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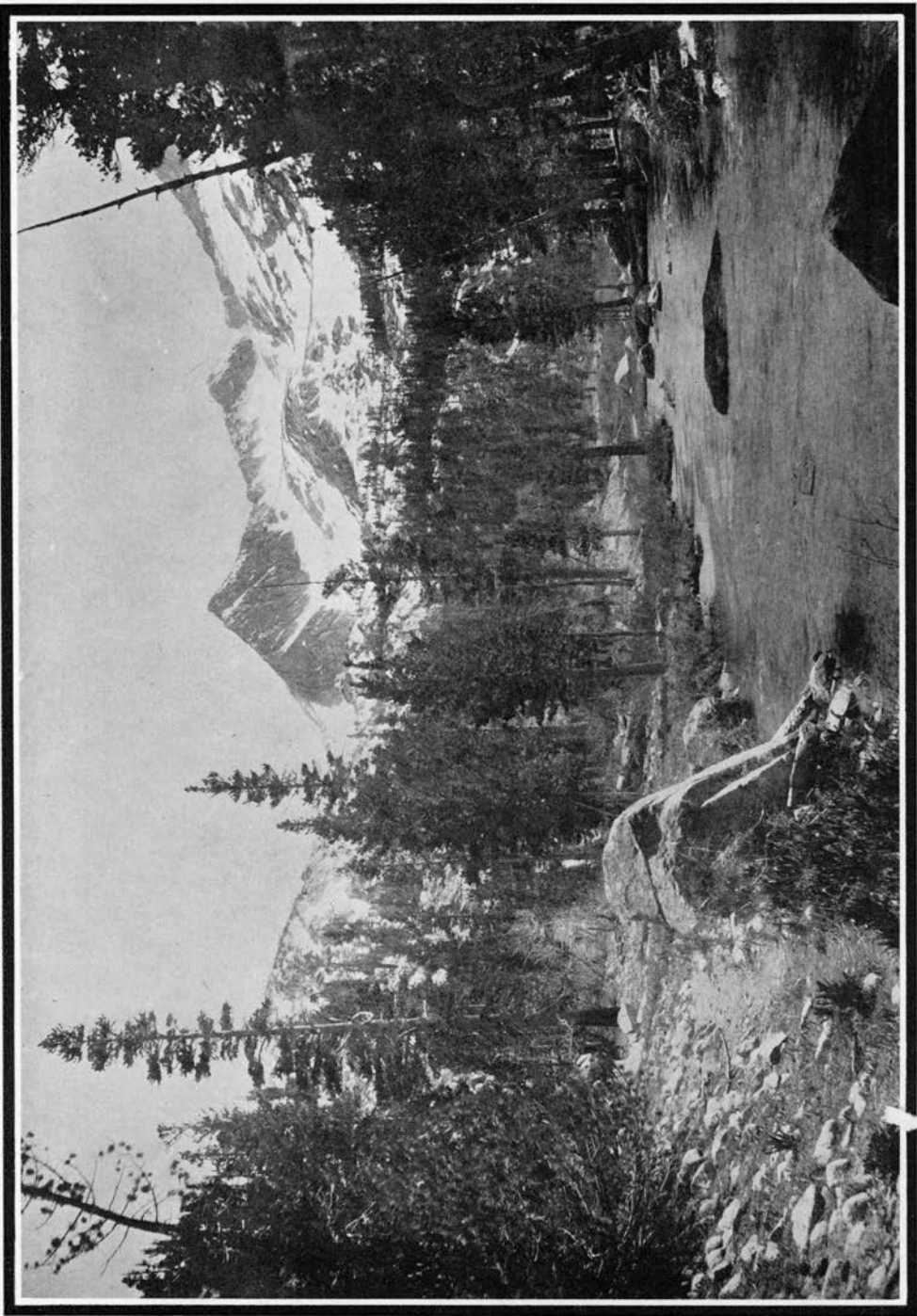
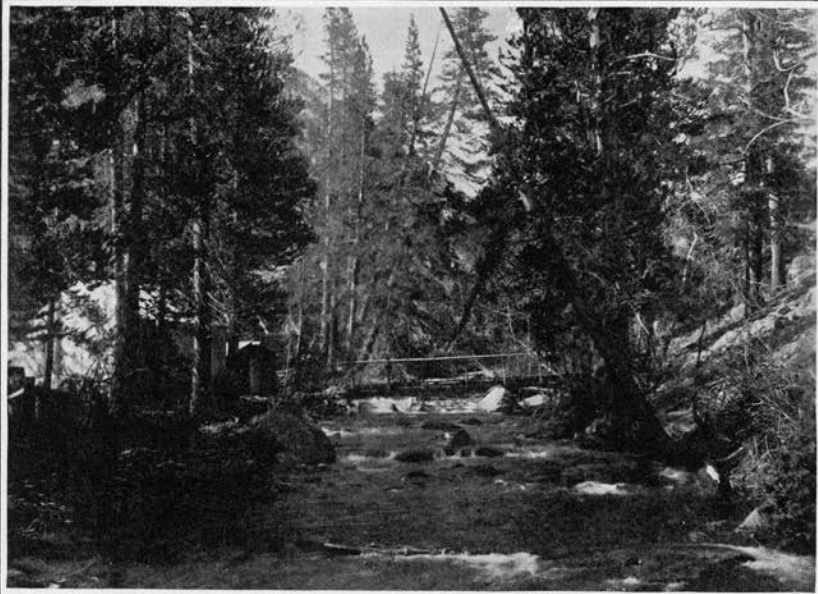


Photo by A. A. Forbes

South Lake, High Sierras, in June

Taken Specialty for Inve Magazine



A cool nook for trout, near Andrew's Camp

In The High Sierras

An hour's ride from Bishop brings one into the Sierras. From Independence, farther south, these mountains are equally accessible. The highest range of all the Sierras skirts the Owens river valley for more than one hundred and fifty miles, and this gigantic wall of granite rises cathedral-like nearly ten thousand feet directly above the fertile valley. Nowhere in America is mountain scenery more imposing. This stupendous wall is not removed from the valley by miles and miles of foothills, but the grand giants themselves have snuggled up close, and their walls rise almost vertically into the region of perpetual snow.

Although so formidable in their appearance, these high mountains are not difficult to climb. Many canyons, sheltering mountain creeks, form highways into these elevated regions which can easily be traveled by horses, vehicles, even automobiles. An excellent auto road leads directly from Bishop into the highest Sierras, up Bishop-creek canyon, past the plant of the power company which has harnessed Bishop creek, and directly to the lakes, that nestle above the snow line. South lake, Middle lake and North lake



Andrew's Camp 15 miles from Bishop. A cool place for summer days outing. Bishop Creek flows through this camp.

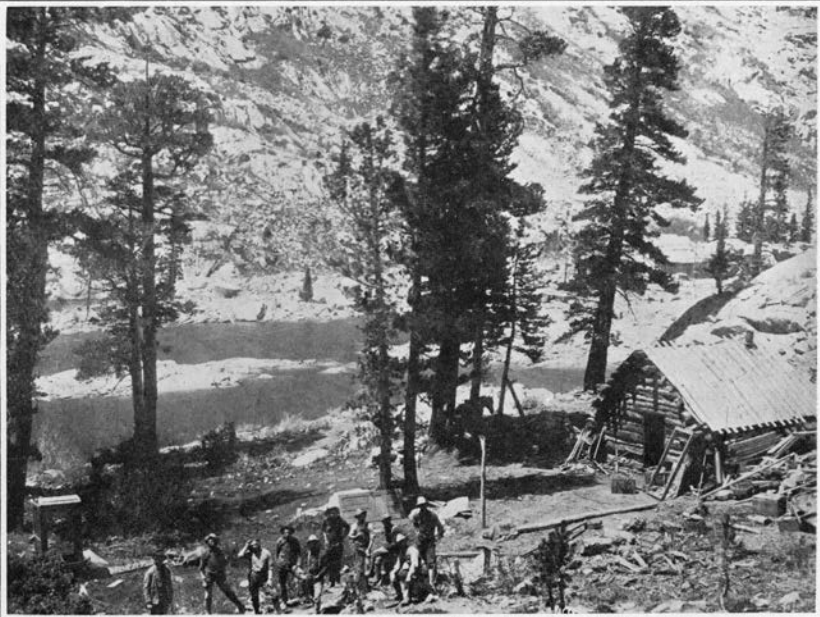
form the three sources for as many branches of Bishop creek; and there are smaller lakes, with their innumerable waterfalls, their stock of mountain trout, their fringe of aspens and pines, their picturesque boulders and icy depths.

that lure the summer tourist and the mountain camper. By horse, all of these lakes are within a day's ride from Bishop, and yet so secluded and so distant apparently are they from civilization that deer, bear and other big game have a home in the meadows that surround them.

