

Chapter 1 : lost cabin mine – The Path Less Beaten

The strange story of the Lost Cabin Mine, and the grizzly bear skeleton that guards it, begins in the late summer of with the arrival in California of a party of Indiana gold-seekers. Having.

The old work at the property has been mentioned in the quoted material under the heading, "Geology of Winters District. A new mill has been built about yards from the highway. It contains an 8 by 8-inch crusher to reduce the ore to one-inch size, followed by a 3-ft. Hendy ball mill with a double screen on the discharge end. Inside screen is quarter-inch; outside screen is mesh. Oversize from these screens is returned to the ball-mill by a bucket-elevator. Ore ground fine enough to pass through the mesh screen flows to two Kraut cells, below which are two flotation cells operated by compressed air. The latter were designed and constructed by William S. Howell, operator of the mill. Power is derived from a hp. Continental gasoline engine; and there is a 7. Chemicals used include No. Copper sulphate is used as a cleaner. Lime is added at the head of the mill to make water alkaline to phenolphthalein. Capacity of the mill is one ton per hour. It has been idle during the past winter. Ore for the last run of the mill came from a ft. Trouble was experienced on account of breaking into old, caved workings from the old shaft. Present work is being done on contract by three men, and consists of prospecting by drifting and crosscutting from a new ft. This work is in a fracture zone in the andesite or basalt. Lateral work from the shaft amounts to about feet. In this fracture-zone, occasional bunches and kidneys of gold ore with a gangue of quartz and calcite are found. Hoisting is done in buckets with a home-made power windlass driven by an old automobile engine. California Journal of Mines and Geology.

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Following is the story from that publication. The Lost Cabin gold placers of Wyoming were discovered and worked for three days, in the fall of , by seven men who came into the region from the Black Hills country. Five of the seven men were killed by the Indians; two escaped. Since that day no effort for the discovery of this locality has been successful. The account give by Charley Clay, an old Wyoming pioneer, formerly of Douglas, now in Washington, March 20, , is this, and it is delivered directly from the two men who escaped and gave him the gold to put in the safe at the Post Traders Store at Fort Laramie: In October , two men reached Old Fort Reno at the point which is now the crossing of Powder River, in a terribly weak and exhausted condition. They explained that they had belonged to a party of seven gold prospectors who came into the Big Horn Mountains on their eastern slope from the Black Hills of Dakota. They traveled along the base of the range, going south and testing the ground until they came to a park surrounded by heavy timber, through which ran a bold mountain stream, and which a few hundred yards below joined a larger stream. Here they found rich signs of the yellow metal and at a depth of three to four feet struck bedrock, where the gold was very plentiful and coarse. They immediately camped, having tools and grub which they brought by pack animals. Among their tools they brought a big log saw and with that sawed enough logs to construct a flume. They also built a log cabin, seven men in all working very hard. The men finished their habitation and flume in three days and then began to work the gold in good earnest. Late one afternoon on the third day of gold panning they were suddenly attacked by a band of Indians, and five of the men were killed almost instantly, the other two escaping to the cabin, where they held the Indians at bay until night-fall. In the darkness of the night, they succeeded in escaping without being seen by the Indians. They were on foot and took nothing with them but the gold, their arms, and food. From this time on, they traveled at night and hid themselves during the day. After three nights of rapid and continuous walking, they reached Fort Reno and told their story. The two men then went to Fort Laramie and spent the winter. Clay met them, and being clerk of the Post Traders store, they gave him the gold for safekeeping. He put the gold in the safe until their departure. They left in the spring, determined to go back, and in order the better to find the place, went to the Black Hills, and formed a new party to go over their old trail. In this expedition, some ten or twelve persons engaged, and all were killed by Indians. For the next 12 to 15 years succeeding, it was unsafe to go into that region and prospect.

Chapter 3 : Quest for "Lost Cabin Gold Mine" led to discovery of Crater Lake | Offbeat Oregon History

