

1805

THE SPAN OF YEARS

1905

A
CENTURY

"Where Rolls the Oregon"

THE
TREASURE LAND

WE OWE TO
PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
AND
THE LEWIS & CLARKE
EXPEDITION

A Story of Bohemia

IN SIX PARTS

By HORACE E. WARNER

*In his unique and picturesque style.— Impressions
formed while spending his vacation in
that section of the Bohemia
mining country.*



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MT. HOOD

A STORY OF BOHEMIA

PART I

THE TWO SENTINEL PEAKS

The mining region of Western Oregon is sternly sentineled by two lofty mountain peaks. The great thoroughfare of land travel passing this territory is the "Shasta Route" of the Southern Pacific, connecting the two seaport cities, San Francisco on the south and Portland on the north. On either hand this great steel pathway has a range of mountains. To the west, lying between it and the Pacific ocean, there is the Coast range at whose feet the surf forever breaks. To the east, there runs the great Cascade range, whose ice-crowned crest forever glitters in descending suns. At about one hundred miles north of the Oregon state line, the Calapooia mountain range cuts the Coast and Cascade ranges at right angles and terminates at the sea. In the midst of the gigantic convolutions of these intersecting ranges has been discovered a network of ledges and veins so charged with mineralized matters that it seems destined to become one of the great mining districts of America. On the north slope of the Calapooia mountains, lying well up to their intersection with the Cascade range, is the Bohemia Mining District of South-western Oregon.

The traveler to this district reaches it either from

the north or south. From whichever direction he approaches, he passes under the surveillance of an immaculate mountain sentinel. His passage is challenged by the flash of eternal snows, by the crash of plunging avalanches, by the rush of mountain torrents, by the tingle of frigid mountain airs breathed from the perpetual banks and drifts of the sentinel's lofty summit.

If the traveler approach from the south, he must pass through the scene of Shasta's endless vigil. No one who passes here can ever forget the scene. Mt. Shasta is one of these sentinel peaks. He towers, silent, sublime, overlooking the vast area of his beat, ever faithful through sunlight, or starlight, or storm. To the south he peers through the gateways to the valley of the Sacramento. He catches the golden glint of harvest fields as varied and fertile as those of the Nile. He sniffs the scent of ripening grain from afar. He whiffs a breath of his refreshing air down to the parched fields and fainting harvesters. With his great fields of snow and ice he tempers the air and sunlight that make possible those ever increasing areas of orchard, with their checkered green, that nestle among the hills and valleys of the upper Sacramento. His sleepless eye catches ever and anon the gleaming thread of the head waters of the Sacramento river, winding in and out among his foothills, now breaking into seething foam, now lying smooth and still and dark in rock-lined pools, fed from the melting of his snows ever pouring out their cold, clear water at his feet. He looks down, with majesty and splendor, while his canyons and gorges echo with the shriek of the passing train creeping up along the bed of the river to the crest of the ridge where he lifts the

gleaming slopes of his snow-covered sides without a hill to hide or a tree to mar. Bold, jagged, gashed with chasms, bathed in heaven's eternal white, he pierces the very skies with a sublimity that makes one catch the breath as he gazes on the imperishable vision. To the east or west he keeps perpetual vigil over an endless confusion of peaks and ridges and sounding forests. To the north, his eye follows up the rugged ice-bound vertebrae of the backbone of the Cascade range. In the dim distance, three hundred miles from where he keeps his endless watch-guard, the ridge of the Calapooia range cuts the northern horizon, with jagged line, as it pushes its way west to the restless waters of the ocean. He catches, above the dim blue of the distant range, the curling smoke of our north-bound train as it tips over the divide and plunges down, with quickened speed, into the broadening valley of the Willamette river, skirting with its shriek and thunder the forest solitudes that lie at the feet of the mineral altitudes of Bohemia. We have passed the challenge of one of these sentinels.

If, on the other hand, the traveler approaches from the north, he must pass through the domains of Mt. Hood's wide-circling beat. This glorious mountain watchman shares his vigil with others of his kind standing hard by. Adams and St. Helens ever tower to the north, with flashing eye, to back our sentinel's official prestige. It may well be questioned whether a like area lies under the watchful gleam of another of earth's mountain peaks. The broad peerless bosom of the Columbia river sweeps away, to the east, amid its rich valleys and mountain fastnesses. The smooth, deep waters of the Willamette river stretch away to the south

amid its fertile fields and populous cities and villages. To the west the united volumes of the Columbia and Willamette pour out their great fresh water tide, through a mighty gash in the Coast range, to the briny waters of the Pacific. Towering above this matchless network of waterways, fretted with forest-clad islands, rises the glistening, ice-bound figure of our silent and immaculate sentinel-peak. He looks down from his lofty height upon the commerce of the world, plowing its way through these deep-cut water channels far inland, where the gales of the deep never sweep and where the impeding barnacles drop untouched from the hulls of ocean-going vessels as they load and unload their cargoes at fresh-water piers. White against the blue sky, or dim and grim when the storm-cloud breaks and lowers along his jagged and frigid steeps, but our sentinel stands guard over these splendid roadways, smooth and level and safe as the highways of a king. The flags of all nations flutter at his feet. To the north and east, reaching out from his very feet, lies a vast area of farming lands, rich with the alluvial wash and deposit of countless centuries, whose resources have merely begun to be known. Here spread out the fields, far and fertile, that shall grow the grains and fruits of an empire. To the south and west, the sentinel's gleaming eye catches the golden waver of Willamette's far-reaching harvests of wheat. He sees, to the west, the smoke of Portland's populous marts and hillsides, the commercial metropolis of all his water highways, his steel pathways, his valley cities, his mountain trails and hamlets. He towers, lone and white, above her busy pavements and beautiful homes, the proud custodian of her metropolitan wealth

