

**TOMBSTONE DAILY
PROSPECTOR.
TOMBSTONE IN HISTORY,
ROMANCE AND WEALTH**

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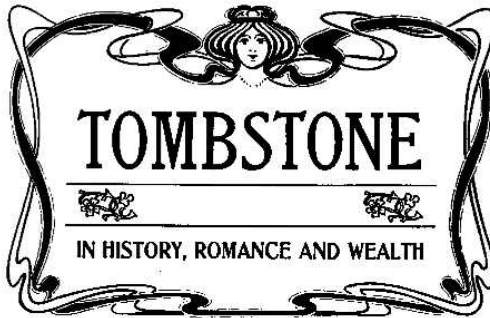
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TOMBSTONE DAILY PROSPECTOR

TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA



Souvenir Illustrated Edition, Commemorating Arrival of
Railroad to Tombstone, Arizona

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A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE BIG WAGON TRAINS TO HAUL ORE FROM THE MINES BEFORE THE ADVENT OF THE RAILROAD.



PROEM



This volume is offered to the public in a spirit of sincerity. In its review of Tombstone's history, resume of its resources and forecast of its future it has carefully avoided exaggeration. Moreover, this City needs no exaggeration (assuming that any city does); its revealed resources are such that men prominent in the world of mines have left successful enter-

prises of magnitude to assume its management, and one of the world's most powerful syndicates holds its Tombstone property to be the most important of its many interests. In these pages no special mention has been made of the many turbulent incidents of this City's past; for while essentially historical and inseparable from the early development of any frontier community, their violent record is better forgotten. Their inaptness to a work commemorative of industry and progress is obvious. Tombstone is on the

threshold of a prosperous day, and before the Tombstone of the past shall have slipped into the blackness of the "Backward and Abyssm" of time, it is well to take a last look backward that in the sunny future we may recall those stout-hearted old pioneers whose love for the once matchless mining city they had carved out of the very heart of Apache Land, caused them to fight grimly for its life during the desolate years of depression when well nigh all of its once mighty hosts had deserted it.

If this little volume shall effect in any degree perpetuation of the memory of those hearts of oak its mission shall have been justified, and its publisher will feel that its issuance was not futile, therefore this volume on Tombstone's history, its turbulent past and vista of a glorious future, is respectfully submitted.



TOMBSTONE'S DISCOVERER



Ed. Schieffelin's Daring Exploration of Apache Land, and His Golden Reward. Brief Sketch of an Intrepid Pioneer Whose Courage Made Possible the Subsequent Development of this Famous Mining Region



WHEN Ed. Schieffelin grasped the iron hand of Fate that far day in '73 and staked his life against a problematical chance in the Apache-infested foothills of the Mules, he was already a seasoned veteran in that indomitable army of prospectors who ever lead the way into silent regions. Immutable is that army as the

desolate Utgard for the feet of the oncoming civilization. The prospector is a living allegory of patience. Tolling always outward through the trackless desert, lonesome and grim, steel-thewed and untiring as the silent little burro beside him, he is the mightiest explorer and civilizer of modern times. And the "Hassayamper" is



TOMBSTONE PROSPECTOR

EDWARD SCHIEFFELIN, *Fly, Photo.*

DISCOVERER OF TOMBSTONE, AND HIS GRANITE TOMB, MARKING THE FIRST CAMPING PLACE OF THE INTREPID PIONEER.

sun. Ever marching forward, with brave faces always set against the great unknown. No desertions ever thin their iron ranks, no complainings ever pass their lips. Their pause at each conquest is but a bivouac, for victories are but incidents in their irresistible advance. The great host of progress swells behind them and ever calls on them to conquer new lands and build trails into the

perhaps the most indurated of all prospectors. It is said that the leg bones of the desert mustang, instead of being porous like those of other horses, are smooth and hard as metal. They have actually become ivory from a few generations of adaptation to the hard conditions of the waterless deserts and prairies of the Southwest. Undoubtedly, close investigation of the southern prospector

would reveal somewhat similar physical changes induced by his unusual life. He has become a distinct physical class from his fellow men. With only the average man's powers of endurance, the prospector must indubitably have failed in his Tantalus task of mapping out the eerie wastes of Arizona.