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November 8, In the fenced yard of his mansion at Lost Cabin, Wyo. Okie built an aviary—a birdcage big as a house. Plants thrived inside, like a jungle. Among the greenery, cockatoos, macaws and birds of paradise flapped, shrieked, and hopped from perches to little swings, bobbing and looking for snacks. Children reared near Lost Cabin at the start of the 20th century would remember the aviary all their lives: Its wild sounds, strange smells and scary, bright-colored birds. And they remembered J. Decades after his death in , people still told stories about J. Okie—his airstrip, his roller rink and dance floor for his employees, his parties, his cars, his mansion, his mechanized sheep-shearing sheds, his golf course, his aviary, his business methods and the women he married. Out of some mix of nervousness and respect the tale tellers asked that only the good things about him be remembered. But they also passed on stories about his flaws. Okie was an excellent businessman. He was good at it because he had big ideas, and at the same time he was thorough and methodical about putting his ideas into action. He imagined the dry, sagebrush-covered hills of central Wyoming scattered with flock after flock of his sheep. He imagined a chain of stores to sell ranchers, cowboys, sheepmen and their families things they needed on terms they could afford. When he became wealthy, and after his wife bore their eight children, he imagined a new life with a younger, prettier, more glamorous wife—and he made that happen, too. Okie enters the sheep business John B. Okie was the son of a real-estate businesswoman and a well-to-do doctor in Washington, D. In , when Okie was 17 years old, confident and ambitious, he headed west on his own. He rode the train to Rawlins, in Wyoming Territory, where he found a job as a cowboy for the summer. He returned to Wyoming. In November, he bought 1, ewes, 16 rams, two teams of horses and a wagon. The sheep belonged to his mother. He let the sheep graze too long in each place he kept them, ruining the grass and thereby weakening the animals. When a bad storm struck, nearly half his herd died. In so doing, he learned better ways to tend his own herd. His mother still owned the rest, however. Soon, Okie moved his herd north to Badwater Creek. The country Okie crossed with his flocks is very dry. Badwater Creek, with green cottonwoods and willows growing on its banks, must have seemed like an oasis in the summer dust. They spent the winter living in a tent. The next year they built a rough dugout. Howard left to seek other adventures, but Okie spent three more winters in the dugout. It was always a risky business. But while cattle prices fell and kept falling, sheep prices continued to rise. Her half interest meant that when the sheep were shorn each spring and the wool was sold, she still received half the money. About that same time, Okie decided to marry. In the spring of , on a trip to Rawlins, he met year-old Jeannette Anderson, a young Swedish woman recently arrived in Wyoming with her parents. Okie and Jeannette corresponded over the summer, and married that fall. Jeannette worked hard on the ranch. She learned to shear sheep and tend to injured men when necessary. Okie, meanwhile, built a larger and more solid cabin on ground above Badwater Creek. Over the next 15 years, the couple had eight children; one died at the age of four. As the family increased, Okie added more rooms to the cabin. Meanwhile, Okie kept buying sheep and selling at a profit, and buying more and selling at a profit. In , he formed the Big Horn Sheep Company, with himself holding half the stock and his mother the other half. His brother Fred came from the East to run the store. In , to accommodate the large number of his employees who lived near his cabin, Okie opened another store near Badwater Creek. The store made the place seem like a town, because so many people were coming and going. In fact, the Lost Cabin name was associated with the area at least as early as , eight years before the store opened, when it was reported in the Fremont Clipper. According to the legend, in , during the Indian Wars, seven Swedish miners discovered gold near the headwaters of Badwater Creek. Before the miners could reach any town or fort with their treasure, Indians killed five of them. The remaining two miners managed to get to Fort Laramie. More men went back to the mountains to find the mine, taking the sane miner with them. But Indians killed him, too, and the mine was never found again. Okie, who was too practical to pin his hopes on something as risky as a gold mine, closed the Casper store and moved all the goods to Lost Cabin. Within a

few more years, he opened stores in several hamlets around central Wyoming—Lysite, Arminto, Moneta, Shoshoni and Kaycee. In these stores, without having to make the days-long trip to bigger towns, ranchers, cowboys and sheepmen could buy the tack and tools they needed to get from one season to the next. Prices might have been high, but saving the long trip was worth it. Knowing his business depended on the good will of his customers, Okie cheerfully gave them credit. They could buy now and pay later when they had money—after shearing time or after lamb-shipment time. This practice worked so well that Okie began lending money for other purposes. Before long, it seemed as if everyone in central Wyoming either worked for J. Okie, shopped at his stores, borrowed his money or did all three. A popular boss still, they seemed to like him. They told a good story of his fearlessly confronting a thug just about to leave the store without paying. They told another of his public scolding of a clerk, who was about to cut off credit to a loyal customer. Okie hired smart people, paid them well, and then got out of their way when there was work to do. They worked hard for him in return. Okie was determined to make Lost Cabin an important place. In the s, he paid for a schoolhouse and donated it to the school district. He opened a coal mine in the hills to serve the town and built a sawmill to provide lumber for residents. Eventually, he built a diesel-fueled power plant to generate electricity and created water and sewer systems. It was shipped to Lost Cabin by rail and freight wagon. Soon he put employees to work improving the roads nearby. The mansion In , his mansion was finished. It has two stories and sixteen rooms, a veranda on three sides, and an octagonal, third-storey tower at the front corner. Before the cottonwoods around it were as big as they are now, Okie could survey his empire in all directions from the windowed room at the top. A lawsuit in the family Okie continued raising sheep. With the money he accumulated from other ventures, he could afford to buy sheep when others sold and prices were low. When prices rose again, he sold his livestock and made good profits. Similarly, he built large wool-storage sheds. They allowed him to store his wool when prices were low and sell when prices rose. When he lent men money, they put up their sheep as collateral. Each spring, however, he had to send half his profits to his mother. Okie wanted to invest this money in new prospects: After this deal was made, he could plow all the money he liked back into the company. The new investments paid off quickly. But both Okie and his mother, their legal maneuverings made clear, were business sharks. Scandal and divorce Okie and his wife, Jeannette, came into conflict with each other at about the same time. During their marriage, they traveled widely: But they began drifting apart. Jeannette, suffering from lung ailments, started spending winters in Washington, D. It was at this time, in , that their four-year-old son, Paul, died of diphtheria in Lost Cabin. In , Okie and Jeannette divorced. Clarice obtained a divorce from Herbert, and she married Okie the next day. He took her on a trip around the world. They built a number of guesthouses near the mansion and added the aviary. At night, after dinner, they read novels aloud to each other in French.

