

Starts in 1886 according
to page 20

A. V. HOWARD

Dealer in.

WOOD OF ALL LENGTHS

Contract Work a Specialty

by Mrs. Marie B.
Hillis.
loaned by Jeanne
B. Hillis

Office
406 LOUISIANA AVENUE
Corner Sixth Street

LIBBY, MONTANA Feb. 1st. 1926.

Biographical sketch of pioneer days on Libby Creek and the town of Libby. Furthermore at that time, the whole of western Montana, was in Missoula Co. Since that time, all the other Counties has been segregated, or sliced of, from Missoula Co.

~~Howard~~ to begin with, for which its all history now. Your humble scribe, and his brother, were in the employ of the Montana Improvement Co. stationed at Spur No. 3 on N. P. R. R. furnishing four feet by the train load, to the ~~the~~ Spalter. The work being very arduous and both being old miners ~~he~~ come to the conclusion that it was opportune, for him to put in the year prospecting. ~~Knowing~~ the country was all new and wild, and that prospecting had been very limited in any of this section of the country. This was in the spring of Eighty Five. ~~The~~ he quit work, and headed for the Coeur d'Alens, via Missoula and Thompson Falls, leaving your correspondent, all alone, but still pegging away.

~~Howard~~ Not meeting with very much encouragement or satisfaction there, he concluded to go back to Thompson Falls, and make it his base to prospect from, as that was at that time, headquarters for nearly all comers and goers, looking for new fields of worlds to conquer. Moreover the most of them were heading for Idaho or the Coeur d'Alens nevertheless some would round in from the Canadian line. ~~Furthermore~~ he knew all the business men there, in the end it proved very helpful to him.

After landing back at Thompson Falls, there was quite a little excitement started on Vermillion Creek, some 20 miles below Thompson, however it did not appeal or have its allureings for him, after visiting, and examining. Moreover he said they could get some gold, but there was not enough to liquidate the expense that would cost in producing.

It was now getting up towards August, and nothing in sight. So back to Thompson he goes. He had not been back many days, until there was a gentleman from the Plains, looking for him, with a proposition for his consideration. They met and had a conference, the gentleman unfolded his proposition. It was this, he was in the Plains, when two prospectors came in from the mountains, and bought a bill of grub, and paid for it in gold dust. He being a live wire, and eyes open ~~set~~ to investigate things of that kind; ~~he~~ waited his opportunity to talk with them. However they were very noncommunicative, and evaded him.

Nevertheless he was determined to catch on to them. ~~Furthermore~~ he kept his eyes on them, until he saw them packing their animals and hiking out for the mountains and the trail they took. On the third day after they left, he secured a horse, and struck out on their trail, traveling almost day and night, and the day they landed, in a few hours after, they were surprised to see him riding in. The Creek, was Libby Creek.

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The gentleman, that followed them on the long and lonely trail, was Thomas Shearer, the old Quartz prospector, and was known nearly all over the west. One of the other parties that Mr. Shearer was following, was Charles Eberle, afterwards Mr. Fossieum partner on Little Cheery Creek.

It was uppermost in Mr. Shearers mind after taking in the situation and resting up, and finding that there was not a location on the creek; it appealed to him, to go back and get someone, to put up all necessary expense, and come in and locate all the ground and go out and put it to record, and put the proposition up to the Chinesean in Missoula to lease it to them. ~~But~~ it was not many days before he was back in the Plains. Moreover when he put the proposition up to them, they did not fancy it very much, that caused him to head for Thompson Falls. There where he ran onto my brother B. F. Howard. It was just what my brother was looking for. Now he was not strong enough to handle all the expense it would incur, however he was a very warm friend of the hay and feed store men, who owned a pack train, and running them in the Coeur d Alens, from Thompson. The firms name was Mess. Ceoper & Decker he went to Decker and put the proposition up to him, if you and Coop. will put up the pack animals, I will put up all grub and equipment Whipsaw and all the tools that needed. It met with Mr. Deckers approval but Mr. Ceoper opposed it, nevertheless he finely relented and gave his consent.

They equiped themselves with all required things, and left Thompson Falls, headed for Libby Creek, via Plains And Pleasant Vally. Now Mr. Charles Lynch, of Kalispell now and his brother, had a large band of cattle in the Valley, and had gone to the expense of cutting out a wagon road from the Plains, to the Valley, in order to haul in a mowing machine to cut hay for their cattle for the winter. ~~Further~~ that made it clear sailing for them to Libby Creek.

~~How~~ On landing on Libby Creek they found four or five men doing nothing but snipeing or in other words, crevising, not mining and liveing like indians in tepies and their principal fare was fish and flour. They made perminent camp, about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile above the last bridge now on Libby. Then they began looking the creek over, in order to begin locating. They soon had that all done and started Mr. Shearer back to the Plains and on To Missoula to put everthing to record. That accomplished, he headed back for Libby Creek. Inside of five days ~~back~~ and brother were makeing lumber with the whipsaw. However that was a short job, and it was not long untill they were shoveling dirt in the boxes. Bythway Mr. Decker was a criple, only one hand that he could use. Cripled from a boy. ~~Further~~ it was not many days, untill they had about \$20.00 in dust. Enough to show the values was there.

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As it was getting late in the season, they considered it opportune to pull stakes and head for home. ~~However~~ Mr. Shearer and my brother came on up to Missoula, and had a conference with the head Chinaman relative to leasing the ground to his Company. It met with his approval at once. They told him that in the spring, they would come around and fix up all necessary papers. That was all agreeable. Mr. Shearer then went back to the Plains, ~~and~~ ~~He~~ and Mr. Decker headed for Thompson Falls with pack animals, and brother headed for my place in Hell Gate Canyon.

Brother was very anxious that I would close up in the spring, and go on with them to Libby Creek. He told me everything they had done, and also the values in results they had gotten. I question him regarding the size of the creek, and how far 'twas to the head of the creek, he stated that it might be ten miles, or such a matter he presumed. He also stated that the country was heavily timbered, which made it difficult to get through or around to prospect. Therefore that had caused the trouble in the way of the head of the creek not being touched, and left it virgin territory to look over. That appealed to me and met my approval at once.

However in the first place, he always looked to my judgement in demonstrating and passing on ground. Because I always made it a rule, in digging for it or excavating if I was successful in finding it I was agreeably surprised, if I did not get results, I was not surprised. ~~Therefore~~ ~~Working~~ from that viewpoint, I never become discouraged or disappointed on not meeting with success. With him it was the other way, if not successful from the start, he would give up and quit. Therefore it devolved on me to look for it, or in other words do the prospecting.

After due consideration, from all viewpoints, I concluded to go in the spring, and look the field over. I ~~therefore~~ notified the Co. that in March, I would quit. As soon as the news went out, that I was going to quit and go prospecting, in the spring, there was several in the neighborhood, that wanted to go along with our colony. One was William D. McGee, the telegraph operator, from ~~Wallac~~ and the other A. E. Fossieum, of Libby. Both preparing to go along, and did go.

Brother got busy, and began getting everything in shape, going to Missoula to see Oliver Woodgo, better known here in Libby as Hoo Dee Jo. He had met him over on Libby Creek, with the snipers. He had come out and was living just out from Missoula, on a ranch with some friends. He had a small team and wagon, and brother wanted him, when it was opportune for us to go, to haul us to Missoula, and all of our belongings, that ~~that~~ we wished to take from there.

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However he made arrangements with Hoo Doo, to move us. ~~Moreover~~ it was not many days until we had everthing boxed and ready to move. ~~By and By, he came~~ and out for Missoula we went with $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. chickens and two cats, all crated up ready to travel.

On landing in Missoula, all of us suplying ourselves, with pack animals, and saddlehorses, ~~we~~ equipped for the trip north. ~~Moreover~~ Brother run on to a four horse team, that proffered to deliver everthing, grub and all to Pleasant Valley or as far yonside as the wagon could go, and then use his animals in helping to pack from the wagon to our landing on Libby. It was all aranged with him to take it. Hoo Doo loaded his wagon, with his own goods and also Mc-Gees. *Mc* fellows carrying Fossieums.

~~Further~~ Our rout was all outlined, by the old Mission and the Arm of Flathead Lake. The indians had a ferry there at that time. Its now known as Polson. There was not a house there at that time. We headed from there, to Mr. Lynches cut out road up the Little Bitter Root, on to Pleasant Valley. On landing in the Valley, Brother thought we had better leave some of our grub there, and comeback for it later on, as it was we had more than our packtrain could carry from the wagons to Libby Creek. He wasright, we were loaded to the gardes. Some of the animals, after loading, looked like a covered waggons going through the woods. Cats and chickens boxed and packed on top of pack. Nevertheless we went through all right, with not a scratch.