North of Bishop creek is Rock-creek canyon, with its tumbling cataracts, its secluded camping places and its unsurpassed trout fishing. And farther north is the grand canyon of the Owens river, which has also been invaded by a power company that is now busy harnessing the turbulent energy of this terrific current. All of these creeks have an enormous power, since they fall many thousands of feet in their short passage from their sources among the high lakes to the valley below.

Mt. Tom and Mt. Humphrey, with their peaks capped in perpetual snow, lie directly west of Bishop, and stand out so prominently that they arrest the stranger's eyes and arouse his admiration first of all. Either one of the peaks is only a day's journey from the town, and yet Mr. Humphrey is one of the highest peaks of the Sierras—14,055 feet high. From its top, the ambitious tourist has an uninterrupted view of the San Joaquin valley to the west, the Owens valley to the east, the White mountains beyond this, and then Nevada, dried to a desert barrenness and corrugated with endless chains of bleak ranges.

Inyo's mountain resorts are just beginning to become generally known. Residents from Nevada mining towns have formed the habit of coming for a month's fishing, boating, camping and a breath of cold air, but many California tourist centers, such as Los Angeles and San Francisco, and eastern cities, are beginning to contribute their quota of pleasure-seekers who come to visit the high Sierras, which are most accessible from this valley.



Andrew's Camp, South Lake. These men are driving a tunnel 2000 feet through solid granite to tap the lake for an intake which will supply power to a big electric power plant miles down the canyon

Adventures in Prospecting

The Old Ghosts Return

PART II.

As the love of our ideal ever beckons us to better and nobler things and stirs our latent ambition into action, so the love of life calls early to the sleeper in the great all-out-doors. I, who had ever dreaded the coming of another day, with its trials and disappointments, was barely awakened by the call of breaking day, the clear song of birds, the splash of the hungry trout leaping for flies, the fresh kiss of the morning air, when I was wide awake and glad of it; glad to leap from my blankets and run, undressed, through the bracing air for a plunge in the creek, ice-cold, but sparkling with a new life. There was nothing of the old, effete self left within me. To rise at that hour and to brave a cold plunge in open air would have shocked, mentally as well as physically, in the enervating, nerve-destroying atmosphere of my city life; but I was reborn that night, and I emerged from my bath, laughing, feeling a new thrill of life through my sinews and a great, ardent hope within my heart. This, too, was a way to success and happiness, a way I had never dreamed of, a way I had believed impossible; a new way which I had come upon by accident that was rosy with promise, for it brought with it the strength to do things—all things. What mattered it whether I found a gold mine? What mattered it now whether I found wealth? This way—this new way that I had found—led clearly to the land of promise, the valley of contentment, the home of joy, where courage and a happy heart always smoothed away the difficulties of life.

This was living, with the freedom of birds, with thrall-dom under foot and with unfettered joy leading the way. You may imagine how eagerly I hastened to prepare my breakfast. First, I unreeled a line and fastened up a rod, and for the first time enjoyed the practice of whipping a trout stream. Of course my luck was good. In my mood it could be nothing else. Yet I would not kill needlessly; only I regretted ever so little that my pleasure at catching the speckled beauties was so brief. I caught three, and of these I permitted the two smaller ones to return to their element; and the one, a two-pounder, I should judge, I prepared for breakfast. Coffee and trout—what a contrast to my usual coffee and hot rolls, with which I had struggled

along for ever so long! Coffee and a two-pound trout fried in butter—was not that a breakfast for a man? And I was equal to the undertaking. Every morsel I relished and smacked my lips for more. Yes, more. Think of that, for one that had come to hate meals, particularly breakfasts.

While I was seated at my trout the sun put a red rim over the distant White mountains, and soon the big, garish eye, inflamed as if from a night's debauch, looked upon the sleeping valley below me. The mists of night rolled away, and there was the outpost of that life and civilization which I had left. There were people—hundreds of them, no doubt—still sleeping, as I would be sleeping were I back there, and awakening soon with the same sinking of the heart that comes always to those that have lost the strength and courage to battle on. Why, oh why, could these not do as I was doing, and with one bound regain that primal energy with which nature intended man, the master of all things, to be endowed for the successful consummation of his work? So, I sat for a long time, calmly smoking my pipe and reflecting seriously upon the lot of the fortunate and the unfortunate of my brothers.

"It is a strange world, where every man must seek his own salvation in his own way," I said, and the mood came to me to be up and on, for I, too, had to seek, and as yet had only made the first step. My second was to begin with the finding of Browney.

Browney—ah, well—he was an excellent burro, and like an excellent burro, he had all the habits of a burro. The most notable one was for concealment when I wanted him. He reminded me that morning and many a morning thereafter of all the stories I had heard about prospectors and their burros. One of these particularly forced itself upon me. It had seemed exaggerated when I first heard it, as so many stories are. This prospector had been out with burros for twenty years. He vowed he had prospected for only four years, however, and the remaining sixteen he had devoted to searching for his burros. I found Browney after a two-hours' search, and the hiding place which he had selected was not over fifty yards from my camp. He must have amused himself all morning in noting first my enthusiasm and then my annoyance when I failed to find him.

The canyon which Browney and I followed upwards was cut deep between vertical walls of gray stone, which I later learned was solid granite. I thought to myself that I ought, no doubt, to search over these huge walls for the riches which I had come to find, but there was something repulsive and forbidding in those barren crags and monstrous rocks which froze my desire for gold, and while I stopped again and

again to contemplate these declivities, I could not persuade myself to make the needed effort.

Instead, I preferred to wander close to the noisy creek, which tumbled over a thousand boulders in its eager haste to reach the valley below. Here was more pleasant food for meditation. This river, flowing strongly and surely over so many obstacles, seemed to me an energetic god that was bent on the performance of some great duty; and so, indeed, it was, for the sparkling current gave with a lavishness that must make the greatest philanthropist stop his boasts with wilted pride. Here now was a great power-plant which drew its creative force from this humble stream, and lower down were numerous ranches that spread their wide fields for the river to water, and reaped each year from the god of the mountains a bountiful harvest. Here were a hundred happy homes made possible by this bubbling stream, and just as this mountain torrent gave, or gave not, so the measure of the happiness of all these people rose or fell.

The trail we had been following was wide enough for vehicles to pass over, and endless, as it seemed, for we climbed and climbed, and excepting that we rose up and up ever so rapidly, I could not determine that we were making any appreciable headway to reach the top and end of our canyon. Soon we came upon a gang of men who were repairing this trail, so that heavy loads could be hauled over it. A part of the gang were busy with a wagon, gathering sagebrush, while others, armed with shovels and picks, were digging and leveling and placing the sagebrush upon the loose dirt, where the great wheels of the freight wagons would crush it into the ground. It was very warm, and the men worked listlessly, with the painful, toilsome speed which men in gangs of this sort ever seem to have. These were slaves of toil, such as I had seen hundreds of times laboring upon the streets in our cities, and from their complexions and appearance I took them to be foreigners, possibly Italians, or Portuguese, or Greeks. They paid little heed to me as I passed, simply noting Browney and his pack, and no doubt, seeing that we were prospectors, thought our destination little worth while.