and life. He sees the riches of the fields and mountains pour into her lap. He looks down with regal assurance upon her as one of the greatest wheat marts of the world. Far to the south, over the winding course of the Willamette, the sentinel peak throws the spell of his glittering splendors. He follows the trail of our south-bound train as it hurries past the capital city of Salem, with its witchery of Pilgrim fame, past Albany, the namesake of the great Knickerbocker capitol, onward up toward the sources of the Willamette and the rugged slopes of the Calapooia mountains, skirting again, with laborious puff and shrill hiss of exhausted steam, the forest solitudes that guard the mineral heights of Bohemia. We have passed the other sentinel-peak and are at the gateway to the riches of the Bohemia Mining District.



MT. SHASTA

A STORY OF BOHEMIA

PART II

THE GATEWAY TO THE DISTRICT

The development of a mining district is often like the awakening of a giant to consciousness from a long sleep of oblivion. It may come in either of two ways. There may be a quick spring into full consciousness as if smitten by an electric shock. The sluggish blood bounds to the brain and extremities with a beat and throb that tingle with a sense akin to pain. In an instant eyes are open and take in the situation at a glance. Ears are alert and catch the tremble of the faintest whisper. Thought is clear as noon-day sunlight. This sudden dash of awakening often carries with it much of exhilaration, many times a kind of intoxication. It takes on a type of insanity. The mining boom is on with all its fever and delirium, its over confidence and wild-cat speculations, its certain reactions and lamentable collapse. It leaves in its wake stranded companies, worthless stocks, deserted camps and blighted confidence. Such a development of a mining district is a bane to the industry and a deplorable spectacle to all trustworthy promoters of legitimate mining enterprise.

The other way is slower. The giant turns heavily in his breaking slumber. He rubs his half-open eyes. He yawns and stretches his sluggish muscles. His brain

acts awkwardly. Facts and possibilities dawn upon him imperfectly and dimly. He struggles long and cumber-somely to get on his feet. He staggers uncertainly from tree to rock. Time and caution are important elements in his awakening. He takes his time but makes few mistakes. He gains gradually but all his gains are substantial and permanent. He has no delirium, no collapse. When once on his feet he is master of himself and of his situation and in condition for Herculean activities. Such development rallies the confidence of the world to the mining industry. If the development of the Bohemia Mining District has been slow, even awkward and cumbersome, it is the saner, safer awakening of a giant to substantial, permanent, profitable achievements that shall ultimately pour into the coffers of the world a steady and increasing stream of valuable minerals. Bohemia is the slowly but surely awakening giant. He will be heard from when he gets himself together and gets down to regular and full-paced gait.

All this has to do with the gateway. No great rush of railways is fighting for the best right of way and the earliest entrance. No town site bubbles allure the unwary and curse the district. A short, uncompleted railroad, a stage line, a mining camp post-office, steady, unostentatious development of properties, these conditions characterize the district. All of these conspire to present to the considerate investigator and investor a very unusual opportunity to get possession of exceedingly valuable properties sure to bring in, with intelligent management, handsome and permanent profits. The district is too slow by far for the speculative and unscrupulous plunger; but for the genuine developer

of mines for purposes of legitimate and steady dividends it is a strangely open chance in the midst of the alertness and acumen of this fortune-seeking age.

Thirty-five miles to the north-west of Bohemia, the town of Cottage Grove, having about three thousand inhabitants, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, is the gateway to, and base of supplies for, the district. It is an attractive little city, having all the facilities of modern life such as churches, schools, hotels, newspapers, telephone, etc. The Oregon and South-Eastern Railway has been organized and has begun its construction for the sole purpose of giving the heart of Bohemia rail connection with the rest of the world. Seventeen miles of the necessary thirty-five have been completed. On a mixed train hurried along through gently rolling fields, golden with gathering harvests, past apple orchards green and regular, near commodious, old-style farmhouses with large barns, through pasture lands dotted with stock, by rail fences looking as familiar as if fresh from the Atlantic states half a century ago, one can easily imagine himself gliding through some New England rural region in its earlier prime and glory. But the delusion is soon rudely dissipated as the train begins to penetrate the edge of the mountain wilderness. The Row river plunges along by the side of the roadbed. Huge saw-mills with great piles of Oregon pine lumber are passed as we begin to climb and penetrate the forest. We are catching the whiff of mountain air. Instead of the sweet smell of the harvest it is the breath of the pines. The way grows rugged. Few habitations appear. The valley is narrowing down. The gateway is shutting close now as we climb. The shriek of our en-

gine echoes through the timber; we have reached Wildwood the end of our journey by rail.

