

"GOLD NOT WORTH A BIT A BARREL"

Georgious Pipe Dream of a Colorado Boomer.

"Well, gentlemen, when I was in Idaho a number of years ago, I was of the impression you had a fine state—a state where there were opportunities for investment and profit in mining—but it is all off now. Why, the fact is, from knowledge in my possession, I am justified in stating that, if all the mines in Idaho were put up for sale at auction they couldn't be knocked off for six bits. Not at the present moment, but within a week, when the facts I will now relate to you will be the property of the world—and when gold will not be worth a bit a barrel. To come down to the pith of the story, and then tell it in its proper order I will simply make the statement.

"There has been discovered, underlying the town of Gillette, Colorado, a blanket of ore 35 miles square in extent, and five feet thick, all running \$3000 or more per ton!

"These are the facts, in a nutshell. Gillette, as you all know, is adjacent to Cripple Creek, the great camp, where is the only deposit of phonolite in the world."

Then John Watson Cork stopped a moment for a breath and to see in what manner the listeners had taken the statement. It was given in the presence of a number of mining men in the rotunda of the Overland hotel Sunday evening just after dinner, and the author had enjoyed the meal heartily and was sitting smoking one of that hotel's best cigars. His auditors gasped. But one man spoke for several moments, and he had the hardihood to suggest that there was a defined deposit of phonolite within five miles of Boise. Cork simply squelched him with a look, and then proceeded:

"There is no such thing as phonolite outside of Cripple Creek or the adjoining section. It is a gold bearing material simply, and from what I know it is the material in which the gold of centuries has deposited, making the greatest blanket ledge the world has ever known and greater than the dreams of even the ancients, who to me seem to have been more avaricious than the people of a later day.

"The story of the discovery is this: A Swede came to Cripple Creek a couple of years ago, and looked about a bit for a chance to get to work. He had some money, and could not secure work because he had never been in a mine in his life, and had not the least knowledge of the simplest portion of the work. So, discouraged in this, he thought he would buy a farm and go to raising truck, or something of that nature. He had some money. He was around town six months or so, and being rather shrewd, soon learned all he wanted to know of mining. He noted that a great number of people had sunk shafts and found such ore as to make them rich. It was, to him, simply a question of luck or chance. One morning he began buying provisions, and when questioned stated he had determined to go into mining for a business and thus make a fortune. Asked where his property was, he said he had none, but that he'd find vacant ground somewhere, and work it. So he started out, reached the top of the plateau west of Cripple Creek and found this had no locations whatever. It was believed by all mining men to be barren. But it was good enough for the Swede, and he set his stakes on the level and began sinking a shaft.

"He hired men, good miners, and began active and large work. The people of that section made it a standing joke, and it was

such for a number of months. But the Swede staid with it. When he got down 100 feet he struck phonolite—and \$3000 per ton gold. He was crazy, for a moment, but then got dumb, and has so remained since. Meanwhile he continued his investigations. The ore was determined to be five feet thick. When he had gone through this in the original shaft he began sinking others, having obtained financial aid by the showing made.

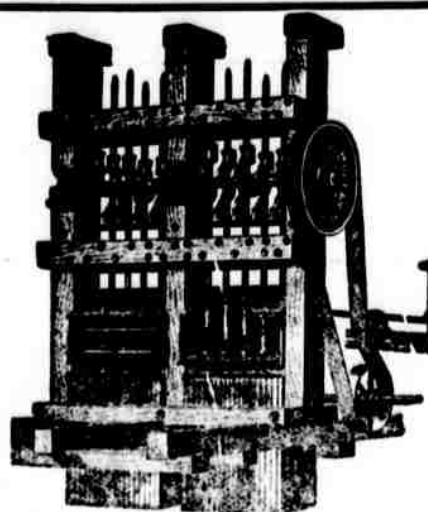
"Now it is absolutely determined that this blanket is 35 square miles in extent, and of an average depth of five feet, never getting less. This may seem strange to you, and especially that so tremendous news has not been made public. The fact is the people owning the property have not dared to state the facts, but I know that within the next three or four days the Associated Press will have it and give it to the world. When it is made public there will no longer be a market for gold, except for the cheaper kinds of jewelry, for trinkets and baubles and such kinds of jimcracks. But as for money, it will not be used as such, because it will be too common. With such a deposit of gold it seems reasonable that one as large of other metals will be discovered somewhere in the world, so that we will be able to have neither as a money medium. Thank God they don't mine paper, so we can have a money, and one in which there can be no such sensational deterioration as there will presently be in gold.

"Since the absolute determination of the facts as I have related them, John Hays Hammond has invested in \$85,000,000 worth of properties in that section. He is there ostensibly to look over the Independence mine and I believe he has given that such a black eye in order to divert attention from this other and greater proposition. He knows he has the deposit of gold from which all others, the world over, have come, and it is a cinch on gold."

Then the story teller wafted into the darkness of the night—and then the listeners began figuring. Based upon the usual estimates on ore there would be here 2,787,960,000 tons of ore, and at \$3,000 per ton would be worth \$8,363,880,000,000. That amount of money would easily pay all the debts of the world, and give the inhabitants each a nice bank account. It would put us all on easy street. The gentlemen who listened to this story became convinced it was of a wonderful thing—but they determined that it was a shame that only a Swede and John Hays Hammond were to get the gold.—Boise Statesman.

Baisley-Elkhorn Mill Will Resume.

The Baisley-Elkhorn mill, which has been undergoing needed repairs for the past two or three weeks, will resume operations next week. The machinery has received a complete overhauling and is now in fine condition for a continuous run. The mine, which is the oldest continuous producer in Baker county, never looked more promising than at present. Work has been prosecuted steadily during the temporary shut down of the mill, blocking out a large body of high grade ore. A new station has been made in the deep sinking shaft and the hoisting machinery is now operating to perfection. A Democrat reporter visited the camp recently and noted many improvements that had been made during the past season, probably the most important of which was the road to the mine. It has been made double its former width, so that teams can pass each other at any point, and is now one of the finest mountain roads in the west. Sleighs are now run from the old Robbins mill at the foot of the mountain to the Baisley-Elkhorn mine. Mr. Geo. L. Whitaker, superintendent of the mine, who has been on a visit to his home in Norwich, Connecticut, for the past two or three weeks, will return about the first of the year.—Democrat.



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