Although it was then about high noon, I had seen the tops of a clump of pine trees showing above a turn in the road, and I decided to travel as far as these before stopping for lunch. In time we came to where these trees—great giants they were, too—stood in the very midst of a cosy meadow, and just by the side of the creek; but, to my surprise, I found that someone had already pre-empted this snug spot, and had set up several ragged tents under

these pines. Now here was so ideal a place for a beautiful mountain home that one would think to find it the home of a poet, or some rich man who wanted this beauty spot all to himself and his family. Instead, I was shocked to find the whole place in a most deplorable state of shiftlessness. The tents were old and torn; rubbish and all manner of indescribable debris were scattered about the yard, and a very dirty little child in blue overalls and a red shirtwaist was rolling about in the dust with a mangy puppy.

As we approached, a woman, the very kind one would expect to find in the backyard of a dirty tenement district in a large city, came to the door of the tent and stared at me until I lifted my hat. There was a crude sign nailed to one of the large trees in front of the tent which stated that meals could be had for fifty cents at this place. The yard showed plainly that freighters had used it frequently to rest and feed their horses, and it was an evident conclusion that these people here—for I doubted not, if I had searched through those tents, to have found a lazy husband smoking, and possibly paring potatoes—were the hosts, and eked out a scanty subsistence from the traffic at their unsightly hostelry. This sordidness so weighed upon me that I hastened Browney into as lively a gait as I could, and all that day tried ever so hard to remove this unpleasant picture from my mind.

Late in the day we came into a grove of aspens, decked in their soft, velvet green; and a meadow extended for more than a mile up the creek. Some distance back, the creek had branched, and I had followed the right arm, which seemed to lead straight on to the highest peaks, lying snow-capped in their solemn grandeur many miles farther on. But here was an ideal place to camp—good grass, good shade, good fishing, and, no doubt, good prospecting; for many lower peaks—mere crags, compared to those distant giants—stood just above me on both sides, exposing great slopes of rubble that were ribbed through and through with rocky ledges of many fantastic colors and designs.

That night after supper I fell into an old, familiar mood; one that I had hoped I had left well behind me, but it came with the insistence of a pestilence.

“It must be the fatigue,” I argued, “or those men at work, or else that sordid roadhouse with its contents of human woe.” That contentment of the night before was entirely absent, and whatever the cause, the ghosts of a morbid sentiment came trooping like a lively caravan into my mind. I turned over to listen to the merry gurgle of the creek, but the mental pests came sauntering up from that side, too.

A laugh—Her laugh—came hauntingly intermingled with the music of the creek, turning the merry gurgle into a babble of ghostly voices. A night bird took up the sound, making of the myriad voices a weird plaint almost articulate: "All wrong! All wrong!"

All the thousand noises of the night seemed to gather in a great chorus to usher in the hosts of my tormenters. Here and there among the trees, a bird, disturbed in its sleep as if by an evil dream, twitted mournfully. A coyote, the evil spirit of the mountains, howled its protest from a distant peak. A rabbit squealed in fright at the sound, and sought its burrow with a scurry of flying leaves. An owl hooted dismally; and through it all, the creek, with the soothing melody of its twilight song hushed, whimpered over the cold stones in the darkness.

With the night voices, trooped back the phantoms which had driven me from the city, and which I had thought on the night before had been left behind in the dust and clatter of the busy streets. "All wrong! All wrong!" came the voice of the night bird again, and with it the hosts about me laughed and gibbered, and told me of the futility of my attempt to escape them. The first night of my liberty seemed a thousand years ago. Nothing could release me again. Nothing could—nothing! And the evil dreams of the twilight changed to the dreams of sleep.

"It was the morning and evening of the second day."



The Salt Marsh in Saline Valley

Saline valley, lying parallel to Death valley, as low in altitude and almost as forbidding in character, is as fittingly named as are the Chalk mountains of England. Saline valley is what its name implies. It is a valley of salt. The name was not the result of a mere salt spring, or a salt river, such as occur in Death valley, for Saline valley is salt—a huge salt marsh which in places has been covered over by sand, and when the sand is removed a pure article of the highest grade sodium is obtained without work or effort. The salt harvesters, as seen in the photograph, simply scrape tons and tons of salt in heaps and haul it away by the wagon-load.

This salt marsh in Saline valley is one of the odd freaks of this section of California, just as the borax marshes are freaks of Death valley, and the niter beds of the Amargosa. A good many years ago a farmer living in the Owens river valley located a large area of this salt marsh. He took in teams and scrapers and removed the sand from several square miles of the solid rock bottom. The floor of his salt farm was smooth and hard, like glass, but the rock was all salt, a solid mass of sodium of an unknown depth. That was about all the farmer had to do to get his salt. For certain periods of the year water covers this marsh, and the fine salt oozes up through the rock-salt bottom of the marsh. In the course of a few weeks the fine deposit of salt grows to a depth of three or four inches. Then the harvesters scrape it into heaps, from which the water dries out, leaving soft piles of pure table salt.

Mr. Smith, who first worked this salt farm, brought the product into Owens valley by the wagon-load and sold it to the housewives, who used it for table purposes and for making butter. When the wives of this valley discovered of what excellent quality this salt was—a better quality than they had been able to buy in San Francisco—they used Mr. Smith's salt exclusively, and were glad to pay as much for it as they paid for the imported article. Smith obtained a handsome revenue from his salt farm, although the trip by wagon into Saline valley from Owens valley was a difficult one, and to make expenses for bringing out the salt, he had to charge \$20 per ton.

Chemical analysis of this salt, which oozes continually from the rock bottom of the marsh whenever water covers

it, has shown it to be 98 per cent pure sodium, a grade of salt so fine and high as to be equaled only by the Liverpool product, which forms the standard for high-grade dairy salt.

Because of its almost inaccessible location, however, this salt marsh has never paid its owners. It cannot be operated on a large scale, for the charges of transportation alone make a wide sale of this Saline-valley salt impractical. But surveys are now being run for an aerial tramway from Keeler, which is on the railroad, to the salt marsh, and if this method of transportation is feasible, the cost of conveying it from the valley to the railroad will be reduced from \$20 per ton to \$4. The difference would enable the owners of the salt farm to derive a handsome profit from their salt harvest, and with the supply unlimited, this farm may soon prove immensely valuable.



The Salt Marsh in Saline Valley. Harvesting Pure Table Salt

Teha

Teha, the ancient Pah Ute Squaw

A little over a year ago Inyo county lost its oldest resident. Teha, the Pah Ute squaw, was born in Inyo county so long ago, so very long ago, that she had forgotten long since to keep count of the moons that had passed, or even the seasons. She had outlived, not only all her own people, but her children and the entire generation of Pah Utes that followed her. And now the third generation, that began when she was three score or more, has grown into



A Pah Ute Wigwag, such as Teha inhabited for 125 years.



Teha, aged Piute, who died at 125 years of age. She is supposed to have lived when Washington crossed the Delaware.

crabbed old age, and nearly all have been buried long since, for the fourth, and the fifth and the sixth, and even the seventh generation has come to stand at the door of Teha's wickiup, near Lone Pine, in the Owens valley of Inyo.

There are some chronicles extant among the Pah Utes which have it that Teha was a little girl when Washington, George Washington, was crossing the Delaware. She was old enough to take a keen delight in catching grasshoppers and chuck-wallas and rattlesnakes, all exquisite dainties for Pah Ute children of those days. The most authentic estimate of Teha's age when she died, over a year ago, is 125 years. This age is positively known, but she herself believed she was 140 years old.

As far back as the oldest living Pah Ute can remember, Teha was just as well along in years as she appeared at the time of her death, and that itself is a good many years, for Teha's grandchildren are now old people, and her great-grandchildren have passed the prime of their life. Just how the Pah Utes have been able to discover her age cannot be ascertained. The tribe in this valley has only one opinion on the subject, however, and that opinion must be very close to the truth. The various big chiefs of the tribe, which Teha has known, have no doubt formed the best basis for calculating her years.

