

# Mohave County Miner.

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## Tombstone, Arizona.

Among all the miners and prospectors of Uncle Sam's vast domain, there is not one who does not know, or has not listened to wonderful tales of Arizona's most famous silver camp, Tombstone, down among the Huachuca mountains in Cochise county.

There never was another mining camp, at least not in the west. A more prodigal and reckless lot of miners never lived than those of Tombstone. There is an element of daring and romance in the tale of nearly every western mining camp, but the history of the finding of silver ledges at Tombstone abounds in thrilling adventure. Edward Schiefflin, their discoverer, was pronounced by General Nelson A. Miles to be the truest type of the restless prospector the southwest has ever had.

Ed Schiefflin was born near Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1848, and when a lad, his parents removed to Oregon, where his father went into farming. Young Schiefflin did not like to toil the soil and ran away to prospect for copper in the southern part of Oregon. That was the beginning of his career as prospector which only death could end. Nothing could tempt him long from his love of prospecting. He endured hardship and solitude. He prospected over the Santa Margarita mountains, in the Navajo Indian country, slept in snowbanks amid mountain tops in the winter, and roasted in the fiery sun on the alkali wastes of the valleys in summer. A dozen times he thought he had struck it rich. Seven years Schiefflin led the life of a poor prospector in Nevada, Idaho, Colorado and New Mexico. When short of cash and unable to buy "grub," he worked in mines. But whenever he had saved enough money, by strict economy, to carry him through another season of gold and silver hunting, he quit work. His life was often endangered by hostile Indians, but all hardships and dangers could not dampen his ardor. He never complained, but always hoped to catch the fickle goddess "Fortune."

One of his acquaintances, who saw Tombstone's founder about 1876 on his way to Arizona, described him as about the queerest specimen of human flesh he ever saw. Schiefflin measured 6 feet 2 inches, and had black curly hair that hung several inches below his shoulders. His long, untrimmed beard was a mat of unkept knots and mats. His clothing was worn out and covered with patches of deer skins, corduroy and flannel, and his old slouch hat, too, was so pieced with rabbit skin that very little of the original felt remained. Although only twenty-seven years of age, Schiefflin looked as if forty summers had passed since he first greeted the light of mother earth.

Everybody cautioned him to keep out of the mountains over the southwest of Arizona, because the hostile Apaches swarmed over the country. At Tucson, the sheriff of Cochise county told our daring prospector when he heard of the latter's intention to go into the Huachuca mountains, that he was the greatest fool he ever heard of and remarked: "You'll never get out of the Huachuca alive; you'll get no gold mine there, only your tombstone."

The Apache Indians went on the warpath and Schiefflin joined General Miles' army as scout, a position for which he was eminently fitted. That was in the fall of 1876. Next spring Schiefflin quit scouting eager to resume his search for gold and silver ledges. During his army service he thought to have discovered indications of fine gold ledges around the San Pedro Valley, where the Apaches were raiding and murdering. Nobody believed that Schiefflin would dare to hunt for gold or silver in the San Pedro valley; it was the rankest madness. "Sure as fate, you'll find your tombstone, Ed., down in that country," said his friends, as he resigned as scout and prepared for his prospecting trip in the land of the hostile Apaches.

One bright May morning in 1877, Ed. Schiefflin and an old prospector named Dawson struck the trail for the San Pedro river. Before sunset Indian signs grew plenty and by dark they

were sure that Indians were all around them. As morning dawned the old man begged Schiefflin to return, saying that he himself would not go on, even if the hills were solid metal, but Schiefflin refused to be dissuaded, so the old prospector bade him goodbye and good luck and headed his burro for Fort Huachuca.

