100 feet, by a Finlayson wire tramway, that delivers it automatically. The clean ore, in carload lots, averages from 100 to 556 ounces of silver to the ton at the smelter, and the mine is now shipping about a carload a day. A shipment from the Deadman mine,

one of the Noble Five group, to the United Smelting and Refining Company, at Smelter, Montana, yielded 304.8 ounces of silver, and 19.5 per cent., or 390 pounds, of lead, to the ton, with a cash value of \$200.71.

To be wonderful in this region of wonders, a mine must be a wonder, indeed; and that is just what the Wonderful mine is. It is, so far as known, the only silver-lead placer mine in the world—the only one where silver and galena are washed out of the ground. The owners of the Wonderful cleaned up over \$25,000 in a few weeks by hydraulic mining, and the mine is now a promising shipper.

But this booklet could be filled twice over with such mentions of mines in the Slocan that have paid from the grass-roots—if there were any grass;—have paid for all their own development, buildings, machinery and improvements, and paid, besides, handsome dividends to their companies, or profits to their owners. A brief roll-call of a few prominent names must suffice. The Idaho, by smelter returns, has yielded \$236,000, and is a dividend-payer; the Alamo has produced \$186,000, and pays dividends; the Cumberland has produced \$12,000, and the Minnesota Silver \$42,000—a total of \$476,000 within a few months, by this group, all belonging to one company. The Last Chance has paid for itself, and paid a \$20,000 dividend by the shipment of 26 carloads of ore. The Rambler-Caribou has two huge veins, one gold, copper and silver, and the other silver and galena; and has paid all expenses, and \$40,000 in dividends. The Dardanelles has been shipping ore that yielded at the smelter 470.2 ounces of silver and 56 per cent. lead. The Whitewater, from development work alone, has paid for itself and all improvements, and \$36,000 in dividends last year. The R. E. Lee has made shipments that ran 130 ounces of silver and 75 per cent. lead to the ton. The Washington has built its own mill, with a capacity of 50 tons a day, and has three

miles of well-constructed road to connect it with the Kaslo and Slocan railway at McGuigan's Siding. The Enterprise was bonded a little over a year ago for \$25,000, and it was recently sold to an English syndicate for \$325,000. The average yield of 400 tons shipped by the Wellington was 173 ounces of silver and 600 pounds of lead to the ton. It shipped every two weeks last year. The Two Friends has had to pay \$15 a ton to get its ore "packed" eight miles to Slocan City. From there it goes by boat up Slocan lake to Roseberry or Bonanza, and is loaded on the Canadian Pacific branch, to be taken to Naskusp, at the foot of Upper Arrow lake. Here it is again transferred to a boat, and carried up to Arrowhead, where it goes on board the cars of another branch railroad, and is borne on to Revelstoke, on the main line. Thence it is shipped 1,500 to 2,500 miles to the smelter. Think of the richness of ore that will stand all this expense, and then return \$150 to \$175 a ton, in net profits, to its owners! The Two Friends made its first shipment last November. In March of this year it paid a dividend of \$20,000. The Chapleau, in the same region, has shipped ore that yielded \$106 in gold, and 159 ounces of silver, to the ton; and a Howard Fraction shipment to the Kaslo smelter gave \$26 in gold and 206 ounces of silver to the ton.

There are over 4,000 locations in the district, and development work is being pushed on scores of claims; but the whole country is new, and virtually unknown. It has only been a few months at most, since attention was first drawn to it, and the first trail broken through its vast solitudes. There are thousands of square miles, just as rich in promise as any regions now opened up, that have never been trodden by a white man's foot, have never been explored, and never heard the sound of a prospector's pick or hammer. When the snow melts off in June of this year,—1897,—there will be a



greater rush than Kootenai or British Columbia has ever seen. From the international boundary-line to the head of Arrow, Trout and Duncan lakes, and from the sources of the Columbia and Kootenai rivers to Okanogan and Osoyoos lakes, the whole country seems mineralized. Gold and copper, gold-silver-copper, silver-copper, silver-lead and gold-silver-lead ores are apparently to be found everywhere. Away over in East Kootenai about Fort Steele, millions of dollars have been washed out of the gravel beds, and numerous ledges of royal ore have recently been found; and, far to the west, in the McKinney district, the Cariboo mine has already paid \$160,000 in dividends, and in the Boundary district many great bodies of ore have been discovered, that only await better transportation facilities to become famous bonanzas. Far north on Trout lake, some astonishingly rich prospects have lately been struck; while down in the Fern mine, ten miles below Nelson, a strike was made in March of ore that runs 12 ounces of gold to the ton, and metallic tin has just been discovered in the same region, though whether or not in workable quantities is as yet unknown. Around Ainsworth and Hendryx, on Kootenai lake, are mines that have yielded hundreds of thousands of dollars, and new and valuable discoveries have recently been made. A few weeks ago, in digging a cellar at Nakusp, on Upper Arrow lake, a lot of gold nuggets were thrown out, and in three hours every vacant spot about the town was staked off in mineral locations; and, within a week, the same thing happened at Salmo, on the Spokane Falls and Northern railroad, over 100 miles southeast of Nakusp, one of the nuggets in the last case weighing about \$10. Ore that runs 3,500 ounces of silver to the ton has just been struck in the Lardo-Duncan region, and the claims promptly bonded for \$50,000. Gersdorffite and platinum have recently been found

in two or three places. The Kootenai Country is the Prospectors' and Miners' Promised Land today! It is all open, the laws are liberal, and every honest new-comer is welcome.

A few paragraphs, as to the mining laws, the climate, wages and cost of living, with mentions of the towns, and some suggestions as to how best to reach the new Land of Gold and Silver, will form the next brief chapter.

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## VIII.

### HOW TO "GET THERE."

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A Grand Trip to the New Bonanzaland—The Towns, Mining Laws, Climate, Wages, and Costs of Living.

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NO REGION of America, or of the world, today, offers more opportunities for fortune, than The Kootenai Country. Thousands of fortunes are there just waiting to be found or made. Many fortunes were made there last year, and many more will be made this year. With energy, enterprise, and intelligent industry, no man need stay poor in that vast storehouse of riches, free to every finder and taker. How to "get there," is a natural question with every one—whether his front name is "Eli," or not—who contemplates trying his luck in the new-found land of golden hope and promise; how to get there most directly, speedily, cheaply and pleasantly. The question is easily answered. Here is a condensed guidebook: Any railway to Denver, Salt Lake or Ogden. Then, the Oregon Short Line to Huntington. From there, or from Portland, the Oregon Railway

and Navigation Company's line to Spokane. From Spokane, the Spokane Falls and Northern railway to Northport, where a 17-mile branch leads to Rossland, while the main line continues to Nelson on Kootenai river. Steamers run from that point up Kootenai lake to Kaslo, and the Kaslo and Slocan narrow-gauge railway, 30 miles long, leads on to Sandon in "The Heart of the Slocan"—and "there you are." Straight through—only one change of cars from Denver or Portland to Kootenai.