Now for the ride of a lifetime. Put it down as a red-letter day. Twelve or fourteen miles into the heart of a primitive forest, winding to and fro up the narrow mountain valley, crossing and recrossing the clear, cold mountain stream, drawn by four well-trained horses. The writer was privileged to take this part of the trip in the saddle. There was the crossing of the red covered bridge over the river and a final adieu to the trammels of civilization as we take the road up Sharp's creek. Now off in earnest for the wilds of the mining camp amid the mountains of Oregon. There is a quick plunge into the shadows of the dense forest and all behind is lost to sight. What a forest! Great fir trees, immense of trunk, deep and mighty of root, true as a straight-edge, seemingly brushing the skies, clean and guiltless of a branch for scores of feet in air, stand thick and graceful all about us, their bright green of fresh growth on the tips of their boughs, far above us, just touching as they gently wave. Trunk and branch, draped in light green moss, seem to swing an airy, festooning tapestry. Firs and pines and cedars and laurels grow together in the friendly confusion of a primitive wildwood. The sunlight comes filtering down in wavering patches, lighting trunk and branch and foliage and leaf-mould with many a touch of silvery splendor. The rich green undergrowth weaves its tangle all about. Ferns of luxuriant growth lift their graceful fronded leaves in air. Strange and gorgeous wild flowers toss and shine from out the glorious tangled mass. What a scene for eyes tired with city pavements and business fronts!

What a place in which to shout until lungs gasp for breath! How the sounding aisles of the stately forest trunks toss and shout here and there as if in royal sport, until it mingles with the sighing of the lofty, weaving tops away above us. On and on, mile after mile, with now and then a drink from the cold, clear, trickling road-side spring. They say that the Northern Pacific Railway has shrewdly possessed itself of this superb forest. No wonder, for here is the home of those straight, huge timbers that span rivers and lift freight-age and life across yawning chasms; here is the habitat of those great spire-like poles that hold aloft against gale and storm the wire pathways that bind ocean to ocean. What a slaughter to take these stalwart forest chiefs from their majestic living, tribal associations and stand them stark and dead and lone, the decaying supports of a passing civilization. Twelve miles of forest, twelve miles of a scene that makes the blood throb and the heart sing. Bohemia is about and above us.

Now, after a sumptuous dinner at the Mineral Hotel, the climb is on. Six miles more and every step a tug. Sore and weary the writer changes from saddle to stage. Back and forth the mountain road tacks like a sailing craft making its way in the teeth of the wind. Switch-back after switch-back opens before us endless and broadening stretches of scenery. Frequent views below us of the weary way, up along which we have come, spring into sight. Higher and higher we rise under the crack of the driver's whip and the thud and clatter of the horses' feet over the rocky way. Sheer and far the mountain cuts down at our very side. Blasted and cut out of the precipitous slope the narrow roadway slants

up like some long shute toward the peaks in the distance. The valley lies dark and green below. We are looking down among the tops of the mighty firs. They cling to the slopes about us. We wind among them brushing their great sides. In six miles of winding road and four hours of steady pulling we rise three thousand feet. Adjacent hills and ridges drop below us. The valleys and forests and mountain sides spread out back of us far and farther. Now the last switch-back comes and in a few moments more, with an indescribable mountain scene spread before us, we step down at Camp Vesuvius one-half mile from Bohemia Post-office.

A STORY OF BOHEMIA

PART III

THE GRIM BRIDAL PAIR

They were born through gigantic, convulsive throes. They were cradled in the rocking crust of a world. They were tossed on high by the stalwart arms of Titanic subterranean forces. Their lullaby was the melody that rose when "the morning stars sang together." They are towering figures. Their morning shadows, at sunrise, tip well over toward the surf of the Pacific; their evening shadows, at sun-sinking, run a jagged line along the snow-crested slopes of the Cascades. They grew up together. Their memories of the uncounted cycles of time are identical. The same storms have swept them. The same earthquakes have rocked them. The same snows have shrouded them. The same mighty forest-tops have rolled their sounding anthems about their rocky summits. These are two splendid mountain peaks, Mounts Bohemia and Fairview. They were born to wed. This was a match made in heaven.

Fairview stands six thousand five hundred feet high; Bohemia thirty feet higher, with his summit but a few hundred feet away. The marriage bond is a mighty ridge of rock called "The Saddle" where the uniting slopes join. You have to come down the slopes of one from the top but a thousand feet, when a few steps on

this connecting ridge brings you to the ascending slope of the other. Fairview, smooth of slope, save on the northeast descent where the rocks cut down precipitously to the Champion valley, is, as you approach her summit, comparatively treeless. Her sides are plump with the detritus of ages, decorated in the variegated tints of the lilies and daisies which grow in profusion to her very top. There she stands, trim, shapely, robed in a gown of glory such as hand of man never wove, the typical mountain bride, holding aloft the stars and stripes toward the skies that bend in sunshine or beat in storm above her. Bohemia, the true groom of this grim bridal pair, stands to her right as you face the rising run. He is rugged and rocky in the extreme. His sides are thick grown with towering mountain forest, where his rock-masses will give foot-hold for life to cling, like the bristling, hairy form of some storm-beaten mountain chieftain. Rugged, unpromising as you gaze upon him, approachable only on certain favored trails, presenting massive flanks of perpendicular cliffs, hugging great banks of snow and ice in his sheltering arms these mid-summer days, lifting on his crest great ridges of beetling rock-piles like castles and temples with turrets and spires and balconies and domes, he too stands the typical mountain groom of this grim bridal pair.