Chapter 4 : Lost Adams Diggings - Wikipedia

The Lost Cabin Mine, as a name, is familiar to many. But the true story of that mine there is no man who knows. Of that I am positive because "dead men tell no tales." It was on the sixth day of June, , that I first heard the unfinished story of the Lost Cabin, the first half of the story I.

Legend[edit] Adams, for whom the legend became known and whose first name forever has been lost to history, was born in Rochester, NY July 10, In Sacaton, Adams met a group of twenty one miners led by John Brewer traveling together in search of the gold fields. The party also accounted the Pima-Mexican guide who promised the prospectors to lead them to the valley of gold: And those tears are larger than your coins! While on the expedition he had seen gold nuggets that were larger than oak nuts. The young man had appreciation for works made out of silver and turquoise but had no knowledge of gold value. The miners made a bargain with the guide who only asked for a horse, a saddle, a weapon and some of the gold in exchange. The group was badly in need of horses, and when by fate Adams appeared in Sacaton with his twelve head, Brewer struck a deal with Adams on the terms that Adams would share leadership with him in exchange for donating his horses. Twenty-two men set out on August The guide paused and pointed to two mountains that were shaped like sugar loaves. According to Adams, from that mountain lookout the miners were able to observe San Francisco Mountains. Adams thought that this mountain range was located on Mt. Ord , or on one of the mountaintops nearby. He said that the passageway was so narrow that the riders had to enter it one by one. They descended a canyon via a Z-shaped trail. At the bottom of the canyon was a spring with a low falls above it. The young guide left the miners on the first night after the discovery and after being paid. Before leaving the guide issued a warning. He told the group not to stay long in the canyon that was a campsite for Apaches. Apache Chief Nana and 30 warriors appeared the second day. The chief told them not to go above the falls. Some of the men started construction of a cabin. The party decided to send Brewer and five others to buy more supplies at Old Fort Wingate , west of modern Grants. They returned to camp with large nuggets. Adams warned them against it but the nuggets were kept. Along with another miner named Davidson, Adams climbed out of the canyon to discover five bodies on the trail, Brewer was not among them. They raced back towards camp, but it was too late. A large party of Indians had reached the camp and killed the remaining miners. The cabin had been set on fire, making the hearth stone too hot to move. Adams must have had a terrible sense of direction, after so many years of searching his quest proved hopeless. But in his search he inspired others to joint the hunt. In July , year-old Robert W. Lewis said that everything was there just as Adams had described except for the gold. Thousands of prospectors, ranch -hands, and men-of-fortune searched this area and the rest of southwestern New Mexico prior to World War II, as the Adams diggings became the most sought-for gold in the country. The combination of the depression and the deregulation of the gold market prompted the most unlikely people to search for the diggings. Between and several large logging communities flourished in the Zuni Mountains , several with schools and post offices; wide-gauge railroads crisscrossed the mountains. The loggers were well aware of the Adams legend, as it had become a nationally known story. Between running logs nothing was more common than prospecting except for drinking. Rumors of gold in the Zunis had become so common that the U. The geologists found nothing. In the s the area was thoroughly re-explored for uranium during the uranium boom around Grants, New Mexico. Eventually the obsession with the Zuni Mountains as a host for the Adams diggings faded. The Adams diggings were beginning to seem a hoax or a mine unlikely to ever be found. Geologically, the Adams diggings could only be in the southwestern quadrant of the state. Adams himself spent most of the remainder of his life searching the areas in and around Reserve, New Mexico. This area was the largest gold producing area in the state, and hosted several small mining booms, including the rich strikes at Silver City and Pinos Altos. The areas that could conceivably host the diggings in this region containing several large mountain ranges that remain sparsely inhabited are numerous, as minerals and evidence of previous mining can be found throughout the area. Local folklore will tell you that the gold is at the headwaters of either the Black River, the Gila River, or the Prieto River. Spanish Lore will tell you to look to the Blue Mountains. Dozens of mining camps in this region of New Mexico were thought to

