

A Fortunate Runaway, A Pair of Prospectors in Luck.

Some three weeks ago, two Comstockers struck out across the Sierras on a prospecting trip. They went over into Placer county to look for pocket ledges, placer mines, or anything else in the mining line that would pay. One of the men now writes to a friend as follows; We spent some two weeks without finding anything we cared to stay by, and finally concluded to go down to the valleys and work for wages. You must know that, for a pack animal, we have one of the meanest and most contrary Piute ponies. He will never do what you want him to do and runs away on the slightest provocation. Well, we were going down a steep mountain trail, toward Georgetown, the other day, when the pony stopped short, gave a snort, and broke off through the brush down the steepest place he could find. He scattered grub, picks, shovels and cooking utensils in all directions, and finally ended by standing on his head in a deep gutter at the bottom of a ravine, where we made him fast to a tree, and then rolled him over and landed him on his feet. While hunting up our traps, we found some pieces of quartz that showed gold, and in an hour or two found the vein from which it came, and a good one it is at least for a small party. We have made our camp in the ravine, just where the pony landed, and have made more than 'miners' wages' ever since. We have a big flat stone for a mortar, mill, or whatever you may call it, and by selecting the richest of our rock, can make pay pretty fast. How long it will holdout we don't know, but we are in a bulge of the vein that is about four feet wide. We are saving up a good deal of second-class ore (it is full of free gold) and will presently make our fractious pony do duty in an arastra.

"There is a nice little stream of water in the ravine, about 50 yards below our pocket, and on the side of this we have already commenced building an arastra. We have been into town (Georgetown) once, and sold a few ounces of gold—just to see if it was good—but you can bet we said nothing about our find. We shall stay by our pocket as long as it stays by us, then look for more along the same streak of quartz, which runs from 8 to 10 inches in width in most places, and has what Senator Fair would call a 'kindly look.' We are here for all summer, sure, and perhaps for all winter, as well."

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