

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane
KANSAS AND FRANCE
— The Difference —

On either side of the Santa Fe express, in which this is written, the corn fields and farmhouses of Kansas fly past. It is a country unlike that through which the writer drove a few weeks ago in France on the way from Paris to see Clemenceau in his little cottage on the Atlantic at Lejard, not far from Bordeaux.

The trip through France, made in an automobile, was as rapid as this trip by train. In France you drive your automobile as fast as you like, but TAKE CARE YOU HURT NOBODY.

French roads are wide and straight, the car used by this writer came from Nice to Paris, 900 kilometers, 540 miles, in one day and did easily the 400 miles from Paris to Lejard between breakfast and dinner.

French drivers go rapidly, but carefully; if they hit anybody the law hits them. A member of the Chamber of Deputies went to jail for a year, all the influence of his friends could not save him. He struck a child. B. Forman, of Rochester, N. Y., can tell you of a French chauffeur accused of intoxication, sent to jail for ten years. He killed a child. Mr. Forman saw the thing happen.

Here in Kansas you see great tractors providing power, machinery cutting and binding corn, great engines binding, threshing wheat, and tying the grain in sacks, all in one operation.

In France occasionally you would see a peasant and his wife cutting their grain with sickles in small fields of irregular shape. Fields were harvested with scythes. Here and there teams of horses driven mowing machines. Power driven agricultural machinery was not seen between Paris and Lejard.

Where mowers had passed you might see old grandmother and her little grandchild bending over, picking up wisps of grain with the right hand, putting them in aprons held by the left hand.

A hundred such gleaners were seen on a day's drive. They were less fortunate than Ruth, their gleanings meagre. There was no hoax to command his young men saying, "Let her glean even among the sheaves and let fall also some of the handfuls on purpose for her and leave them that she may glean them, but rebuke her not."

"With hand takes the old grandmother and the little girl could have gathered all the gleanings in a short time, but that evidently was not allowed. Gleaning must be done by hand, the old body must stoop, and stoop all day long to pick up stray straws. When the grain had gone from the field an old shepherd would bring his little band of sheep. These would walk through the stubble eating the over-ripe grain that had fallen from the ears. Other bands of sheep led by an old man or woman with dogs to help, ate the grass along the highway edge. No sheep ever strayed onto the road before the automobiles. Dogs prevented that, and the sheep seemed trained. Beautiful animals, admirably kept, they waste nothing in France.

Here in rich America you ride miles through unending fields of corn or grain, pass great herds of heavy steers, deep in grass and tens of thousands of acres not used.

In France they use every foot of ground, waste nothing, not food or human labor, men and women work long hours, work hard with patience.

The peasants' houses are beautiful and old, their animals well cared for. Along the coast of Brittany and the Vendee, men and women and children work side by side. Men repair at low tide, their fish nets colored light blue. The fishermen say "fish like color." On the flat lands you see little mounds of salt taken from the ocean by imprisoning waters in shallow pools for evaporation.

On "La Gabelle," a heavy tax on salt, dressed the mistresses of French kings and made life easy for three lucky classes, royalty, clergy and nobility. It was death to the peasant to escape "La Gabelle" by taking his salt from the ocean.

Conditions are better now. The kings are sleeping in St. Denis, the few whose bones were not scattered during the Revolution. There are more schools than chateaux, more public libraries than galleys. The peasant is no longer forbidden to kill animals that ate his crops because lords and ladies wanted the pleasure of riding over those crops to kill the animals themselves.

But in every French family there is mourning. Each earnest hard-faced French woman tells you how many sons or brothers she had "left."

Oh, That's Different
Dad: "Why don't you dance with young Thompson?"
Co-ed: "Why, I wouldn't dance with him if he were worth a million."
"Well, he is."
"Good heavens. Introduce me, quick."

Tramp Efficiency
Tramp: "I've asked for money, begged for money, and cried for money."
Man: "Have you tried working for it?"

Tramp: "Not yet. I'm going through the alphabet and I have not come to 'W'."

THRILLING HISTORY OF ELDORADO CANYON

Outlaw Days in Famous Old Camp As Described by Eye Witness—Desparados Rule the Camp.

(Nevada State Journal)
By JOHN L. RIGGS
and J. E. WIER
Editor's Note: Of all the rich mining bonanzas uncovered in Nevada by the early day prospectors none were more colorful and romantic than those in El Dorado Canyon which leads from one of the great gorges of the Colorado River. The following romantic story was written by John L. Riggs, an eyewitness of many of the stirring incidents here narrated. The story was edited by Miss J. E. Wier of the Nevada Historical Society.