be the Adams diggings for brief periods, until each proved itself to be less rich than at first indicated: That seems to be the story of gold in the desert southwest. The Datils and Gallinas Mountains and the basins to the north of these mountains were considered possible locations for the diggings that increased in popularity as the other locations lost appeal. Hale Story [12] published in uses historical, artifactual, geographical, and geological data to demonstrate the viability of the location in the new book as the locality of the Lost Adams Diggings. The new book demonstrates the presence of significant gold mineralization, adds a wrinkle to the story by presenting evidence of colonial Spanish activity in the area dated to the s, and identifies and locates every critical landmark. The new book contains maps, pictures of artifacts, assay reports, and is written in a conversational format with Dick interviewing the re-discoverers Paul Hale and Ronald Schade. A similar but geographically less plausible location was found in eastern Arizona by Don Fingado near Clifton. The site contains features described by Adams much like the area favored by Dick French; however, the gold remained undiscovered. In some minds the gold was to be found on either the Zuni or Navajo reservations, but the laws preventing the acquisition of mineral rights in these regions have discouraged searching. There are other sites, but the leading candidates in the popular imagination are mentioned above. If it really exists, its traditional location remains within "Apacheria" or the southwest quadrant of New Mexico and bordering areas in Arizona. Myth, Mystery, and Madness. This work, unlike its predecessors, is a serious attempt to give historical perspective supported by cited research. Purcell believes that the gold exists and is perhaps somewhere in the mountains just south of Quemado, New Mexico. Perhaps gold will be found someday, but in the minds of most, the legend is fading away among the other items in the forgotten annals of American lore. Legacy[edit] The many stories arising or deriving from the lost diggings have inspired many to search for lost Apache gold ever since. Its legend has supplied many folk tales, stories and books with ample fuel for fantasies of lost treasures, hidden canyons, Apache secrets and gold "somewhere out there" in the wilds. Another supposed Indian name for the mine was "Sno-Ta-Hay," which supposedly means "there it lies" i. Chief Nana supposedly called it that when he first warned the Adams party before the attack. As previously mentioned, J. Frank Dobie devoted half of his book "Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver" now in its ninth printing to the story of the Lost Adams Diggings and considered it to be the greatest "lost mine" story of US history. The amount of mail being sent to western New Mexico during the s prompted the government to create a new post office in the area affectionately named "Lost Adams Diggings, NM;" the post office has since closed. Numerous other books about, or based on, the diggings have been written.

Lost Cabin Mine of Oregon Not a Myth? Well hidden within the Siskiyou Mountains: 2 cabins sit atop a steep terrace of fallen rock, 2 fallen trees lie crossing each other, and sit near the cabin. Several sizeable pocket mine diggings sit only feet away, in direct view of the cabin.

Dillon may have been an itinerant prospector. He was apparently born in California in and was in Carbon County by In , a Malachi W. Dillon was found guilty of voluntary manslaughter in Utah. Following his graduation from Northwestern in , Jones became a national writer for the Chicago Times-Herald, covering among other events, the national Republican convention at which William McKinley was nominated. He was a popular after dinner speaker. His career, however, went into decline as a result of excessive booze. He first went to Colorado and then to the Encampment District where he founded the Dillon Doublejack for which every miner in town was a "special correspondent. One man holds a steel drill bit while the other grasping a six to eight pound sledge hits the bit. After each blow the first man turns the bit. The one holding the bit must have extreme confidence in the one driving the bit. If the second one misses there is likely to be major injury. He died in his cabin on June 19, , in an incident involving the injection of morphine whilst intoxicated. It was decorated with many trophies of college life and of the chase. Various college pennants were on the walls, innumerable pipes, some rusty antiquated firearms, besides a brace of pistols which Jim Rankin had given to Grant, supposed to be the identical flint-locks carried by Big Nose George, a desperado of the early days. Granberg of Oshkosh, Wisc. By , letters to the mining company were being returned "unclaimed. If real it would have been worth a fortune. It was in reality a more common silver dollar whose date had been altered. Although, it actually opened a mine with five shafts, the deepest of which was feet, and had some 2, feet of workings and a 40 hp. Dillon, Pencil Sketch by Dean Bode, Other companies attempted to promote themselves by reference to the apparent success of the Rudefeha. What the prospectus failed to advise gullible investors was that the loads were for the Rudefeha Mine and not its own from which no ore was being mined. Thus, promotional material for such companies compared themselves to the Rudefeha even though little more had been done than provide glowing assays. Most of the companies were gone by From the cloudy crystal ball department: Beeler reported as to the mines featured on this page: Diamond drill prospecting has been going on in the lower levels of this mine this year, exploring the adjacent formations for parallel ore shoots, but the results have not yet been given to the public. In the Doane-Rambler mine, work has been confined to reopening the working levels, putting them in shape for a large production and connecting the mine with the sixteen-mile overhead tramway, which transports the ore from the Ferris-Haggarty mine to the Encampment smelter and the railroad. There is no reason, why an active production campaign should not be made, and the management of this enterprise is to be congratulated on what it has accomplished, in the face of what appeared to be almost insurmountable difficulties, in the way of fires, scarcity of labor, financial depression and an arbitrary and needless decline in the price of copper, which occurred just as it had completed its new works and was prepared to produce at a handsome profit. This new smelter and railroad have made the future of the Encampment district a certainty, as there has never been any doubt as to the ores here, and new work is going on all over the district. The Penn-Wyoming Company was over extended with the cost of the infrastructure, several fires at the smelter and a reduction in the price of copper. In order to promote the sale of its stock, the company resorted to the declaration of dividends when it was making no money. A receiver was appointed and the assets foreclosed upon. When the shafts of the Rudefeha Mine were sealed no provision was made for drainage and the shafts are now flooded with some seepage polluting nearby streams. The Rudefeha Mine was the most important in the area. The Rambler was the second most important in production followed by the Kurtz-Chatterton. Tramway terminal in tall building at right of photo. The ore was hauled from Rambler by mule train to the smelter in Encampment. By , the most of the building in Rambler were in a state of collapse except a few occupied by Shepherders.