To go more into details, any one of a half-dozen great east-and-west railway lines will bring the fortune-seeker or sight-seer from the East or South to Denver, Salt Lake or Ogden. All the railroads from the mining regions of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Nevada lead to the same radiating-points of travel. From Denver, as the map shows, there are two lines, and from Salt Lake or Ogden one, making direct connections, without change of cars, with the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's line at Huntington; and it is but eighteen hours' run from there, through a country rich in agricultural, pastoral and mineral resources, to Spokane, the beautiful and busy metropolis of Eastern Washington, and the railroad, commercial and financial center of the three great mining-fields of the Kootenai, Baker City and Cœur d'Alenes. From Portland to Spokane, the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's Columbia River Line is *the only direct and scenic route*. Regardless of any possibilities of bonanza-kingship at the end of it, the trip is a glorious and memorable one. The trains are superb, the track smooth and solid, and the scenery unsurpassed—if not unequalled—in the same distance, on any railway in the United States. It combines all that is sublime and enchanting, picturesque and beautiful, in mountain and stream, crag, cataract and cascade. For two hundred miles, on one side the greatest river that empties into the Pacific ocean in North or South America, and on the other the giant peaks

of the Cascade Range, that numbers Mount Hood, Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens among its mighty jewels. Precipices towering above the clouds on one hand, and huge falls or rapids of blue-green water roaring and foaming on the other. Multnomah Falls, 810 feet high, has been painted and penciled and sung throughout the world, but it is only one of more than twenty cataracts that tumble, flashing and resplendently iridescent, from the mountain-tops along the route. A recent writer in *The Scientific American* pays this tribute to the glories of scene along the line: "Majestic and impressive as the Alps may be, they do not lift their heads any more grandly than the summits of the Rockies, the Cascades or the Sierras; and nowhere are they clad with such a wealth of noble verdure as is spread about the base of our western mountains. The Rhine may seem to sweep in stately fashion beneath beetling cliffs and hills that soar loftily above its waters, but in the presence of the awe-inspiring heights and depths and changing shadows of the gorge of the Columbia river, the Rhine becomes an insignificant memory, and the mind's sense of dimension is baffled in the effort to take in this infinitely greater, nobler and more majestically beautiful Rhine of our native land." And every word is true.

Spokane is a typical boom city. In 1880, it had 200 population; in 1896, about 35,000. In 1880, its total assessed valuation was \$1,800; in 1896, it had climbed to \$15,262,274. In 1880, its postoffice receipts were \$60, and in 1896 they soared to \$80,595. In 1880, it had not a mile of graded street, no churches, no factories, no railroads; and now, it has 49 miles of paved and graded streets, 58 churches, 96 manufactories, and 5 railroads. In 1880, it had one bank and one public-school building; now it has 7 banks and 16 free-school edifices. It has 43 miles of electric street railway, and 128 miles of electric light wires. In the very center of the city, the Falls of the Spokane river, a mile of prodigious cataracts

and whirling rapids, offer water-power enough to run all the machinery of an empire. St. Anthony's Falls, at Minneapolis, have an extreme possibility of 90,000 horse-power. The Falls of Spokane have 374,000 possible horse-power, or more than four times as much. Spokane last year, as one item of her trade, shipped 537,000 barrels of flour to China and Japan. For six or seven years after the completion of the Northern Pacific road in 1883, the city had a tremendous boom. In 1890 alone, \$5,100,000 went into new buildings, and whole blocks of skyscrapers went up, that would not have been pigmies in Chicago or New York. Then came the closing of the India mints against silver in 1891, and the panic and collapse of 1892 and 1893—and Spokane suffered. Entire rows of buildings were empty, everything was for sale, and nobody wanted to buy. The outlook was blue to blackness, when the Kootenai mining discoveries were made, and the rush in that direction began. Spokane became headquarters. Speculators, boomers, grub-stakers and promoters, outfitters and supply-furnishers swarmed in: the empty buildings were once more filled and new ones began to go up. The hotels have overflowed, brokers' and assayers' offices have multiplied. Every man carries a pocketful of rocks, and has a great mine to sell or to stock—and Spokane is a-boom again!

At a handsome station in sight of the glorious falls, the journeyer to the Kootenai gold-and-silver fields takes a Spokane Falls and Northern railway train, equipped with every improved appliance for safety and comfort. A spin of 133 miles through a region of grand forests, rich mines and fertile valleys,—including the far-famed valley of the Colville,—and Northport is reached. It is a town of about 1,000 people, on the east bank of the Columbia river, four miles south of the international boundary line. Here is the United States custom-house, which, from June, 1895, to

November, 1896, collected \$125,806 of duties on 62,456,528 pounds of Kootenai ores, that yielded 48,296 ounces of gold, 1,329,459 ounces of silver, 838,238 pounds of copper, and 10,353,406 pounds of lead, valued at \$2,182,607; besides lead bullion, worth \$77,650. From Northport, a branch railroad, 17 miles long, goes to Rossland, the cars being ferried across the Columbia river on a wire-and-gravitation barge, which is itself one of the curios of the trip. Northport is as crowded as a beehive or an anthill. The station platform, 400 feet long and 30 feet wide, is jammed whenever a train arrives, and it is not unusual to see from a half-mile to a mile of freight-cars in the yard. Baggage from the British side is inspected here.

Four miles north of Northport, the boundary-line between the United States and the Columbian Dominions of Her Britannic Majesty is crossed at Fort Sheppard or Waneta, and baggage is overhauled by a British customs official. The road passes through a half-dozen or more little towns, all too new to be painted; and, about 60 miles from Northport, Nelson is reached. It is on Kootenai river, known here as the West Arm of Kootenai lake. The town is surrounded by famous mines. The Hall Mining Company, of London, with a capitalization of £300,000, or \$1,500,000, owns 18 claims, among them being the celebrated Silver King, which, up to the last of December, 1896, had produced 31,220 tons of ore, that yielded 803,391 ounces of silver, and 2,583,840 pounds of copper. Its smelter is one of the most extensive and complete in all the American Northwest. The Poor-man mine, which has produced over \$100,000 in free gold, is near here. Nelson has about 2,000 population, government offices, courthouse, two newspapers, churches, schools, and all modern conveniences. Over 100 houses were built last year, and there is not an unoccupied one in the town. During the month of February, \$119,138 worth of imported goods passed through the Nelson custom-house, and \$566,620 of

exports—the last, of course, nearly all ore; which is at the rate of \$6,799,440 a year through this place alone. Nelson is the northern terminus of the Spokane Falls and Northern railway, and connection is made at Five Mile Point, just above the town, with two lines of steamers for Balfour, Pilot Bay, Ainsworth, Kaslo and all points on Kootenai lake.

The trip up the lake is "a thing of beauty and a joy for" a good while, even to one who has seen the world. The steamers are as comfortable in their appointments as those that ply on eastern lakes and rivers. Kootenai lake is one of the most picturesque and beautiful bodies of water on the globe. It is 1,780 feet above the level of the sea, 100 miles long, *1,500 feet deep*; clear as "the icicle that hangs, curdled from purest snow, on Dian's temple"; and walled in by majestic mountains, that rise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, robed in snow and crowned with eternal glaciers. Under existing schedules, part of the trip is at night, and each steamer carries, as an item of its equipment, a powerful searchlight, like those in use on what are known as United States war-vessels. If the voyager is especially good and well-behaved, some such gigantic official as six-foot-and-a-half-high Captain Hayward, of the "International," may give him one of the memorable treats of his life by inviting him up into the pilot-house, and "turning on the light." It illuminates the lake and its mountainous shores, for miles in every direction. It lights up, with a dazzle of radiance, wild headlands and promontories, lonely mining-camps perched far up on the snowy mountain-sides, quaint little fishing villages, hunters' and prospectors' huts, and a hundred other points and objects of interest. Now and then, a blaze of splendor is thrown far up on the glacier-capped summits of the vast peaks, that rise like walls about the lake; and, as the glory of light glints and flashes, thousands of feet above and miles away, on the huge crags and domes and pinnacles of ice, that have stood there, unthawed

and prismatically lustrous, ever since the Flood, the effect is weirdly and magnificently sublime. Leaving out of the question all consideration of mines and mining, quartz, placer, porphyry and pyrites, shafts, drills, tunnels, stopes and winzes, this lake and its shores will some day be an ideal of American summer resorts, combining all that is glorious in scenery and delightful in climate, with no flies or mosquitoes, waters alive with fish, and a blanket to sleep under every night in dog-days.