This remarkable wedded couple stand in the very heart of the Bohemia Mining District. They are the most enlightening guides to this entire region. What you cannot learn from their summits need scarcely be told. So we pick our way to their peaks and learn what they have to teach. What a scene stretches about us! Once looked upon it will live while memory lasts. It is

one wild, tumultuous mountain landscape. It seems like an angry tempest-tossed ocean of forest and rocks, piling here in lofty wavering ridge, sinking there in dark green trough of sea, breaking yonder, on some invisible shore, in thunderous, high-tossed, snow-white spray along the ever lasting snow banks and glaciers of the Cascades. Two hundred miles of the white crest of the Cascade range lie before us. Away to the north, the white knob of Mount Hood breaks the horizon. The glories of this wonderful chain stand out as it draws nearer and sweeps by us, a few miles to the east, on its majestic march of splendor to the south. Mount Jefferson, the Three Sisters, Snow Butte, Diamond Peak, Cow-Horn Peak, Mount Thielson, Mount Pitt, and their intervening snowy buttes and crests, present a peerless panorama of unspeakable grandeur, gazing on which one involuntarily bares the head and stands in speechless amazement and awe.

The Bohemia Mining District has its peculiar marking characteristics. We note some of them as we gaze out over it from our towering point of view. Not a tree or hill-top obstructs our sight. The whole circle of the horizon is ours. From where we stand draw a circle with a radius of five miles and you have enclosed this district. It lies in sharp ridges, rising now and then into peaks, and deep, dark, narrow valleys, closing in occasionally so as to form precipitous gorges. It is a district formed for the most desirable mining processes. Not a shaft need be sunk in all this region to develop property save for ventilation purposes. All work may be done by tunnels. Such descents are everywhere that almost any desirable depth may be gained by running

tunnels into the slopes. Great depth is gained, in comparatively few feet, in these tunnels which give perfect drainage and easy movement of ore. Gravitation waits to propel all ore-cars in this favored region.

The perpetual green of the forests of fir and pine spreads all over this landscape. These are primitive forests that no vandal hand of mercenary man has devastated. Stately and high tower these grand old trees. Felled and sawed on the spot, they serve to perfection every purpose for which the mining industry wants timber, from the building of a bunk-house to the timbering of a tunnel or the construction and fueling of a stamp-mill or smelter. This is the land of prodigious snowfall, hence of abundant water. Here are the sources of creeks and rivers. Springs of exhaustless flow break out of the mountain sides. Water for every need of a quartz mining community is in evidence on every hand.

These mountain slopes are dotted everywhere you look with the tunnel dumps of prospector and miner. These square miles are closely covered with mining claims located or patented. Very little, if any, surface remains open. In nearly all of these properties the ground has been merely scratched. Assessment work and limited development has been done. Most of this ground is held by men of small means. Here and there a company is prosecuting systematic and expensive work. The ordinary miner of little capital is grievously hampered here. Transportation of ore to distant smelter for treatment is prohibited by the long and difficult haul and the prevalent low-grade character of ore. Stamp-mills and concentrators are the only

process available. The gold and concentrates derived thereby are easily marketable. But few miners have the capital to push development and put up mills for reduction of ore. Hence the vast majority of these properties await concentrated capital of sufficient magnitude to successfully extract the ore and prepare the product for market. Mills are now in process of construction which, in the near future, should be able to give to Bohemia ore the name it should have in the mining world. Under the very ground on which we stand, forming the slope of Bohemia mountain, are the workings of one of the richest mines of the district that is said to have milled ore at the rate of hundreds of dollars per day in its own stamp-mill at its very dump.

Continuous, well-defined, often immense ledges of ore run through these hills and valleys, upon which are clustered large groups of claims covering the net-work of veins that follow these ledges, which groups in coming days will constitute mining properties of untold richness and duration. Depth here is synonymous with increased mineralization. These hills hold no disappointments for the deep miner. Every enterprise is demonstrating that the longer and deeper the work the richer the reward. Gold, silver and copper are the minerals found. Assays of fabulous values are not infrequent, but the usual ore encountered is a low-grade, substantial proposition bringing steady and uniform returns for investment.

Railroad communication into the heart of this district, well graded road-ways over its hills and through its valleys, milling facilities for the local reduction of ores, judicious investment of scrupulous management, these

are the needs that cry out from these mighty ridges of precious rock.

Our bridal pair is a rich old couple. The trouble with them is that they hold not the keys to their gluttoned coffers. Let the investing public bring the keys of means and management, and our bridal pair will toss into the lap of the world a dowery of fabulous worth and continuance.

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PART IV

THE MAKING OF A MINE

For unnumbered multitudes there is magic in the word. The mention of a mine draws them like the magnetism of a load-stone. It matters not where it is located, or what may be its nature, or who may be its managers, only so it bears the mystic name. They become its ready devotees and pour their hard-earned coin into the hands of its voluble representative and promoter.

A genuine mine, one that deserves that technical title, that possesses all the qualities that belong to such a property, is a great and invaluable possession. There is little to be wondered at in the remarkable fascination it has acquired over the thought and wealth of men. But its counterfeit is legion. The deplorable fact is that multitudes do not distinguish. They know not how to differentiate. They confer upon every nondescript aspirant for the title all the qualities of the genuine article, all the charm of expectancy, all the spell of golden certainty with which men may and do justly clothe the real thing. Every claimant of that great and dignified title among human possessions should be faced with stern and merciless challenge, should be made to prove that it is worthy the talismanic name it bears, should be made

to demonstrate that it is not masquerading under a cognomen to which it has not the remotest right.