We made camp and planed what was best to do first. He thought it wise for Mr. Fossieu and me to go back to the Valley, and bring that other grub in before the streams got high. ~~However~~ *He* started out over the trail, the way we come in, by the old horse ranch, being known ~~three~~ *three* days by that name, but since the Mc-Million or Jeggins ranch, *Joughen* ~~He~~ *On* landing on the Fisher, We swam our horses, ~~more~~ *one* who should we meet on our read up Wolf Creek, on their road to Libby Creek. Afterintroduceing ourselves, one was our townsman Mr. John Leigh the other was Mr. William Lynch. I told them our mission out to the Valley, and requested them to wait for us at the Fisher crossing. Mr. Leigh had been in on Libby the fallbefore, and wasgoing back to look the country over thoroughly that summer. ~~However~~ he knew what he was likely to have to contend with, in the way of high water so he had all kinds of tools for carpenter work in any emergency.

Mr. Fossieum and I hiked on to the Valley, crossing Wolf Creek goeing over, with no water scarcely in the creek at that time. And in three hours from then, we had to take off our packs and swim the horses. Lucky for us as there was a big drift there, we used as a bridge, and carried all of our stuff across ~~on it~~. ~~Furthermore~~ *we* traveled until twelve O clock that night, ~~and it~~ *and it* raining heavy. ~~However~~ at daylight we were on the road, the rain had stoped, and at noon we were up with *Mr Leigh And Lynch.*

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On arriving, we found they had a raft almost completed, and in short time we were ready for action. ~~Our~~ Our plan was to get it across, on the opposite side, and then use it the same as a ferry. Furthermore we took our lashroaps, and fastened them to the raft, and had Mr. Fossieum and Lynch, ~~to~~ get on the raft. After pushing it out in the turbulent waters, she shot out like a duck, down stream, untill it reached the end of the roaps; then it ducked and comeback to our side of the river. We then hauled it back up stream, and gave it another trial, with the same results. ~~There~~ We come to the conclusion, that it was a failure, and to continew it, someone would be drowned. Moreover Mr. Fassieum says, I will take a hike down the river and see what there is in sight below, ~~he~~ off he goes, I presume he was gone three quarters of hour, and back he comes, and reports he found a large log spanning the stream, both ends high and dry with the water splashing the middle of the log.

~~Finally~~ ~~we~~ ~~at~~ ~~once~~ ~~followed~~ ~~him~~ ~~to~~ ~~his~~ ~~find~~. After viewing it, we formed our conclusion at once, that we could bridge it, and cross everthing over on it, but the horses. That was easy matter, we knew to get them across, by going back, after we had our packs and everthin across; and swimming them at the crossing. ~~How~~ It was not long before we had the stream bridged, and all of our belongings across. ~~Two~~ Two of us went back with the horses, to the crossing, and the other two went up on the opposite side, they pushed the horses in and here they come, almost straight across to us. ~~That~~ That accomplished, we were soon on our road to the Horse ranch, in sight of Libby Creek, We camped there for the night. The next day by noon we were in camp on Libby Creek.

Bytheway, I have omited something in this write up, that is important. Therefore I will drop back and bring it up. Two days before leaveing Missoula, Mr. Fassieum, come to us and said there was a lumberjack here, a friend of his wanted to go north with us. Brother and I at once told Mr. Fossieum, to insist on him waiting untill he Fossieum could advise him whether it was adviseable, for him to come up in that wild country or not. ~~He~~ He would not listen to any advice whatever, and went away and outfited himself, for the trip going down to Hoo Doo, and getting him to haul his provisions, then comeing back to Missoula, he buyes himself rideing animal. ~~How~~ However the day before we were to leave, he gets on his horse to ride down to Hoo Doo, and on the way down, the horse began bucking, off he went He picked himself up and walked on down to Hoo Doo, and then back to Missoula. On meeting Mr. Fossieum, he was complaining of his shoulder hurting him, and ~~to~~ ~~Ed~~ ~~his~~ ~~horse~~ ~~buck~~ ~~ed~~ ~~him~~ ~~off~~.

The gentlem^{ns} name was Martin Hanson. Nevertheless with all persuasion: and the condition he was in, he would not relent. However on landing on Libby Creek, he was wild with pain, then he began to see the plight he was in. ~~When~~ When the wagon men were preparing to go back to Missoula, they insisted on him getting on one of their animals and going back with them, for which he consented, and did go.

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~~When~~ ^{On} arriving in Missoula, he goes to a specialist, ~~for examination. On examining~~, the Dr. found his collar bone and also his shoulder bone both broken; and stated to him if he had been two days longer, before seeing him, that bloodpoison would have set in, and that it would have ended him in a very few hours. However it was six weeks before he was back in on Libby Creek, again.

Now getting back to my story, it was uppermost in brothers mind as it was getting along up in April; to build a cabin, and get down to mining as soon as possible. ~~But~~ ^{For} our camp was not very far from brothers claim. The ground is now owned by the Hon. Sidney Logan of Kalispell, and is under the wagon road as you now go over the Bear Creek, Hill. ~~However~~ ^{He} started in building our cabin, and Mr. John Leigh wishing to be neighborly paid us a visit; on finding us building volunteer his service for which we were very grateful, and in a few days, had house completed with old fashion fire place, ~~for~~ which ~~made~~ it homelike. After getting all of our belonging in the house, the next thing was lumber, Mr. Leigh offered his service again as he also had a whipsaw. ~~And~~ we began sawing with two saws. Brother and Mr. Fossieum running one, and Mr. Leigh and I the other, all on the same log. Therefore it did not take long before we had all the lumber that we wished for the time.

~~However~~ ^{We} were now ready to begin mining, and was not long before the dirt was going through the boxes. Now Mr. Shearer had just gotten in from Missoula with the Chinaman, and started them to work on the leased ground. They went at it with a hammer and tongs, some building houses, and others whipsawing lumber. Now Hoo Doo, was liveing in a tent back against the mountain, they selected his camp to build their houses on. ~~However~~ that christen the mountain, Hoo Doo, Mountain, for which it bears that name to day. Mr. Shearer was representing Mess. Cooper & Decker of Thompson Falls. ~~However~~ ^{On} Libby Creek, ~~we~~ made our camp his headquarters or home.

~~But~~ ^{When} Mr. Shearer had not been in but a few days, when Hoo Doo, comes up calling on us, and stated that Mc-Gee and Lynch had been up to the head of Libby prospecting, and had struck it big, however he said they were up there four or five days, and come back down, and got Mr. Leigh to go up and expert or pass on their find. Moreover if he found it good to make a location. Mr. Leigh being of the same mind as all prospecters; get in on the ground floor, while its opportune. So up he goes, and gave it a thorough test, on satesfying himself, he pulled out disgusted for his old camp, and left them up there. The old sky trail we used them days, in order to get around the Libby Creek Canon, passed ~~by~~ back of the wagon road, on the side of the mountain, therefore anyone could come and go, and we would not see them.

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On receiving that news, I said to brother, procrastination is the thief of time, and delays make losses, therefore I considered it opportune to pull out tomorrow, and go up there and look the country over, before its too late. However he sanctioned the idea and made the proposition to Shearer, to go along with me, and for him to look for quartz and me to look for placer; which was sanctioned by Shearer at once. That afternoon we went up on Hoo Doo Mountain and brought in our horses, tied them up to a tree already to saddle up the next morning.

This was now the first of May, however after supper we were sitting out side of the cabin, up rides two gentlemen; each riding a horse and each, leading pack animal. After talking a few minutes with them, they unfolded their mission, and ~~that~~ they had been ~~ere~~ ^{here} contractors taking out ore, out of the mines for the smelters and had quit to come over in this country, to look for the source of the gold that fed Libby Creek, ~~down here~~. However it was not long after they unfolded their mission, until there was four of us, instead of two. All agreed ~~share~~ and ~~share~~ alike, or in other words partners. One of the gentlemen's name was Cy Lenard, the other name was Edward James. Lenard and I were the placer prospectors and Shearer and James the quartz men.

The next morning we packed up and all headed for the head of the creek. Crossing Libby Creek, just above the mouth of Bear Creek, zig zagging the country, in order to get around falling timber, ~~therefore~~, one will go many miles and not get very far in a day, not knowing the country. ~~however~~ After prospecting the country, and getting acquainted, with the lay of the country, its only a short trip.

Our first day outlanded us up on a creek, since named and known as Hoo Doo. About one mile above its confluence with Libby. Being heavily timbered, and on a high bench, we did not know how far it was to water, and getting late in the evening; we come to a pond of water, we concluded to make camp for the night, and did camp; ~~furthermore~~, we tied our horses up to trees, without feed. After supper ~~was~~ over, I hewed on four sides of a small tamarack, and wrote the names of all of us, and what we were out for. ~~How~~ ~~ever~~ that monument is there to this day.

Next morning we were up bright and early and soon on our journey. The day before, we had been travelling, due south; the next morning we turned due west; crossing both Hoo Doo and Libby Creek. ~~On~~ ~~crossing~~ ~~Libby~~, we kept on the north side, until we come upon a very steep hill and windfall, causing us to climb up on higher ground, in order to get around it, following Mess. Mc-Gee & Lynches and Leighs horse track. I presume we travel three fourths of a mile, bringing us out, upon, what was named later on Ramsay Creek. Where the present bridge is now.