At Pilot Bay, on the east side of the lake, is a \$500,000 smelting-plant, with a capacity of 200 tons a day. Just above on the west shore, is Ainsworth, with a backing of such mines as Number One, Skyline, Tariff, Mile Point, Highlander, Dellie, Jeff Davis, Little Phil, Black Diamond and Canadian Pacific. A body of ore has recently been struck in the Dellie, that runs 212 ounces of silver to the ton.

About 50 miles above Nelson, the whistle sounds for Kaslo, a beautiful little city of 1,500 enterprising people, at the mouth of Kaslo creek on the west side of Kootenai lake, hemmed in by mountains of mineral and magnificent forests of timber. It has a sampling-mill, with all the latest improvements in methods and machinery, and with a capacity of 250 tons a day. The streets are regularly laid out, and there are many good buildings, a dozen or more hotels, two banks, churches, schools, and an excellent weekly paper chuck-full of local pride and boom. Steamers run to all points up and down the lake. Here is the starting-place of the Kaslo and Slocan railway, a narrow-gauge engineering miracle, extending or winding and climbing 30 miles to cover the air-line 15 or so to Sandon, and furnishing an outlet—always gorged—for the great mines of the Heart of Slocan.

New Denver and Slocan City, on Slocan lake, have about 1,000 people apiece, and each expects speedily to become a great mining metropolis. Silverton on the same lake has near it some of the best mines, and many of the



most promising prospects, in the district. All these camps and towns have sprung up like mushrooms, as it were, in a night.

The one thing that most amazes a man accustomed to the wild ways of booming mining-camps on the United States side of the line, is the absolute orderliness that prevails everywhere. The most rushing camp in all the Kootenai is as quiet and well-behaved as a New England village. There are no bars, saloons or drinking-places anywhere except in hotels, and a drunken man is rarely seen. There are no gambling-hells, and there has never been a serious affray in the region. It is a land of law and order, peace, prosperity and boundless possibility.

The climate is not severe in winter, and is perfection in summer. Kootenai lake never freezes and boats run all the year; but the snow begins to fall in October, and it lies unthawed till late in May or early June. No real prospecting can be done until it is gone. Timber and water abound, and the whole region is as healthful as any on earth.

Common laborers get \$2 a day; miners from \$3 to \$3.50, engineers and blacksmiths, from \$3.50 to \$4. Prices of living are not very different from those in Colorado, Oregon or Washington. Hotels and boarding-houses, of every grade and quality, abound, as the transient population is nearly, if not quite, as large as the resident element.

Any and every person 18 years of age may become a free miner, by paying a license of \$5 a year, and then has the right to locate claims as in this country. The claims are 1,500 feet square, and ownership is retained by doing \$100 worth of work annually, or by paying that amount to the government. When \$500 worth of work is done, a crown grant is given, which carries full ownership. No region under heaven offers more inducements today to practical miners and prospectors.



BAKER CITY, OREGON.

## IX.

### EASTERN OREGON GOLD FIELDS.

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Nearly 15,000 Square Miles of Rich Placers and Ore-Beds,  
with Baker City as the Center—Great Chances  
for Prospectors.

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**B**UT great as the Kootenai is, and infinite as its riches and possibilities are, it is not "alone in its glory." It will have no monopoly of the coming boom. At least two other regions, nearer, more accessible, and both on the Yankeedoodle side of the international boundary line, are destined to share to some extent in its grand rush of development and prosperity. Chief of these is the already famous Eastern Oregon Gold-Field, of which Baker City is the center and metropolis. Stretching from the northeastern part of Wallowa county down into the northern end of Malheur and Harney counties, and from the Snake river far over on the tributaries of the John Day, and including all of Baker and a large part of Grant and Union counties, this vast mineral belt extends through two degrees of latitude and longitude. That is, it is about 120 miles square, and has an area of 14,400 square miles—or within a trifle of as much as Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, all combined. It is traversed in every direction by spurs of the picturesque Blue mountains from 6,000 to 9,600 feet high, and is watered by innumerable bold streams like the Wallowa, Imnaha, Grand Ronde, Powder and Burnt rivers, and the tributaries of the John Day and Malheur. There are immense forests of valuable timber, the valleys are exhaustless in fertility, and the climate is mild and healthful. But the one all-overshadowing fact, to which

the region owes its first settlement and growth, and will owe its future progress and celebrity, is that investigation so far indicates that there is virtually no limit to its rich and varied mineral resources. Its every peak and foothill seem ribbed with royal ore, and its every valley a mighty deposit of golden sands; while silver, copper, lead and iron abound, and precious stones are found in some localities. It has produced untold millions of dollars in gold, that in earlier days went to San Francisco to swell the reports of California's yield. Grant county has turned out over \$5,000,000 of placer gold alone, and Baker county's aggregate production of quartz and placer gold has certainly not been less than \$12,000,000; and both are in the infancy of their mining greatness. According to the report of the United States mint director, Oregon produced \$1,690,950 of gold in 1893, of which \$1,377,479 came from Baker, Grant, Union and Malheur counties; Baker county alone furnishing \$728,496. The output of these four counties in 1896 was at least \$1,500,000; and this year, with enlarged plants and improved methods of treatment, it will reach close to \$2,500,000. The whole region is rich in resources and products now, and assured of being incalculably richer as its mighty stores of hidden wealth are opened up, and the boundless opportunities it offers for speedy fortune become known.

Almost exactly in the geographical center of this grand empire of present and prospective mines, has arisen, as its natural capital and emporium, the handsome and flourishing little city, that bears the name of Oregon's soldier-statesman, General E. D. Baker, the hero and victim of Ball's Bluff. It is the county-seat of Baker county, which, with an area of 3,500 square miles, is larger than Rhode Island and Delaware put together. It is 422 miles, a little south of east from Portland, on the line of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, which runs 69 miles diagonally through the county, from northwest to southeast. The altitude of the

city is 3,440 feet above the level of the sea. The climate is unsurpassable in all the qualities that are conducive to health and vigor. Though there is considerable snowfall, the winters are comparatively mild, and cattle run on the ranges all the year without feeding or care. The summer heat is never oppressive, and the nights are always delightfully cool. The valleys, for from 50 to 75 miles on every side of Baker City, are fertile in soil, yielding abundant crops of all the leading grains, grasses and vegetables, and fine fruit is grown in the lower altitudes. All kinds of livestock do well, with no care or attention, and thousands of cattle, horses, hogs and sheep are raised. Everywhere, north, west and northwest of the city, are forests of magnificent timber for all mining and building purposes, consisting generally of giant pine, fir, spruce and tamarack. To the east and southeast, the timber is less abundant. The whole region is watered by mountain streams, Powder river running through the very heart of Baker City. The Sumpter Valley railroad, 30 miles long, connects the place with all the agricultural, pastoral and mineral regions lying west and southwest of it, for fully 100 miles; and well-constructed wagon roads, recently finished, bring it the trade of a large part of Baker, Union and Grant counties, and the northern end of Malheur and Harney counties. It is the depot and supply-point for all the mines and mining camps of the entire region, including something like a half-hundred districts.

With such a position and such surroundings, Baker City could not have failed to thrive, as few western towns have done in recent years. In spite of the general dullness and depression, it has steadily grown and prospered. It has nearly trebled its population since the census of 1890, rising from 2,600 then to something like 7,000 now. The gold yield of its immediately tributary territory has increased, within the last four years, from \$600,000, to fully \$1,500,000, a year. Its farming and stock-growing interests have greatly advanced,

and its business in every line has kept step to the music of a double-quick forward march. Its streets are broad and well-kept, and many of its public and private buildings would be creditable to a city of 25,000 people. Several of its business blocks have cost from \$15,000 to \$40,000 each. Its churches and public schools are handsome and tasteful. It has a number of flourishing manufacturing establishments, including a mill that turns out 80,000 feet of lumber a day, waterworks, gas and electric light plants, a street railway, and two live daily newspapers and three weeklies. The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company has a large and conveniently arranged depot, a fine stone-and-iron warehouse and extensive stockyards. There is no busier or more prosperous little city in the west, and its future is radiant with promise, for every day is adding to the number and productiveness of the great mines on which, at last, all its progress and prosperity depend.