The making of a mine is a great and dignified undertaking. It is the establishment of one of the most genuine and honorable sources of the world's actual wealth. Its successful accomplishment is no pastime. It is no fortunate happy incident of an hour. A rich cropping of mineral-bearing rock may be the lucky find of a moment. But such an incident is very far from the making of a mine. The one is the turn of a stone under a stumbling step; the other is the continuous, intelligent, arduous work of years. This great task needs to be more carefully considered by the great world of wealth and commerce. The best way to consider it is under the illustration of concrete examples. The Bohemia Mining District holds some such instances. From the larger number that might be used, the writer, in this article, and the one that follows, will confine himself to two or three, because of the special information at hand concerning these particular properties.

Standing on "The Saddle" that binds Bohemia and Fairview peaks together, one is at the head waters of two creeks. City creek flows to the east toward the Cascades; Glenwood creek flows to the west starting from the springs breaking out from the sides of both of the adjacent mountains. The latter streamlet separates the parallel slopes of Bohemia and Fairview peaks as they drop gradually toward the west in long, precipitous ridges. One looks from "The Saddle" down the long, dark valley of Glenwood creek. Its dense forest lies black and thick below you. The slope of Fairview rises and recedes to the right. You are overlook-

ing one of the best mines of the district. A group of claims running down from "The Saddle," covering the head and bed of the creek valley and the slope of Fairview, almost to its very peak and reaching well down its westward ridge, including a combined surface of over two hundred and fifty acres, comprises the property of the Vesuvius Consolidated Quartz Mining Company. This property has been a growth. The original location is the Vesuvius claim, high up under the peak of Fairview. To this, claim after claim has been added until the present magnificent area has been amassed under the one management. Irregular surfaces not included in the original locations have been discovered and located until a solid block of ground has been acquired. It is indeed a magnificent superficial area. It sweeps down Fairview, from its very top, along its steep slope to the creek bottom and beyond. It embraces large areas of splendid timber. It includes exhaustless springs of pure, cold water. It holds long distances on both sides of the main county wagon-road leading to the railroad. This acquisition of large, solid areas of surface is an exceedingly important part in the making of a mine. It insures vein surface for indefinite years. It gives large opportunity to mine from the net-work of feeders generally attendant upon a great ledge of ore. It reduces the liability of complicated litigation and high-handed extortion on the part of small claim-holders. It gives unstinted facilities for mill and tunnel sites as the development of the property extends its demands in these imperative respects. The main and most important part of this area has been patented and is in indisputable possession of the company. The re-

maining claims may be patented as time passes and need requires. This permanent settlement of title is a very essential safeguard against future trouble and loss. Area, title, accessibility, availability as a working proposition, such as the possession of steep slopes having good mill and tunnel sites, sufficient water supply, adequate timber, all of these are vital factors in the making of a mine, none of which have been omitted in the great property which we have under consideration.

After all the foregoing has been said, the superficial or surface conditions are only of minor importance in the making of a mine. All real worth, in such a property, centers forever about the ore it holds and the process of getting at and removing that ore. The ledges and veins must be exploited. They must be located without the shadow of a mistake. It is the easiest thing in the world to lose a vein. A fault, or a "horse," may throw development off for years and sink vast amounts in vain search for the lost lead. The main vein of the Vesuvius has been demonstrated to be a splendid ledge. Thousands of feet of work have been done upon it. Tunnels have been run in upon it from its very top, under the very peak of Fairview, down to the valley bottom; cross-cuts have been pushed out from side to side; upraises have been made, with many levels putting off therefrom. The company has crowded this relentless work of exploitation. Not an ounce of ore has been shipped. No great ado has been made. No false hopes have been stirred in the body of stock-holders. No spurious dividends have been declared from the sale of stock. The uncovering and blocking out of ore-bodies has been the supreme business of the management. The

result is that, to a most gratifying measure, the company now knows what it has in this splendid property. It has been about the one enterprise of making a mine.

It is neither within the province nor ability of this writer to enter into a technical discussion of the nature of the ores found in the Vesuvius mine. In most instances, probably, the reader would be little wiser at the end of such a discussion than at the beginning. The kind of ore in no way determines its value. A mine is a property known to contain quantities of valuable ore. It remains a mine while its management keeps such bodies of ore in evidence. The Vesuvius mine is such a property. It has a ledge of ore, varying in width from two feet to eight and ten feet, sometimes widening out to such extent that both walls have not yet been laid bare. In much of the distance penetrated the entire ore-body is mineral-bearing in sufficient value to make it a profitable milling proposition. Samples taken with persistence and care show in very many places ore of excellent quality, while in a few spots assays of startling figures have been made. There is thus, by tunnel and drift and up-raise, blocked out a very large quantity of fine milling ore. Such demonstration of the ore-body is a most essential feature in the making of a mine. What probabilities it opens! What conclusions as to the future productions of the property it warrants! When the ledges and veins of this large acreage are opened up who will undertake to state its productiveness?