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~~However~~ ~~On~~ crossing the creek, we took a soufthly course, zig zagging, around falling timber, ~~and~~ finely bringing us up where the present Upper Libby Bridge is now; ~~furthmore~~ it was now time too stop and make camp, ~~for~~ which we did. Tying our horses up to trees without feed, again. ~~But~~ ~~there~~ ~~was~~ very large timber there, and it began to rain, which made it very dark before we got our tents up and all grub under shelter.

After having our supper, and everthing completed, we held a consultation, relative too finding horse feed; ~~however~~ we come too the conclusion, that it would be wise to retraiice our steps back down to where we left Libby Creek, or where the present ranger station is now, as we saw there was considerable feed there, that would last the horses, untill we could reconneiter the country. ~~Nevertheless~~ we did, and made perminent camp on the bank of the creek. After having our dinner, we formulated our planes what was best to do.

~~Furthermore~~ ~~we~~ decided, that as Shearer and James were quartz prospecters, they take a blanket, coffee pot frying pan, and grub enough to last them two days, and go up to the head of the creek and look out for a suitable camp ground, and Lenard and I would look the creek over here for placer, ~~for which we were all agreeably to the proposition.~~

The next morning they were on the road early; headed for the head of the creek. After they had gone Lenard said I will take the gun and go north of us a little ways, and look the country over. I says to him I will take the pick shoevel and pan, and go down to the creek and look things over, in that place. On walking over to the creek, I soon located a favorable place in which too test it for placer. ~~Furthermore~~ I seen had a pan of dirt, I must confess I was agreeably surprised, at the results. ~~However~~ I tried two more pans in different places, with the same encoroughment, ~~moreover~~ I then struck out up the creek, quite a little farther up the creek and made another test, which was more than satesfactory. Seeing the natural formation in the bed of the creek; I concluded to cross over to the other side, and try snipping the beadreck, for one or two pans. On getting over on that side, I found the beadrock covered up with gravel and sand, and had come up with a young growth of bushes down to the waters edge. ~~Furthermore~~ I began prospecting with my eyes, and run onto ~~an~~ old hole, that had been stank many years ago, ~~however~~ I cleaned out the hole and tried it out, without any results. ~~Nevertheless~~ I went on up the creek, aways, and looked out for the favorable side of the creek, in which to test it up there. After testing it out thoroughly, with encourgeingly result I hiked back for camp, with all of my prospects.

~~However~~ I did not have to wait long before Leonard, returned, ~~furthmore~~ he said he had shot a deer while over north of us, and that he had run onto a nice looking creek back there. We named it Poorman.

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~~Further~~ ^{As} soon as he had gotten through telling of what he had seen and done; I began unfolding my discovery, on the creek and showing it to him. ~~However~~ he was very much elated and enthused over the prospects, and it was not long before we were over there and ~~him~~ ^{him} examining and passing his opinion on the strike. He viewed it from every viewpoint, and stated that he was afraid that it was rim diggings; and if it was he did not want any of that. The more he studied on it the more confirmed he got in that way, and stated he did not want any rim diggings in his.

~~He~~ ^{When} going back to camp, he then related the story, ~~that~~ ^{that had} caused him to come over in here from Butte Montana. He said ~~he~~ and a crowd of prospectors left Oregon looking for the old Blue Bucket diggings in that excitement. ~~Further~~ they finely turned up in Walla Walla; and at that time there was great excitement, over the indians killing some prospectors up in Montana. He further related that it was not long before there was a big crowd; ~~he~~ with them on the road to Montana, to get the indians; for which they did.

He ~~farther~~ stated, that the last one they took; they took him up to the horse ranch, as that what it was known by in the early days but since known as the Mc-Million range, or ~~Logan~~ ^{Logan} range. ~~Moreover~~ he said they quised him, and got everthing out of they wanted. ~~Furthermore~~ they made him tell where the prospectors outfit was they had killed. He out with it all, and they made him guide them to where they had it cashed. The creek later on was called ~~Big~~ ^{Big} Cherry Creek, ~~he~~ he guided them to it, and in the cash there they found a lot of ~~Arifed~~ ^{Arifed} Buffalo tongues; they were the indians grub while out on this raid. ~~Nevertheless~~, they gathered up everything, and struck back to the Horse Ranch. There they made a good indian out of him. I have often passed the tree that he said they strung him up on. Since Mc-Million locating it as a ranch he cut tree down.

Now in this crowd of prospectors that was prospecting when the indians made their raid, was a man by the name of Allen, from Oregon. He said to the crowd after everthing had quited ~~down~~; there was one request he had to make, they all yelled out name it, for which he did. He told them he was a married man, and had a daughter, her age was between 13 14, and he wanted to name the creek after her. He stated her name was Libby Allen. ~~Furthermore~~ their response was Vi Va voice. ~~Moreover~~ the news went out like a flash that the indians were all cleaned up. Then the influx to Libby Creek began. They came in from Walla Walla and the west. Some had saloon and dance hall fixtures galore. While Horse Plains, rushed in with a large delligation; Charles Lynch and his father Gus Mc-Million and quite influx from the Plains came in on the excitement. He also related the saloon and dance hall got busy at once, and opened up with their orgy. However he related the boys would go out on the bare bedrock just this side of Criderman dam, where the present wagon road runs over the bedrock and snipe;

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The saloon and dance hall was a little west, and north of the second bridge on Libby Creek. ~~However~~ it was partly caved in when I came into the country. ~~Nevertheless~~, they left memorial there in the way of a lady's shoe in front of the dance hall; for which I dare say it there to this day. I have seen it and passed it many times since coming into the country.

Now to get back to my story, those days, miners wages \$6.00. per day, and no miner would stop, on ground that would not produce that, ~~however~~ they never followed the creek on up to its head, and made test. He farther related, this ergy, lasted about six days; then the boys began packing up, to leave. Some going one way and some another. Moreover Cedar Creek, in western Montana, and Moose Creek just over the line in Idaho, was all the rage at that time; so the lions share of the prospecters, hiked out for those diggings. After being away from here, quite a long time, he concluded it was oportune for him to come back on Libby, and see if he could not find the source of that gold, and trace it up to its head, and that what brought him back here.

Shearer and James came in the next day from off their trip, and made a report of their trip up to the head of the creek, to make along story short; I out with my strike or find; but Leonard turned it down, and stated he did not want any of it. The other two abided by his decision. Therefore the next morning, we were going to pack up and see if we could find the lake, ~~however~~ I told them it appealed to me to make a location, ~~therefore~~ I was going to stick up a notice, and would put them in on it; they all spoke up to go ahead and make it but leave them out. So I did, for which I had nothing to regret later on. Believe me or not, if the man that sank that hole on the opposite side from where I tested it, the Howard Brothers and Fossieum, never would have had the pleasure of working that claim.

Now mind you we never had seen Mc-Gee nor Lynch, nor they did not know we were in the country, ~~however~~ I said to my partners, we are going to leave or brake up camp in the morning, therefore we will not take but half of that deer; what the matter with me going up to their camp and tell them, that thre was half of a deer down at our camp, and that we were going to leave in the morning; if they wanted it, to come down and get it. ~~Moreover~~ I knew they were shy of grubin that line. They all sanctioned it; so out I ~~just~~ up to their camp. ~~However~~ it surprised them to see me up there, nevertheless I soon let my mission known, for which they seemed very grateful, and was ready to go down after it. ~~Notwithstanding how-~~ ever they insisted on me makeing examination of their find or strike, as it was there by their tent. I consented and did test it to my own satesfaction, Now it did not appeal to me: then I said to them, bring pick shovel and pan I would show them what I had found. This was all on the road back to our camp. So they did. When we got down to my strike I had them ~~to~~ get a pan, and test it

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On paning it down, their eyes ^{ged} bug out. They tried several pans with the same results. Now Mc-Gee turned to me and said; Al if you fellows are going to leave, and not locate this, we will move down here and start to working this, as we are shy grub; we can soon have money enough, out of this, to get quite a bill for us. I said no I have it located, and will be on here shortly to work it. ~~and~~ ^{and} which it was not long before ~~Mc-Gee~~ ^{Mc-Gee} up there mining.

The next morning, we packed up, and started out to look for the lake we had been told was up to the head of one of the little streams. ~~However~~ we crossed over Libby Creek, and climbed up to the divide between Libby and Hoo Doo Creek, and following the divide until we could see the lake, ~~we~~ ^{we} on seeing the water through the timber, we turned down the mountain, and landed about middle of the lake; making camp there, and planning what was best to do. The timber was large and thick and dense; making it almost impossible to get around it. Shearer and James concluded they would go south of the lake, and over the divide, looking for quartz, Leonard and I struck out due west, crossing what since has been called Howard Creek, and continuing on until we struck the mountain, then we began climbing, until we, came to the noted landmark or monument; the big rock slide, for which we scaled up it both going and coming. Once on top we had a grand view of all the surrounding country. Howard Lake, looked from the distance to be nothing but a small pond.