Eight miles east of Baker City is the famous Virtue mine, which has shown that "Virtue is its own reward" by producing over \$3,000,000. Its ore is so absolutely free-milling that 95 per cent. of its value is saved by the simplest amalgamation process, and the remainder by concentration. The ore mills from \$15 to \$25 to the ton; but, as depth is attained, it grows richer. In the mineral show-window of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's Portland ticket-office there are now on exhibition some samples of ore from a recent strike in the Virtue mine that have attracted no end of attention. They are not mere chips or specks, but are what an old miner would style "big chunks," of ore that runs from \$100,000 to \$200,000 to the ton! From a five-pound lump of it, \$500 could be pounded in a few minutes with a mortar and pestle! The specimens are locked up in the big office-safe at night, like money or jewelry. The ore-body is opened up on the 300-foot, 470-foot and 600-foot levels, and a shaft has just been driven down to a depth of 700 feet. The main pay-chute, so

far as explored, is 800 feet long, and averages 3 feet in width. The mine is equipped in the best modern style, with a 20-stamp mill, hoisting-works, pumps and concentrating-plant. The capacity of the mill is to be doubled this season, giving it 40 stamps, and there is ore enough in sight to run it for years. The output now is from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a month, and it is only limited by the capacity of the machinery.

Adjoining the Virtue on the south is the Consolidated



VIRTUE MINE, BAKER COUNTY, OREGON, ON LINE OF O. R. & N. CO.

Virginia, on which work is being pushed as rapidly as men and money and the most improved machinery can do it, to reach the Virtue vein. The Mogul, Gold Dollar and Texas groups lie north and northeast of the Virtue. The Emma-Monte, just north of the Texas, has struck ore that mills over \$25 to the ton. North of the Emma-Monte is the Perry, at a depth of 200 feet, producing ore that mills from \$5 to \$20 to the ton. The Rachel joins the Perry on the north, and has thousands

of tons of ore opened up that will mill from \$5 to \$30. The Alturas and Del Norte, north of the Rachel, have struck good ore that differs in character from that of the district generally in not being free-milling. The Flagstaff, in the northwest part of the Virtue belt, is owned by a French company, that has a splendid equipment of steam hoist, eight compressed-air drills and a 10-stamp mill. Its shaft is down nearly 600 feet, and drifts have been run at the 100, 200 and 300-foot levels, opening up an ore-body from 200 to 400 feet long, and running from \$3 to \$50 to the ton. Good prospects have been found on the Cyclone, Red Jacket, Gordon, Lady, Adams, Phillips, Bradbury, Butler, McCord and many other claims in the same neighborhood.

The White Swan, three miles east of the Virtue, has produced over \$300,000, and paid for all development and improvements, and \$40,000 in dividends, without the investment of a dollar. The ore is all free-milling, and runs from \$6 to \$25 to the ton, averaging \$14. A few tons of surface ore from the Mabel, two miles southwest of the White Swan, yielded \$24,000 in gold, and development work is being pushed. The Brazos, a half-mile south of the Mabel, has 2,500 tons of \$8 ore stoped out. The Columbian, two miles northeast of the Virtue, has enough of rich ore blocked out to run a mill two years, and is preparing to put in a 10-stamper. The Friday recently milled a lot of ore that yielded \$27 to the ton. In Quartz Gulch, between the Virtue and White Swan, several promising discoveries have lately been made; and clear on for 45 miles east and southeast to Snake river, every indication seems to show that the whole country is seamed with free-gold ledges. At Gold Hill, near Durkee Station, which is 27 miles southeast of Baker City, on the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's line, the Burnt River Mining Company has opened up eight parallel veins in a distance of 2,000 feet. The ore runs \$14 to the ton, partly free-milling, and the company is just finishing up a 10-stamp mill and concentrating-works.



Within the last few weeks, there has been a tremendous rush to the newly discovered placer-field on the south side of Lookout Mountain. The whole region is being dotted with shacks and tents, and many claims have been located. Working with old-fashioned rockers, quantities of nuggets running from \$5 to \$15 apiece have been washed out. There is an immense territory full of promise for quartz prospectors, and some rich discoveries have already been made.

About 35 miles southeast of Baker City is the great Connor Creek mine, which has produced \$1,300,000. High up on the mountain, so that it can be worked wholly by tunnels to a depth of 1,600 feet, with abundance of timber all around it, and with a 35-stamp mill run by waterpower, it can profitably handle ore that yields \$2 a ton, and has paid handsome dividends on \$3 ore. Some of its ore runs as high as any in the world, and thousands of dollars have been taken from a few hundred pounds of quartz.

After all its vast production, this whole free-gold belt, lying east of Baker City, 45 miles long by 20 wide, is comparatively unprospected. It offers ten thousand opportunities to both placer and quartz prospectors, as is shown by the number of new and valuable finds that are being almost daily made. It is easily accessible, and the climate admits of prospecting all the year round. Outside of this free-milling tract, the ores generally require treatment by smelter or concentrator, though often interspersed with ledges of free gold.

Up in the northeastern corner of Union county, at an altitude of from 4,600 to 9,000 feet, among the Powder River mountains, is the Cornucopia district, with a mineral belt 6 miles long, by from 2 to 3 miles wide, on which ledges of ore running from \$5 to \$50 to the ton are exposed in more than 30 mines and prospects. The Union Companion has opened up 20 fissure veins by a 1,200-foot tunnel, has a stamp-mill and concentrator run by electricity generated by waterpower, and a 6-ton chlorination plant. Its ore goes from \$6 to \$25

to the ton, of which about 80 per cent. is saved, part by battery and plate amalgamation, and the rest by concentration. The mine produces, with its present equipment, from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a month. The Red Jacket has milled several thousand tons of ore. A number of adjacent claims have shipped ore, running from \$60 to \$300 to the ton, to Puget Sound smelters, and the two small custom-mills of the camp are kept busy. The Simmons group shows several ledges of \$15 ore. In Eagle Creek district, southwest of Cornucopia, the Cady mines are profitably running a 10-stamp mill, and have thousands of tons of ore in sight.

In the Sanger district, southwest of Eagle, the Bradley mine, formerly known as the Sanger, has produced between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000, all above the 280-foot level. It has a 10-stamp mill, and has just added concentrating-works. The Basin, a new discovery, is working ore that goes from \$10 to \$60 to the ton, with a 5-stamp mill. The placer diggings around Sparta have yielded many hundreds of thousands of dollars—some authorities say millions—but there are immense placer-beds yet unworked, and prospecting for quartz has just begun. Some rich finds have been made within the last month.

Starting westward from Baker City, the mineral beds begin almost in the municipal limits. Splendid quartz prospects have been recently found within two or three miles of the courthouse. A short distance southwest is Auburn Gulch, that has yielded millions of placer gold, and the Robinson and Carpenter placers are steadily producing the golden dust. The Elkhorn mountains, a spur of the great Blue range, are an almost unbroken series of ore-bodies. The Tom Paine, near Pocahontas, eight miles west of Baker City, has turned out some of the richest quartz ever found in the region, running into thousands of dollars to the ton. Its ordinary milling ore yields about \$30 to the ton.