Facilities of extraction and reduction of the ore must now be provided. The value of the property has demonstrated the propriety of large out-lay in putting in the facilities for handling the ore now known to exist. A

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... is now being run on a cross-vein low down
... the mountain, many hundreds of feet below all the
other workings. It will penetrate the ledge fully fifteen
hundred feet below the highest out-croppings. It will
open up a quantity of ore sufficient to keep a score of
stamps pounding away for years to come without ex-
tending the exploitation beyond the present superficial
area examined. Adjacent to the mouth of this long
tunnel a stamp-mill, having a maximum capacity of fif-
teen stamps, is in process of construction, under con-
tract to be completed by the first of September of this
current year. Then upon the proven ore of this great
body, now practically blocked out, the work of extrac-
tion and reduction can begin at once. The providing of
ample facilities to get at the ore, to remove it from the
mine and properly treat it is the culminating factor in
the making of a mine. Patient owners should then wait
until a proper reserve can be accumulated to provide
against emergencies. Then let the regular disburse-
ment of dividends begin; and another mine has been
added to the great productive resources of the world's
wealth. The Vesuvius mine of the Bohemia Mining
District is a most excellent, typical example of the
great enterprise of the making of a genuine mine.

A STORY OF BOHEMIA

PART V

STORMING BOTH SLOPES

Mining is, in no small sense, a warfare. It is by no means an easy conquest. It is a battle, often, in the intensest signification of that word. It is a battle with the sturdiest difficulties. It is a siege for the most formidably entrenched treasure-house conceivable. It is an aggressive campaign pushed at great expense of money and toil into the most obstructive of regions. The search for ore is a most illusive quest. It eludes the seeker at every turn. It hides itself in the most unthought of places. It disguises itself in the most unrecognizable forms. When the toiler thinks he has surrounded his captive he finds nothing but barren rock. Ore entrenches itself behind flint-like fortifications. Every inch of progress is made through the hardest of rock. Slow, painful stages mark the miners invading march. The battle must often be waged in the most inaccessible of localities. Every ounce of provision must be packed over arduous trails. Snow piles in blockading masses for months of the year. Napoleon's invasion of Russia was no more exhausting or perilous an undertaking in proportion to its magnitude. Howling winds, blinding storms, piercing temperatures, desolate isolations await the heroic ranks of the mining camp. With

drill and dynamite, in the dark and damp and chill of tunnel, where slides and premature explosion of foul air take treacherous hand in the struggle, the miner warrior drives back the persistent, obstructive ranks until the precious metals are taken for the world's richer possession. All honor to the heroes of the mountains and mines whose muscular, courageous ranks are pushing this battle without sound of trumpet or roll of fame.

From Fairview's prominent peak there runs, to the east, a precipitous ridge that rises, a mile or more away, into two forest-covered peaks, called respectively, North and South Grouse Mountains. On the extension of this ridge that pushes on from North Grouse peak, some four miles from Fairview, lies the scene of the operations with which we are particularly occupied in this writing. After leaving Grouse mountain the ridge bends abruptly to the south. Here a most vigorous mining campaign is in progress. The scheme is an audacious one. It covers large territory and holds a vision of the years. It contemplates no early completion. The lines of the fields are drawn large. There are two centers of operation. The boom of each other's blasts may almost be heard in either camp. One camp is on one side of the ridge, the other is on the other side. They are engaged on two great and entirely distinct ledges. They are two great mining engagements, storming simultaneously both slopes of the rugged mountain ridge. We shall undertake to examine more closely these two important enterprises and their respective fields of activity.

On the west slope of the ridge, where Anna creek runs down, singing the perpetual song of a rollicking

mountain brook, through a rocky, shaded draw to City creek in the valley below, is located the camp of the Oregon-Colorado Mining, Milling and Developing Company. From its sheltered and picturesque camp-site, its ground stretches to the east and west. To the east, it climbs the abrupt slope of the ridge, rises over its crest and plunges down on the other side for a distance of fifteen hundred feet. To the west, it advances, in unbroken column, claim after claim, across Anna creek, up over the easterly ridge of South Grouse mountain and then on westward along the steep, heavily timbered slope of the City creek valley toward Fairview mountain, giving a total ownership in the great Confidence vein of over two miles in length, this great column of claims covering six hundred feet in width. The storming of the main slope has been conducted from two bases of operation. Farther down Anna Gulch, where Anna creek joins City creek, the Francie claim begins an entirely distinct movement. Up it mounts the steep slopes; at its end the San Juan takes up the battle and it is another veritable storming of the heights of San Juan. Then the Watson crowds the struggle up over the crest of the ridge at identically the same point where the main column of claims passes over the ridge, thus covering the ground of the possible intersection of the Francie vein with the Confidence ledge. All this field of effort covers a grand area of two hundred and sixty acres. It is largely covered with a superb forest. Its water supply is abundant and perpetual. An expensive, strategic movement, just being completed, is the construction, by the Company, of a fine, broad road, dug and blasted out of the mountain's side, nearly four miles

in length, putting the property into the most perfect connection with the County road and thereby with the railroad. Again we witness the substantial processes of the making of a genuine mine. The main ledge is a great gash in the entire mountain body, filled with the most beautiful copper ore, carrying enough gold and silver to at least pay all the expenses of the operating, leaving the great copper percentage as net value. This ledge of ore was earliest thoroughly exploited on the Confidence claim and hence it has been called the Confidence vein. A tunnel has been run into the slope of the ridge on the Dora claim about eight hundred feet through a body of as fine ore as one needs to see. The entire length of the tunnel is a demonstration of the quantity and quality of ore-matter that this immense property holds. More than two thousand feet of development work have been done on this vein and it is so overwhelming in its proofs of immediate milling values that no farther evidence is needed to at once establish a plant to handle its splendid products. Meanwhile the movement on the Francie claim has re-enforced all this with the opening up of a vein of gold ore, much of it free milling, promising to rival or surpass the Confidence vein in the matter of values. Both of these tunnels, as they are pushed into the mountain ridge, make a splendid gain in depth of a thousand feet or more. The final stages of this brilliant campaign of the western slope are now on. In a few weeks a saw-mill plant will be put upon this ground and the massive forest trees will be transformed into timbers for the concentrator which shall put the waiting masses of ore into marketable form and pour remunerative dividends into the

hands of the share-holders. The final victory for the forces storming this slope of the ridge waits but the near future and a few culminating moves under the generalship in command.