Schiefflin traveled only at night time and never camped at a water-hole, where the Indians were most likely to surprise and kill him. At last he reached the river in safety. It was still eight miles from the river to the buttes which he desired to prospect. One night he slipped across the valley and before morning was secreted in one of the canyons. There he camped for four days, not daring to make a fire for fear the smoke might be seen by Apaches, and not venturing into the open, except after nightfall. To his greatest joy he found that at last he had discovered his Dorado. Describing to a friend his experiences, he said, that he forgot all about the danger from scalping and torturing Indians when he knocked off a piece of exposed rock and saw that it was chucked full of ruby silver. In his excitement of having at last found what he so dearly sought after so many years, he sat down in the sun and cried for joy.

That night, by moonlight, Schiefflin set up as good as possible the legal monument on his mining claim, and the following day he retraced his steps to Tucson and civilization. In his saddle bags were dozens of specimens of his find, but at Tucson nobody would look at them; the Apache raids occupied the minds of everybody there. At Signal, a little copper mining camp near Prescott, an old boyhood friend of his named Dick Gird, who came from Herkimer, N. Y., was living as an assayer. Thence Schiefflin journeyed, some 400 miles over desert and sunbaked mountains. Too poor to pay cash for his assaying, Schiefflin agreed to give Gird half of what he found in the way of a mine. The assays showed that the ore in Schiefflin's saddle bags ran 3,000\$ and even 7,000\$ a ton. Schiefflin thought at once of his brother Albert, who arrived at last with 3,000\$ in his pocket. That was the beginning of the Tombstone mining capital.

Two months later when the troops had driven the Apaches back into the Chiricahua mountains, Ed. Schiefflin, his brother Albert and Richard Gird with two half-breed helpers, started out from Tucson to make their legal claims to the ledges that Ed. Schiefflin had found. The three prospectors ascertained in a few days that they had a "big thing," and staked off the Contention, Tough Nut, Lucky Cuss, Good Enough and Graveyard, all of which have become famous.

The news of the new mining strike spread as quickly as wild fire. Soon an army of adventurers flocked into the camp. Thousands of locations were staked out, a city sprung into existence as if by magic, reduction works were erected, and a steady stream of bullion began finding its way out of the camp. Since the first stamp was dropped in June 1879, the camp produced nearly 40,000,000\$ in bullion. After the rustlers had driven out the Indians, and the residents the rustlers, the camp developed into a well built city of nearly 10,000 inhabitants, who supported not less than five newspapers, among them the once famous "Arizona Kicker."

In the early 80's Tombstone was a real "hot" mining camp. Fights between the residents and the rustlers were daily occurrences, the stages were held up regularly and often the road agents would be back in camp spending their booty before the plundered stage arrived. The "Bird Cage," a variety theatre, was the rendezvous of all male and female tough characters. Many a fortune was spent and gallons of gore were spilt there. Now the empty adobe structure with its boxes and galleries is still standing on Main street as a memento of the times by-gone.

The three founders of Tombstone took out an immense fortune, and after operating their mines nearly one

year, they agreed to sell out. Albert started for Europe, but died in New York of consumption, leaving his relatives nearly half a million dollars. Ed. Schiefflin hunted up all his poor relatives and old time friends to share his fortune; then he took a wife and settled down with his young bride for two years in the land of the mosquitos, New Jersey. But Ed. Schiefflin never developed any ability as a business man; he was utterly unfit to manage his fortune. Losses came thick and fast upon our old-time prospector; he lost 140,000\$ in unregistered U. S. bonds, and as executor of his brother's estate, 40,000\$. Tired of brick buildings and pavements and longing for the sun-kissed western plains and mountains, he left the east and removing with his wife to Alameda, California, he took his old life as prospector up again. With his own stern-wheel steamer, he navigated one season the Yukon river, in Alaska, without results. Becoming disgusted he sold his boat and returned home. During the summer of 1897 he believed to be on the track of rich mines in southern Oregon, but one day in July 1897, he was found dead in a cabin near Canyonville, Oregon, having suddenly died of heart disease.

When the will of the founder of Tombstone was opened it was found that Ed. Schiefflin's last thoughts were at the scene of his old silver ledges. He wanted to be buried in the garb of a prospector, with his old pick and canteen, on top of the granite hills, near the mines he discovered. Under no circumstances he wanted to be buried in any cemetery or grave yard.

