

"SALTING" MINES, CATCHING "LAMBS"

HOW THEY TRIM THE SUCKERS IN ARIZONA

THE TRICKS OF THE GAME

Men Who Live by Wits Often Find Easy Pickings

I can only think of one proposition that may be bigger than the mining gambling game, and I doubt if even Wall Street is greater.

In Arizona and New Mexico it is simply a contagious fever, and it is generally epidemic. The big business man and the livery stable chambermaid, both have it alike.

There is a wonderful fascination in mining and mine hunting—prospecting—and I care not who the man is or what his training or education may have been, if he will listen, if he will allow himself, he will get the fever and will have to fight hard to break it up.

I have seen preachers, mining engineers, farmers, lawyers, men of almost every pursuit, who have spent years in the mining country, never made a dollar, but who keep at it year after year—always firmly believing that "next year" they will "strike it."

"Hope springs eternal" when one gets the gold fever.

But this letter is to tell you a little of the "inside" bunco deals that have been and are being worked off in Arizona—the "blue sky" games that hard pressed prospectors and the shrewd bunco steersmen frame up and often get away with.

In every mining locality are plenty of men who will take a chance on a "prospect," men of means who have caught the fever, and who "stake" a prospector to a "grub outfit" and send him out in the hills, under a contract for a half interest in any "find."

This grubstake proposition is a long chance, for it is simply a matter of honor with the man who is staked, but men in the mining game will take the longest chances.

I dropped into Williams, Arizona, for a few days, and looking for story stuff I mixed, or tried to, with the mining and railroad men. After the second day there were obvious indications that something was wrong with my mixer, and all I could get out of anyone was simply a civil word, when I could get one to stand long enough to answer.

The next day the hotel porter tipped off to me why the boys were giving me the shivers. I was a Santa Fe railroad spotter, and if there is ever a job and a man held in contempt by the sporting men and railroaders it is the spotter.

I got next to a newspaper man, who put me right—after which the wind blew from the south again.

But the gold brick games: The hotel one night was crowded. A woman and two children came in. There was no room for them. I was talking with a telegraph operator over the tip of my being a spotter.

He asked if he might share my bed and give his room to the lady. And sitting up long past the midnight hour he told me stories of the fake mining deals he had seen worked, and had helped to steer. One of the most successful, but now an old one was this:

Some prospector, pretty well known, would rig up for a three months' trip in the hills, and the night before leaving he would make the rounds of the saloons and sporting places and advertise he was off for the summer.

In a week he would be back, and he would give some weak excuse that he was taken sick, horse went lame, etc. He would sit around the saloons, refuse to drink, look wise, and refuse to talk about his trip.

Then he would send a telegram to a "frame" partner in Colorado about like this:

Bill— Struck it thick. Cut everything and come. Bring some kale. Alfalfa for us. Answer.

Sam. And here was where the operator came in for his part of the game—and a rakeoff if it went through. He goes to one of the men already spotted and gives him a copy of the message.

The understanding that if it should work out he is to get \$100 for the Western Union leak.

The speculator falls for it. He hunts up Sam. He proposes to grub stake an outfit and both go out for a hunt. Nothing doing. He tries to draw Sam out, and finally gets him to take a drink. Another follows, and Sam loses a little and drops mysterious hints.

More booze and tongues wag, and finally when the "confidence" stage of the jag comes, Sam tells his friend he has found a mine of great richness, and as soon as his partner comes with a little coin he will file the claim and open it.

The speculator offers to advance a little money. Nothing doing. He offers to buy a half interest if the prospect looks good, but Sam simply won't listen. He has found a prize and Bill and he are going to keep it.

They run along for a few days, then a wire comes—Bill has married, bought a ranch and has all the gold mine he wants in Colorado.

This telegram is given to the speculator. Sam has the blues for a day or two. Refuses to drink or talk and writes many letters in the rear room of the saloon.

Then the speculator hatches in again. He wants to see the "strike" and if it pans he will buy a half interest. Now when Sam was on his weak out in the hills he went to an abandoned prospect hole, took with him a sack of rich ore and planted it, then headed the filings of two or three gold rings into cartridges, which he shot into the hole and into the rocks. This method of "salting" has separated many a man from his coin.

So finally Sam takes the man out to the mine, and explains if the man who abandoned the hole had dug a yard further he would have found the ladies and the wealth.