After spending a short time up there, we retraced our steps back to camp, satisfied, with what we had seen accomplished. ~~Further~~ after getting back, and having supper, and everything all over, our pals, showed up, tired out. ~~However~~ they had gone way over on to what is now known as West Fisher. They said it was heavily timbered over there. Now we are ready to strike out back down where Brother and Fossieum were; so we did. On landing down there Leonard and James stopped over night, and the next morning, they headed for Butte. Shearer going down to see what the chinemen was doing and how they were getting along. Now mind you they had given my brother their opinion of all the upper country. ~~However~~ that did not cut any ice with me, nor did I consider I was authority, over all, nevertheless I knew I knowed a paying prospect when I ~~saw~~ ^{saw} it, therefore I was willing to back my judgment on that.

Brother and Fossieum was working or running off a pit there, ~~how~~ ^{ever} I takes the matter up with my brother, that I was going to pull out the next morning; he scoff at the idea, and went into the air ~~moreover~~ I was emphatic about it, and he was just as obstinate the other way; ~~furthermore~~ Fossieum was taking it all in, and seeing I was determined, he spoke up and said Al I will go with you in the morning. Then brother relented, for he did not want to work by himself; therefore he spoke up and said; Fossieum let Albert go up on the mountain, tomorrow, and get the horses, and you stay and help me clean up that pit, and we will all go day after tomorrow. That was agreeable to all.

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On the appointed time, we struck out up there. On arriving, we soon got busy, examining and demonstrating, the ground, with satisfactory results. Then back we goes down below, with the understanding, to close up down there, and move everthing up there as quick as possible. ~~Further~~ I hiked back the next morning, and started in to line up my ground; before someone should come along and get on it. ~~However~~ I was up there eight days before going down, again. While up there I runs onto Mc-Gee. He stated ~~the~~ and Lynch, had whipsawed, two boxes out, and tried it out on Lynches ground, and could make nothing, therefore he said he was feeling very blue, and on Sunday morning he concluded to go up on his ground and prospect some, ~~however~~ observing how I selected favorable places, he concluded to try it ~~about~~ that way. ~~By the way~~ he had not gone far before his eyes caught on some iron stened gravel, ~~for which~~ he sampled it, with good results.

After satesfying himself that it was all right: back he goes to camp and reports his find to Lynch, then they moved their two boxes up there at once, and began working; ~~furthermore~~ in three or four days they had \$30.00 or \$40.00. in dust. Now bare in mind four of their kind to turn off work, or do a mans work, would not make one good hand. On seeing me again before I went back below he stated what he had done, and the results they obtained, and put up a proposition to me for us all to throw it into one solid claim, in order to make it inviting for capital to take holt of it. However I stated I had only one mans say; but would take the matter up with my partners when I saw them, ~~for which~~ I did and they were agreeable to the proposition, which I reported ~~it~~ back to him and he accepted it with that understanding that as soon as they moved up we would fix matters up. Now they were short of grub, and he knowing the pack train was expected in any day, loaded for the chinemen. He requested me to have the packer come up, as he had ~~order for him, for which~~ I did, and he came up and got the order.

~~Furthermore~~ I goes down, and ~~we~~ all moved up, Shearer moving with us. We made camp there on the banks of the creek opposite the ranger station. Brother says the first thing is sluse boxes, this was Wednesday morning, ~~however~~ he says I believe if I go down and see the chinemen, I can hire them to carry the boxes up from down there, and save time whipsawing, which he did, and contracted with them, too carry them up at \$2.00. per box, nine in all, ~~furthermore~~ they had them up there by noon, and the next day at noon we had them all ready to turn the water in ~~them~~ and go to mining. Brother had no faith in the ground, and was terribly discouraged, and whineing that everthing would go to the bow wos. However ~~him~~ and Shearer aranged it to go up the creek to the head, and Fossieum and Albert to go ahead and open the ground up, ~~for which~~ we did; Begining Thursday after noon, and working, untill Saturday noon making two days and one half. ~~However~~ as I stated before if the man that sank that hole down, had gone on the opposite side to test it, the Howards and Fossieum would never had the pleasure of working that ground.

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Now Shearer and Brother came back Saturday evening. The first thing Brother wanted to know if we had cleaned up. I told him yes, and brought forth the results. Oh my you never saw such a changed man in a few minutes. Not going out of my way to speak of it; but he was in the seventh heaven, and the first word he spoke, was boys we have got it. From that time on you could not keep him out of the diggin's. Shearer said then to him you made our trip up the creek very unpleasant pictureing out the failure Albert would make in the way of haveing anything in the cleanup. He come out and confessed that he was agreeably surprised.

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~~Moreover~~ Shearer says here I am out, and got no claim, I says to him its your own falt, as I wanted you fellows to let me put you in on the location, you all spoke up and said no leave you out, which I did. Then he wanted to know if there was any thing left he could locate; I said to him, all I know that left is a claim adjoining and above Mc-Gee, then he wanted to know if Fossieum and I would go with him and write the notice and rope the claim off for him. We consented, and did go, and I named the claim the the Nugget, afterwards it made good the name, as their was lots of fine nuggets taken out ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~, and ~~farthermore~~, the largest one I ever saw come off of Libby Creek. It weighted \$18.50.

As we had gotten down to mining in good shape, Mc-Gee comes down from his claim, and wanted to know of Brother, if we were ready to form or go into partnership, and put the claims all in one, in order to make it inviteing proposition for capitle to take holt of. That was all agreeably and amicable fixed up at once. Mc- and Lynch, and all partners in the transaction moved into our camp, and made one mess for all. Now as we had our ground open up and running nicely; the next thing was to whipsaw lumber and open up Mc-Gee, ground where Lynch and him had gouged out that \$30.00 or \$40.00 a few days previous. However Brother and Fossieum, started in to whipsawing, the lumber, and it devolved on me to go and get a pit opened up against the lumber was sawed. That all consumated, we were now in shape to run two set of boxes, and have the ground opened up in two different places. Brother handling the Howard, string of boxes and me the other.

~~However~~ we now had gotten down to sollid bone labor, mining on both claims; and believe me it took good men to stand up, and handle the dirt Brother Fossieum and I could handle, in a day. ~~Moreover~~ Shearer and Mc-Gee after working a day or two, said they wanted to play the game right, with their partners, share and shake alike, in everthing; therefore, Shearer says I am going out to Thompson Falls and bring in a man that will make good working against the Howards and Fossieum, Mc. said he would go to Missoula, and get a man that would fill a mans place, Lynch the peerst excuse of them all; said he would represent himself Now this was all voluntarily spoken by the partners.

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Our bed room was a large wagon sheet, stretched out full width, and all sleeping side by side; the sheet was six feet in height in front running back the same as a house roof, until the other end came to the ground. Now Lynch was a ten cent novel reader, and had all of that kind of literature, moreover our lights we had or used consisted of candles. We all would go to bed, so would he, with a candle burning, and him reading novels, which rendered it obnoxious or very distasteful to some of the others. He kept it up that way some eight or ten days; until some of the boys made a hollow, then he went into the air, which caused in the end a row and bust up. Brother telling him to pull his freight, and get out of the crowd, which he did. Furthermore Mc-Gee and him were copartners in all their business, in the way of mining, therefore Mc- reluctantly had to go with him.

Now Mc- was very anxious for me to continue running his string of boxes, as I had the claim open up in such good shape; but Brother and Fossieum said no, we want him here with us, so that ended that proposition at once. Shearers man was working with them, and in order to have a full crew which was four, they had to have me, therefore as Brother was spokesman, I submitted to his orders.

However I overlooked one thing I should have done, prior to all of this for which I stand corrected. It is this; as there was no one in the camp, that we knew was on the jumping of others claims or location, therefore I overlooked putting Fossieums notice up on the ground that I had selected for him. ~~Furthermore~~ I had not put or posted one on Brothers claim, we were there working or representing the ground. I thought. ~~However~~ Lynch was very sore at Brother and Fossieum; and knew I had not done that, now it was anything in a spiteful way to get even with Fossieum. ~~And stated before Fossieum and the Howards, had never done the thing to him, to make his name~~ Now it was not many days until Martin Hanson landed back from under the Dr. care in Missoula; and knowing that Lynch and Mc- camp was above us, and being sore at Fossieum and the Howards he gave us the goby, and turned up at Lynch's. ~~Hereafter~~ this was to Lynch's hand to get even with Fossieum. Now he places the balls, and wrote out the notice, and went with him and posted the notice on Fossieum's claim. ~~However~~ Fossieum made a location running back from our claims to the mouth of Poerman, and put it to record at once. Therefore we treated the matter as though we thought it a joke. ~~Furthermore~~ we were hitting the iron while it was hot, mining, while they were lying in their camp doing nothing.