Sixteen miles northwest of Baker City are the Baisley-Elkhorn and Robbins-Elkhorn mines, both with vast ledges of ore opened up, running from \$3 to \$300 to the ton. The Maxwell is running a 10-stamp mill on \$15 ore, of which it has an inexhaustible mass. The Beckwith has yielded thou-



BAISLEY-ELKHORN MINE AND MILL, BAKER COUNTY, OREGON,  
ON LINE OF O. R. & N. Co.

sands of dollars; the Barnes, Phillips and Irving are promising prospects; and the Chloride has a ledge from 30 to 40 feet wide, that runs \$35 to the ton. It has a large vein of gold in granite, and another of silver in slate.

About 34 miles west of Baker City is the renowned Cracker Creek district, with Bourne as its postoffice town.

The whole region is mineralized, timber and water are abundant, and every facility exists for cheap mining. The Eureka and Excelsior, under the management of the Messrs. Longmaid, as lessees, has become one of the most notable mines in Oregon. It has opened up, with a 1,200-foot tunnel, an ore-ledge from 20 to 200 feet wide. With a 20-stamp mill and concentrators, 70 tons of ore a day are handled at a total expense of \$2.90 a ton. The North Pole, adjoining the Eureka and Excelsior on the north, has a 10-stamp mill, a 10-ton furnace, and a cyanide process plant, with a capacity of 25 tons a day, and is reducing its own ore, which yields \$16 to the ton, with enough in sight to run for years. Just south of the Eureka and Excelsior, the Columbia has a ledge from 30 to 70 feet wide, opened up for 250 feet. Part of its ore is rich in free gold, and specimens of its telluride ore have run from \$100,000 to \$300,000 to the ton—or about half pure gold. It has its own stamp-mill and concentrator. Good prospects have been found in the Appomattox, Golconda, Wide West, Amazon and Bunker Hill. Parallel with the Columbia on the west is the Ohio, which has just erected a 10-stamp mill on a body of ore that runs from \$2 to \$200 to the ton. Five miles southwest of Cracker Creek, the newly discovered IbeX has a ledge ranging from 10 to 40 feet wide. A carload of its ore recently netted over \$200 to the ton. The Ball Mountain, north of the IbeX, has three chutes of the same ore as its neighbor. Northeast of the IbeX, the Mammoth yielded thousands of dollars of free gold with a 5-stamp mill; then the sulphurets were struck, and it was practically abandoned—which is, in brief, the history of half the mines in Oregon. Now, with the improved methods of treatment, the Mammoth will doubtless speedily resume its place among the rich producers. There is a wide territory here almost wholly unexplored, and prospectors will find it one of the most inviting fields in America.

Cable Cove district, which lies six miles west of Cracker Creek, or Bourne, contains many large bodies of rich sulphurets, that are only waiting for capital to put the necessary reduction-works on them, to make them bonanza mines. Shipments of ore from the California have yielded from \$60 to \$200 to the ton. The Imperial, Ivy May, Red Chief, Crown Point, Winchester, Mormon Boy and Donnelly-Thornton have all struck good ore. The Baker City group has a ledge of free-gold quartz that runs as high as \$200 to the ton, and a claim recently discovered by Edward Ransom has shipped a carload of ore that yielded \$58 to the ton in gold and silver.

Over the huge range of Blue mountains in Grant county are 4,200 square miles of mineral in ledge and placer—that is, an area more than half as large as the state of Massachusetts. The placer mines of the county have yielded over \$5,000,000, and there are thousands of acres yet that have never felt the touch of pick or shovel. Quartz-mining is in its babyhood, though great discoveries have been made and great mines opened. In the Granite district, about 20 miles northwest of McEwen, the Bellevue has exposed, by mere development work, 20,000 tons of \$20 ore, and 20,000 more that will mill \$14 to the ton. With a 10-ton Crawford mill, the Red Boy has already paid for itself and a number of adjoining properties, built several miles of canal, and erected all its own buildings. Its ore runs from \$14 to \$20 to the ton, mostly free gold. Three miles southwest of the Bellevue, the Monumental is running a 10-stamp mill on high-grade silver ore, while its next neighbor, the Buffalo, has taken out ore that yielded \$400 to the ton in gold.

In the Olive Creek or Robinsonville district, the Bonanza mine, at a depth of 300 feet, has 300,000 tons of ore in sight that mills from \$8 to \$20 to the ton—an aggregate of over \$3,000,000. It has a 20-stamp mill and a concentrating plant, its machinery is run by water power, and the total cost of

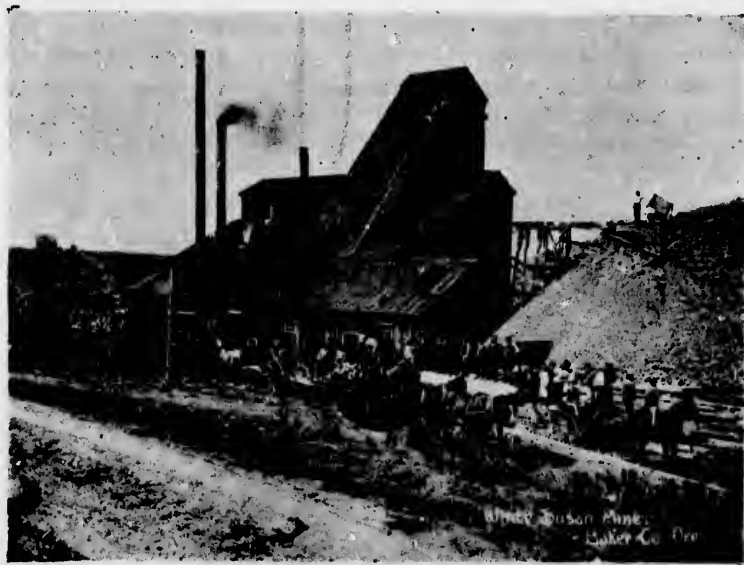
mining and milling its ore is but \$2 a ton. Some of its recent clean-ups have amounted to \$1,000 a day. The capacity of its entire plant is to be doubled, as soon as the machinery can be brought in and set up. The Phoenix and the Pyx have each a 5-stamp mill, running on ore that averages \$26 to the ton in the Phoenix, and ranges from \$9 to \$70 to the ton in the Pyx. The Worley and Virginia have good showings. The Don Juan is a young wonder. With a little 3-stamp prospecting mill, it is taking out big money, its ore yielding \$110 to the ton. Some of it, hand-picked, sacked and shipped for more perfect treatment, runs over \$1,000 to the ton. The placers of this district have panned out hundreds of thousands in gold-dust, and are still steady producers.

In the Quartzburg district, some astonishingly rich finds have been made. For about 100 feet down the ore is free-milling; below that depth, solid sulphurets. The Gifford, with an old-time waterpower arastra, has produced gold enough to pay for itself and all development, and a good many thousands of profits. A recent run of 21 tons through the antique arastra cleaned up \$2,740, or a little over \$130 to the ton. The Keystone, Colorado, Little Denver, Cougar, Alta, Midnight and Jackson-Dunn all show fine bodies of ore. Two small mills cannot begin to handle the ore that is offered for treatment, and the machinery for another 5-ton smelter has just been brought in. A 100-ton mill would get all it could do.

In the Susanville district, the placer mines, worked in primitive fashion, yield about \$20,000 a year, and there is an immense territory still unexplored. Among the comparatively few quartz locations is the group of the Elk Creek Mining Company, including, with a half-dozen others, the Cabell, which has yielded from one little hole 70 feet deep \$88,000 in gold bullion. On the Princess group, owned by an

English company, a strike of ore has just been made, showing a mass of free gold. The Gem, South Gem and Ironsides are all in rich ore.