Sam will only sell one half the mine, and not that if he had money to develop it. And he sells a half, makes the price high, and will part part of it in toward a stamp mill.

Then the next train out. This is but one of a dozen different

TENTH AND MAIN STREETS

THE... C C STORE

TENTH AND MAIN STREETS

AGENTS FOR STANDARD PATTERNS

WATCH OUR BUSINESS GROW

Mr. Carter, the owner of The C. C. Store, who has been away from home and confined to his bed for some months, is again able to attend to business.

---HE HAS JUST GIVEN US

POSITIVE INSTRUCTIONS

To Materially Increase the business of the Store during the next TWO MONTHS

Realizing that these instructions must be obeyed, we are going to offer EVERY POSSIBLE INDUCEMENT to Drygoods and Shoe Buyers from now until Christmas. We are going to offer many staple goods at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

And many odd lots will be sold at a sacrifice

Dry Goods

- Light and Dark Outing Flannels, yd. 5c
Heavy Weight Outing Flannel, yd. 8 1-3c
36-inch Outing Flannel yd. 10c
White and Cream Outings, short lengths, yd. 8 1-3c
36-inch Percales, 5 to 20 yard lengths, yd. 8 1-3c
Best Galitea Cloths, yd. 12 1-2c
Serpentine Crepe, 6 to 20 yard lengths, yd. 12 1-2c
Duckling Fleece, 5 to 15 yard lengths. 11c
10c Dress Gingham, short lengths, yd. 8 1-3c
12c Heavy Gingham, short lengths. 9c
Large size cotton Blankets 63c to \$1.25
Australian Wool Nap Blankets, gray, White and Tan, \$2.25 values. 1.98
3 pound stitched cotton Batts. 85c
Ordinary size can Talcum Powder. 3c
1 pound can Talcum Powder. 10c
Assortment Cloth and Hair Brushes, choice. 5c

Shoe Department

In order to make room for a much larger stock of New Spring Styles of Footwear we are going to offer a lot of broken sizes and odd lots of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes at A GREAT SACRIFICE.

Broken Assortment of Ladies Fine Shoes worth up to \$1.50 Special Price. 98c

Broken Assortment of Ladies Fine Shoes worth up to \$3.00 Special Sale Price. \$2.19

Broken Assortment of Men's Shoes worth up to \$4.00 Special Sale Price \$2.45 and 2.95

Underwear

- Ladies' Medium Weight Vests and Pants. 25c
Ladies Heavy Fleece Vests and Pants. 48c
Ladies' Union Suits worth 50c to 75c Special for this Sale. 45c
Ladies' Medium and Heavy Union Suits. 98c
Children's Fleece, Vests and Pants Sold according to size. 18c to 35c
Children's Fleece Union Suits. 25c to 75c
Men's heavy Fleece and Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, gray or brown. 45c
Men's Wool and Mixed Shirts and D.avers Sale Price. 48c to \$1.25
Boys' Heavy Fleece Shirts and Drawers Sale Price. 25c to 35c
Men's Work Shirts, sale price. 33c
Men's Wool Mixed Socks, Sale Price. 12 1-2c
Men's HATS worth \$1.25 to \$1.50 Special Sale Price. 98c

WHY PAY MORE THAN WE ASK?

ames that are worked by the men who make more money selling worthless mines than finding good ones. Every week there is a new one, and when a fellow really does find a prize, it is often very hard to get money to develop it.

At the little station where tourists leave the train to go to the petrified forest, I met and talked with a mine owner who no doubt has had the strangest luck in history of Arizona mining.

I have every reason to believe the story is absolutely true, for I had heard it told long before I saw the man who luck or fortune smiled on when he was down and out.

As a young lawyer he came into the mining camp and tried every way to get a start, practicing law, teaching school giving boxing lessons and prospecting, and failing in all he tried the booze and "hemp" games.

After a prolonged search, from which he nearly died, the physician told him he must get away from the booze and sober up or he would die.

He related to me how he took a quart bottle of whiskey to "taper off on" and rode with a freighter 20 miles back into the mines. The third day there his bottle was nearly empty, and he was in a terribly nervous condition.

He said he walked over a mountain, so the people he was staying with would not catch on, and was going to phone from the adjoining mine to have some whiskey sent out by the mail carrier.

