

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.

## THE PROSPECTOR'S LIFE.

A Happy New Year to you, old faithful prospectors! May you live to enjoy the fruits of your labor—and reap the harvest that you have anticipated and so richly deserve! May the year of Our Lord, 1894, bring to you the realization of those many dreams of wealth that you have dreamt so often while alone in your bed—that after you get that wealth you will not alone sing the song, "The Girl I left behind me," but that you will go to where you left her, give her all yourself, with your wealth; that real pancakes will take the place of your greasy flap-jacks; that chicken pie will be on your table instead of old (!), rusty bacon; that honey shall take the place of molasses, a trout the place of the old mustard sardine that the merchant had on his shelves so long; instead of fried potatoes and onions in bacon grease, may you have potatoes a la francais; coffee as only a miner can make it with real cream, instead of condensed milk with mostly chalk, as you now have it! You shall then have pudding and pie instead of the pie you so often have made on Sunday out of service-berries bought from the Indians, that you shortened with bacon grease, and rolled it out with a bottle after you wiped it on your overalls so as to make it clean! You shall then wear a suit of clothes instead of a pair of blue overalls and a woolen overshirt! You may wear a plug hat if it wont kill you! You may go to meeting with your wife if you think you can stand it. May the good God deliver you from the mining sharp, and the expert, and the man that wants to incorporate your mine! After you have sold, may you be delivered from the real estate man, and may you quit drink forever! May your walks be among the roses instead of the rattle snakes and the prickly pears! May you do good as you promised yourself, if you ever got the means to do it with, and when your prospecting on this earth shall have been finished, and you go to the great Beyond, may you not find all the ground taken up and staked. Christ said, In my Father's house there are many mansions. May He prepare one for you, and may therein be a cabinet of minerals even as fine as that of Richard McIntosh!

The prospector is the advance guard of mining. He is the discoverer of the hidden treasure. To him is due the credit of much wealth that, except for him, we would not have. He is an eccentric being, one that will accommodate himself to almost any circumstance. He is a cook, tends horses, mends his shoes, likewise his clothing; and on Sunday he cooks Sunday dinner, which consists of beans and bacon; he will wash his shirt and socks, and if he is a very orderly man will sweep up the floor, set the three-legged stools in their places, wash up the dishes and prepare rough on rats for the mountain rat—all for the coming week. It will not be amiss to give something of the prospector's life.

His life is a study and a wonder—he himself wonders what will become of him. In many instances he gets in with some man of means, who will put up a few hundred dollars for the prospector to live on while he himself lives on the fat of the land. The prospector will take a

team, some rickety old wagon, sometimes a tent, oftener none; flour, bacon, coffee, tea, with a few cans of corn, tomatoes and sardines. The prospector will give half the finds to his rich partner. This sometimes amounts to nothing; oftener a good number of good prospects are found. The prospector is poor; the able man knows it, and makes a kick about the money that he is out, with a view to freezing the prospector out. There is nothing said about how the prospector lived; how many snow and rain storms he has been out in, how many months he has been climbing the hills and mountains, sleeping on the ground, wet or dry. The hot summer's sun is not considered, the bad water that gets to tea-water heat from being packed around on his shoulder in a canteen exposed to the sun, when the thermometer marks 110 to 130. The prospector has of necessity to be an early riser to see if his horses are there or gone. He sometimes has to go back ten or twelve miles. The horse will not stay where there is no feed. Any morning he will tramp miles over the hills for his animals, when he returns and feeds grain, if he has any. Then he gets breakfast. After the bacon and coffee are disposed of, he loads what few traps there are in to the wagon with his bed and moves on. Stops at the foot of a mountain; turns the team out to grass if there is any, and take as much of what was left from breakfast. With water and a pick he proceeds to hunt for something that he never lost, but what he expects to find. He walks slowly, with his eyes on the ground, looking for float rock that contains mineral—turning over rock, breaking rock, stopping at times to look for the croppings of quartz ledges or to see the formation of the country around him. Many times he sees a good looking place way high up in the mountain, to which he climbs only to find nothing, or that some other prospector has already located and recorded it. Nothing daunted, on he goes, turning over rock until night comes on, leaving him many miles from home. Some men take pack animals, mule or pony, to pack their little all with. Others, and many, pack their stuff on their backs. These are those that go high up into the mountains and camp at a lonely spring away from any one for days and weeks. The most of the miners have a dog for company.

When the prospector is able to outfit himself or themselves, two or more go together. Then it is pleasanter. In that event one cooks, the other looks after the horses. Most of them prefer to be alone, for these reasons: if they find a mine, it will be their own; another is, that there are no two men that prospect alike. If many are together they will put in too much time in talking. There are other prospectors that will get to some lonely cabin and prospect the mountains for many miles around. There are men that have been disappointed in life—perhaps have in past days sold a mine and then went to the states, some to Europe, and spent it all. Now they prefer to be alone. Others have been disappointed in making a stake. Others still have been away from their best girl so long that she tired of waiting and married some other fellow. All of these men are cranky, as well as the rest of the human

family, on some subject or another. Among the prospectors you will find many that are educated, understand law; many that you talk to know much of history. All are well posted on politics. Many only get their mails once a week or month, but when they do get a newspaper every word is read, even to the long-winded editorials, and what "our unesteemed morning contemporary" had said. It will be some consolation for the editors to know that there are some people that have to read their effusions.

It will be well to give the readers some of these characters, commencing with J. Newton Dunyon. He is a live Yankee from Yankeetown. He started out prospecting when a mere boy, thirty odd years ago. He would work for a few months and get money enough for a grub stake, and start out again. He prospected some in California. Nevada has his foot-prints all over it, from one end to the other. He has seen every mining camp in Utah. He has heard the war woop of the Indian in Montana when a boy. The hills and dales of Wyoming have heard his melodious voice calling, "Boys, dinner is now ready!" He was a good cook from boyhood up, and ever ready to do his part in camp. He had some narrow escapes from the Indians, and has come near losing the few hairs his cranium possessed. Most of his time has been put in in the Deep Creek country, which he knows by heart. He can sit down and tell the history of the camp and every man's claim therein.

To show his indomitable energy, it is well to relate one of his trips. An Indian came in to Shell creek while he was cooking there, with a piece of lead ore which he said came from near where the C. P. railroad runs now; Newton purchased a yoke of oxen, procured the hind wheels of an old wagon, put a tongue therein, fixed a water barrel on the hounds, lashed his blankets and provisions on the axle-tree, and with a red-headed Irishman and the Indian started. It must have been a picture, the Indian leading the way, the Irishman on the off side to keep the oxen from going too much gee, Newton on the near side to keep them after the Indian. Thus they traveled without a road for many days, camping in the sage-brush when night overtook them only to find when they got to the mountain that there was no ledge to be found. Nothing daunted, back he went to work until he got another stake. Then he would launch out again and again, until he discovered some of the best mines in the west. To him more than any other man is due the gold that is being taken out at present from Gold Hill in the Deep Creek country. The privation and exposure of over a century have at last brought him a rich reward in his old days. He has many prospects in the Deep Creek country, and he will yet be called Mr. Dunyon, and his name will then be in the society column.

There is a prospector living in Nevada who is an exception to the general rule. He has lived in the same cabin for seventeen years. He is neat and clean. His cabin is swept every day. Everything is in its place and he has a place for everything. Dishes have to be washed every meal. He may let you wipe them, but he must wash them himself. I have hung the wiping cloth on the dish-cloth nail, and he never failed to move it. He has two of everything—even two cats. He will not mate him-