Up to the time of her death Teha was able to attend to her own wants. Like the aborigines of her youth, she continued to live on the crude, raw diet of roots, grasshoppers and pine nuts. She never ate meats of any game variety to the knowledge of those Indians who knew her. Her occupation was basket-weaving, at which she was an adept. Her death was the cause of great sorrow among her people.



Teha and her youngest granddaughter at their home, Lone Pine, Inyo County.

The Golden Fleece

Edited by M. T. STOVALL

PART II.

Estimate the yard of gold at \$105,000,000, which it is in round numbers; and all the gold in the world might, if melted into ingots, be contained in a cellar twenty-four feet square and sixteen feet high. All the boasted wealth already obtained from California and Australia would go into an iron safe nine feet square and nine feet high—so small is the cube of yellow metal that has set populations on the march, and roused the whole world to wonder.

THE YELLOW GOD: That's gold. Some have called it a fetich, a mystic spell—a deity, almost. It is all these and more. Some have called it the God of Mammon, perhaps. Greed has many gods, and gold may be one of them. But the Yellow God—that's gold, and the world worships at its shrine. Let us see why this should be.

Ingersoll once said: "I saw not long ago a piece of gold bearing the stamp of the Roman Empire. The Empire is dust, and over it has been thrown the mantle of oblivion; but that piece of gold is as good as though Julius Caesar were still riding at the head of the Roman legions."

Gold not only claims immortality, but so far has more and better proof of its immortality than can be shown of anything else. Humanity for good or ill has bound itself to gold.

The specific gravity of gold is so great that a piece of it, say a twenty-dollar piece, if thrown upon the ground will shortly sink out of sight. In a comparatively short time it will sink to a depth of several feet. Experiments have proven this, and this odd fact may account for the numerous disappointments of treasure seekers who dig and dig in vain. No doubt, if the buried gold was not too well encased, it has long since found its way through rotten wood and gone deep into the earth.

WHAT IS GOLD? Merely a yellow metal valued at \$20 an ounce? No. Its magic could not be explained by that. The first heathen ancestor of mankind who found the shining nuggets among the sands of the rivers saw no material value in it. But he found a sentimental value that was most potent. The witchery of gold began before its value was measured by ounces or dollars, and this charm has never been broken. Twenty dollars an ounce explains merely the material value of gold. That is the commercial side

of its soul. What, then, is this other side, this magic side, this uncanny power, this potent spell that it has thrown upon the whole world, this monstrous force for evil and for good, this devilish sorcery that holds men in its grasp for life and death, makes and unmakes nations, peoples continents in a day and depopulates them in an hour; whence emanates this mystic spell, this god-like attribute?

“Write the history of gold and you will come close to writing the history of mankind,” says one writer—and he is right. Destroy the magic of gold and you remove the greatest human motive, paralyze ambition, rob the world of its passions and leave merely a listless throng of people that would quickly revert to the child-like character of the first man. What, then, is this Gold that holds the destiny of mankind within its grasp? Is it a Yellow God? Is it a fetich? Is it a mystic spell, a deity disguised within its dull yellow cloak of witchery? Tell me what gold is and I will read you the riddle of mankind.

We read of a gold rush into the heart of Africa’s jungles, and we say breathlessly, “The lure o’ gold.” We hear of a gold rush into the frozen regions of the Arctic zone, and we say, “The lure o’ gold.” It was the lure o’ gold that peopled California, that made an empire of Australia, that discovered America, that changed and constantly rechanged the boundary lines of the nations of Europe. China, that slumbering infant a thousand centuries old, will be permitted to slumber just so long as no one finds gold there. Then look out. The cry of gold in the heart of China would set that Empire topsy-turvy in a day, just as the call of gold drove armies across the Appenines, led Xerxes across the Hellespont and Scipio into Africa. Wherever the gold-sprite sings, man will hasten to her call, and if he cannot go in peace he will march in martial array.

Men worship a god, but they covet gold. Men love, and for their love will sigh and languish, but they’ll fight for gold and they’ll die for gold. Men murder on impulse. Give them gold, let them hear the fantastic song of the gold-sprite and they will brave starvation and die a horrible death from thirst. The deserts of Nevada were feared and held in horror until the cry of gold came from Tonopah; and in a twinkling, it seemed, a harness of railroads and automobile roads, of cities and commercial enterprises, was placed upon this terrible creature. The Great American desert was made so tame in a day that even a child can find his way across where a few years ago the bravest pioneer feared to wander. It was gold that did it.

Gold became the basis for the world’s commerce and currency because it was gold, not because such a basis was

needed. Other metals would have answered the purpose quite as well—some are even rarer and worth more money, worth much more than their weight in gold; yet no one thinks of these things, nor do very many care. The charm of gold is lacking, the magic of gold is not present. The yellow gold is a God, a wielder of some secret power to which mankind ever has stooped and ever will stoop, and it seems to make little difference whether the spell is exercised over high or low, rich or poor, statesman or Hottentot—they all stoop before their idol, and listen to its call.

How Gold Became Yellow

The Story of the Gold-Sprite.

Gold is yellow, my dear, because it is gold. Why else? And if it were not yellow, pray what color would it be, and still be gold? Don't you see, yours is a very foolish question? But I shall tell you a story, my dear; one that I learned one day from a very curious old gentleman whom I met in the high mountains. This curious old gentleman—a little, grizzled old sort of a man he was, with squinty eyes, a long, white beard and a very funny cap—told me a strange story about gold—how it came to be yellow, and why it is so very hard to find—and this is the story, my dear, just as this curious sort of a man told it to me.

There were once three sisters, who were norns, and who were very beautiful, although they were not a bit alike, for one had yellow hair that was like the sunshine, so golden-rich, which covered her from head to foot; and she had a wonderful song which she sang by day and by night—a strange song with a melody that made the heart ache and the tears come, and was as plaintive as the song of a weeping soul. Her song would draw men to her, for no one who heard this melody could resist it. But this beautiful norn was a wicked creature, who sang simply to decoy men to their death. She seated herself always upon a high cliff, just over a raging river, where men from below could see her and could hear her song, and with their ears and eyes turned only upwards would give no heed to the dangerous water. Fishermen in their frail boats would drift upon the rocks, and the whirling waters would suck them down while

they listened to this golden-haired woman that sang to them her death song from above. There she sat, always combing her hair with a comb that was just as bright, and singing this melody which broke men's hearts.

The second one of the sisters was a spritely elf, who haunted the forests and the valleys and the rivers. She wandered gaily over the mountains and the great seas, and always she whispered into the ears of the wind, who was her playmate and her sweetheart, too. She must have told the most beautiful stories to her sweetheart, for the wind carried them away into distant lands, these wonderful stories, where men could hear them and could hear the voice of this happy norn, just as the wind, her sweetheart, had heard them; and the men who heard these stories would go in search of her whose voice was in the wind. They called her an oread, this happy norn who lived in the forests and the mountains, and everywhere men were seeking for her, wandering through forests, over mountains, through valleys and over rivers. Everywhere they heard her call forever and forever, and everywhere they searched, but the wind was her sweetheart and no man could find her—she of the beautiful stories and the wonderful voice.

Now the third sister was a lovely little creature, who was far too busy to care at all about her appearance, and she was the gold-sprite, for it was she who had all the gold in the world to take care of—and you may believe me, my dear, that this was a pretty big task for so small an elf. Her greatest trouble was with the gnomes, who were a wicked lot of little fellows that lived in mountains among the caves, who were always digging for silver and other minerals, and who wanted nothing so much as to find the gold which the gold-sprite buried each day. Gold was white in those days, just as silver is now, but it was a purer white—a transparent white, which glistened as brightly as diamonds.