We went on the old adage; all good things, comes to those that labor and wait, which it did finely in the end. After the news had gone out side, from the packer that was running his train from the Plains: that we had struck diggings up at the head of Libby, it put everybody on the move to get in as soon as possible and make locations. ~~Furthermore, J. A. Nelson was the merchant~~ ~~in the Plains, and being a live wire, with his eyes to the ground~~

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Furthermore J. A. Mc-Gown was the merchant in the Plains, and being a live wire, with his ear to the ground, and eyes to the well, on hearing the news, he outfitted a man for prospecting, and had him on the road to Libby Creek, with instructions, to hunt up the Howards for information. It was not many days until he was in there, and hunted us up, and let his mission be known, it happened to be me that he ran onto first. He was a one legged man, and deaf at that, but could talk, however he ask me if there was any open ground he could locate, and at the same time let his mission be known. Now mind you, he used a book for you to ask him anything. Now in replying to the question he had ask: I said I did not know of anything locatable, or was inviteing in the way of a good location, but one peice of ground, I outlined it to him: This was on Saturday Evening, Nevertheless he ask me if I would go with him the next day to the ground, it being Sunday I consented to go and show him the ground.

The next morning he was on hand for me to accompany him, which I did and he made alocation. It was on another creek, which afterwards Brother named the creek in honor of him. Ramsay Creek. He made his location from the mouth, nearly up to the bridge, or where the bridge is now. However on writeing out his notice he stated he was going to call it the Poker Flat, and said he had a claim once in California, by that name and it proved to be very rich. He turned out his horses there at camp the same as we did ours; thinking they would range down the creek, towards Little Cheery, and band up with ours, which they did not, however he looked and made enquire, and also offered a reward for them, but, to no avail. Notwithstanding he had come to the conclusion that they were stolen, and he would have to make good to Mc-Gown the price of the horses. Moreover it come out all right in the end, which I will relate, later on in this story.

Now Ramsay or Deafy they all called him; put up a proposition to my Brother to hire out to him, to do our cooking, as his horses had gone, and he could not prospect without them; therefore he thought it wise to be doing something. He stated his price we all sanction the proposition, and Brother hired him, to begin at once. That lifted a burden off our shoulders, coming in tired at night and up early in the morning, cooking. He made good, and was very industrious, and stuck to us fellows like a bloodsucker. He thought there was nobody like us. Bythway we were now in good shape to take out some money; and I am glad to say, we did. We continued mining until the last of August. We now had come to the conclusion to winter in there. So it was oportune for us to begin preparing for it. Furthermore it was uppermost in our minds to build us comfortable quarters; therefore we shut down all mining, and went to building at once. Was not but a few days, until we had a house all covered in, and ready to begin building a chimney, for which when completed made it home like. We were very pointed, about getting it large enough, in order to roll in large logs behind.

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The next thing was to whip saw lumber for floor and loft and door and table, which was only a short job to complete. Deafy says leave the chicken go I can do that between meals. He did, and did a nice job. He was handy that way, and took a pride in fixen up all conveniences that would come handy for us. Everthing completed, the next and last was to get the horses, and move all of our camp in the house, so there would be nothing left to stop our continuous mining, untill we shut down for winter.

However I am glad to state, we are now back with pick shovel pan again, with two months good mining before closeing down, to go out and get our winters, and next summers supplies in. After mining two weeks, and being now in the latter part of September, we were all hungry for fresh meat: Brother being the hunter, it devolved on him to forage. This was on thursday, he says I will go out Sunday, and see if I can find one. Now mind you the country was all new to all of us, on going back aways from camp, however he made up his mind that he would go up past the lake, to the divide, and follow the divide up to the divide between what has since been named Miller Creek, and the lake. He continued following the divide intill it brought him over on the mountain, opposite Hoo Doo Creek; or where the present ranger station is on the mountain now. Furthermore it was a great country for game. Open parks and bunch grass, it was ideal horse range up there: however he did not go fare untill his eyes caught the glimps of horses. On going up and looking at them, he saw he had found Deafys best animals.

As it was getting late now in the day, he concluded to strike down the mountain for home, which he saw was due west. When he started out from camp, he travel south first, then north, and now west for home. He did not get any deer, but thought he was amply rewarded for the days tramp. After brakeing the news to Deafy, and makeing him feel good, to think he would not have to pay for the horses; He then turned to Fespieum and said, in the morning you go down and get the hereses, and bring them up, and Albert and I will take them over on the mountain where Deafys are. I will lead the bell horse and Albert with ax can, blaze out a trail to the top of the mountain, which we did, and to day its used by the foresters, going up to their ranger station. Now bare in mind it passes that monument I made the first night out on our prospecting trip. Furthermore all we had to do after that, when we used our horses, was to turn them out at camp and they would head for that place. We gave it the name of Horse Mountain, and it is known by all by that name, today.

Now the chinaman were in full blast working the Mc-Gee lease, Hoo Doo was down below, or the lower diggins pegging away. John W. Leigh er our townsman now, was working on Big Cheery Creek, Now when they heard we were going to winter in there, they all said they would to; and began making all necessary arrangements. The chinaman sent out order for their winter supplies.

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It was now the latter part of September, and we were pushing it to the limit, as we expected to go out the first of November, and go to Missoula, and buy everthing in the way of miners supplies and paraphernalia, and bring it in here before winter set in. However as I stated before, all good things comes to those that patiently wait. Furthermore, Deafy runs onto Hanson and buyes him out. Given him a quit claim deed, on the following morning after the transaction: Hanson gits up and leaves the country, with Deafy in full possession of his holdings.

Therefore that left, Mc. and Lynch in camp by themselves. However by this time Mc. had become disgusted, with Lynch. He knew the chinemen were very anxious to get in up there, or in other words a holt up in that country. So down he goes to see the chinemen, it was not long before him and them came up, he took them to the pit I had left, and had them ~~to~~ examine, and try it out, which they did. After trying it out they leased it at once, and put up the first installment: with written agreement the other installment was to be paid on the following May. May the tenth. Then Mc. went back to his camp, to tell Lynch what he had done, and give Lynch his share of the money.

When Mc. unfolded to him what he had done, and that he had come to give him his share of the money, Lynch said no you give me the liens share of this payment, and you take yours out of the next installment. Mc says no. However to use Lynches own language then I quit you cold. Which he did. Then the chinemen got busy, as they were anxious to get up in that country to mine, therefore it was not many days untill they were all up there, and building themselves, winter quarters. ~~As~~ I stated before, the chinemen had ordered their supplies. It was not many days intill they were mining. Mc. hiked out for Thompson Falls, and on his road to California where his folks lived. He was to be gone untill spring; Lynch stays a short time and then pulled out for the Plains, and Thompson Falls for the winter.

We worked on untill November the sixth. Deafy had to go out on the fifteenth of October; which was pretty nearly here. Shearer had gone out, leaveing us, after Deafy had gone the lone colony of whites in the upper country. The chinemen were very anxious to get hold of our ground, We would stand them off and would not listen to any of their propositions; furthermore they did not want Lynches at any price. Being there close to his claim, they tried it out througely to their own satesfaction, with no encourageing results.

Now the fifth of November, was here and we closed down, and starte out on our journey to the Plains and on to Misoula, going out over the Thompson River, chain of lakes: Trail. Our first camp what we called these days Loon Skin Station, and Loon Skin Lake. This is the place where Shearer killed the loon and swam out and got it, on his first trip out of Libby creek.

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As I have stated before. Brother and Shearer and Decker on their first trip out of Libby Creek, after Shearer had guided them in there on the prospecting trip, came out over this trail; and camped there for the night. Furthermore the loon was lying there, and Brother skinned it out, and stuck a stick in the ground; and named The lake Loonskin Lake, and Loon Skin station. It was hanging there when we came out, a year later. It was nothing but old Indian trail then. We crossed the lakes later on over an elevation that would be bare in the fall when all the streams were low. Now crossed over on the north side of the lakes, we kept on down on that side until it brought us out on the South Fork of the Thompson River. Moreover following that down ways, we leave it and comes into, what they called Buffalo Park. Which is only a short ride into the Plains.

After landing in the Plains Charles Lynch, and his brother in law Joseph Boyer; knowing of the strike we had made that summer, run at my Brother to buy one half interest in his claim. They finally agreed on the price: Brother making them out a quit claim deed and turning over one half of the claim to them, with the understanding that Boyer would be in there in the spring, to handle one string of boxes. Which he did until they had the creek bed all worked out, which took three years.

with him

However to continue on my story: We bought everything appertaining to mining or what we could utilize, including Blacksmith outfit and cooking stove. All ordered to be shipped at once to the Plains. That all accomplished, we boarded the train, for the Plains. On landing there, Brother got busy hunting up a pack train, ~~for~~ he soon got in touch with one; that was owned by August Mc-Million. Later on as I will state owner of the Mc-Million ranch, but later the ~~Jaggin~~ range. Now bare in mind, the price on freight to Libby Creek, was six cents per pound. By and by everything landed there in good shape. This was on the morning of November 26. We turned everything over to the packers, one of them was William Fits, that live here, afterwards, and died here. However there was a lady, running the hotel there, we had been stopping with. The next day being Thanksgiving, she requested, the three of us should stay over, the next day until, after dinner, and share her hospitality. Such a repast, I never sat down to. She was a southern lady, her husband was Depot Agent. ~~However~~ she always will have a warm spot in my heart for her.

