

BLIND LEAD OF VALUABLE ORE CROSSES CATHERINE

(By Jack Hunter)
THE PARK. (Special to Observer)—With the many stories told by the several prospectors in the last fifty years, coupled with both ancient and modern indications, there remains no doubt whatever, as to the existence of a lead of valuable ores crossing the country somewhere near the forks of Catherine creek.

But this lead is one of many referred to by the old prospectors and miners, as "A blind lead."
There are several cuts, shafts and tunnels dug by the gold hunters in evidence everywhere near and around the forks, but none of them tap the coveted body of rich mineral.
It remains for the future lucky digger to strike this valuable, but well hidden treasure.
What seems to have started the extensive search for gold in the Catherine creek district, were the activities of an old Indian, between 1870 and 1890. Nearly every summer this Indian would come out of the mountains, exchanging gold bullion for supplies at the Cove store, where he traded.
White men followed him, trying to spy the place where he found the gold, but the crafty old man evaded all observations as to the exact place of his find.
He operated somewhere between the South and the Middle Forks. He invariably made camp for his family on the banks of the North or main branch. Old lodge poles are still in evidence at that place which is called to this day, "The Indian Camp."
Among the many prospectors on the creek, the late William (Billy) James of La Grande, was the most active. With his partner he started several tunnels, two of which are out of the main fork, and one of smaller size up on the South Fork. They still remain the old dilapidated cabin, which stands as a landmark called "The Billy James' Cabin."
For nearly thirty years Mr. James has looked for this "blind lead." Besides these tunnels, there are several dugouts, showing the large amount of labor he expended. James Brown of Union has done much prospecting for many years. He actually holds returns of assays from rocks found right around the forks, which went as high as \$1250 to the ton.
Martin Conway of Union, prospected much in this locality. He found a piece of pure native silver, nearly the size of an egg, on the side of the north of the creek facing the forks. This shows that there must be silver as well as gold. And specimens of copper ore have been found.
Jack Hunter, Jr., found a rock, not far from the forks, which was a conglomeration of slate and granite. This evidently proves, of a contact between granite and slate, which is easily noticed on the surface formation. And this rock of lead matter, upon breaking, showed the inside, using the miners' slang, "was lousy with gold."
There are also indications of a contact between slate and lime rock, plainly noticed on the surface. They run in the natural directions of mine belts. They run northeast and southwest. And in line with the Sumpter mining district across in the Blue mountains.
Like many other places where mining activities have been in operation, this place has its strange stories. But these stories identified with this district, seems to correlate with its object, namely, that there is gold and plenty of it hid under a heavy flow of lava and

buried with the accumulation of matter from years of erosion.
John Wallace Boyle, now of Corvallis, Oregon, but an old pioneer of this region, having come to the Park in the early seventies, tells an interesting story of a "lost mine" somewhere between the South Fork and Buck creek.
This story seems to be of about the same time of the old Indian's active mining for gold.
An old prospector from North Powder, in the summer of '71, came down from the mountains with rich gold bearing quartz. He told his "batching partner" that he took sick right after discovering the ledge of rich rock, and left an old pick and shovel in the prospect hole, which was about eight feet deep.
Upon being taken with the mountain fever, and seriously sick, he gave this man all the information possible concerning the find. Then he was taken to Portland for better care, but died shortly after being admitted to the hospital.
The partner made several trips in search of the mine, but finally gave it up. But the story went the rounds, and many were active in the search for the mine. The story was verified by the quartz which was kept in evidence of the actual find.
There is yet some of this quartz shown by a few old timers, of which Mr. Boyle is one of the possessors of the rich old relics from the "Lost Mine."
The partner made several attempts at locating the lost treasure, as it was then called. But never had the good fortune of even finding a spot that looked like the described place. Finally like many others, he gave up the search. The story passed as one of the many fabulous narratives around the campfires of the miners and cowpunchers.
In the summer of 1880 Mr. Boyle and two other cowboys were looking over the country for cattle, when they came to a cold spring on the north slope of the Main Ridge, looking over the deep canyon of Buck creek. They agreed to separate there, each going in different directions, and to meet at this spot when returning home in the evening. Mr. Boyle was the first to come back to the spring. When one of the other men joined him. But the third, who was a young fellow, and a stranger in the country, did not make his appearance for a while. Thinking perhaps, that not knowing the country, he could easily get lost, they began shouting and firing their guns as a call for their belated companion.
He finally answered them, appearing soon leading his horse. By his appearance it was plain that he had taken a tumble. For his face and hands being scratched and his clothing somewhat torn.
"I came very d— near killing myself," he ejaculated.
"My horse fell in a prospect hole in a bunch of chaparrals, and I had some time in getting out. I found an old pick and shovel all rusted out in that hole."
Now this man did not know a word of this story concerning the "Lost Mine."
But Mr. Boyle and the other man knew of it. It interested both of them, being a genuine verification of the story. "An old pick and shovel in that hole."
He told them that this hole was about a quarter and not over a half mile from the spring. In the direction of Buck creek.
But they could not find the place that evening.
Then Mr. Boyle renewed his activities trying to find the place again. But he stated that he has made a thousand circles around that spring to no avail.
Many others have tried with the same luck. But it is a certain thing that the mine is there. How could this stranger have found the prospect hole with the pick and shovel in it, at about the right location according to the original story, if it was not there?
There is no doubt as to the veracity of this story.
But the most interesting of the stories told about this lost mine, has been ferreted out by the writer, while gathering true data for the composition of this article.
A story which is known to very few of the old pioneers, and then so old that it was relegated to the traditional legends of old at that remote time, is still told. It is the mysterious living of a family in a mysteriously built log cabin, somewhere on the banks of a small lake, which was supposed to be at one time where the Black Pine Springs are today.
The fragmentary narration tells that this family lived for years, summer and winter, like wild animals. Although they were whites, they lived beyond any wild life of the wildest Indians.
This story in itself had no weight whatever, until the first incident related below.
In July, 1923, while visiting a sheep camp in the vicinity of Black Pine Springs, the writer found the border to be a very bright and intelligent young Frenchman, Emil Lyons, who is now in Gooding, Idaho.
Among the thick and tall black pine poles Mr. Lyons found two or three human bones, including a part of the skull. In this skull a large hole is in evidence. And inside of the skull he found a battered bullet the size of which corresponds to the balls of lead fired by the ancient arms of the pioneers.
No doubt whatever that this person had lost his life by being shot in the head.
Upon the close observing nature of this Frenchman, he could find signs of an ancient habitation. The most remarkable sign being an old fireplace. But it was entirely obliterated by the many fallen dry pines, with a second and third growth of saplings, forming an al-