All this gold, just as everything else in the world, had been made for the people who are living here now, as they were living here then, and it was for these people that the gold-sprite guarded it so carefully. Of course it would not do to let a few people find all this gold at one time, so the gold-sprite hid it each day among the sands of the rivers and the crags of the mountains, where men came in search of it. That is why she had such trouble with the gnomes. These little fellows wanted the gold to take into their dark caverns for their own delight, and they knew that the gold-sprite had it. Now the gnomes were such clever, wicked little fellows, who knew everything, and the people were such dull folks, who could find nothing, that the gold-sprite

had to be very careful indeed with her great treasure. She dared not leave the gold out at all at night, for it was then that the gnomes searched everywhere; so she took it every day just at sunset to her home on the highest mountain, where she kept it safely under lock and key, just as your father, my dear, keeps his gold safely each night under lock and key, and every morning just at sunrise, when the gnomes had to return to their caverns, she carried it out where men could find it in the sands of the rivers and the crags of the mountains.

This sort of thing might have gone on forever I suppose, just as I have told it to you, with the gold-sprite guarding her gold, and the oread whispering to the wind, and the other wicked norn with beautiful hair singing to the foolish men that listened and were betrayed to their death, and it probably would have been just so to this day, my dear, had it not been for the gnomes. But these wise, wicked little fellows thought out a clever scheme through which they hoped to get the gold-sprite's gold. One night the littlest one of them all climbed up to the top of the highest mountain where the gold-sprite lived and talked to her. Of course he could not get the gold, because that was locked up, but he had a very cunning plan all worked out. He knew first of all that he would have to get this norn to think about something else besides gold, and being a very wise gnome, which is very wise indeed, he decided to make her jealous. She was a woman, and every woman, you know, can be made jealous, so the gnome told the gold-sprite about her beautiful sister, the one with the yellow hair and the wonderful song. He told her how all the men came to her, how they were all in love with her, how beautiful she was, and all because of her golden-yellow hair.

"If you will take your gold," he said, "and spread it out in the sunshine, combing it as she combs her hair, it, too, will become a beautiful yellow, and men will see it and worship you more than they do your sister, for she only sings to them and gives them nothing."

The gold-sprite grew very jealous and believed what the gnome told her. She took her gold out into the sunshine and combed it day after day with a yellow comb, and wherever the golden beams touched it the white gold took on a yellow tinge. She was delighted to see how beautiful her gold became, and she combed it day after day until the gold was as fine as sand. When the people saw this yellow metal they all turned away from the singing of the other norn and were fascinated by this new charm, and you may believe me, my dear, this made the gold-sprite very happy. She began to sing, and—wonder of wonders!—her song was

more alluring than had been the plaintive, death-giving song of her sister. She was so very happy that she, too, began to whisper into the ears of the wind. "It is very strange, very strange," she said, very softly, and as she whispered the wind came to her, caressed her cheeks and boldly kissed her, the fickle wind, just as he caresses your cheeks and kisses you, my dear, on a summer's day. He had forsaken his other sweetheart, the oread, and came to play and to make love to the gold-sprite. But her two sisters were made so unhappy by this that they left their former home and hid themselves in the forest, and to this day have never been found again.

But I must not forget about the gnomes. These cunning little fellows were greatly pleased with the success of their scheme, and had no intention of letting this yellow gold fall into the hands of the other people. So while the gold-sprite sang and whispered to the wind, and combed her gold and made all men seek for her, the gnomes busily opened up the earth in the mountain where she sat. They opened the great earth with tunnels and permitted the fires underneath to come up with a great hiss and a huge blast. They were clever miners and blacksmiths, and a thousand other things, these gnomes, and you see they had started a volcano right under the gold-sprite which blew off the top of the mountain and scattered the fine gold all over the world. It fell in a million places—among the sands of the rivers, among the crags of the mountains; some of it dropped into the ocean, and some on great deserts, and wherever it dropped it sank deep down, for gold was very heavy, my dear, and would sink even through solid ground. Then the gnomes were very angry, for their gold had fallen everywhere—in Africa, in Asia, in Australia. It had fallen among the mountains of Mexico, into the deserts of Nevada, among the frozen rivers of Alaska and in the mountains of all America. Every river had some gold, but the gnomes had none; and neither had the gold-sprite any of this beautiful stuff. Heart-broken, as she now was, she could not find her treasure again, although she wandered everywhere seeking for it. And to this day she goes wearily from place to place, where some of this gold lies buried, singing her luring song and calling men to come dig for her. She sings now with that same wondrous tune that came from the aching melody of her other sister, and from the beautiful voice of the happy sprite that had the wind for her sweetheart and that coaxed men to wander over all the world in search of her. And just as men wandered then in search of the oread, they go now over the wide world to dig the yellow metal where the gold-sprite sings.

Inyo Mining News

Kruger

What is known as the Thompson property at Kruger, the new camp 16 miles from Keeler, consisting of 16 claims, on which considerable development work has been done by the locators, and from which some very high-grade ore has been shipped, has been bonded to A. E. Stevenson, a San Francisco operator, for \$150,000. The property is owned by Thompson and Briggs, and is considered the best property in this camp.

Stevenson controls considerable money, and has announced that he will open up the property rapidly with a force of miners to determine the extent and value of the ore bodies. The deal was consummated by Thomas Parker and M. T. Stovall of Bishop.

Strike at Excelsior

The newest of all strikes in Inyo county has been made at Excelsior, in the Coso range east and south of Keeler, and some very rich ore has been brought up, showing free gold in alluring quantity. Prospectors are flocking into the district and locating all the good claims adjoining the main strike.

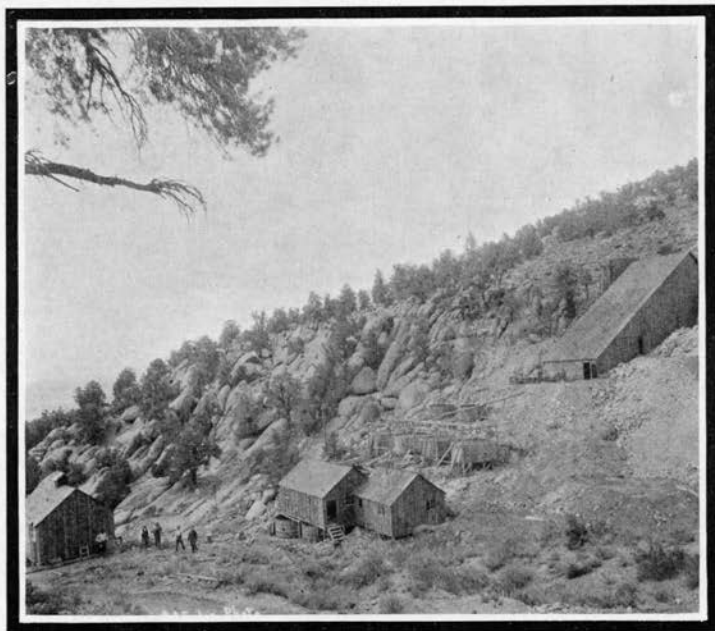
Marble Canyon Mine

In Marble canyon, just opposite the Black canyon, in the White mountains, the Empire Silver claims, owned by Ellis of San Francisco and C. G. Bishop, are proving up some extensive ore deposits of excellent quality and values. The owners are sinking a shaft on one of the veins, and it is their intention to cross-cut the various veins of the property at a depth of 250 feet.

This property consists of seven claims, located three-quarters of a mile from the intersection of Marble and Black canyons, and is in the midst of an extensively mineralized area which contains much gold, silver and lead. Surface development on the Empire claims has proven up good values in silver and lead, and has convinced the owners that each claim will warrant development at depth. The most extensive work, and all present operations, are confined to claim 3, on which an oxidized quartz vein 6 feet wide outcrops for a distance of 75 feet, carrying gold, silver and lead. Two three-foot oxidized ledges carrying good values outcrop for a distance of 100 feet, and many smaller veins are outcropping on this claim. Assays as high as \$125 have been obtained from all of these croppings. The main feature of this vein is a large fracture of the lime rock, which occurs between two of the large ledges, and this lime fracture is intersected with veins of rich ore, indicating that it covers a large and rich deposit. The owners are at work themselves developing their ground.