The mining camp of El Dorado Canyon is located about 50 miles below old Calville, at which latter place the Colorado turns east at the "Big Bend" where the Boulder Canyon begins. Today the road winds down from the desert beyond Searchlight through a cleft in the steep mountain wall until at the mouth of the canyon it comes out upon a rushing mighty river which could hold within its banks the combined streams of Nevada. As early as 1861 these mines were known to Americans. In that year were discovered the two important locations known respectively as the "Teachitup" and the "Queen City," or, as later designated, "The Savage."

But not until 1863 did they excite interest, and then because of the prospecting done by men from the California Volunteers, under Capt. Charles Atchinson, Company 1 of the fourth regiment of infantry, which was stationed at Fort Mohave. The company consisted largely of miners and in scouting they overlooked nothing. Neither were their funds confined to El Dorado canyon. Mohave county, Arizona, was thoroughly explored, and Stockton Hill, Cerbat, and Chloride in the Cerbat Mountains, and Outman, Gold Roads, and Secret Pass mining camps in the River Range near the Old Post were discovered about this time.

In consequence of the many discoveries a little mill was erected at El Dorado canyon in 1865 or 1866 but it was very defective and unsatisfactory. About 1870 a new mill was built by the El Dorado Mining Company and this was really the beginning of successful operations in the district. This El Dorado Mining Company consisted of John Nash, who took over the property in 1870, and this later associates, one of whom was his brother-in-law, Mr. Davis, a practical mill man, and familiarly known as "Old Man Davis," to distinguish him from his son, Percy W. Who came in later. Another partner was a Mr. Fuller, who was persuaded by Davis to sell his farm in the east to provide money for building the new mill. Together Davis and Fuller erected the mill and took a small interest in the mine to recom-

Our Practical Pattern

No. 1226



Fashions fads and fancies make some and go, but nothing can take the place of the smartly and semitailored dress in the well-dressed woman's wardrobe. This particular effective model makes use of any of the new fall fabrics and color. Black satin would be stunning made up with a white crepe vestee and cuffs, with a rhinestone buckle at buttons to set it off. The new shade of chestnut brown in faille silk crepe would go well with cream-colored georgette vestee and cuffs while for really frosty weather, a suggest wool crepe jersey.

No dressmaking experience needed to make Design No. 1226. M. obtained in sizes 36 to 48. S. 40 requires 3 1/3 yards of 40 inch material and 3/4 yards of material for vestee. Patterns will be delivered to address upon receipt of 25c. in U. S. Postage. Always mention size wanted. Address, Pattern Department, this newspaper.

pense them for the outlay of time and money. At this date the El Dorado company owned only the Teachitup mine. The Queen City was a vein that converged upon and diverged from the Teachitup. While not a parallel vein, yet its ore bodies occurred opposite those in the Teachitup as if a parallel had dipped into the Teachitup at a greater depth. Up to 1872 the Queen City was owned and worked by Senator George Hearst of California.

Company Sells
In 1879, a Minneapolis company took over the property of the El Dorado company under the new name of the Southwestern Mining Company. The first superintendent, R. G. Knox, was superseded in the spring of 1880 by W. S. Mills, who held the position for some years until it was transferred to a Mr. Wharton, now deceased. In taking over the property of the El Dorado company the Southwestern company assumed the debts of the former and eventually paid them off at 50 to 75 cents on the dollar. With regard to the location of new mines in the district, it may be said that up to 1880 no mines had been found except in the immediate vicinity of the Teachitup and the Savage, and no attempt had been made to operate elsewhere. Up the mineral belt lying south to west of old mine and familiarly known as Knob Hill there was not a sign of a man's breaking rock on any paying claim, nor had a location ever been made in that region. The formation was radically different from that around the old company's mines and hence was considered barren.

In January, 1880 my brother-in-law, John P. Weaver, found two prospects about five miles southwest of the Teachitup mine. They were small, but showed some good grade ore, and when, on the first of February, I, a boy just arrived at 20 years of age, dropped into the camp, Weaver was moving up onto the mountain where my sister and a baby were already. We had been associated together in business before and he now insisted on my taking an interest with him in working the claims. Since water had to be brought in from four miles distant and supplies from ten, the help of a boy was indeed needed. About the last of February while hunting for the burro to "pack water" I discovered the Lone Star mine, from which later on the first shipment of ore from Knob Hill was made. This ore was "pocketed" on mules across the desert 60 miles to Ivanpah and was worked in J. A. Bidwell's mill, one and one-half tons carrying \$150 silver to the ton. A few days after the discovery of the Lone Star, Mr. Weaver found the Silver Eagle, which we subsequently sold to Wooley, Lund & Judd of St. George, Utah, for \$2,500 and the same day Weaver found the Silver Legion, from which considerable value was later taken and which is being worked even now.