Chapter 6 : THE LOST CABIN MINE

The legend of the Lost Cabin Mine kept circulating around most of the western United States in subsequent years, but after time, began to fade into obscurity, as all legends tend to do. Men had searched their whole lives to find this mysterious place, but all had come up empty after fruitless journeys.

Another story that may have its place in this Lost Cabin Mine mystery starts in the year of with two Frenchmen. As the tale goes, two Frenchmen found a very rich placer discovery somewhere in the mountains of southern Oregon. The two Frenchmen arrived in Eugene City, which at the time had less than people. They were trying to sell their gold, but the town did not have enough money to buy it. They came back to Oregon the next near of to return to their treasures. This time they journeyed back up North by way of Klamath Falls. At the Klamath Indian Reservation, the two men hired an Indian woman to cook and tend their camp. Months later, the ravaged and beaten Indian woman makes her way out of the forest where some soldiers were working on a military road somewhere between Union Creek and Fort Klamath. She then tells her story to some men who were stationed under Captain F. Sparatagus of the Oregon Infantry. The Indian woman spent days trying to find her way through the mountains but, she could not tell the men where the camp was. All she was able to explain was the description of the cabin and its mine. The woman stated that the cabin was built atop a rock wall with two fallen large trees on either side. She said that their sluice box was not far from their cabin. The Indian woman made her way back to her people and told her brother, who was a warrior, what the Frenchmen did to her. Her brother vowed revenge. And as tale goes, he finally found the Frenchmen in their camp and killed them. Some of the stories say Indians buried the two Frenchman, some say they left them and their bones to lie. Could it really be that the secret location of the Lost Frenchmens Gold Mine is just lost in history and continues to remain illusive as the lush undergrowth hides its golden secret. Could this be the infamous place that, though many may have stumbled upon, and even claim to have found, remains lost the lost in time, earning its place as an old tale that may, or may not be true?

Chapter 7 : List of lost mines - Wikipedia

THE LOST CABIN MINE In I had the priviledge of working with a man by the name of Howard Davidson. One day I started talking to him about the lost Rhoads mines and my expeditions searching for it, thats when he told me a fascinating story about his father Amasa A. Davidson and his involvement with the searching for a lost Spanish gold mine, and about a gun fight that took place while he.

Email Shares Deep in the Bighorn Mountains at a location long forgotten, a cabin marks the site of a gold mine abandoned before its bounty was harvested. Prospectors and explorers have searched for the cabin and its legendary treasure for more than years. Or so the legend goes. Like all good lore, there are many versions of the story. Most agree it began with a group of seven prospectors who struck it rich in the Bighorns in the s. Some stories identify the men as Swedes, but all agree they had built a cabin and begun to mine when Native Americans attacked. So they rallied a group of prospectors to return to the cabin. Some say the entire party was killed in another Native American attack. Others say the party was simply never heard from again. And some stories say they were unable to retrace their steps and find the claim. All versions agree the cabin remained lost, igniting the imagination of treasure hunters for decades to come. In some versions of the telling, one such treasure hunter finally did find the mine. But he died as soon as he returned to his wagon to travel with the news. His sudden heart attack kept the location a secret. Later, a Buffalo resident known for wearing a live rattlesnake around his neck located the legendary lode. The treasure remains lost today “ if it ever existed at all. The story is one of the enduring legends of the Bighorns, said John Woodward, the former director of the Sheridan County Historical Museum, in an email. But there is a geological outlier on the western side of the range where gold was discovered near Bald Mountain. Jack McIntyre, with unidentified children in the early s. Wyoming, in fact, has several. This makes it harder to tease fact from fiction as people sometimes confuse the cabins and unwittingly blend old-stories into new myths. But the lost cabin of the Bighorns and its goldmine, or some version of the story, has always been an accepted part of local lore, she said. The fact that the small quantities of gold that were found in the Bighorns rarely covered the cost of production, for example, gives her pause. Usually when there were survivors, there was some sort of documentation, she said. As far as Bruner knows, there is no such paper trail for the Lost Cabin attack. There are some recognizable pieces in the stories surrounding the cabin. Buffalo was a town of characters in the late s. One man had a pet antelope or deer. Another was known for his pet mountain lion, Bruner said. He did, notoriously, wear a live snake around his neck, she said. Historical records of the cabin mostly refer to the myth directly or to secondhand stories attributed to the legends. This, people thought, could be the same area of the famous Lost Cabin gold strike. The paper said a suitable townsite had already been found and 2, people were expected to work the area for gold within two months. A recent column in the Bulletin revisited the Otter Creek gold rush of The townsfolk of also said there were nuggets of pure gold that could be picked out of the rock with a knife. Men staked claims, but the big discovery led to no more than gold traces like those found in other streams in the Bighorns.

Chapter 8 : The legend of Lost Cabin | WyoFile

The Lost Frenchmens Mine One of the most correlated stories about of Lost Cabin Mine of Oregon. Another story that may have its place in this Lost Cabin Mine mystery starts in the year of with two Frenchmen.