More than \$2,500,000 has been washed out of the placerbeds of Canyon Creek and vicinity, all by the crudest, old-timey processes. Millions of dollars are still lying in the gravel waiting for modern methods and machinery to turn them



WHITE SWAN MINE, BAKER COUNTY, OREGON, ON LINE OF O. R. & N. CO.

into the treasuries of the world. Canyon Mountain, the source of all this pan-and-rocker wealth, has never been prospected for the mighty lodes it undoubtedly contains. In the new Hot Springs district there are outcropping ledges of free-gold ore from 30 feet to 600 feet wide, miles of which have never been located or claimed. In the Fox district, the Butte mine has a vein 88 feet wide of free-milling gold ore

that runs from \$2.60 to \$10.50 to the ton, and its entire plant is a little 5-stamp mill. In the southern end of Baker county and the northern end of Malheur, and away down on Trout creek in Harney, many rich prospects have recently been discovered; a vast copper dike runs for miles through the Quartzburg region of Grant county, and immense deposits of coal crop out on the headwaters of John Day river. Volumes might be filled with the mere roll-call of possibilities to be met everywhere in this Oregonian land of gold. There is no need of going out of this country to seek fortune. It is here for every one who comes with his eyes open, and ready to take it!





## X.

### THE COEUR D'ALENES.

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Mines that Have Produced Nearly \$25,000,000.—Some Recent  
Wonderfully Rich Discoveries.

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A PAGE of mention is enough for a region that has, for nearly fifteen years, written its name in letters of gold and silver on the most brilliant pages of American mining history. In the wild and rugged mountains of Northern Idaho, it has, since its virtual discovery in 1884, poured something like \$25,000,000 into the treasuries of the nation. Towns, like Wallace, Wardner, Murray, Mullan, Osborne, Burke and Gem, whose names are known throughout the world, have sprung up in its abysmal gulches and among its savage crags. Its great mines are famous to the ends of the earth. The Bunker Hill and Sullivan, the Tiger and Poorman, the Last Chance, Granite, Gem, Custer, Stemwinder, Black Bear, Morning, Gold Hunter, and a host of others scarcely less renowned, have pushed Idaho far toward the front of the procession of mining states. She produces about a fourth of all the lead in the United States—or some 70,000,000 pounds a year. The gold placers of the Cœur d'Alenes have yielded upwards of \$2,500,000, although it is a silver-galena region. The shipping mines are now employing about 1,700 men, and probably 700 more are engaged in placer and development work. The payroll of these 2,400 men runs near \$8,000 a day, or over \$2,500,000 a year. Wages of other labor will swell this to a grand total of more than \$3,000,000. The shipments of ore and concentrates run over 6,000 tons, or 12,000,000 pounds, a month.

New and wonderfully rich discoveries are almost daily reported, including two especially notable within the past week. A 25-foot vein was struck in the Silver King, near Wallace; and two prospectors, Snyder and Bell, while doing development work on the Eureka, about a mile from Murray, broke into a mass of quartz that runs into the hundreds of thousands to the ton. They chipped off a piece with a hammer, and that night pounded \$50 out of it with a mortar and pestle. The next day they put in a shot and blew out rock, from which they pounded \$750 that night! They have since opened up a 4-inch streak of almost pure gold, and the whole population of the North Fork country has gone wild. Think of gold quartz rich enough to work by hand, with a mortar and a pan! There is a wide territory yet unexplored, and mines just as rich yet to be found, as any of those that have already transformed poor prospectors into bonanza-kings, and made the Cœur d'Alenes famous among the great mining regions of the globe.

**THE BIG BOOMS ARE YET TO COME!**

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Additional copies of this book may be had by addressing

**W. H. HURLBURT,**

General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. CO.,

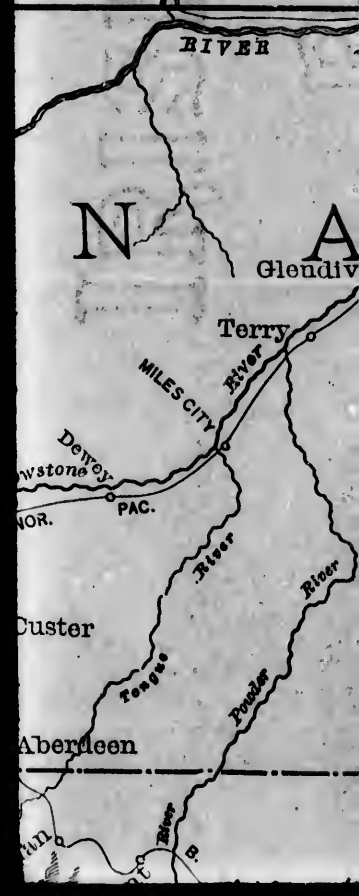
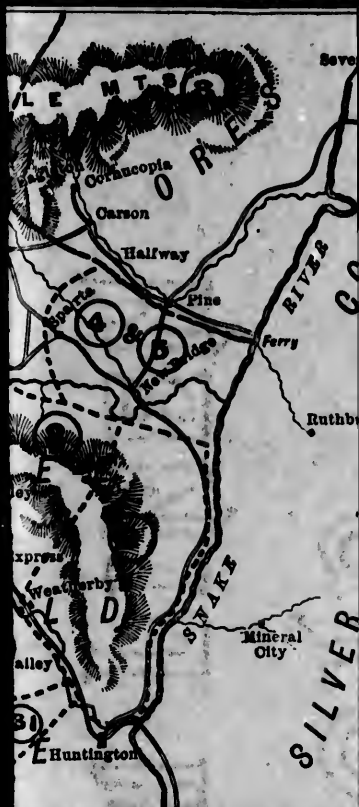
**PORTLAND, OREGON.**







# BAKER CITY MINING REGION



# THE MINES OF NEW BONANZALAND

## THE KOOTENAY REGION.

### 1 TRAIL CREEK DISTRICT, B. C.

Idaho	War Eagle
Contact	Center Star
Iron Horse	Josie
Virginia	Jumbo
Iron Colt	Red Mountain
Columbus	Evening Star
St. Elmo	Iron Mask
Legal Tender	Maydower
Northern Belle	Kootenay
Defender	Cliff
Deer Park	Monte Christo
Superior	Monte Cristo
Vulcan	City of Spokane
Golden Dawn	Homestake
Black Bear	Commander
California	White Bear
Good Friday	Crown Point
Southern Belle	Nickel Plate
Caledonia	Nest Egg
Buckeye	I. X. L.
Golden Queen	R. E. Lee
Le Roi	

### 2 SLOAN DISTRICT, B. C.

Slocan Star	Mountain Chief
Noble Five	Ivanhoe
Washington	Fisher Maiden
Slocan Boy	Blue Bird
Monitor	Goodenough
Ruth	Beat
Wonderful	Idaho
Reco	Rambler
Last Chance	Alamo
Enterprise	Cumberland
Payne	R. E. Lee
Northern Belle	Queen Bess
Whitewater	Galena Farm
Antonie	Mountain Chief
Surprise	Silver Bell
Rambler	Beat
Wellington	Surprise
London	

### 3 FT. STEELE DISTRICT, B. C.

Minnie Wells	Eureka
North Star	Queen Ann Group
Sullivan Group	Jennings
Midnight	Walsh
Deane	Young
All-Over	Waters
Quantrell	Lamont
Utopia	Scott
Stemwinder	Thompson
Big Chief	

### 4 AINSWORTH DISTRICT, B. C.

Number One	Sunlight
Sky Line	Gallagher
Black Diamond	Rand
Little Phil	King Solomon
Mitie Point	Tarif
Neposho	Blue Bell

### 5 KETTLE RIVER DISTRICT, B. C.

Comstock	Minnie
Volcanic	Empire
Pathfinder	Bonita
Bonaparte	Pananza
Columbia	R. Bell
Ellele May	

