of course, touching the stockholder's bank roll pretty heavily, but it's a two-to-one bet that he wasn't asking for more money than the mine had formerly paid out in dividends. Yet it was reaching that point, and when he got dangerously close, a hail went up from the umpky county. The -holds got together and grounded. They hummed and hawed. They sneezed. 2. They scolded, then they employed a mining engineer and sent him into the great southwest with instructions: "Find us a mine that will pay from the grass roots and we will quit thisBonus game."

"According to reports, this mining engineer has turned the trick. At first the Pittsburgers have sent Al Geisler down there to manage their grass root mine. If there is any man on earth who can make their mine pay, that man is Al Geisler. But I'm showing in my work on the propitiation that their grassroot mine in Arizona hasn't one ten thousandth of the possibilities surrounding the Bonanza. And I'm ready to back up with money, cash, of course, my unquestioned assertion that with Al Geisler at the helm, the bonus can be made a rip-roaringinside of two months."

"Just as soon as eastern stockholders get rid of the insane idea that in western mining they can assume the principles of the New England covenants and make something out of nothing, just that soon will the mining industry leap to that, which, under Al Geisler's management and every man in eastern Oregon interested in it, will be accomplished."

"With Hayes out of the way, the profit-taking Pittsburgers began to work their profits--I don't think. It is true that for a considerable period the mill pounded out the usual quota of gold bars, which were promptly shipped up by the easterners, but the inevitable happened when once again the ore reserves beame exhausted through a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy of neglecting development work ahead of the mill's capacity, and another shot in the arm was needed. More internal trouble followed, the manager was called upon the carpet, but he read the riot act to the Pittsburgers and demanded absolutely and flatly demanded that he be given free hand to work the Bonanza as it should be opened up. The manager just simply holstered the red flag of rebellion and told the board of directors, in polite language, of course, that they were a set of blanked boils, and that their motion in keeping the treasury always empty and limiting the amount of the mill to a certain expenditure, was simply ruining one of the biggest mines in the west, as well as utterly shattering the reputation of the manager among the eastern Oregon mining men, but not with the demoralized name of the Bonanza company."

"Oh, but that little manager made the Pittsburgers a speech that 'em set up and took notice. He said a few words into 'em that roused up the directors passing a resolution empowering the manager to do as he pleased and paid and called the company for funds, if any were needed.

"The manager immediately bought a deep sinking plant, sunk a shaft to the 1200 foot level, crossed to the mill and turned it over to the stockholders, when he could, and was headed directly toward the goal of balancing the books, which was to make the Bonanza what it was under the old Geisler régime--a bonanza in fact. He was,