Piute Canyon

The True Fissure Mining Company, owned entirely by Bishop men, is operating in Piute canyon, which lies just



Casa Diablo Mine and Mill Where Gold Bullion is Being Turned Out

between Inyo and Mono counties, in the White mountains. This company has 9 claims located two and one-half miles from the Southern Belle Mines Company, on which gold, silver and lead are found. The ore is rich in both lead carbonates and chloride of lead. The officers of this company are: Geo. W. Leidy president; A. R. Shirley, secretary; Will L. Smith, treasurer; M. T. Stovall, W. W. Waterson, Will L. Smith, Geo. W. Leidy, J. A. Leidy, A. A. Van Fleet and Louis L. Leidy, directors. It is incorporated for 1,000,000 shares at one dollar par. The company has been working the property, and will continue the operations until some very extensive development work has been done.

Greenwater

Good reports continue to come from Greenwater, the land of copper, where sulphides were recently encountered at a depth of 1,000 feet in Queen shaft No. 2 of the Greenwater Death Valley mine. Frank Weaver, recently returning from there, where he located many good claims, gives the information that the cross-cut has been started at the 1,000-foot level in this shaft, and is being driven straight toward the vein. The company announces its intention of cutting to the vein, and if commercial copper of a good and paying grade is not encountered there, it will sink another 1,000 feet to demonstrate that the mine has a large body of copper ore. There is nearly a million-dollar treasury which this company has to spend on development work. The superintendent believes, however, that the extra sinking will be unnecessary, and that ore will be found at the present level.

The Furnace Creek Copper Company, some three miles south of the Greenwater Death Valley mine, is down nearly a thousand feet, and will cross-cut to the vein at that level.

Rhodes Spring, in the Greenwater district, is being heard from again, although this district has never been boomed by anyone. W. A. Harst, returning from there recently, stated that he and his associates are working actively on the Revolutionist group. He had a sack full of samples of the ore, which showed good values.

Skidoo

Skidoo has been developing its mines very quietly for a year, although little outside capital has come into the camp since the money depression commenced last year. The Skidoo Mine Company's mill has been completed, and is treating about 35 tons of ore daily, but is not large enough to handle even all the ore which this mine is producing.

The cyaniding plant was started on the first of July, and is treating the slimes and extracting the values satisfactorily. The ore is said to average about \$100 per ton, and there is a large block of it in sight.

The Shackett lease on the Skidoo Company's ground has struck a rich streak of ore between 3 and 4 feet wide at the 40-foot level. This ore averages about \$100 per ton, although rich stringers go as high as \$500 and \$600 per ton.

In Scotty's Mysterious Land

From Wingate Pass, in the lower end of Inyo county, comes the news that "Shorty" Harris, a prospector of considerable desert fame, and one of the original locators of the Bullfrog district, has located a rich gold property in what is known as the Hidden Spring district. While details of the exact conditions and location of this new strike are lacking, it is nevertheless an important bit of news.

The Wingate Pass section will be remembered as the theater of the famous Scott ambush of several years ago, in which Death Valley Scotty's brother was seriously wounded by bullets from the unknown and mysterious assailants of the Scott party. Also last year was printed once a news item, which was well authenticated, to the effect that Walter Scott, the mystery of Death valley, had four claims located in the Hidden mountain, near Hidden Spring, which he called the "Robbers' Roost" claims.

Now "Shorty" Harris is an old crony of Death Valley Scotty, who has accompanied him on many of his mysterious excursions into the regions of Death valley, and that is as far as we can say these matters are related. The strike reported as made by Harris is ten miles east of Wingate Pass. Prospectors of that region are flocking into this territory. It can be reached by way of Keeler, going south toward Darwin, or by way of Daggett, Panamint or Rhyolite and Greenwater. The uninitiated prospector is warned, however, about venturing into this country at this time, since water is scarce and the springs hard to find.



What the Nevada Mining Camps Are Doing

Tonopah

Most important of all mining news, from the stock buyers' and stock sellers' point of view, is the announcement by the Tonopah Mining Company of the resumption of quarterly dividends. The first dividend has been declared, and will be paid on July 21. Twenty-five per cent dividends are not startlingly large for a mine, but the total sums up to a snug figure, 25 cents per share amounting to \$250,000 in cash, which will be distributed by the company at one payment.

Following up this excellent report is the statement from the company that they could pay more, but are purposely conservative, holding back \$400,000 surplus in the treasury. The dividends are to be paid every three months from now on, and later ones may be larger than this first one. On the first of January of this year the Tonopah company was \$800,000 in debt, which has all been paid.

The company has broken all previous records in its development work, having broken 187 feet of new ground in one week. This mine undoubtedly will continue to hold its premier position as a silver producer.

The Belmont mine is working north of the Mizpah fault, on the 700 and 1,000-foot levels. Stringers of ore carrying good values have been constantly cut during this work.

The Montana-Tonopah is doing a great deal of new development work, and in one week has broken 103 feet of new ground.

The West End Consolidated has reached the 400-foot level, and is continually coming into richer ore.

The MacNamara is shipping ore at the rate of 150 tons per week, and has just opened up a large tonnage of new ore.

The Tonopah Extension and the Midway are engaged in development work on an extensive scale.

Goldfield

Goldfield is reviving from the recent panic among mining camps with a speed which is remindful of its early boom. Being the largest of all the camps, naturally there is more to be revived in Goldfield than other mining centers, and a new dollar here is less effective than it might be elsewhere. Consequently when the Florence announced a quarterly dividend the other day of \$150,000, which is just 10 cents per share, less noise was made about it than is usually the

case when a similar amount is distributed to mining stockholders. This dividend becomes payable on July 15.

The lowest weekly output of this camp for some time was for the week ending June 27, when 2,060 tons were shipped, which possessed a value of \$148,315.

Leasers are going to work on many of the best properties, which means that the camp will again give the poor man a chance to make a fortune. The Kewanas has been thrown open to leasers, and others of the big properties have intimated a similar intention. Many good leases are already in operation.

Rawhide

Rawhide is proving its title as the "Camp of Gold Nerve." Unable, despite its excellent gold showings and clever advertising, to induce a sufficient amount of outside money to come in for proper development, the camp has gone to work in earnest to prove up its worth and former boast as the richest gold camp in the world. When the promoters signified their defeat, the leasers took up the burden of Rawhide, and are making a gold-producer out of it very rapidly. The news from Rawhide today is practically all leasing news, and more than a score of leases are in shipping ore, some of it of high grade, and much in large ledges of superb shipping grade. The great Kearns, Truett and Miller leases are still holding their own, and many new ones are beginning to climb into the shipping rank. Placer mining is proving very popular, as well as profitable, in this camp, where large deposits of placer sand have been located.

Bullfrog

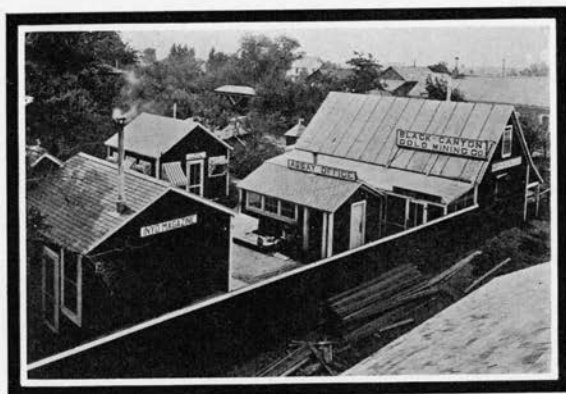
The Homestake mill has been started by the contracting firm which erected it, and is now making its demonstration run. This will consume 60 days, after which, if satisfactory, it will be turned over to the mining company that has ordered it. The mill has 25 stamps, tube mill, cyaniding plant, and complete equipment for extracting the gold from the Homestake ores. B. D. Milam of Dallas, Texas, president of the company, and A. S. Dingee, from Ft. Worth, Texas, were present when the initial run was made. Both men are directors in the company and large stockholders in the concern.