To gain the other camp we must take to the trail. This narrow track zig-zags up the steep mountain side. Past tunnel dumps and shelving rock we rise above the swaying tree tops. We push by weather-beaten crags frowning like hostile fortifications. We pick our way about gigantic mountain masses of eroded cliffs, eaten by storms of centuries into curves and domes and great swelling sphere-like sides, all seemingly poised for some terrific plunge down into the quivering forest depths below. We swing around the rocky crest of the ridge, one moment looking to the west with Bohemia and Fairview peaks in view, the next moment facing about to the east and gazing upon the immaculate, snowy brows of the Three Sisters, as they stand the three graces of the Cascades. Now we drop with quickened step and frequent lurch of our faithful mountain horses, down the eastern slope. We work our way several hundred feet to the north along the ridge and then slip quickly down to its base. The rush of a tumbling mountain stream greets us. Winters are light here. Snow-falls are small and winds are few. Range horses in earlier days found here their winter's retreat. Hence the noisy, foaming brook is called Horse Heaven creek. We are at the base of another scene of active operations. We are on the property of the Riverside Mining and Milling Company. We are at the bottom of a double column of mining claims that rest on the bank of the creek and sweep up the slope for forty-five hun-

dred feet, passing over the ridge and down the western slope, ending close to Anna creek and only about a gun shot's distance from the ground of the Oregon-Colorado to the south. The grand forest on these claims resounds to the daily boom of the dynamite blasts as drill and fuse push the battle toward the core of the ridge.

The two hundred acres of this property cover two great parallel ledges of ore that slash through the ridge, as they cut their way deep into the rocky ribs of this mountain land. One of these ledges is the Gold Cross vein which has elsewhere proven itself to be charged with great values. The campaign is being pushed without a lull on this ground. A fine tunnel, already in some six hundred feet, gaining rapid depths with every shot, is boring its way into an ever improving ore-showing. The plan of operations contemplates the early change of the trail to this ground into a fine wagon-road in continuation of that now ending at the Oregon-Colorado property. An excellent mill-site awaits the construction of a stamp-mill which shall be run by water-power, ground for a dam having already been purchased and the creek bottom furnishing the finest natural facilities for its construction. There is mapped out a series of manœuvres, which may now be quickly and thoroughly accomplished and which, when completed, will make of this fine property a mine, substantial, permanent, pouring its steady stream of dividends into the hands of all fortunate enough to be interested in such a magnificent enterprise.

Thus from both slopes the ledges of this ridge are under siege. It is no scratching of the surface. It is

no gala-day showing to deceive stock buyers and win purchases for private gains. It is solid campaigning in mine making. It is the marshaling of every energy and every device known to man to win from the rugged mountain-hearts the treasure God has buried there for human enriching.



STAGE LEAVING BOHEMIA

A STORY OF BOHEMIA

PART VI

THE MAN BEHIND THE MINE

Nine years ago the Bohemia Mining District was a trail-marked wilderness. Not a public road penetrated its hills and forests. No railroad dreamed of grading its mountain steeps. A few prospectors had found their way into its inaccessible depths. A few properties had been located and worked. Every ounce of merchandise or machinery was packed on the backs of horses over narrow trails. The district lay unmapped, unknown, practically unprospected, a vast unbroken forest, a part of that belt comprising the Government Forest Reserve which covers the head-waters of streams sourcing along the Cascade Range of mountains, being thirty-five miles wide and reaching the entire width of the state. Its long winters, its deep snows, its violent spring torrents, its thick, massive moss-grown timber, its exceedingly sparse settlement, its high and precipitous mountains, its rapid succession of narrow valleys and steep ridges, all this kept it long a veritable, primitive, mountain forest undisturbed by man's presence and toil. To enter and prospect such a region required nerve. To detect the values and possibilities of such a district took wisdom. To deliberately set about the task of bringing mines to pass in such a locality made necessary an un-

usual measure of confidence and fortitude; to actually accomplish such an undertaking, with very limited personal resources on hand, is to be accounted for only on the possession of powers little short of genius.

Nine years ago there came to this great unknown district a man from the mining camps of Colorado. He was medium of stature but muscular and in the full vigor of middle life. He was nervous of temperament but calm, self-possessed and of undaunted determination. He was a practical man of the mines. He knew how to wield a pick, swing a hammer, hold a drill and charge a blast. He was a man of convictions, of high moral principles and character. He came for his life work. All he had was to go into his work, his means, his strength, his health, his family, his reputation. It meant much for Bohemia when this man first entered its forests. Oregon was to hear from him in the coming days.