One day I started talking to him about the lost Rhoads mines and my expeditions searching for it, that's when he told me a fascinating story about his father Amasa A. Davidson and his involvement with the searching for a lost Spanish gold mine, and about a gun fight that took place while he was on that fateful expedition looking for it. Howard told me a lot of interesting things about his father and this expedition, the following news paper article is pretty much what Howard told me, except he went into a little more detail and gave a lot more family history. In one of George Thompson's books he claims that A. In Gail Rhoads' last book he reviled much to my disliking pretty much the true location and a map to go along with it, then Kerry Borens' latest book *The Gold of Carre-Shinob* adds an even better description of the turn of events that happened and even adds a surprising twist that I think Howard would have loved to know. Legend says that early Utah Indian chiefs who converted to Mormonism allowed Brigham Young to appoint one messenger - Thomas Rhoades - to be shown the mines and take gold for such church purposes as minting early Mormon coins and decorating LDS temples. My grandpa, Amasa Alonzo Davidson, was one of hundreds who caught gold fever while hearing stories of the fabulous "Lost Rhoades Mines" and how Thomas Rhoades and his son, Caleb, rode out of the mountains with saddlebags full of pure gold ore. Against his better judgment, Grandpa was talked into joining a group that searched for the gold in the mountains. The stories of those who chased the gold are stories of misery. Some gold seekers were killed by Indians, some froze to death, some killed each other. And the few who reportedly saw the gold were prevented from claiming it because of untimely deaths or government red tape. In July, Wakara agreed to let Brigham Young choose one white man to travel to a sacred mine and bring back gold if he swore not to reveal the location. Young chose Thomas Rhoades, a stalwart Mormon who spoke fluent Ute. In , when Rhoades became ill, his son, Caleb, took his place. Both Rhoadeses claimed they kept their part of the deal, but they also worked some not-so-sacred-but-also-rich mines that the Spanish had developed for themselves. Thomas Rhoades found a map to the non-sacred Spanish mines when Brigham Young sent a group under his command to investigate an Indian massacre of Mexicans who had been mining gold near Nephi. Neighbors began to suspect the Rhoadeses had their own mine and would try to follow them. When Thomas left his home in Kamas or Caleb left his in Price, curious neighbors would tag along, only to be outsmarted by the Rhoadeses. Some claim they got close. Caleb once left a group in the Uintas for about five minutes and came back with a saddlebag full of gold. But Hartzell had to dismount his horse and look for signs of the trail ahead in the moonlight. When he came back to the horse, he found someone had stolen his pistol. Caleb gave it back to him weeks later, saying he found it in the canyon. Hartzell joined up with the same band of men as my grandpa, who tried to find the Rhoades gold by traveling into the Uintas from the Wyoming side. In , my grandpa was a year-old rancher and schoolteacher living with his wife and five children near Fort Bridger, Wyo. One of the few in the area who knew how to assay gold, he was talked into joining the group. When Grandpa saw some of the hard-looking characters, he refused to go. Landreth told Grandpa that he need fear nothing about the trip, and that he could prove it. He pulled out a sealed deck of cards and had Grandpa and Grandma shuffle and cut it. Landreth said spades were bad luck, clubs meant trouble, hearts were love and diamonds were riches. Grandma cut the deck and drew the king of hearts, which Landreth said represented Grandpa. Grandpa did the same, drawing the queen of hearts, which Landreth said represented Grandma. They then shuffled the deck and drew four cards - the ace, king, queen and jack of diamonds. Grandma let Grandpa go on the condition he leave his rifle at home. He rode out the next day with assaying acids, a blow pipe to heat them and a camera. Shortly afterward, Landreth, while blindfolded, drew out a rough map that he said the spirit of an Indian princess named Ravencamp was revealing to him. He described the lake where they were to camp that night and said that above it appeared to be giant castles. The men in the group became excited because Landreth had described a place they knew well, even down to rocks that looked like castles. In subsequent days, Landreth pulled out a compass that he said pointed toward the gold instead of to the north.