### 6 NELSON DISTRICT, B. C.

Silver King	Union Jack
Ben Hassan	Iroquois
Maud S.	Eagle
Canadian Belle	Forty-nine
Fern	Poorman
Golden King	Royal Canadian
Dandy	Majestic
Grizzly	Muldoon
Koh-inoor	Whitewater
American Flag	

7 Vernon, B. C.

8 Lardeau, B. C.

9 Trout Lake, B. C.

10 Golden, B. C.

11 Windemere, B. C.

12 Goat River, B. C.

13 Kamloops, B. C.

### 12 CABLE COVE DISTRICT.

Last Chance	Little Maud
Eureka	Crown Point
Herculean	Oregon Chief
Fraction	Ivy May
Ontario	Red Chief
Top Hand	Golden Rule
Imperial	

### 13 GRANITE DISTRICT.

Oro Fino	Ben Harrison
Monumental	Quebec
Buffalo	Red Chief
Sheridan	Uncle Sam
Worcester	Jennie Reid
Bull Run	Fourth of July
Milwaukee	King Solomon
Humpback	

### 14 GREEN HORN DISTRICT.

Montana	Fortl. Conal.
Sally Ann	Fride of Pendleton
Ornsment	Myrtle
Surprise	Furzip
Intrinsic	Tampest
Eagle	I. X. L.
Anaconda	Legal Tender
Mammoth	Treasure

### 15 ROBINSONVILLE DISTRICT.

Don Juan	Virginia
Phoenix	Strasbourg
Fyx	Comet
New Find	Martin

### 16 BONANZA DISTRICT.

Bonanza	Jay Gould
Evening Star	Protection
Lucky Boy	Pacific
Red Bird	King Solomon
McGinty	Hope Flat

### 17 HANOVER DISTRICT.

Mammoth	Morning Star
Ibes	Amazon
Belle Baker	Killian

### 18 IDOL CITY DISTRICT.

Monarch	Cleveland
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### 19 EYE VALLEY DISTRICT.

Gold Ridge	Uppermost
Huffman	Green's Discovery
Romeo	Herculean
Juliette	Odell
Lillia	

### 20 COW CREEK DISTRICT.

Brannin Claims	Webfoot Basin
Whipple Gulch	Pine Creek P. L. Co.
Cow Creek	

### 21 CAMP CARSON DISTRICT.

Hunters	Camp Carson
Lumber Jim	

### 22 BAY HORSE DISTRICT.

Blue Dick	Gypsum Mine
Bay Horse	Kaolin Mine
Rapid	O. K. Mine
Coal Fields	Lurid Storm

### 23 BIG CREEK DISTRICT.

Shriver Mine	Crane Claim
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### 24 AUBURN DISTRICT.

Blue Canyon	French Gulch
Elk Creek	Alexander
Black Hawk Group	Griffin Gulch
Deep Gravel	Filoon Pacers
Uran	Lincoln

### 25 MALHEUR DISTRICT.

Bruner's Ledge	France
Ozar	Long Way
McClellan	Mitchell
Linn	Smith
Boswell	

### 26 MINERVILLE DISTRICT.

Minerville	Tibbs
Carnes	

### 27 MORMON DISTRICT.

Fourth of July	Colt Bros.
Littig	Rainy
Rogers Basin	Deers
Humboldt	Harrison Ledge
Sunday Hill	Taylor
Anex No. 1	Fisher
Anex No. 2	Wahkee
Amelia	