What is believed to be cinnabar ore has been found in the Burner-Sweeney lease at Telluride at a depth of 35 feet. The ore is now being tested, and if proven cinnabar, as its locators hope, the finders will probably clean up a good-sized fortune. The ore is said to go 10 per cent cinna-

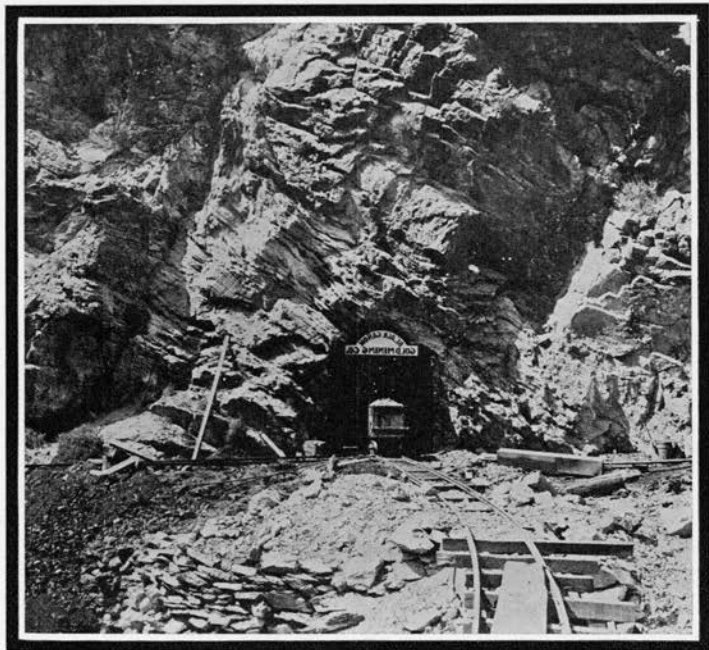
bar, which will give it a value in quicksilver of nearly \$100 per ton.

Hornsilver

Hornsilver, so near to Goldfield and so thoroughly influenced by this parent camp, is making steady progress to the front. By one of those strange freaks of mining promotions, very little Hornsilver stock is being offered through the public press to the public, and the money for the development of the mines in this camp appears to be coming either from Goldfield—the brokers there being interested in the new camp—or from the mines themselves, many of which leasers have already turned into producers. As one Hornsilver booster himself expressed it: “We are saying nothing, swinging the big pick, and quietly digging out success.”



Offices of Black Canyon Gold Mining Co. at Bishop,
Also showing offices of Invo Magazine.



Main Tunnel

The Black Canyon Mine

Some three years ago, three men, residents of Bishop, while prowling about the White Mountains, made their camp in Black Canyon, so named from a huge dyke of blue lime, which towers perpendicularly two thousand feet into the air. At the base of this huge dyke, or black mountain, they discovered a ledge of material which differed from the great mass of rock above them, and panning it, they were electrified by a fine string of yellow metal, which lay under the sediment in the pan. It was gold. They had found the Black Canyon mine.

Since the appearance of the first issue of this magazine we have had a great many inquiries concerning this property, and in order to give intelligent information on the subject, we made a

trip to the mine, and became acquainted with its history, geological characteristics and prospects for becoming a great mine.

The three men of whom we have spoken were Louis and Geo. Leidy and A. A. Van Fleet. Having located three claims, these men sold them in July, 1906, to the Black Canyon Gold Mining Company of Bishop for \$400,000, taking their pay in company stock at par value, one dollar per share. It was to purchase this property, consisting of about 60 acres, that the Black Canyon company was organized, and since its organization, eleven additional claims have been added to the estate. Its incorporation was effected under Arizona laws July second, 1906; capital fixed at \$1,000,000, with one million shares. Four hundred thousand shares were paid over to the locators; three hundred thousand were made treasury stock, and the remaining three hundred thousand were voted for promotion.

The first officers of the company were: A. S. Kilpatrick, president; Walter Smith, vice-president, and M. T. Stovall, secretary and treasurer, all being of Bishop. Immediately upon taking possession of the property, the company commenced an exploitation of its holdings to determine possible values.

A development tunnel was started into the mountain on which the claims were located, and at a point down in the canyon where the values had been discovered.

The outcroppings here showed values of \$9 per ton by assay. Commencing at the point designated, the tunnel was driven directly on the outcropping ledge, keeping the ore in sight as the work progressed. This primer rule for sane mining—keeping the ore in sight—has been adhered to up to the present day, and all work accomplished has been on these lines. The company has been following the ore, and to date has developed about one thousand feet of tunneling. Since this tunnel has been cut with and through the ore, there has been taken out approximately 2,000 tons of gold-carrying material, which is on a dump at the tunnel's mouth in the canyon, and this is estimated to carry 2,000 ounces of free gold, an average of \$20 to the ton. Some, who claim to know best, contend that the tonnage and values exceed these figures. The work has progressed from the day of starting. M. T. Stovall is managing director for the company, and Thomas A. Varden general manager at the property.

The geological formation of the Black Canyon is peculiar and inspiring. A huge mountain, some two thousand feet high, towers over the tunnel and above the canyon where the gold was first seen, and this huge pile of rock is composed entirely of a hard, blue lime. But the base on which this mass of blue lime rests is of a different material—a white lime, softer and honey-combed with chambers and channels which in turn are filled with a fine,



Lower camp and entrance to Black Canyon

disintegrated material that resembles a mixture of sand and pulverized dirt. It is in this pulverized material that the free gold exists. The values vary from \$9 per ton to the highest-obtained assays found within a few feet of the mouth of the tunnel, and going as high as \$500 per ton. Wherever the white lime has been torn apart during its eruption from the bowels of the earth, this soft, gold-bearing matter has been filled in, forming fissures in places only a few inches wide, widening at places to several feet, and massed occasionally in chambers, the largest of which was 22 feet high and about 12 feet wide.

If these fissures and chambers of disintegrated matter were all which the Black Canyon possessed of valuable gold material, the mine would belong to the class of which the Tintic mine in Utah is a famous example, and pay handsome dividends on the capital expended and the work done. Recently the expense of tunneling in the Black Canyon for this material has been about half as much as the value of the gold taken out, which is very profitable when a large force of men is employed. But expert mining men and geologists recognize in this peculiar formation a favorite lead to a great treasure. Whence did this soft material come, and how did it come to fill in the large pores in this white lime? In answering this question they read the secret of Black Canyon. Gold comes from below, and when distributed through the gold-bearing strata, ages and ages ago, it seeped up in hot solution from bottomless depths, filling crevices and percolating through soft matter, such as talc, much as the slime waters of the sea fill up the porous sponge. The secret of Black Canyon, then, was to find the channel under this mountain through which this solution came up, and up, until it encountered the impenetrable blue lime, through which it could not go, and so was diverted and forced into the rifts and crevices of the broken and softer white lime. Geologists and expert mining men said: "Find your contact in the mountain and you will have the hidden channel, and where this hidden channel rises from below you will find the solidified

quartz which held the gold in solution when it came up under pressure of its creative heat."

This contact in the mountain was easily found, for it comes up to the very top of the highest pinnacle, two thousand feet above the canyon and the white lime, and so directly in the center of the mountain that it cuts this like a huge cleaver. The end of the present tunnel, driving straight toward the center of the mountain, is about 100 feet from this contact, and a very promising feature was encountered several weeks ago, when the arm of this tunnel was started. A small fissure, a crevice, ever so narrow, was discovered by Thomas A. Varden, mine manager. This fissure was filled with the gold silt of which we have spoken, and at one side, extending the height of the fissure, was a narrow ledge of white quartz only two or three inches wide. But the trend of both was toward the center of the mountain, and in the direction of the huge contact. Following this fissure, both ledge and fissure widened until the latter was nearly 28 inches broad, and the soft material which filled it grew richer, until the assay returns showed values of \$100 to the ton. Fissure and quartz ledge were as high as the tunnel, the top of both ending at the blue lime, the bottom extending down to unknown depths. Will these lead to the contact, and if so, will the great treasure-chamber of ore be encountered? Possibly. Everybody that pretends to know anything about gold-mining says yes. Yet, if it were a certainty—well, our story of Black Canyon would be shorter—it would simply be a story of millions found; stock would be somewhere about as high as the peak of the blue lime that towers into dizzy heights above the floor of Black Canyon, and the owners of the mine would be too busy counting their millions to give time or heed to a simple tale of their property. The lure of the gold in Black Canyon would be gone, and only the sordid greed for possession of all this wealth would continue to interest readers with the sort of interest that possesses us when we count over in printed figures the millions and millions owned by a modern Croesus, a captain of finance and industry.