Exhausted by his climb he sat down to rest. A ground squirrel came out and played near him, and in sheer nervousness he threw a rock at the little animal. With the jerk of his arm a signet

ring on his finger flew off and when flying through the air, he said he caught the glitter in the sunlight as it fell into a clump of bushes in a little gully. He hunted for it in vain, and after ordering his booze gave it up.

The next day he met the carrier at the same point and got his goods. He brought an ax with him to cut the brush, as the ring was a present and he did not want to lose it.

"I searched for an hour, and cut nearly all the brush in the ravine, but could not find the ring, but by chance I saw a brown, soft rock sticking out. I broke it with the ax, and though not a miner it looked like rich ore I had seen. It was soft, like sandstone, and almost a black-brown in color.

"I filled my hat with it, carried it to the mine bunk house, pulverized it, panned it, and before the sand had been half worked out I saw the "color" and knew I had "struck it!"

"Investigation showed a ledge and contact. I have already taken out several orange groves in southern California and I guess there are plenty more ranches in the mine."

"And how's that for a "luck story?" "I said he never found the ring, and never wants to."

The lure of the weird old southwest draws all kinds of people, but one of the most singular instances I found up in the lonesome Navajo country, 60 miles from a railroad.

A tire blew out and while the driver and his boy were repairing it I walked on up to the head of the canyon, and a little back from the road I saw three large new tents—a strange sight in that country.

Soon a young fellow walked out to where I was sitting and we were soon getting acquainted. He was from

Columbus, O., a man well educated, well bred and he had a diamond ring on his finger as large as a pea.

He was entirely alone, and had under the tents a stock of general merchandise. He told me that through his congressman and the Interior Department he had been granted a permit to open an Indian trading store on the reservation, but after he had purchased his stock, some complaint was made, he did not know just what, and the permit had been held up. He had stored his goods under the tents and was waiting. He had been there three months and had no idea how much longer he might have to stay before he could build his store. And in the meantime he could not even sell a package of tobacco. The stock of goods had cost him \$1,000 and the store building, the lumber for which he had ordered would cost \$800 more.

And I wondered why a young man with \$2,000 at least, a man of education and refinement, would ever conceive the idea of burying himself in this lonesome spot in Arizona, and live a life so foreign to his raising.

These trading stores are usually run by grizzled old prospectors, trappers or Indian fighters, men who are more at home in such a location than in the towns, but to see this young fellow taking the chance seemed almost pitiful.

No doubt there was a reason, but he did not tell it. There are many bright men in the southwest who do not tell why they are there—that is not to tell the truth.

An accident in a coal mine just out side of Gallup, N. M., a few weeks ago brought to light a grimpse of one of life's secrets. Falling walls caught a dozen men, and when they were rescued they were badly mangled.

A tool dresser who worked in the

smith shop took hold with the two doctors, set broken limbs, helped amputate and wrote out prescriptions. He was at once recognized as a medical school graduate by the physicians, but he would not answer any questions or make any explanations. The next day the mine manager offered him the position as mine physician, but he declined.

There are many out of place men and women in the southwest. Some of their stories would be tranger than fiction. But this class don't tell stories.

M. J. Brown

Income Property Exchange for Farm

We have the following property to exchange for farm property of equal value: 4 good houses and more than 8 lots of 50x100 each with 3 acres adjoining that can be cut into lots. These houses are all occupied and will bring a rental of \$35.00 per month. They are well situated, having a slightly outlook and located on a car line close to a fine school. Their water supply is from a large spring that is absolutely pure. Come and look at our property. You will find it a snap.

Dillman & Howland. Opposite Court House in Weinhard Bldg.

For Children There is Nothing Better

A cough medicine for children must help their coughs and colds without bad effects on their little stomachs and bowels. Foley's Honey and Tar exactly fills this need. No opiates, no sour stomach, no constipation follows its use. Stuffy colds, wheezy breathing coughs and croup are quickly helped.

Huntley Bros. Co.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Final settlement of the estate of Joseph Koenig, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Joseph Koenig, deceased, has filed in the county court of Clackamas County, State of Oregon, his final account as such administrator of said estate and that Monday, the 1st day of December, 1913 at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. has been fixed by said court as the time for hearing of objections to said report and the settlement thereof.

F. F. JOHNSON, Administrator of the estate of Joseph Koenig, deceased. U'Ren & Schuebel, attorneys for administrator. First publication Oct. 29, 1913, '5t

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