

DEPLORABLE SITUATION AT TONOPAH, GOLDFIELD

Provisions Already Scarce and Railroad is Blockaded With Eight Hundred Cars of Freight.

The Portland Telegram publishes a special dispatch from Reno, Nevada, dated the seventeenth instant, as follows:

It might as well be made known once and for all that there is an over-rush to the Tonopah and Goldfield country. It is already evident to the thinking people that there will be suffering this winter at best, and with the rush of people continuing as at the present time, there is no telling how serious the results will be. There are already more people than can obtain accommodations for love or money. The freight traffic is blocked in an irretrievable manner, and the place is threatened with epidemic, as well as great individual suffering.

Though winter has already reached the country of the new gold discoveries, and hundreds of men there cannot obtain work, an average of 200 men are pouring in daily from all parts of the world, a majority of whom have not enough money to keep them through the winter. Everything in the way of living brings fabulous prices, and most of the people have nothing with which to buy. Wood, which is a scarce article at any time, is now \$20 a cord, and of very poor quality at that. Other necessaries are proportionately high-priced.

The thousands of people at Goldfield have to depend upon wagons to haul supplies over twenty-eight miles from Tonopah, and while vehicles at present are adequate to meet the demand, the railroad to Tonopah is not. A railroad man in Reno today from that portion of the country divulged a serious state of affairs that has not heretofore been made public. Many cars of perishable goods destined for the new camps have been emptied by the side of the track. The railroad has refused to carry certain kinds of perishable merchandise any more. Fruit shipments have entirely ceased.

There are over 150 cars of freight bound for Tonopah on the sidetracks at the town of Sparks, three miles east of Reno, and the railroad officials are unable to state when they will be moved. More than 800 cars are sidetracked between Reno and Tonopah, all of which are heavily loaded with supplies for Tonopah and Goldfield. Merchants, hotel men and mining men are besieging the railroad company daily for their consignments, but the company is powerless. Officials are working diligently, but the capacity is not equal to the demand, and will possibly not be made so until next spring. In the meantime people are coming from everywhere, and the stories in the newspapers are increasing the rush of the goldseekers. They all say that more are coming.

Only a few shacks and tents are

now to be had at Goldfield for shelter. People are packed into these and in dirt houses like sardines. Men pay seventy-five cents to \$1.50 to sleep in a cot alongside a dozen other men in the same room or tent, and meals average seventy-five cents to \$1.50 apiece. The supply of provisions is kept short by the increased demand, and should the storms of winter blockade the railroad into Tonopah, the results would be appalling.

The altitude of Tonopah is 6,300 feet, and this fact alone should be sufficient to convince strangers that it is no place to winter unless they are prepared, financially and otherwise.

There is no sewerage at Goldfield, and persons returning from there say that there is a stench constantly rising in the camp, that must sooner or later cause disease. There is no hospital or building in which the sick could be cared for, and the conservative element regard the conditions now existing with alarm.

LOOKING FOR GOLD IN DEATH VALLEY

A story of hardship and danger and ultimate success in quest of the pot of gold that lies at the foot of the rainbow of the desert prospector's hopes, is that told by Jimmy Wilder, an old-time Nevada hunter of the yellow metal. Wilder has just completed a four-months prospecting trip through Death Valley—a trip in which he got close to the border land of eternity, but which was not unrewarded, as he located four mining claims about one hundred and twenty miles northerly of the Salt Lake railroad route. From these claims samples of ore, said to run \$2,000 per ton, were obtained. It is asserted that the ledge from which this ore was taken is two feet wide, says the Los Angeles Examiner.

Wilder lost his horse on the trip, and was compelled to punch his pack burro over one hundred miles, ankle deep in sand, over sharp volcanic rocks, and under a blazing sun, on short rations of water. The skin was peeled from his face, neck and hands, and he claims to have lost about forty pounds on the trip. He states that Duke Morton, another well known prospector, who left Caliente in May, seventy-five miles into Death Valley, and that Morton has located two claims showing three foot veins of gold ore on the apex of the mountain, and that he will bring in about one

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hundred pounds of ore, which will go into thousands of dollars per ton. Two Indians, who guided Morton to the claims, told Morton that fifty miles northwest from the latter was a cavern in what they called "black rock," where chunks of gold had been found by two white men years ago, and that their fathers had killed the prospectors and sold their gold at Salt Lake for several hundred dollars. The Indians would not guide the prospectors to the cavern, which they said was guarded by the spirits of the murdered men.

Wilder states that in his opinion, Death Valley is a veritable treasure land, which, when opened up by railroads, will enrich the country millions of dollars. There have been reports brought into Caliente at intervals by Indians for years, and in every instance they come from the direction of Death Valley.

Another tale of discovered desert wealth, intertwined with details of suffering and tragedy, is cited by Martin Ryner and Nelson Standish, who have located gold and aluminum deposits in Death Valley, about one hundred miles from the route of the Salt Lake railway. The exact location of the find is, of course, not divulged, but that it must be important is indicated by samples which show chunks of gold as large as kernels of wheat all through the ore. The discovery is said to consist of a five-foot ledge of free milling ore, and the only obstacle in the way of its exploitation, say the discoverers, is the apparent remoteness from water. Messrs. Ryner and Standish had a serious time on the desert and well nigh perished from thirst. They were two days absolutely without water, under a blazing August sun, on account of their burros tipping over their water barrel at night. Ryner was nearly blind when they got out of the dread waste, from the effects of the sand storm which overtook them on their last day. They found the skeleton of a man on whose bones the skin and flesh had dried and baked into the resemblance of an Egyptian mummy. Three brass buttons, such as are worn by United States soldiers, were the only clues of identification, the clothing having entirely disappeared. They buried the remains near the camp, and named their claim "Dead Man's Mine," after their gruesome find.


Olive Lake Water Power.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thomsen returned from Baker City this forenoon on their way to the Red Boy. Mr. Thomsen says that his men are busy at Olive Lake sawing 100,000 feet of

logs into lumber, which will be used in the construction of the water power plant. The company is getting everything ready to start up early in the spring. If the weather permits the new power plant will be built this fall. There has been some snow during the last few days, but it is not expected bad weather will come for another month yet. He is having the remaining seven claims of the Red Boy group patented through the United States land office.



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