Edward Schieffelin was born in Western Pennsylvania in 1848, but when he was only ten years old his father trekked westward into Oregon. With pioneer stamina as an inheritance, young Schieffelin manifested a desire to prospect as a mere boy, the banks of the Rouge river being his first field. At the age of twenty-two he had worked his way well southward and was earning a livelihood on the great Comstock lode. With more space at command, it would be interesting to follow the virile, sun-tanned young Schieffelin in his tortuous windings through the sagebrush flats of Nevada and rugged crags of Northern Arizona. Equipped with his dearly-bought and well-learned knowledge of the craft of miner and prospector,

the promising mineral aspect of the district, but it is improbable that any of them, brave men though they were, had the hardihood to risk their lives so wantonly. His perilous venture was rewarded by a discovery of great richness. He "staked it off," and, with the spirit of grim humor, gave it the name of Tombstone. Then, taking with him a few samples of the ore, he crept out of the haunt of the red men as warily as he had entered, and made his way northward to Globe. His brother Albert and Assayer Richard Gird joined him, and, returning to the claim, they began the work that soon made Tombstone famous in the annals of mining. Later they sold their interests in Tombstone and Ed. Schieffelin, although now rich, again assumed the life of prospector, penetrating to the uttermost confines of frozen Alaska. He came to his death in a lonely cabin in the heart of Oregon, dying as a prospector lives, alone, and could we view that last grim trip into the land beyond the black mountain range of Death we no doubt would see Ed. Schieffelin facing the



VIEW OF A TOMBSTONE BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE.

he began his slow advance into the unknown portion of little-known Arizona. With his pick, canteen and blankets packed on his faithful little burro, the clear southern sky his only roof, the coyote and the desert owl for cronies, and the eternal .45-60 caliber bean for diet, he continued steadily in his search for the mine he was sure sooner or later to discover. His progress was much retarded by frequent necessity of hammering a drill for a few months in some other man's mine, that he might replenish his grub supply and renew his outfit, but eventually he reached the region that was to be the scene of his future success. The manner of his entrance into the death-shadowed pass between the Mule mountains and Cochise's stronghold is eloquent testimony of the man's clear strain courage. He came southward from Wickensburg with a party of Indian scouts, themselves on the very trail of the red-handed hostiles; yet, when the party had reached San Pedro, Schieffelin left them and advanced alone into the inner fastness of the murderous savages. There may have been many other prospectors aware of

king of terrors with eye as steady and heart as tranquil as when he came into the Valley of the Red Death twenty years before. His body has been brought back from the chill North, even as he wished, to rest forever on the granite hill where he kept sleepless vigil that first night before he entered the valley that held out equal chance of horrid death or golden fortune. The simple inscription on the monument built to his memory is significant of the intrepid pioneer's life:

EDWARD SCHIEFFELIN.

—
DIED MAY 12, 1897.

—
Aged 49 Years, 8 Months.

—
A DUTIFUL SON.
A FAITHFUL HUSBAND.
A KIND BROTHER.
A TRUE FRIEND.

Tombstone, Old and New

The Southwest's Peerless Metropolis of the '80's; Its Romantic History, Past Glories, Reminiscences and Future Rehabilitation

TOMBSTONE, from a historic view point, may be regarded as an anti-climax. The El Dorado of California, the seething tide of human progress that reached its flood at the Golden Gate in the "days of '49" was the culminating epoch in the Saga of the fair-skinned race who started upon their irresistible way east alone from Hindu Kuh's jungled base in the black hole of the mystic East. Checked in their westward march by the broad Pacific, seeing their host subsiding into the placid ways of those who have reached the goal, the more venturesome spirits, like warrior veterans who can not brook a life of peace, set their faces to the southward, and once more builded an industrial monument to the vigor of their kind in the sun-scalded hills and desert reaches of Arizona. Tombstone, in the days of the Southland's grandeur, was

fein, who outdid in daring all his iron-ribbed comrades. Penetrating with the wariness of the desert-bred to the very heart of the cruel hostile's ground—home of the red death—he placed his white man's brand upon the spot, and, with a fearless man's grim humor, named it—Tombstone.