His last will is fulfilled to the letter. One and a half miles west of Tombstone, close to the stage road to Fairbank on one of the granite hills, stands a tall sugar-loaf shaped pyramid erected out of rocks and boulders, firmly cemented. The mountain is about 16 feet high and is resting on a foundation 20 feet square by three feet high. It marks the place where, according to his last will, the remains of Tombstone's founder are laid to rest, far from the hustle and the bustle of the world, and among his beloved hills and mountains. Once in a while a tender-foot, cow-puncher or prospector climbs up the hill to scare the lizzards which

are noiseless gliding over the rocks, or are lying on boulders with their blinking eyes baking in the hot sun. An artless inscription on the pyramid tells the following legend:

"Ed. Schiefflin died May 12, 1897, aged 49 years, 8 months. A dutiful son; a faithful husband; a kind brother; a true friend."

It seems very likely that the glories of Tombstone may be revived. The Tough Nut and Train Quality mines are still running with a limited force of men, and produce by the new process, paying quantities of gold and silver. The decline of the camp can be dated back about a decade, but many high grade veins of copper and gold have been located and developed since then, and the deposits only await the erection of reduction works to become large contributors to Cochise county's gold and copper output.

Efforts are being made to combine the Tombstone mines under one management, by which the now idle-lying properties can be worked profitably. Years ago the then advancing political policies, together with a misunderstanding of the owners, killed the mines. They were connected on the same level, and the one pump in the camp kept going, drew water from all the mines at the same time. Over a dispute as to pay for this work, the pump was stopped, the mines became flooded and work had to be abandoned and there the gold and silver has laid ever since. Today it will take, it is asserted, a whole million dollars to take the water out of these mines.

The Prospector, a daily paper, published by Wm. Hattick, and established in 1888, and the weekly Epitaph, established 1884, are still catering to the intellectual needs of the 800 inhabitants of Tombstone today. As county seat Tombstone sprung lately into some prominence by the escape of the three daring train robbers and ex-county officers of Cochise county which are up to date still at large, and whose apprehension is more than doubtful. As a town itself Tombstone is well worthy of praise because it is one of the cleanest, healthiest and most picturesque burghs in our never too fully to be appreciated territory of Arizona.—Otto Riedel-Koester in The Vidette.

## Utah Mines.

The biggest deal in coal lands ever attempted to be consummated in the West is now on in this county and with all indications of a successful termination, says the Salt Lake Tribune. And when this deal goes through there will be erected in Salt Lake valley, probably Salt Lake City itself, one of the biggest steel plants in the world for the development of the Iron county iron deposits. The lands sought to be controlled comprise eighteen townships to the west of here, between this point and the camps of Scofield and Castle Gate on the west, and extending from Price on the north to the town of Emery on the south.

Some idea of the magnitude of the deal may be had when it is stated that the lands are in a strip thirty-five miles in length and eighteen to twenty miles in width, and taking in the greatest coal fields in the country. At 10\$ an acre, the lowest possible purchase price for lands of this class, the outlay will be over 4,000,000\$, besides the securing of private holdings along the veins, and of which there are hundreds.

The men behind the scheme are at St. Louis and have already made application to the state for the lands, the state in turn applying to the national government for their setting aside.

These facts are given out by an eastern Utah land attorney, who has been cognizant of the deal for some time, but who does not desire that his name be used. That there is more in the deal than has up to this time appeared upon the surface is attested by the fact that there is at this time in the field surveying the ground a corps of engineers, numbering sixteen to eighteen men, under the direction of J. C. Dick, well known in Utah, and who has stated the facts as here given to friends in this county.

Mr. Dick and his party have been in the vicinity of Huntington for the last two months, and are expected to reach Price within the next few weeks, when the greater part of the work will be completed. Of course the development of these lands means the building of a line or several branches of railroad, and there are those who see in this coal deal the extension of the Denver and Rio Grande railway to Salt Lake City and perhaps the coming of other railway lines.

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