most impenetrable jungle.
It was while looking for a lost lamb that he discovered this find. Now then there was an old cabin there, and attested by these remains, proves that human beings did live there. And the growth of pines and firs denotes that it was very long ago.
And here is where the story begins to dawn, that after all its legendary aptitude it was nevertheless true.
In the latter part of June, 1916, a party of three men came to the big cabin at the Forks. They engaged the writer to guide them up the South Fork.
For one week the outfit seemed bent on trying to find locations, but returned apparently with no satisfaction. They paid the guide well for his services, and the night before leaving, the "head man" told a strange story.
Upon inquiry as to his name, the little old man told that he was from Boston, Mass. His name was "Oregon Duval."
The old man had acted very queer during that expedition, looking for something, secretly guarding all the while. So when he told of his name to be "Oregon" this more than emphasized the fantastic behavior of this mysterious acting individual.
But, the climax of the realization that the old man was absolutely demented, came when he told the weird and strange tale of his supposed ancestors.
Until the finding of the human bones and skull with the ball of lead inside, and the indication of the old cabin at Black Pine Springs did the story, reveal itself into a most mysterious and wonderful bit of history, at the same time proving that there is gold in this country.
The story that he told is in reality the part of the lives of his father and mother up to the time that he was four years old. He claimed to be 84, so it brings us back to 1826 and before.
It was a long story that this mysterious old man told. It was replete with pathos and tragedy, interlarded with wonderful little incidents of the wild doings of a people at once savage and naive. But we will only relate the main facts.

Camera Shy



Mrs. Nan Richardson of Yonkers, N. Y., a sister of John W. Davis, Democratic nominee for president, attended the notification ceremonies at Clarkburg, W. Va., and, though she tried to dodge the camera man, he caught her as she was leaving church.

connected with the soul of this story.
About 1766, Paul Duval was born in Canada. And about 1790 he ran away from justice landing somewhere on the Columbia river which according to this old man was then called "The Oregon."
After a life of much adventures he formed a partnership with a dis-satisfied old trapper, named Joe Sullivan.
Sullivan was a squaw man, having for a wife a woman of the Iroquois tribe. They were also from Canada. They had one daughter named Katie.
Duval wanted Katie, but the old folks did not listen to his plea whatever. But the girl never married, and when Duval was about 55 years old the Iroquois woman was found with a bullet hole in her head, dead by the old trail of a trap line.
And then Duval married Katie. But it was after a hard quarrel with the father, Joe Sullivan, which Duval threatened to kill, if he further objected.
Katie never cared much for the rough Canadian trapper. But she had a great love for her father. The baby was born and she called

the boy "Oregon" after the great river which she had learned to love so well.
Oregon Duval was born in a trappers hut on the banks of Minn-lake.
This lake then was called by the Indians "Shoshohoshoo" (Happy Hunting Ground) for it was the belief that this lake was a passage-way to the home of the Great Spirit.
Joe Sullivan and Paul Duval did not get along very well. They would go on long journeys hunting and trapping over the high mountain range, into the lower foothills. When Oregon was three years old he remembers them coming home with a heavy pack of white rock. They pounded this rock in some sort of stone mortar and found much yellow gold. A quarrel over this gold ensued.
Oregon remembers well when his father struck the older man over the head with a stone mortar, which resulted in the death of the old man.
Then he remembers well the trip when they moved to the side of a much smaller lake into a new cabin. And when he was four years old his mother shot his father while he was asleep.
Taking the one poke of gold, she led the boy out and joined a few Indians that were on their way into a big round valley (Grande Ronde).
From there they went from place to place, until his mother died

somewhere at some Indian's home in New York state.
Oregon never had a day of schooling. He was partly raised unnoticed by Indians of the east. He followed the trapping game all the while. And upon the capture of a valuable silver tip fox, making him quite a sum of money, he ventured to come out in search of the mine where his father and Joe Sullivan had found this rich quartz. All he had was the story that his mother told, with the faint recollections of his childhood days in these mountains.
He swears that Black Pine Springs was the place where this small lake was located. And that is the place where his mother killed his father.
Now then, how that skull could be else than Paul Duval's remains? And if it is, the gold which was found then and later by the old Indian miner, must of consequence be true.
Oregon Duval believes that his mother told the Indians of this find, and the old Indian miner found the place originally discovered by Paul Duval and Joe Sullivan.
It is for the old spirit of by-gone days to revive, which will send the daring prospector to find this rich vein of gold. And remember that America, with its immense wealth was discovered upon a much more substantial theory at the time, than this truthful story linked together with actual facts.

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