Landreth also could look at the men in the group and tell them things about their past that no one else knew. He even told one man he had killed and cut up a child. That kept the men in line, except for Grandpa and his friend Mosslander - of whom Landreth never seemed to discern anything. After supper all of the men except Grandpa, Mosslander and a Wyoming neighbor named Ernest Roberts went off by themselves for about an hour. Grandpa told the others he had a sense of danger. The next morning, Landreth told the others at breakfast that the Indian princess had led them to the cabin for a purpose. He said the gold they would soon find should be given to him to start a church. Landreth then asked that he be blindfolded so the Indian princess could help him draw a map for the final short distance to the gold. But his pencil did not move. Then he called upon God to direct him, but nothing happened. In anger, Landreth threw off the blindfold and announced he would find the gold himself. One of the outlaws then took command. He placed another "old outlaw from Price" in charge of Grandpa, Mosslander and Roberts and told him not to let them get away from the cabin. He paired others off to go in different directions to look for gold, and he took Landreth with him. During the day, the guard told Grandpa that Landreth and the outlaw leader the night before had told the others that Grandpa, Mosslander and Roberts should be killed as soon as the gold was found. They had even run their horses off. The outlaw also slipped him a gun. At the Scout Lake camp, all the men - except two - returned before sunset but had found nothing. Just as it was getting dark the last two returned. The outlaw leader asked them what they had found, and one man said nothing. Landreth yelled that he was lying and stepped toward him to search him. The man reached for his gun, but the outlaw leader shot him in the back. They brought the wounded man to the fire where Landreth searched his pockets, which were full of rich, gold-bearing rock - some of it almost pure. The outlaw leader asked him where the mine was. The man said, "We found the mine over in - aw, go to hell. He then ordered Grandpa to test the rocks with his assaying acids. The outlaw leader looked at the gold, then looked at Grandpa. Slowly he drew his gun. But before he could fire, Mosslander shot him dead. Everyone then started shooting. Grandpa and Mosslander ran out together, firing behind them as they went, and headed north to Wyoming. They said they ran so hard downhill that they even knocked over some trees. My Grandpa later found he had stuck one of the pieces of ore in his pocket when he started running. He donated it later to the University of Wyoming in the s, but officials there said records are not good enough to verify that. Grandpa and Mosslander found one of the horses that had been run off and headed home. Several men in the group had been killed, but many survived - including Landreth. Roberts returned home days later, wounded in the groin. The wound eventually killed him. Grandpa ran them off with the help of his brothers. Later, Grandma and her oldest son were shot at while working in a garden. She talked Grandpa into accepting a teaching job offered far away in northern Wyoming. Grandpa talked little about the trip to family members. He kept the gun he had been given in a box in hopes of returning it to the outlaw who had helped him. He never went back to the Uintas until , and then only for one day. He had told his attorney about the expedition, and they decided to take a drive up and look around. His journal entry says they found the old cabin and an old sulfur mine that was a landmark for him. We found out much later that he made a map of where he thought the two men who found the gold in the group were sent to look - a square area north of Scout Lake and just south of Gold Hill. Grandpa in very light red pencil had traced in the route his expedition had taken. It is barely noticeable among the other red and black lines on the map. My father, I and a Deseret News photographer recently went to the area to see if we could see any signs there of the gold or the cabin mentioned by Grandpa. It is made of logs laid on the ground. We noticed many of the logs are notched, meaning they were once part of an old cabin. The site matches stories from my grandfather. He had taken pictures across the lake looking at Bald Mountain and Hayden Peak, and the view from the amphitheater matches those old photos described by my father. The site would also have allowed my grandpa to have run away during the shooting toward Wyoming in an almost all-downhill path. We walked around and found the sulfur mine to the north that my grandpa mentioned as a landmark. Books detail many failed expeditions, misery and death and not one case of quick and bounteous wealth. Old-timers say for every ounce of gold in the mines, gallons of blood have been spilt. But if you do find the mine, please let me see it some time. You keep the gold.

Chapter 9 : The Lost Cabin Mine (Frederick Niven) » Read Online Free Book

One of the most famous lost mines in Wyoming is the Lost Cabin gold mine said to be located somewhere in the Big Horn or Owl Creek Mountains. In the Wyoming Historical Society published an account of the Lost Cabin mine in the Societys Miscellanies.

The Lost Cabin Mine, p. Then he hobbled the horses and, sitting down on his own blanket-roll, which he had not done: You know what the Indians say: White man dam fool! I watched him going dim and shadowy along the hill-front, where contorted bushes waved their arms now and then in the night wind. He took a small axe with him, from the pouch of his saddle, and I heard the clear "ping" of it now and then after he himself was one with the bushes. And there I sat with my weary thoughts beside the snoring man and the horses huddling close behind me, as though for my company, and the prowling, prowling of the coyotes round and round me. Then suddenly these latter scattered again and Apache Kid returned, like a walking tree beside the pale sky, and made up a fire and besought me to lie down, which I had no sooner done than I fell asleep, for I was very weary. So it was morning at last, when I came again broad awake, and Apache Kid was sitting over the fire with the frying-pan in hand. Indeed, the first thing I saw on waking was the flip he gave to the pan that sent the pancake--or flapjack, as it is called--twirling in the air. And as he caught it neatly on the underside and put the pan again on the blaze that the morning sunlight made a feeble yellow I gathered that he was catechising Donoghue, who sat opposite him staring at him very hard across the fire. But the meal was now ready, and I do not know when I enjoyed a meal as I did that flapjack and the bacon and the big canful of tea made with water from a creek half a mile along the hill, as Apache Kid told me, so that I knew he had been busy before I awoke. I felt a little easier at the heart now than on the night before, and less inclined to renounce my agreement and return. But suddenly, as we were saddling up again, the thought of those dead men came into my head; and though of a certainty they had been evil men, yet the thought that these two with me had taken human lives gave me a "grew," as the Scot says. I turned about and looked at my companions. It was Donoghue who answered. Never mind the dead men. He was a man, this, who lived in a different world from mine. And then suddenly he caught himself up and said: To beseech a favour is always better than to threaten or to attempt coercion and I must add my voice to his and ask you to come on with us. Though personally," he added, "had I once made a compact with anyone, I would carry it through to the bitter end. The creek we came to at noon was kindlier, with a song in place of a cry; swift flowing it was, so that it nearly took our horses from their feet as we crossed it, or the nigher half of it, rather for we camped on an islet in the midst of it and the second crossing was shallower and easy, but, though swift as the Kettle, it made one lightsome instead of despondent to see. The sun shone down into its tessellated bed, all the pebbles gleaming. The rippling surface sparkled and near the islet was dappled over with the thin shadows of the birches that stood there balancing and swaying. And scarcely had we begun our meal when we heard a clatter midst the pebbles and a splashing in the water, and there came an old Indian woman on a tall horse, with a white star on its forehead, and pots and kettles hanging on either side of it. For an hour after that they came in twos and threes, men and women, the young folk laughing and chatting among themselves, giving the lie again to all tales of an Indian never smiling. It was a great sight to me and I can never forget that islet in the Kettle River. Not one of the people stopped to talk. The men and the old women gave us "How do" and drew themselves up erect in their saddles. The younger women smiled, showing white teeth to us in a quick flash and then looking away. Apache Kid was radiant. He looked at Apache Kid as men look on one they cannot understand, but spoke no further word. After we left that camp, as we struck away across the valley toward the far-off range, we saw these folk still on the other mountainside and caught the occasional flash of the sunlight on a disk, maybe, or on a mirror, or the polished heel of a rifle swinging by the saddle; and then we lost sight of them among the farther woods. That picturesque sight did a deal to lighten my heart. Apache Kid, too, was mightily refreshed the rest of the afternoon, and spun many an Indian yarn which Donoghue heard without any suggestion of disbelief. But it was no picnic excursion we were out upon. We had come into the hollow of the hills. We were indeed at the end of the foothills, and across the valley before us the mountains rose sheer, as though shutting us