Moreover we started out after dinner, with thirty six animals heavily packed: in a blinding snowstorm, not stopping until eleven o'clock that night. The packers were pushing it, in order to be back by Christmas, in the Plains. One speaks of hard trips this one was surely one of them. The thermometer went down way below zero. But we never stopped, for storm: however in twelve days, we were at the horse ranch, and camped for the night.

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~~Then~~ Mc-Million said I am coming back here in the spring and take up a ranch, which he did, and made it a home, and died there. ~~There~~ he was quite a farm wizard, and took all kinds of farm literature. He would save the potato pods, and generate all his seed potatoes from them. Bythway getting back to my story, we landed in to camp on the fiftteenth of December. The snow was 12 inches deep on a level up there. Now Brother had told John Leigh and Hoo Doo that on Xmas day he was going to have old fashion Plum Duf, and as ~~they~~ two and us three were all the white persons in the country he wanted them to come up and take dinner with us. This was before we went out in November, that he requested them to be on hand. ~~However~~ Leigh on his road up, the day before killed a fine deer just over on the other side of Hoo Doo Creek, and told us about it. Brother says you and Albert go and get it and I will get the suet out of it to make the Duf out of. Which we did. When we sat down to the table, he had all kinds of goodies, with some of Missoulas best spirits of fermenti to start in with. ~~Moreover~~ that day will long remembered by me.

On the first of January, Brother and Fossieum, began Whipsawing and continued on untill the last of February, with all kinds of lumber for mining purposes. I got out all of the loggs, and made the shakes for that house the rangers use, and laid out the town and started in to build that house. Which afterwards I completed it in fine shape and rented it out for a store or general merchandise. Now mind you the snow was four feet deep on a level untill the first April, in this part of the country.

~~However~~ the trush was on far Libby Creek; a homeing from ever quarter. Some starting in to build, others hunting up ground to locate. It was not many days, after they began building, before it began to look like a town. Brother and Fossieum, stoped working the diggh ~~for~~ to put up a house for a man in Thompson Falls, that was on the the road with merchandise and also a saloon, ~~for~~ which in a few days they had it ready for him. ~~Furthermore~~ he landed in, and it was not many hours untill the saloon was open and doeing a good business. As Fossieum had prospected, quite a little down on Little Cheery, he come to the conclusion to go down there and make a location, and move down there, and open up. Which he did, with good results. Later on he took in a partner Charles Eberlee, and continued working it, untill the Klondike excitement; Fossieum going there, and leaveing Eberlee, in charge of all their holdings. ~~Furthermore~~ Eberlee disappeared, and never was seen since. Fossieum came back aftwards, and opened up the ground, and worked it untill the Libby Placer Co. bought him out.

Your humble scribe, hired a man and went to whipsawing lumber, in order to open his ground on a larger scale, which I did, and after installing larger works, leases out to the chinaman. ~~Moreover~~ there was a big demand for lumber, at that time. ~~So~~ ~~and~~ ~~by~~ man went back to sawing again and supplying the demand.

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The lumber business at that time was a very lucrative business, so we continued sawing until we cut out 10000 feet of lumber, and sold it. Now Brothers partner Joseph Boyer, from the Plains, was in, and ~~he~~ and Brother started in too work, with two strings of boxes. This was up in April. Mc-Gee and his father and brother-in-law, had come in from California. Lynch had come in with three men from Thompson Falls, to open up his ground: they had put up for him all winter and kept him in everthing, so they had him hog tied if he hollowed or tried to raise any trouble, which in the end he did; they kicked him out and made him go. That was the last of Lynch on Libby Creek.

Now Deafy comes in, and sells out to Brother. He in turn leases that out to the chinemen. Mc-Gee and his father and brother-in-law poked around, until the installment was paid, then they went out. They were prosoecting for placer from every quarter. Now John Roach's brother James; and John Milton Deckers brother-in-law got in-couraging results, where the last bridge crosses Libby Creek, and open up that ground, and worked the creek bed out. Since the ground has been worked back in the hills, By Vaughn And Greenwall.

However as the season, was nearing fall, the tide had turned: they were going out, wiser but poorer, and by the middle of September, there was not many left outside of the old timers, therefore by that time; Everybody concluded to go out, and winter. Our croud, when it was oppertune to go, left for Thompson Falls Bytheway Harry Howard, had come out from Kentucky, that summer and was with his father; ~~furthermore~~ we concluded to go to Spokane and winter, so we did. This was in the winter of 87 and 88. ~~Never~~ ~~theless~~ in the spring, we three come back to Thompson Falls and formulated our plans for the next season, or what we thought best to do. ~~However~~ I had offers out here, that I did not think it wise to pass up. ~~Furthermore~~ Brother had to go back to represent his interest in the partnership claim, ~~therefore~~ I could turn over all of my interest to him, in there too look after, and I then would be footloose, to take up some of these proposition, that had been offered, which I did, and staid outside for two years, for which I will speak of later, in this story.

~~Bytheway~~ I am getting a little fast with my story. I will now go back and bring it all up. On the last of May before Mc-Gee, and his relatives left Libby Creek; there was a gentleman and two ladies came in with the packtrain: ~~furthermore~~ they were the first ladies to show up in the upper Libby country. ~~Moreover~~ to say they werewelcomed, by the miners, does not express it. ~~How-~~ ~~ever~~ ~~getting~~ ~~back~~ ~~to~~ ~~my~~ ~~story~~. They were from St Louis; Perfect strangers to everybody. After being in three or four days, I happened to run across the gentleman. He stated to me that he had been in the coffee and broker business, in St Louis, and being tired of it he conaluded, to come west, and look out for other callings. Therefore he closed out and started west.

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The ladies with him. Now bare in mind, he was a man I would presume up in the forties, the young lady or his wife, I don't think was twenty, the other was thirty six or eight. On relating his story he said they were firm believers in spiritualism, and the elder lady was a medium; and on striking the Northern Pacific, all the talk was the gold strike in North Western Montana, so the medium became very emphatic, and appealed to them, to take the gold discovery in; which they submitted and did. Furthermore he introduced himself to me; and said his name was Koons.

Now they had decided to take in the gold excitement; the next thing uppermost in his mind, was how to proceed as he had never undertaken anything like this before. Anyway he decided to seek advice from the conductor on the train, which he did, and the conductor kindly instructed him what to do and how to start off. He advised him to get off at Thompson Falls, and that he would find a pack-train there, and they would instruct him what he had to do, and how to do it and assist him in everything until all was accomplished, which he did. On getting off at Thompson Falls, the first thing was to hunt up the packer: which he soon got in touch with and outlined his wants to him, and at the same time told him the conductor referred me to him, and said leave everything to the packer and he will get everything that is needed in the way of camping out, or in other words, miners outfit. But first there is one thing I do want, that is three gentle horses, two for the women to ride and one for myself. However the packer says I have them now leave all to me and I will outfit you all O K. But first you must foot the bill and buy it, however it was all satisfactory, and everything that was necessary was gotten and the next morning they were on the trail headed for Libby Creek.

In a short time, or a few days they were in there, and delighted with their trip, and also infatuated, with that mode of life and living. Furthermore the packer had all of them before getting in to Libby Creek, experts on camp life. This all happened in the year 87. Between the months of May and June. However Mr. Koons was now looking the camp over, and runs onto Mc-Gee before him and his relatives leave the country. Furthermore he puts up a proposition to Mc-Gee to buy a portion of his claim, as the chinamen only had the creek bed leased, therefore it left the other portion open for sale. Mc. accepted his proposition, and agreed to turn over so many boxes, for him to start someone to mining on the ground. Moreover the chinamen had their own boxes; therefore they did not need Mc. However it was not many days, until he was referred to an old miner, and secured him as his foreman, and three others to go to work opening up the ground, which they did.

Now it was getting along by this time up in August Koons concluded to go out with his folks, before the nights began to get cold, therefore he waited until conveyance came in, and then they would go out.

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Now before going out, he ordered his foreman to close down on the 15 of September, and report to him in Thompson Falls, which he did, with the results he had obtained in the cleanup. Also the expense that it cost to make the cleanup, in fact a statement of all expense. After scanning the statement over, there was no more allurements, on Libby Creek, for Mr. Koons. It had brought him out slightly in debt, regardless of the cleanup. Which he settled at once.

After having everthing settled up; he then turned to the foreman and said, let me sell out to you, as I have nothing else over there to carry me back into that country, therefore I will sell out to you; and at the same time named the price he would take. However it was not long until they come to an agreement, the foreman succeeding him, putting up the price, and Koons making out a quit claim deed, and turning it over to him. The foreman goes back, and worked two or three years before he had the ground worked out.

