

ATMOSPHERIC CHANGES.

The Rarified Air of the Northwest and Western States.

The Case of Mr. William Cott—He Tells The Public What He Knows From Actual Experience—An Interesting and True Case.

An English writer, narrating his experiences in the Himalayas, naturally has much to say about the rarified atmosphere and the effects of the prevalence of that loathsome disease, catarrh.

THE "LOST CABIN" MINE.

The True Story of Its Discovery and Development.

A STIRRING TALE OF GOLD.

Allen Hulbert's Find in the Big Horn Mountains—The Lost Cabin—The Lead Rediscovered—A Sad Sequel.

Fort Keogh, Mont., Correspondence of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Perhaps the most famous, as well as the most mysterious, mine on the continent is the celebrated Lost Cabin Lead.

It has been discovered, rediscovered and lost half a dozen times, and at the present writing the exact location of this rich lode is as much a mystery as ever.

This mine is one of the magnets that drew Thomas Paige Comstock (Old Panack) north from the Nevada bonanza.

but he never found the lead, and he came back to find a suicide's death and a pauper's grave awaiting him.

He drove a pistol ball through his brain near Dozeman, September 27, 1870, and his neglected tomb is now there, without a sign to mark this famous man's last resting place, and almost unknown.

The Lost Cabin has grown to be somewhat of a legend, although there can be no doubt that very rich veins of gold are scattered all through the Big Horn range, and among those mountains this much-sought mine is snugly hidden away, and will probably remain so until some lucky prospector stumbles upon it, and so becomes a thrice millionaire in a twinkling.

That there is gold in the Big Horn mountains can not be questioned. Colors have been found all along the Big, Little Horn and other mountains, and at the mouths of the Big Horn and Rosebud, a little industrial panning on the bars will show no doubt signs of auriferous washings.

But the treasure vaults of the Big Horn must be closed to prospectors for many years yet, as the Crow Indians are barons, in fact, of all that rich country, and do not propose to part with one inch of their birthright for love nor money until a wise congress legislates on the matter and throws these rich lands—rich in minerals and grasses—open to the industrious white prospector, or farmer, whether the Crows like it or not.

I have seen many descriptions of the Lost Cabin in print, but never yet got the true story, but how it got the name of Cabin, nor how such a big thing as gold mine with a log cabin attachment came to be so utterly and totally lost as never to be found again.

THE LOST CABIN TROU.

Allen Hulbert, a California stamper of the 40's epoch, was the man who discovered the mine, built the cabin, lost the mine, and never found it again.

He was a quiet, sensible citizen of Janesville, Wis., in 1849, when he caught the California gold fever like a great many others, and so in October of the same year he left home, friends and everything else behind him and journeyed across the plains to the Pacific El Dorado.

He worked his way north to Oregon, then into what is now Washington, and in the spring of 1850 discovered the mine in Wallawalla without a cent in his pocket.

In company with two other roving spirits, one Jones and one Cox, the trio bought a new prospecting outfit, including six horses, and with a month's provisions in paper packs, set out over the Mullen trail for an exploring expedition on the eastern slope of the Rockies.

After hard trials, and encompassing almost insurmountable difficulties, the little band finally reached the Yellowstone, and the bright morning had neither name or location for them.

Into these mountains they hurried, panning and prospecting as they went, and striking better pay the deeper and higher up the gulch they got. At last, coming to a wonderful rich streak which prospected handsomely, a shaft was sunk to bed-rock, which was only seven feet below, and here was found gold from the grass roots down, panning all the way from 50 to 81 each trial.

The prospectors had their minds to stay all winter. They had plenty of powder and lead, the country was full of game, and so, without further delay the little pioneer party began work in dead earnest for a long winter's stay. They whipsawed lumber, built a dam across the creek, put up the sluice boxes, and sluiced from morning to night while the weather lasted. The average yield was about \$100 to a man until snow began to fly. When the water froze, and mining operations had to be suspended, Cox, Jones and Hulbert had about half a bushel each of bright, sparkling nuggets and gold dust. Now came winter. The time was too valuable while the season lasted to waste it in building operations; but it was now getting into and the boys industriously whipsawed lumber and cut logs sufficient to erect a cabin and surround it with a stockade.

This was the famous cabin that has since been lost so many times. Hay was cut for the five horses, and the men had been drowned in the Yellowstone. In the spring, when the water began to run again, the three men were at their sluice-boxes and taking out just as much gold as ever. One day Hulbert suddenly returned to the cabin for some necessary article, leaving his two comrades busily at work.

Scarcely had he gotten out of sight when bang! bang! went a number of rifles, and Cox and Jones lay weltering in their blood. Hulbert saw the Indians, saw the Indian strip, scalp and mutilate his comrades, after which the Redskins followed the well-beaten trail up to the cabin and rifled the latter of every single article or thing they wanted. They even attempted to set fire to the famous structure; but the logs were green and would not burn, thus sparing the celebrated building to future discovery.

After while the Indians left. Hulbert slipped quickly from his perch, gathering together a few necessary articles (the Indians had carried off the horses), packed his knapsack full of gold (burying such treasure as he could not carry), and without pausing to look around or even to take a landmark, fled for his life.

HULBERT'S FLIGHT.

His route did not lay back over the old trail he and his two friends had come the year before (the Indians had gone the way) but to the south, to the opposite direction, through a strange, wild, undiscovered country, so speak, over which no white man's foot had ever traveled before. After many days, when far away from the camp he arrived at a lofty precipice where to the east could be seen a vast stretch of open prairie, while to the west was a lofty range of mountains whose snow-capped peaks looked like a host of giants.

Hoping to strike some trail if he trusted to the open, Hulbert struck boldly out over the prairie, and headed as near as he could judge, for the Platte crossing of the great transcontinental route to California. After eighteen days he did reach the North Platte river, ninety miles above Fort Laramie, at Reshaw's bridge, and found himself on the old trail which he had passed over, fifteen days before, on his way to California. Here he met the great white people he had seen for nearly two years, except of course, his slain comrades. The country was then in fire over the news from Alder gulch. Rich diggings had been reported on Grass-hopper creek, Alder, in Montana, and the trend of the gold hunters was now toward the northwest instead of the setting sun, as was the case in 1849.

Hulbert met a big stamper coming up the Platte bound for Montana. Without going back to the trail he sending a word to his old friends, he joined the party of El Dorado hunters, and was soon en route to the very country he had so anxiously been fleeing from during the previous thirty days. Going along, he told the story of his own wonderful experiences to others, which resulted in a split in the crowd, with him heading a new stamper, in which he came near getting killed for his pains. To show the size of this division, it is only necessary to state that Hulbert had no less than 140 men, women and children, and all of these crazy people going off on a mad, wild chase after the goose that had laid the golden egg for Hulbert in the first instance. Sufficient is it to say that they never found the bird.

HULBERT'S CLOSE CALL.

Hulbert proved a very bad pilot, and after leading his party everywhere without success till winter came on, he finally and reluctantly confessed that he was lost, and his famous cabin mine along with him. This man, whose word had been law in camp for so many days, was now an outcast and in danger of death by violence. Men and women sprung at him like tigers, crying: "lynch him; he has lied to us; lynch him!"

Preparations were made for an impromptu necktie party, and Hulbert was just about to be strung up, when the individual in that crazy mob, who had a spark of humanity left in him, stepped forward and spoke up for the man who had been so long lost. "The word had been law in camp for so many days, was now an outcast and in danger of death by violence. Men and women sprung at him like tigers, crying: 'lynch him; he has lied to us; lynch him!'"

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