Establish Camp
A couple of weeks after we established our camp on Knob Hill we were joined by four other men who also built a cabin and established a camp known as the "1880 Camp." The miners who thus joined us were Hans Godfrizsen, James Yocum, Hank Parish and Thomas Jennings. Of the six pioneers, Weaver and I alone survive. In 1880 my sister, Mrs. Weaver, was the only white woman in El Dorado Canyon. In February Mrs. Ned Menly arrived, and in March, Mrs. Charles Ely, wife of the son of Ely of Pioche, arrived. Previous to 1880 all mining in our section had been done through a company, paying cash for day labor. Now, because of the many new discoveries, our settlement was transformed into a "chloride" camp. In the summer of 1880 Andy Fife, ex-sheriff of Lincoln county, and George M. Goodhue brought in a mill and organized the Lincoln Mining Company which was subsequently purchased by Wooley, Lund & Judd in 1881, who in their turn in 1888 sold to the Southwestern Mining Company. The latter built a new and improved style of mill, the one which stands there today. It is a dry crusher, using the old reverberatory roasting process and pay amalgamation without concentrators. Before 1879 the records of production in the district were unreliable but after the Southwestern company took possession they were more accurate. They show that the Teachitup, Savage and Wall Street, located six miles west of the river, yielded \$3,000,000 from ore which was a spar and ran \$50 to \$100 a ton in gold and silver with no byproducts. In the Knob Hill chloride camp the ores were quartz, free milling, horn silver and chloride, mostly silver values, and ran from 100 to 800 ounces per ton. The formation here was badly faulted by fractures and owing to the bad and wide faults it was impossible to follow the veins to any great depth.

Outlaw Camp
Such then was the mining district where the early days there was neither a deputy sheriff nor a justice of the peace, nor even a semblance of law—a purely outlaw camp. The mining law, at best, was a vague, iridescent thing, about as open as a sieve; the real issues in equity were usually decided by "Winchester's amendment to the Colt statute," possession was always nine points of the law and usually all ten of them.

In the summer of 1874 John Nash, founder of the El Dorado company, conceived the idea of "jumping" the Queen City since it was known to be as valuable as the Teachitup itself. On his own responsibility he employed three fighting men to aid him in taking possession of the Queen City. They were promised \$5,000 each if they would hold the mine for a certain length of time, which they succeeded in doing. Meanwhile his owner, Senator George Hearst, sent a man to the mine to perform the annual work. He was run out of the country. As the claim-jumpers are now all dead, I may mention them by name. One was James Harrington, known as Little Jimmie, who had three dead men to his credit and was afterwards sentenced to life imprisonment at Carson City for another murder. The second was William Piette, who called himself "Frenchman." I later became acquainted with his father and sisters in Josephine county, Oregon, and learned their history. The father was a tough, drunken individual with a strain of Indian in the blood; his mother was a full-blooded squaw. The family had come from Kansas, from the neighborhood of the famous murder joint of the "Bender" family. The third of the trio was Jim Jones a half-breed Cherokee from Pioche. So far as was known the worst that could be said of him was that he had served a year in the Carson City state prison for horse stealing. He was known as a cool, courageous man who would fight with a gun.

Tracherous Man
Harrington was a coldblooded, treacherous man, so dangerous in fact that Nash paid him off according to agreement and he left the country. Then Nash "soft-soaped" Piette, who was by nature a weak sycophant and could be used as a tool for any sort of a purpose—a black-hearted coward who liked to pose as a "bad man" without principle or conscience. Nash made him mine foreman and paid him in "paper" talk which he never intended to redeem. Next Nash tried to "paper" Jones, but was unsuccessful. The latter said: "I have fulfilled my part of the contract, now you fulfill yours; either pay me cash or I will hang onto my fourth interest in the mine." Then Nash deliberately planned to murder Jones. He first sought to poison the minds of Jones' friends and associates against him, saying among other things that Jones had threatened to poison the drinking water and kill off the entire camp. No columny was too vile for his use. William Piette, thirsting for the fame of a "bad man," proved to be a good tool. He was delighted to undertake the murder of Jones, although personally he had nothing against him, for they were partners and friends.