~~It was now nearing winter, and as I stated before, Brother Harry and myself were now in Thompson Falls, and preparing to go west or rather to Spokane, for the winter, which we did. Furthermore we put in a goodly part of the winter, in Coeur D Alens City. Now in the spring of 88 we were back in Thompson Falls again, preparing to carry in execution the plans we had formulated as I have stated before in this story. ~~But~~ way it is now up in April Brother and Harry, has gone back on Libby Creek, to work with Joseph Boyer their partner. Mr. Koons, is here and anxious for me to go down on Vermillion and take charge of the mine when he had the house up, and everthing completed to open up the proposition~~

Now understand Mr. Koons, is no titewad; but liberal to a fault, therefore he had the house put up in good shape, with all conveniences for any of his hired help. However on coming back up after having completed everthing; he stated that he had kept two of the men, to put to work when I went down; and for me to hire the third one. I stated to him I had a man promised that had a wife, and she wanted to go down and do the cooking for us. I also stated he had been working in the mines in Butte, and she was running a boarding house there at the same time. ~~Furthermore I~~ stated she was a Missourian and a thorough southern cook. He says go bring her here, and I will have her to go with me, and she can order what ever she wants. So I did, and it was not long until we were on the road to Vermillion, all of us.

After landing there, we all got busy getting things in shape. Believe me she surely did get into the harness nicely in the kitchen. We all had a great feed for supper. Mr. Koons surely did enjoy it and stated he was going to have his folks down here, by by to spend a few days. F

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~~For~~ which he did, and they all got very chummy, and did visit us quite often after that. Now what induced Mr. Coons to invest down there was, W. A. Hillis and his partner had struck some gold rock a short ways up the creek from this prospect: and called it the Hard Foot. Now that lent color to influence him to take hold of this prospect and open it up.

After working it continewous, with two men in the day and the same at night untill, the middle of September, I saw it was nothin but a wildcat pure and simple; with no values whatever in samplin therefore I come to the conclusion, I did not want to be a blowin him in on a proposition of that kind; and went to him and placed the matter up to his consideration; and advised him to quit it at once. Which after due thought, he thanked me kindly, and ask me to close it down; which I did at once.

After closeing, down, everthing was settled up in full, and he had everthing shiped back to Thompson Falls. Our baggage did not cost us anything landed back in Thompson Falls. ~~However~~ he and his folks did not tarry long in Thempson. He left for Spokane with them; and on landing there, he saw realestate was in its haddy. ~~Furthermore~~ he opened an office at once, and was on the groundfloor. ~~Therefore~~ I was informed by several person afterwards, that knew him personaly: said he had made a big cleanup in that business. He surely had my best wishes. That the last I ever heard of him.

Now Brother had always said if there ever was a railroad come ing down the Kootnai, he wanted a ranch down there. He had been to the mouth of Libby and seen all of that country quite a while before; therefore he had made the selection, that he would like to locate. ~~However~~ I was now located in Thompson Falls again. Haveing contracted to cut 100 ricks of wood for the hotel, I was at it early and late. Now mind you Brother owned a house and lot there, that we always used in the winter, after comeing out from Libby Creek, so I was nicely quartered there; and at night would drop down to the hotel, and digest the news. I had not been many days cutting; when going down to the hotel I picks up a Chicago paper, the first thing I ran onto was a little paragraph stating that the Hon. James J. Hill was going to push the Great Northern to the coast. I cuts the clipping out, and goes home and wrote Brother a letter, and at the same time enclosed the clipping, and forwarded it to him the first oppprtunity.

On receiveing it, he opened it and read it at once, ~~however~~ there was a man by the name of J. E. Horten at that time workeing for him; he read the clipping to Horten, and said, I am going to take Harry in the morning, and we will go down to the mouth of Libby and locate us ranches on the Kootnai. Horten sayes I will go too and do the same; therefore the next morning they were up early and on the road down Libby Creek, headed for the Kootnai.

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On the road down the creek; they had to pass Hoo Doo's cabin, on passing, he ask them where they were going; they let their mission known, he speaks up at once, to use his language 'I goes to'. After getting down and looking around, they found John Roush had located a ranch east of Libby Creek, and had a little shack on it. Now Brother says I will take mine and Harryes on the west side of Libby Creek, running down the Kootnai. Horten says I will take mine above Roushes,, Hoo Doo says I will take mine above Horten. They all made locations as stated. Furthermore Horten says I am going back up and get grub and come down and build me a house at once. So Brother hires Horten to put him up one also, which he did.

J. H. Horton bouilt his house on the ranch, now owned by Mr. Gus Herbst, Brothers he built on the banks of the Kootnai, where the Section House is now; and later on sold out to parties that made a town site out of as I will speak of later on in this story. Hoo Doo, ranch is now owned by Mr. Richards, Of the Richards Hotel. However as soon as Horten reported to Brother he had his house up, Brother packs up and down he comes, and went to work finishing the house up for winter quarters, which in short order was in good shape. The first thing Brother done after getting everthing in shape, was to build a fence around the 320 Acres. After completion of that; he took Harry and slashed all of the timber down, from above the Depot to Flower Creek, and up as far as where Walls corner is now. It was very heavy timber and thick at that. Furthermore he had this all accomplished by the middle of Februrary..

Now Brother saw that he could not look after the ranch and mines both, therefore he wrote me to come in as soon as possible, and stated in his letter the condition of things, and not fail to come by the way; this was in the winter of ninty. On receiveing his letter I concluded to quit at once out in Thompson, and prepare to go when it was opportune. Mind you the snow here that winter was nearly three feet deapon level, however he had all that work done I have spoken about, regardless of snow. On the first of April I shook the dust of myself in Thompson, and boarded the train for Trout Creek, on arriveing there, the next thing was getting across the Clarks Fork; she was running bank full, and to this day she is considered one of the most treacherous rivers in the Rockies, She has under current, when one gets in, that is the end of him. However I soon found a young man, with a canoe that said he would put me across, under one consideration, I ask him what that was. He stated that I must ly flat down in the canoe, if I did that he would land me safely on the other side. That was easy I said, which I did; furthermore he said he was crossing over once with a fellow, he was on his knees, with hands holding on each side of canoe, and on entering the dangers waters of the river he began rocking the canoe, and liked to drowned both of them, however he said he had to smash both of his hands with his paddle, before he could cntrole the canoe. Then they made it out.

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~~However~~ on placing my feet safely on terra firma, I handed him his fare and kindly thanked him; he turned around with his canoe I stood and watched him, untill he landed on the other side; almost straight across the turbulent waters. ~~Furthermore~~ to say he was adept does not express it. Now I knew I had a long hike ahead of me; so I starts up Vermillion Creek, and in a few hours I was up at Silver Butte, and going down one prong of the Fisher, and crossed over some low hills, bringing me out on the West Fisher, From there I crossed over on the headwaters of Libby, and down Libby; untill I come where the trail leaves Libby, and crossed over the point between Libby and Swamp Creek, and up on the high bench or bar, where Ed Smith, lives now. Now bare in mind that was the old indian trail in those days that we all traiveled, going to the Horse Ranch or Fisher River. ~~However~~ it left Libby Creek, and Swamp Creek, and huged the foot hills untill you brought up at Mc-Million Ranch.

I got in there about four O clock; Gus was at home. ~~However~~ to say he gave me the glad hand, does not express it. ~~Furthermore~~ he says Al you are the first one of the old timers I have had the pleasure of shakeing their hand, here ~~in~~ two years. ~~He~~ ~~far-~~ ~~ther~~ stated, since there has been a trail cut out down Libby they all go that way, and I never see any one of them.

~~Moreover~~ we had supper; and bytheway old Gus was some cook and had a fine supper for us. After his evening chores were over we sat and talked untill two in the morning. Next morning he was up and had our breakfast ready, before calling me. Then he directed me how to go and it would bring me out at my brothers cabin, which it did. Getting there just in time for dinner; Brother was glad to see me, and I gave him a history of my lonesome trip, he stated he knew it was a hard one.

~~However~~ on looking the dates up, I find that it was in the spring of 91 I left Thompson. Anyway that does not change the complex of this story. Therefore I will continew. ~~Furthermore~~ he outlined, what he wished done at once, when I was rested up. So he stated that he wanted to go up to Flower Creek; and stick up a water right notice, and divert the water; that he had looked up everthing, and with very little work, placeing loggs and a little bresh makeing a dam, and divert it in old channel, which would lead it through the timber, and on to the Kootnai. When done it would cover the lions share of both ranches. ~~And to day~~ ~~not getting ahead of my story: the electric plant use it,~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~done~~ ~~at~~ ~~that~~ ~~time~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~next~~ ~~after-~~ ~~noon,~~ we took our axes, and in a short time we had it going in the ditch through the woods, on its road to the river.

~~Bytheway that completed,~~ He had one more job done before Harry and I went up on Libby to mine. That was to dig up a garden, as he had it all cleaned off, ready to dig up.

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In a day or two we had it already for him to plant. Taking out Alder stumps, and all things that would retard his working the garden later on. ~~However~~ he said he had some tobacco seed sent him from the Patent Office in Washington D. C. and he was going to prepare the ground the same as we did in the Blugrass country. I will speak of this later on in winding up this story.