### 28 NORTH FORK DISTRICT.

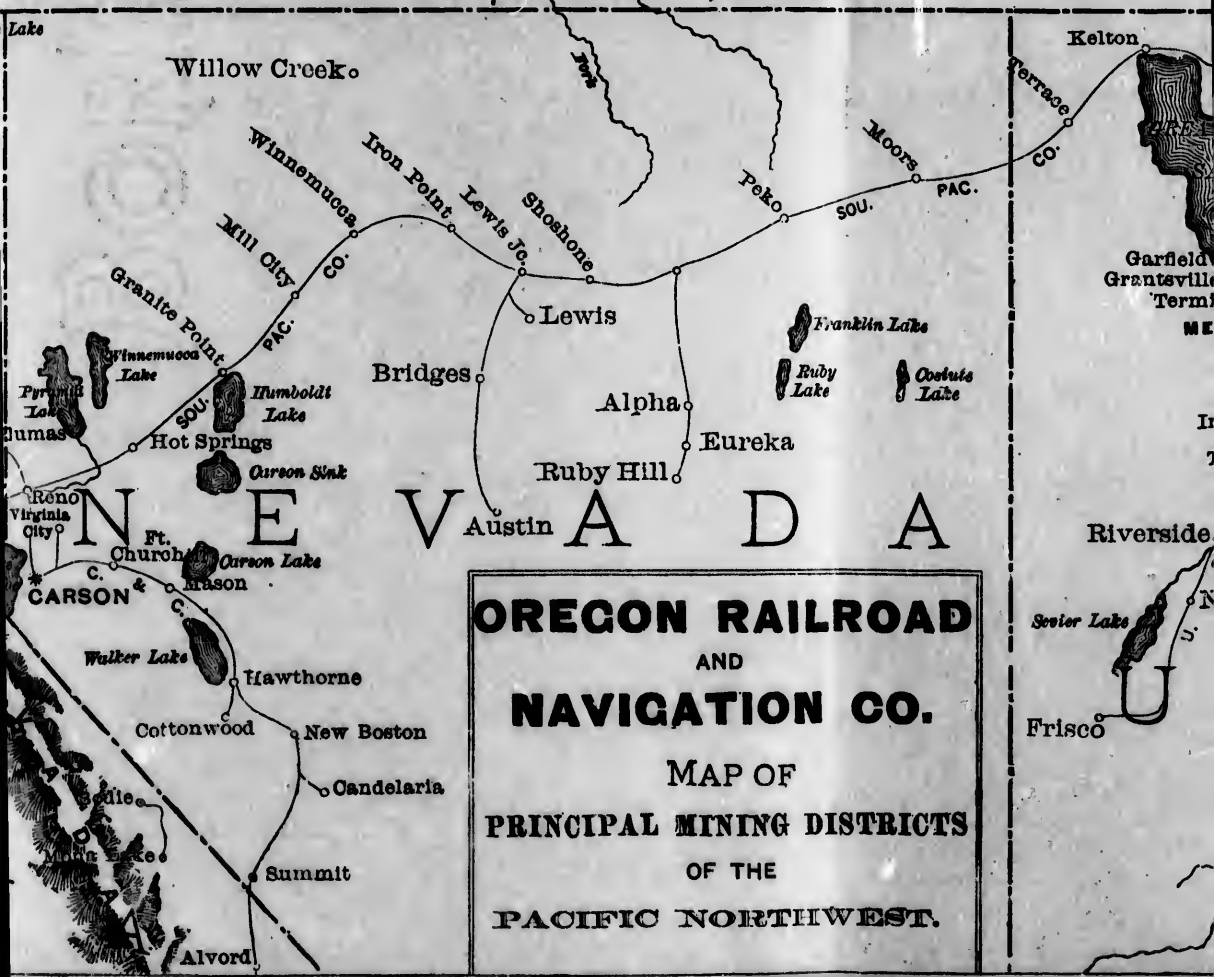
Ajax	Woods
Marrotte	Gallagher



## BAKER CITY REGION. OREGON.

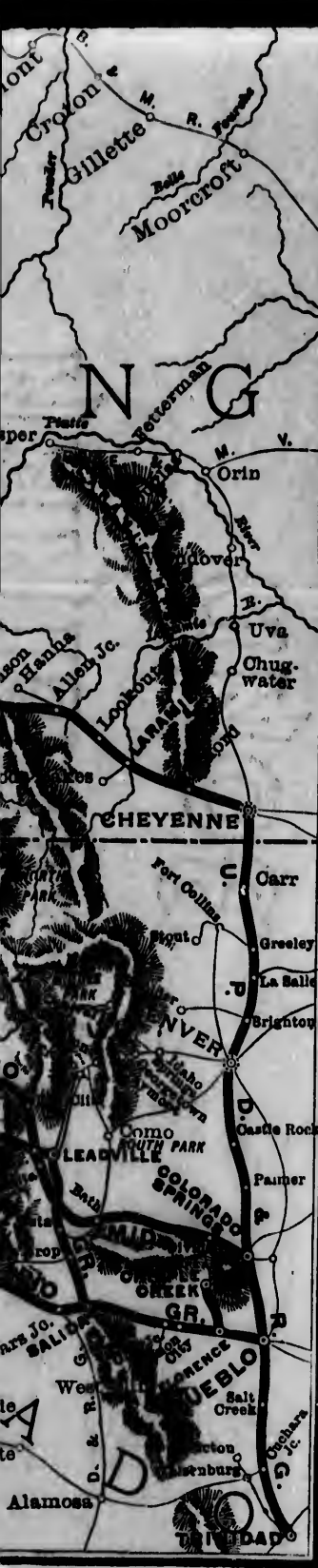






**OREGON RAILROAD**  
 AND  
**NAVIGATION CO.**  
 MAP OF  
 PRINCIPAL MINING DISTRICTS  
 OF THE  
 PACIFIC NORTHWEST.





**OREGON.**

**VIRTUE DISTRICT.**

Virtue  
Emma  
White Swan  
Gordon  
Columbian  
Friday  
Rachel  
Laura  
Ole Olson  
Uncle Dan  
Albatross  
Grey Goose  
Queen Bee

Keystone  
Scorpion  
Rattler  
Jersey  
Durham  
Eureka  
Mabel  
Buckeye  
Myrtle  
Barber  
Flagstaff  
Denver

**2 TIMBER CANYON DISTRICT.**

Codfish  
Excelsior  
May Queen  
Big Indian  
White Badger  
Hay Digger

Ethel  
Cap Cod  
Crystal  
Denver  
Big Boulder

**3 CORNUCOPIA DISTRICT.**

Last Chance  
Red Jacket  
Union  
Companion  
Queen of the West  
Poor Man  
Simmons Group

Norway  
Forest Queen  
Comet  
May Flower  
Maverick  
Combination  
Van Winkle

**4 SPARTA DISTRICT.**

Pacific  
Del Monte  
Legal Tender  
Hidden Treasure  
Pittsburg  
Silver Queen  
Sweet Betsy

Crystal Palace  
Shanghai  
Dollie Varden  
Good Thought  
Ora Dell  
Detroit

**5 CONNOR CREEK DISTRICT.**

Conner Creek  
Sisley

Huntington M. Co.  
Flick

**6 SANGER DISTRICT.**

Lillie White  
Snow Storm  
Excelsior  
Faithful Boy  
Sanger  
Eagle  
Crown Point  
Windsor

St. Albans  
Rose  
Messenger  
Linn  
Park  
Bradley  
Cheap Rock

**7 POCAHONTAS DISTRICT.**

Never Sweat  
Carpenter  
Nelson  
Cracked Pan  
Tom Paine  
Terrible  
Ohio

Eldorado  
King  
Boomerang  
Queen  
Lime Kiln  
Young America

**8 WEATHERBY DISTRICT.**

Gold Hill  
Bohna  
Cleveland  
On Time  
Jambler  
Gold Cup

Copper  
Sisley  
Bonanza  
Hog Back  
Shelton

**9 ELKHORN DISTRICT.**

Golden Eagle  
Missionary  
Miner's Hope  
Captain Jack  
Bonanza Queen  
Blue Ledge  
Stella  
Accident

Gladstone  
North Star  
Bellevue  
Hurdy Gurdy  
Ella Gray No. 1  
Ella Gray No. 2  
Elkhorn Bonanza

**10 ROCK CREEK DISTRICT.**

Chloride  
Maxwell  
Forest City  
Silver Star  
Montana

Easter Ridge  
Silver Crown  
Washington  
June Bug  
Big Belle

**11 CRACKER CREEK DISTRICT.**

Eureka  
Excelsior  
Washington  
California  
Columbia  
Amason  
Mountain Belle  
Appomattox  
Fractional  
Oregon

Cracker  
North Pole  
Ten Strike  
Ten Strikes  
Villard  
Blue Mountain  
Yankee Jim  
Oregon Clipper  
Wide West

Ajax  
Marrotte  
North Fork

Woods  
Gallagher  
Grant

**20 NORTH POWDER DISTRICT.**

Spotted Horse  
Guthrie Mine  
Chipmunk

Treadwell Group  
Jenkins Group  
Maid of Erin

**30 SUTTON CREEK DISTRICT.**

Alder

New York

**31 PEDRO MOUNTAIN DISTRICT.**

Little Emma  
Julietta  
Cyclone  
Romeo

Bull Dog  
Valley  
Minnie  
Tip Top

**32 STICES GULCH DISTRICT.**

Stices  
Danny Creek  
Springer

Scott  
Colorado Pl. Mfg. Co.  
Harold

**33 SUMPTER DISTRICT.**

Deep Gravel Pl. Co.  
Archib Downey  
McCullis Fork

Buck Gulch  
Morning Star

**34 SUSANVILLE DISTRICT.**

Blue Jay  
Monumental  
Alta  
Poor Man  
Big Belle

Princess  
Elk Creek M's. Co.  
Glen of the Mountain  
Oregon  
Big Creek

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

15 Seven Devils', Copper, Ida.

16 Burnt River, Placer, Ore.

17 John Day, Placer, Ore.

18 Snake River, Placer, Ida.

19 Gold Hill, Placer, Ore.

20 Nickel District, Ore.

21 Detroit District, Ore.

22 Santiam, Ore.

23 OEUR D'ALENE DISTRICT, IDA.

Bunker Hill & Sullivan  
Badger  
Black Bear  
Black Diamond  
Custer  
Daisy  
Gem  
Golden Chest  
Golden King  
Granite  
Helena  
Frisco  
Gold Hunter  
Idaho

Last Chance  
Little Chief  
Morning  
Missoula  
Nellie  
Occident  
Paymaster  
Sierra Nevada  
Stemwinder  
Tiger  
Poorman  
Treasure Box  
Tin Cup  
You Like

24 Murray, Ida.

25 Elk City, Ida.

26 Florence, Ida.

27 Silver City, Ida.

28 Yakt District, Mont.

29 KETTLE FALLS DISTRICT, WASH

Silver Queen

Combination

30 Metaline, Mont.

31 Colville Reservation, Wash.

32 CEDAR CANYON DISTRICT, WASH.

Deer Trail No. 2

Cleveland

33 OKANAGAN DISTRICT, WASH.

Ben Butler  
Triune  
Sailor Boy  
Jessie  
Black Bear  
War Eagle  
Ivanhoe  
Rainbow Group  
Spokane Group  
Allison Group

Heroules Group  
Detroit-Windsor Group  
Wyandotte Group  
Chappaqua Group  
Empire Group  
Copper World Group  
Leadville Group  
Treasurer Group

34 Cascade, Wash.

35 Monte Cristo, Wash.

36 St. Helens District, Wash.

37 Lewis River District, Wash.

38 Skamania County District, Wash.

39 Klamath Flume & Placer Co. Cal.

40 Sterling, Ore.

41 John Lewis, Placer, Ore.

42 Ollalla, Ore.