With the news of Schieffelin's "find," too marvelously rich to need exaggeration for the most exacting visionary, began a mining excitement and a concomitant rush such as has seldom been surpassed in the history of the United States. Lured by the story of treasure came a pioneer host, drawn from every corner of the civilized world. Sun-tanned veterans of the plains, alert denizens of the city, laborers, mechanics, men dexterous in the arts, Teuton, Celt and Latin, came racing southward toward the border to build, between the Mule and Dragoon mountains, one



CITY OF TOMBSTONE.

its proud metropolis; for this sentient community, on the border of white man's civilization, has writ its story in flaming letters upon the scroll of American history. It has been the most vivid splotch of color on the horizon of the West, one of the grandest cantos in the Gringo's Iliad.

Tombstone, born of the glamour and magic of weird Apache Land, for more than a generation has been the Avatar of all that romance has woven of the great American Southwest—the lorn coyote's sage brush realm, whose mystic spell has held more of subtle allurements than ever the dim vistas of the antique orient. The venturesome Argonauts of this age who held their intrepid way across a trackless continent, or rounded the horn, 'mid perils of a sunless sea, to make an Aryan empire upon the Pacific, and again gave their sturdiest man, still undaunted, to the conquest of this far land of soul-withering desolation and lurking death, sent with those wire-thewed, keen-eyed out-riders of civilization's advance, non-hearted old Ed. Schief-

elin, who outdid in daring all his iron-ribbed comrades the Occident has ever held. Uncouth holsts upreared their grim hulks upon the sky-line, shafts and tunnels crept unceasingly into the world-old treasure hoards of the hills, roads were cut athwart the prairie, and the busy men builded homes and business houses until, within a brief span of months, what had been a bleak, untrod plateau, was a city of broad streets, flanked with substantial buildings and teeming with a virile, hustling swarm of humanity. Like all frontier communities that have flashed into being, isolate from the concrete bulk of their civilization, Tombstone, in the beginning, was tough. The swash-buckler with his educated gun was here in abundance, and that he saved the early settler from any languor of spirits goes without saying. In his strenuous endeavors to banish the ennui induced by a tame existence of whisky drinking and fare, he often accomplished much good and enthusiastic shooting, and, so long as he confined his brawls to his own ranks, he was allowed to pur-

THE TOMBSTONE PROSPECTOR.

7

sue the even tenor of his way unmoled. But the bad man is merely a symptom—the measles period, so to speak—of a mining camp's adolescence; and when the busy were thronged with the same motley crowd of racial opposites; she was the same breeding place of the reckless spirit that has made of the United States a new and



COUNTY HOSPITAL.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN TOMBSTONE.

CITY HALL.

COURT HOUSE.

yeomanry of Tombstone became tired of his pyrotechnic spree they made him evanesce. To attempt even a resume of the more salient features of Tombstone's lurid past would require a volume, and is, of course, not within

greater Rome. The picturesque stage coach, with its dexterous driver and mettlesome horses, that inspired much of Bret Harte's romance, was Tombstone's only medium of communication with the outside world. Harte's very



TOMBSTONE'S FAMOUS STAGE.

PASSING OF THE HISTORIC CONCORD STAGE WHICH HAS SEEN MUCH SERVICE AND MANY THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

the province of a brief article. She was much like her prototype on San Francisco Bay—a renaissance of the golden days of the early '50's on the Coast. Her streets

Yuba Bill may have held the ribbons once again between here and Benson or Bisbee. And those stage drivers had more than one brush with the enterprising highwayman