This man set to himself a great task such as would cause most men to shrink and hesitate. He planned to put onto a better footing the mining industry of the state of Oregon. He saw its great resources needing development and publication to the world. He saw the need of system and co-operation and strictest rectitude in the conduct of the mining business of the state. He conceived nothing short of a Mining Stock Exchange for the entire region, at Portland, that should have as its basal qualities integrity, harmony, reliability and the utmost respectability in the personnel of its membership and in the conduct of its business. He set himself to the task to stand for such an exchange or none at all. The state owes much to him for his consistent and

unremitting effort to realize his high ideal which, when realized, will without doubt work a world of good to the commonwealth.

He entered the Bohemia District. He traversed its old trails. He blazed out new ones. He studied its float, visited its prospects; examined its mines. He threaded its valleys, traversed its ridges, climbed its peaks until he became familiar with its entire area. He saw its values, became convinced of its future and thenceforth dedicated himself to its development with untiring devotion. He faced its storms, swam its streams, traveled its forests by day and by night, sounded its praises everywhere he went. He searched its claims far and near. He selected the three properties described in previous parts of this series. He devoted himself unflaggingly to their exploitation. He was in the tunnels and drifts, soaked with the percolating waters, smeared with the soil of these underground workings, fatigued with the exhausting labor side by side with his hardest miners. He trusted to no one's judgment but his own. He knew by personal supervision and participation every stroke of work being done on his properties. He could not swing this great enterprise alone. He laid aside his mining garb, organized his companies, sped across the continent to New England, put himself and his plans so before the investing public that money rallied to his support. Over twelve hundred individual stock-holders are now interested with him in his great work. He holds his stock-holders as his personal friends. He handles their money as scrupulously as his own. He watches every item of expense. He directs every move that is made

in all his mines. He knows every man he employs. He keeps only efficient and industrious help. He pays all promptly and liberally. He has the loyal co-operation of his men. He gives them the eight-hour day. He requires the observance of the Sabbath as a day of rest on all his properties. He supervises the purchase of all supplies, buys on the most economical basis, and yet keeps adequate supplies on hand. He looks well ahead and suffers no surprises. Not a detail in all these multitudinous affairs escapes his notice. His company has offices in Portland, Oregon and Boston, Mass. He keeps close watch of both ends of his enterprise, touching both coasts of our continent. He so conducts his business as to hold the confidence of all with whom he deals. He is brusque and keen in his supervision of workers, yet plain, outspoken, kindly disposed and in deepest sympathy with all conditions of human need.

This same man, so immersed in the countless details of his personal business enterprises, finds time to give himself much to public affairs. He gives of service and counsel and money liberally. He is devoted to his city and state. Oregon holds no stancher champion of its possibilities nor more persistent worker for its well-being than is he. Bohemia Mining District owes more than it will perhaps concede to the devotion of this one man to its development. He has pushed and is pushing, at much personal expense, the construction of its wagon-roads. He was a large factor in the securing of the present railroad facilities of the district. He is quietly behind much of the work in spreading the intelligence of Oregon mines over the land. He is not a boomer; he is a substantial benefactor. He is scru-

pulously careful to understate rather than overstate the facts. His representations hold no disappointments. He may be mistaken in his expectations. He professes no unerring vision of the future. He specifically stipulates that he can only give his best, experienced judgment. He seeks to influence no one in an enterprise upon which he himself does not risk his all. No one can associate with him and not be convinced of his utmost candor. This man has a deep-seated, unfluctuating confidence in his ultimate and great success. All to whom he opens the facts can but feel that he is fully warranted in his high expectations. When he succeeds, as he richly deserves, the world will be enriched and blessed in countless ways by his success.

The writer, gladly and unsolicited, lays before the reader this conservative portraiture of his friend, Mr. Frank J. Hard, of Portland, Oregon. He is a practical miner of the highest type. He is a conscientious promoter of the most reliable stamp. He is a mining financier of large plans but of most scrupulous attentions to details. He is a general in enterprise with genius for command. He is a tireless benefactor, incorruptible and stanch, whom Bohemia respects and honors. He stands, in this region of stalwart forests, a stalwart figure quietly but surely bringing mines to pass. Fortunate the industry, district and properties with such a character in the lead. If the man behind the gun has much to do with the victories of armies and navies, the man behind the mine is no less vital in the struggle for gold.

This story of Bohemia now ends. The subject is not exhausted. These mountains, forests, mines and miners

are full of song and story. Their charm lingers with ceaseless appeal. Long after the scene is left behind, the sweet smell of the flowers, the hum of the bees, the twitter of the birds, the boom of the blasts echoing through the solitudes of the grand old woods, the sighing of the pines, the sunset glories, the panoramic grandeur of mountain peaks, all will live fresh, imperishable, among the richest treasures of memory, and ever impel to return, some glad time, to this rare and favored spot where vacation days have sped with the rhythm and movement of a perpetual melody.



WILLIAM CLARK THOMAS JEFFERSON MERIWETHER LEWIS
PRESIDENT JEFFERSON AND THE EXPLORERS OF OREGON.

SPEC
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CAPTAINS MERIWETHER LEWIS AND WILLIAM CLARK

Were the first Americans who reached the Pacific Ocean overland. They headed an expedition sent out by President Thomas Jefferson in 1803, which reached the mouth of the Columbia River in 1805.

Portland, in 1905, *celebrates the Centenary of this National event* with an American-Pacific Exposition and Oriental Fair.

This expedition added to our National domain, 100 years ago, the "Oregon Country," now comprising the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and extensive parts of Montana and Wyoming. It was the acquisition of this region that *gave the United States its first footing on the Pacific Ocean*, and opened the way to our great continental development.