



The Black Butte Mine.

The last thing I added to an already overburdened suit-case before snapping it shut for the final time, was a copy of the Ephemeris. We had decided to take it thinking we might obtain a star observation while we were out. In the early morning, when daylight had just begun to filter through the haze that wrapped trees and buildings alike in a damp and chilly mantle, we crawled out and hustled for the train. It was late, as usual, and our haste was needless. The stage ride from Cottage Grove began in a drizzle of mist that continued intermittently throughout the eighteen mile journey. The way led over some low ridges and then into a valley running nearly due south. The ranges of hills that bounded the valley were heavily timbered and from time to time we caught sight of the North Fork crowded with ties that rushed pell-mell through the rapids or grounded along the banks of the pools. Just before we got to London Springs, somewhat famous as a summer resort, we caught our first view of the mine. The crusher house and trambin perched almost on the summit of a lofty butte looked like a bird house from our distance. The little town was not yet visible and we were destined to travel for nearly two hours, winding among giant firs and along the banks of a stream that looked to be a paradise for trout, before we arrived at the company hotel. The chilly dampness robbed the ride of most of its pleasure and we were relieved when a turn in the road revealed a cluster of buildings, surrounded by a white picket fence, and the driver told us we were at the end of our journey. We ate dinner and