The trouble began one day at 6 a.m. when the men arose to prepare for breakfast. Jones was performing his morning ablutions in a basin made of half a wooden powder keg or keeler set against the outer wall of the bunkhouse and near the door. Jones had his face in his hands and his eyes full of water when Piette stepped up behind him and shot him in the back with a Colt revolver, the old cap-and-ball size. Jones seized the keeler in both hands and whirling around, struck Piette full in the face and knocked him down. He then ran into the bunkhouse to get his own revolver but, being partially stunned by the bullet, he dropped into his bunk while reaching for his gun and was unable to rise to meet Piette who came running in after him. But from the bunk he fired over his left shoulder and shot Piette through the body not fatally, but so that he fell to the ground. Quickly recovering himself, Piette arose and ran to hide in the kitchen. Jones also arose and ran down the hill about 50 yards to where Piette lived with an Indian woman. He was disappointed in not finding his assailant at home, but Piette's loaded Winchester, provided by Nash, lay in the bed. This Jones appropriated and though bleeding profusely so that the left a trail of blood behind him as he ran, he carried the gun to a point above the boarding on the bunkhouse and heard what was said. Everything down there was excitement and he heard cries of "Kill him! Kill him!"

Hides in Hole
Realizing that he had no friends left in camp he fired a shot into their midst to make them take to cover so that he might start on his flight unobserved; then to elude pursuit he took across the country toward the mill, hoping to find protection there. Soon he saw three armed men running on

his track. In a little basin he found a prospect hole about four feet deep; into this he dropped and waited for his pursuers to come up. Tom King, armed with a Winchester like his own, was in the lead. Jones shot him dead. Perry Tuttle also had a rifle and, thought retreating, Jones shot at him also, but missed him. Tom Johnson was the third man and together with Tuttle he withdrew out of sight behind the hill. Then Jones climbed out of his hole, but one quick glance revealed the fact that the force was returning for a fresh attack; so he confiscated King's rifle and went back to the hole to await developments. No one came in sight, for owing to the nature of the ground his pursuers could picket all around him from behind a little hill or ridge. Thus was the cordon drawn and the siege established.

At the camp all mining operations were suspended and the miners stood guard in relays awaiting the end. All that day, in the blinding heat, Jones kept under cover and all that night. The next morning he laid his rifles up on top, and with grim determination to open the fight himself he attempted to climb out, but he was so weak that he could not get out; several times that day did he make the attempt, meanwhile hurling defiance at the besiegers. In the evening, tortured with thirst, having given up all hope of succor from the river, he finally put his kerchief on a gun and plead for quarter. Two days and a night of agony did it take to conquer this brave spirit. After obtaining assurance that Jones would not shoot, Tom Johnson slipped his old revolver between his shirts so as to appear unarmed and went to him. Once long afterwards Tom told me of the sight that he then beheld. With bloodshot eyes, cracked and swollen lips and tongue protruding, nearly dead from thirst, Jones could only mumble incoherently, and his last words were: "For God's sake, Tom, get me a drink of water." Truly, he was helpless and beyond fighting. One look satisfied Tom of this and, flashing his revolver upon him, he shot him in the forehead as he lay there, saying, "Yes, you, I will give you a drink."

Owens Queen City
The men threw about three feet of earth in on top of him and there today rest his bones. With sad thoughts have I more than once gazed into the partly filled hole. As for Tom King, he was buried where he fell, about 30 yards distant, but with a stone to mark his grave. John Nash owned the Queen City.

(The remainder of this story of the early days in the El Dorado mining camp will be printed in the next issue of the Age.)

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SERVICES

Sunday School 9:45 a.m.
Morning service 11:00 a.m.

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Epworth League 8:30 p.m.
Gospel service 7:30 p.m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p.m.
Preaching at Zion Rest Mission Thursday, 7:30 p.m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH SERVICES
Christian Science Society of Las Vegas, Nev., is a branch of the mother Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass. Holds services at 315 Fremont Street every Sunday morning at 11:00; Wednesday evening at 7:30 testimony meeting. To these services the public is cordially invited.

While in France with the American Army I obtained a noted French prescription for the treatment of Rheumatism and Neuritis. I have given this to thousands with wonderful results. The prescription cost me nothing. I ask nothing for it. I will mail it if you will send me your address. A postal will bring it. Write today. PAUL CASE, Dept. A204, Brockton, Mass.

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