into this vale. To right, the east, was a wooded hill, parallel with which we now rode; and to left cliffs climbed upwards with shelving places here and there on their front, very rugged and savage. Donoghue nodded in the direction of a knoll ahead of us, and said: So there was; but I was not to hear it--then. Suddenly we all three turned about at the one instant for a far-off "Yah-ah-ah-ah! There, behind us, we saw two riders, and they were posting along in our track at great speed. We reined up and watched them, Apache Kid drawing his Winchester across his saddle pommel, and Donoghue following suit, I, for my part, slackening my revolver in the holster. Nearer they came, bending forward their heads to the wind of their passage and the dust drifting behind them in two spiral clouds. Then I saw that one was a white man with a great, fluttering beard; the other an Indian, or half-breed. And just at the moment that I recognised the bearded man Apache Kid cried out: Pinkerton," so ran the legend there. An old prospector had seen you, and by good luck he stopped us, and by better luck I was polite for once and listened to his chin-chin, and so we heard where you had got off the wagon road. You see it was a mere chance, your meeting that prospector and being told of the point at which we left the road. I have to thank you, and your daughter through you, and your cook; but I must beg of you to get back. I beg of you to go and take care of meeting them on the way. We watched them till they had almost crested the rise and there suddenly they stopped, wheeled, and next moment had dismounted. We were not left long in doubt, for a puff of smoke rose near the backbone of the rise and a flash of a rifle and then seven mounted men swept down on these two. The seven riders spread out as they charged down on the two and at the flash of the rifle we saw one of them fall from the saddle and his horse rear and wheel, then spin round and dash madly across the valley, dragging the fallen rider by a stirrup for quite a way, with a hideous bumping and rebounding. But it was on the two dismounted men on the hill-front that my attention was concentrated, and round them the remaining six of their assailants were now circling. He dropped the reins of our pack-horse to the ground and remarked: With a snort it bore Donoghue abreast of me and I clapped my heels to the flanks of my beast. Next moment we were all in line, with the wind whistling in our ears. He cried out an oath, the most terrible I ever heard, and, "Come on, boys," he shouted to us. I saw the reason for this action at once; for to put an end to these men now would be the only sure way to make certain of an undisputed tenancy of the Lost Cabin. Indeed, their very flight in itself was enough to suggest not so much that they were afraid of us for Pinkerton had given them the name of fearless scoundrels as that they did not want an encounter yet--that their time had not yet come. But for Pinkerton, they might have followed up quietly the whole way to our goal. Thanksto him, we knew of them following. This, though not their time to fight, was our time. The son of a dog! But at that the flying men wheeled together and all five of them were on their feet before Apache Kid and I could draw rein. He passed me and heard I--I now a length behind him--came level with the five men clustered there behind their horses and the horse of the fallen man, Apache crying to me: And just at that moment it struck me, in the midst of all the fluttering excitement, that they let Apache Kid go by without a shot. But right on my shot my horse went down--his foot in a badger hole--and though afterwards I found that I had slain the horse that the fellow who was aiming at me was using as a bastion, I knew nothing of that then--for I smashed forward on my head. The last thing I heard was the snort of pain that my horse gave, and the first thing, when I awakened, that I was aware of was that I was lying on my back looking up at the glaring sky, a great throbbing going on in my head. My hands were tied together behind my back and my ankles also trussed up in a similar manner. I was in the wrong camp. I had fallen somehow into the hands of our enemies.