Now by this time ~~there~~ was quite a few people had come in here. Some had gone too building, themselves houses, south of Brothers ranch, or what since has been located, plated, and called South Libby. A man by the name of Vanwyck and his pals, built them quite a house and lived there; all waiting the advent of the G. N. Pat Doland had come in and located him a ranch, joining on to Harry Howard's. ~~However~~ Harry Howard and myself had gone up to the diggins on Libby, and was hitting the iron while it was hot.

~~Furthermore~~ I dont think we had been up there, more than three weeks; one night I was woke up by a horse walking on the upper side of the house, at the dead hour of midnight; something that was unuseual at any hour of the night up in that country, ~~however~~ he rode around in front of the house, got off and tied the horse to a post, and come in. Who should it be but Brother. He had ridden from the Kootnai after dark on a bad trail surely was dark that night, and cold with it. However I ask him what was the trouble; he stated there was lots of it, and the ranches were all up in arms to day guarding their rights. In other words there was hot time on the Kootnai, that morning.

He stated there was a croud came up from Bonners Ferry, and started to jumping the ranches, and sticking Placer locations notice up on them. And the news went out like wild fire; it was not long untill every man in the country, was there, armed to his teeth. Patric Doland of our town was one of the croud, there armed ready to protect his rights. Furthermore when they all come together there it formed quite a little army; and made the jumpers set up and take notice. ~~However~~ they knew they had one man in the croud that would not crawfish or show the white feather; and they selected him as Spokesman, or captain. His name was Vanwyck, ~~moreover~~ I will relate something that transpired, with him a short time previous to this. There was a part of a band came down from Demarsville, that had been terizeing all of the North West, stealing horses, and running them up in the North West, and selling them; ~~however~~ there was one stilled himself a bad man. I dont know his name, only his nomade plume French Jo. He rides up to Vans as we all called him, he was pretty full and jumps off his horse, in he goes without any ceremony; and Van was taking a bath at the time. ~~Furthermore~~ he began teasing Van, and terizeing him, by punching him with his gun, and repeating, I understand you are a bad man, come now come out and show your colors, ~~however~~ Van kept insisting on him going away and let him alone.

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However he heeded to nothing, and kept jobing Van, with his gun and saying I understand you are a bad man, come on and lets see whether you are or not. After so long a time, he started out, and at the door he stated to Van I will be around in the morning we then will have it out. Sure enough in the morning, he comes rideing up, and stoped in front of the door. No sooner than Van laid eyes on him,,he grabs his Shot Gun, that he had prepared the evening before, and run to the door opened it, and remarked when I shoot I shee; to kill, and let him have both barrels, he fell off his horse like a bear.

However getting back to my story; they all knew as I stated before Van would not let them put anything over on the boys, and the boys backing him up; he went after them red hot, and told them where to head in, and to pull their freight out of there. They at first began jollying him, however he gave them such a length of timetto go in, if not there would be serious trouble. They took him at his word and pulled their freight. On leaveing they remarked they were going out by the arm of the lake; that is where Polson is now, and on to Missoula to put their placer locations on record, as this was all Missoula Co. at that time.

Now Brother got busy and covered the two ranches, with placer locations that day and rode up with them too me that night. After telling me this, he says, I want you in the morning to hit the trail for Thompson Falls, and on to Missoula, if required to morrow night. I says my Brother that a hard trip, yes he says but I know you will make it. In the morning he told Harry to fix me up a lunch, which he did: I left at seven with the lunch over my shoulder in a flour sack, on getting up opposite the lake, I thought to myself: what do you want with a cold lunch, so I steps out a red from the trail, and hangs it up in atree. However it was not long before I was crossing the West Fisher, and on to Silver Butte. Moreover I was down at the mouth of Vermillion at four O'clock. I found the Clarks Fork, down to normal, and the ferryman, put me across in good shape. Now there was a gentleman there and his wife, I knew in Thompson Falls; they looked after the station and kept a lunch counter. However I ask him when the trains would be along going east or to Missoula. That it was important I should catch it; and at the sametime what show there was to get something to eat.

He says there is no train booked for this place to day, and I am not allowed to flag them, and he says Al I am sorry, Mary and I had chicken for dinner, and cleaned it all up. Further-
ise if it is important for you to go to Missoula: I would advise you to go on down to Trout Creek; there you will catch a train shortly after getting there. I
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~~However~~ if that is the case I would not have time too wait for dinner; ~~therefore~~ I will hike on down to Trout Creek, five miles the reverse of the way I am headed. ~~Furthermore~~ it was always called 45 miles from Howard Camp, to the mouth of Vermillion. On landing ~~forgetting~~ in there, it was not many minutes untill a freight whistled, I thought myself rewarded, if I did have that much more too hoof it. The train ran in and off jumps the Con. I ask him if I could go up to Thompson Falls with him; that I had walked out from Libby Creek, and down here in order to catch a train, on important business. He answered me yes and said I am interested over this side of you, in lead prospects, or in other words, this side of the Cabinet range.

~~However~~ I found him quite companionable, before we landed in Thompson Falls. After getting off I hunted up Judge Hamilton, and unfolded everthing to him. ~~Furthermore~~ he always was a very warm friend of mine and Brothers, and stated to me leave this all to me and I will beat them to it; which he did, and said you can go back tomorrow and tell your brother he can rest easy. The next evening I was back at Howard Camp, Brother waite there for me to return, before going back to the Kootnai.

~~Moreover~~ he went back to the Kootnai feeling freer and easier. Now his garden was going by leaps and bounds, in growth. His tobacco, after drawing and transplanting, was assuming the appearance of down in the Bluggrass country. ~~However~~ it matured and he husbanded it, and gave it all away to his neighbors.

~~However~~ it was not long, before the rightaway man come along adjusting all claims. ~~Now~~ brother previous to this had party's come in and secured option on the two ranches, for a townsite, and put up quite a forfeit, with a written agreement, that the other money would be paid on a stipulated time, which they did. Now the rightaway man stated Mr. Hill wanted 10 acres here and was going to make a division, at this point. Brother was terrible put out to think he had been so hasty; and so stated too him, and at the same time, said he had reserved 200 feet for the R. R. He then wanted to know of my Brother, what he wanted for the 200 feet. In replying he said; give me three passes to the Worlds Fair; one for my son, one for my brother and one for myself. He remarked to my brother that easy, and says in a few days you will get them. now Brother gave him our names and in a few days they were here all made out in good shape. Then Brother said to him, I have one request to make, and that is this I want the nameing of the town; he spoke out, what are you going to call it; Brother said Libby, and it was all satisfactory to them. Now dear readers in conclusion of this story, if there is any honors or laurels or credit, belonging to this story; it belongs to my Brother B. F. Howard, that is resting in the Libby Cemetery.

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From my viewpoint, its through his activity and indomitable labor that has placed Libby Creek, and the City of Libby and the County of Lincoln on our maps. To my knowledge, the town and people, of Libby were dear to his heart. Your humble writer visits his grave once ever year, in May; since placing him there.

~~However~~ not wishing to tax you, dear readers to much with this story; as your scribe is no grammarian, nor newspaper correspondent; He had a common cuntry school education; being borned and reared south of the Ohio River, in the bluegrass hills; only a short drive into the City of Cincinnati, with Macadamized roads running now in ever direction. My father was quit extensive land owner. and nearly one half of his holdings, was in hard wood forrest. ~~Moreover~~ on ever fifty acres one could get, a sugar orchard; and some seasons; the older heads, would have the sugar camp as we down in that country called it, open up.

~~Furthermore~~, the season was from the middle of January, untill the first of March. The older heads, would go in advance, and prepare everthing; such as makeing sugar troughs, and placing them at the trees, and makeing trails from one tree to another and leading one back to the camp. The camp always would be placed along a stream or close to a spring, with furnace made to hold four 50 galans iron kettles. ~~However~~ the camp would be from $\frac{1}{2}$ to three fourths miles from home: the old Negro Mama would be put in charge, with my two sisters just older than me and a negro boy my age, and myself under her command. Our duty was to visit every tree twice a day, morning and evening, and carry the sugar water into the camp, for old Aunty as we called her, we all liked her, she the same with us, and would put herself out to get anything us children wanted. The wood was furnished by the older heads, for the furnace; therefore when night would come, just think the mocking birds singing one to rest, and in the morning the handsome red birds warbling forth their sweet melodys in the lofty Yellow Poplars. Now my readers it the only happy hours of ones life.

Now just one more little thing I wish to speak of, and then I will be through. Down in the eastern states and also Cannady they call Sugar Trees Maple. I will agree with them, that it all belongs to the maple family; but a genuine Maple has bark like a quikenaspp, and a Sugar Tree, has bark, like one of our Fer trees here, a distinct specia. However the up land Maple Tree, blooms out when the Dogwood and Redbud bloom in the spring. ~~Furthermore~~ its the pretiest blood red blossom one ever saw, and you cant see a limb on the tree for the blossom; makeing one of the handsome bouquets that one ever laid their eyes on if I am allowed to call it that.