The charm of Black Canyon, however, still hovers about its highest pinnacle. Gold is there, because it is in evidence; but how much, and how far must its workers go to find the richest treasure?

If we could look deeper into this ground than anybody else, we would gladly say here what we see; but our ability along this line is limited, just as everybody's is thus limited, yet we hear a great deal daily from those familiar with the ground. Black Canyon is but a few miles from town, and employes at the mine and visitors are constantly going back and forth. The stories these bring down are all filled with optimism and enthusiasm. In the minds of these there is no question that Black Canyon is a wonderful property, and that its destiny is to be a fabulous mine.

That there is so much gold on the dump that a handful of the dirt taken at random anywhere pans a long string of metal, is an assured fact. Judging from these pannings and the assays from the

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That there is so much gold on the dump that a handful of the dirt taken at random anywhere pans a long string of metal, is an assured fact. Judging from these pannings and the assays from the

ore in which they are now working, it is admitted that every dollar spent for digging brings out two dollars in gold. Manager Varden tells us, and expert visitors generally confirm his report, that the geological conditions uncovered there today warrant the assurance that Black Canyon bids fair to become one of the big mines of the California-Nevada gold country. It is generally admitted that it is simply a question of time and work until the source of all this visible gold will be opened up and Black Canyon revealed to be a treasure-house of permanent wealth.

Following is the official report of Manager Thomas A. Varden for this mine for the month of June:

Manager's Monthly Report.

BLACK CANYON MINE, Inyo County, Cal., July 1, 1908.

To M. T. Stovall, Managing Director, Bishop, Cal.

Dear Sir:—During the month of June, the work here has accomplished more results than that of any previous month since my acquaintance with the property.

The tunnel paralleling the fissure vein, eastward to center of mountain, has been all the time in ore of the highest values yet encountered in any great quantity in the mine. Opening into this tunnel, at right angles and running north, we have entered one of the largest ore chambers yet found. Its dimensions are at this moment unknown. It contains the same quality of ore that characterizes all the deposits on this property. The gold is free, and of good commercial value.

We have a gang of men working at each place, pushing developments, both east and north into the mountain, and fully a thousand feet beneath the surface.

As per your instructions, I sent a lot of sixty tons of ore from our dump to the Southern Belle Mines' mill for trial. The result, as anticipated, has proven conclusively that cyaniding only is the best and cheapest method for extracting total values.

To determine the percentage of free gold in this ore, as compared with fire assay, I erected at the mill a small sluice-box, eight by five inches, and fifty feet long, cloth-covered, through which I have run 500 pounds, screened. From this we recovered 0.801 ounces of gold; value \$14.17, an average of \$56.68 per ton.

None of this was selected ore—except screened, as stated—but was taken promiscuously from the big dump at the tunnel's mouth.

Taking everything into consideration, I submit that this is a remarkable exhibit, and presages here an immense gold mine, needing nothing but machinery, milling and cyaniding plant to make it a permanent and very profitable gold-producer.

Respectfully,

(Signed) THOMAS A. VARDEN,
Mine Manager.

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Watch This Space

Next Issue

*There are mines and mines
Just as there are people and other people
good, bad and indifferent.*

The Southern Belle Mine

Incorporated under the law of Arizona for \$1,500,000, shares one dollar each, is of the good class. Not so good that we can quarry out gold as they do copper in some of the Lake Superior copper mines, but still good as gold mining goes; and when you stop to consider that copper is worth less than 20 cents a pound, and that gold is worth over \$20 an ounce, you will agree that we don't need a quarrying proposition.

The Southern Belle Mine

near Bishop, INYO County, California, has a big property equipped with a ten-ton stamp mill and all the appurtenances of an up-to-date milling plant. Has electric power of its own, new machinery, new everything—a plant that cost \$80,000. We are turning out GOLD BULLION every day. The property has already produced over \$250,000, a quarter-million in dollars. We want to enlarge our milling facilities; we want another mill and cyanide plant. We need these at once. To get them without disturbing our present prosperous condition we will sell a requisite amount of our stock for 30 cents per share—Net. Cash.

How good an investment this is at this price, an investigation will determine.

The Opportunity Is Here Extended.

Make checks payable to GOTLEIB GALL, PRESIDENT,
Southern Belle Mines Company, Bishop, Inyo Co., California.

W. W. WATTERSON,
President

W. O. QUALE,
Secretary and Treasurer

Leece & Watterson

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AND

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Buying groceries becomes a real pleasure when you do your shopping at a store where you find a large stock and tempting assortment of goods to select from

The largest stock of groceries in Inyo County in one store is the one I keep on hand for your choice. It will pay you to come and see for yourself.

BISHOP

Inyo County

California

W. H. Shirley & Co.

New and Complete Line of
Men's Furnishing Goods
Confectionery
Fruits and Tobacco

BILLIARD AND POOL ROOM
IN CONNECTION

Cor. Main and Line Streets

BISHOP BAKERY

Bishop

California

Whitacre's Drug Store

Everything New—
Store, Fixtures,
and Stock

One of the most complete drug
stores in the State.

Anything in the drug line you
could possibly want

Come and see us

Whitacre Drug Store

Bishop, California

When
Mining Men
come to
Bishop
they go
to the

Valley View Hotel

Headquarters for mining men.
Everything first-class

GEO. W. LEIDY, Prop.

Bishop

California

Geo. Watterson

GENERAL
HARDWARE

Agricultural Implements

We have a large line of Vehicles,
Stoves, Ranges, Paints,
Oils and Glass

*Agent for McCormick Harvesting
Machine Company*

Bishop,

Inyo Co., Cal.

Classy Clothes

don't necessarily make
the man but a well dress-
ed man finds satisfaction
in a suit that fits and
gives him the appearance
of being well dressed.
Our Suits Fit, and they
dress you up.

Marks & Cohn

Bishop, Cal.

LEICESTER C. HALL

Attorney and Counselor at Law
Notary Public

Bishop,

Inyo Co., Cal.

THOMAS A. VARDEN

Mining and Consulting Engineer
Mine Examinations a Specialty
With Black Canyon Company

Bishop,

Inyo Co., Cal.

Black Canyon Gold Mining Company

OFFICE
Bishop, Inyo County, California



CAPITAL \$1,000,000
One Million Shares, One Dollar Each, Par Value

Property situated in White Mountains, near town of Bishop, INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, and now in course of development. : :

This estate bids fair to become one of the permanent paying gold-producers of the Nevada-California gold basin. : : : : :

Officers and directors are all Bishop people



L. C. HALL, President

J. E. DUNLAP, Vice-President

M. T. STOVALL, Secretary and Treasurer

—
Address the Secretary

Beautiful Owens Valley

*is the Paradise of Eastern California
and the Gem of*

INYO COUNTY

Owens Valley presents an area of 720 square miles, a garden spot which, with its tributary regions, offers greater attractions for homeseekers, more chances for investment, and a greater diversity of undeveloped opportunities which appeal to miner, farmer, manufacturer and stockman, than any other territory of equal extent in the United States.



View of portion of Bishop, in Owens Valley, Metropolis of Inyo County, California.
(Looking west toward Sierras.) Photo by F. G. Bentley, Bishop

Geologically a part of the great Nevada Gold Fields, and possessing within itself the undeveloped resources of a new empire, combined with the incomparable climate and soil of California.

OWENS VALLEY is a new domain for the miner, farmer, investor, stockman and tourist.

For particulars address

INYO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

BISHOP

CALIFORNIA