

# THE OREGON, CALIFORNIA DIVIDE

## Towering Crags, Glittering Peaks and Grassy Plateaus—Then Siskiyou Range of Mountains

By Dennis H. Stovall.

WHERE in America is there a section of country that contains a greater variety of magnificent pictures of towering crags, glittering peaks, beds of lava, pine-wooded ranges and grassy plateaus than the Siskiyou mountain country—the purple range that forms the Oregon-California divide. Save for a few scattered mining camps and settlements it is vast solitude, a solitude comprising an area of 3,000 square miles. But unlike most solitudes this one teems with vegetation and nature is almost the sole reason for its existence. The high timber is on that divide, and the slopes of the divide, to build a thousand cities. The fat soil of that great territory, if tilled and planted, would produce enough to feed the armies of the world.

At the northern end of California the two great mountain ranges, the Sierra Nevada on the east, and the Coast range on the west, join or are united by an interlocking chain. This chain is the Siskiyou and the backbone is the Oregon-California divide. North of the Siskiyou the Coast range continues its jagged course to the north, and the Sierra Nevada also extends northward from the Siskiyou, but in Oregon is called the Cascades. The Siskiyou backbone, though forming a considerable mountain wall, does not by any means reach the great height of the Sierra Nevada range, though there are peaks along the crest that rise 7,000 and 8,000 feet. The main portion of the Siskiyou lifts to a height of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level.

It is crossed by only two main highways, one being the Southern Pacific railroad and the other being the Grants Pass-Crescent City stage road, which crosses the range on the Del Norte and Josephine county lines.

A good wagon road leads to the divide up Applegate river from Medford, on the Oregon side. As this road is but 35 miles in length, follows an American Switzerland nearly all the way, and takes the traveler immediately into the wild, it is the one most used by those who seek both the fortune of gold and the fortune of good health.

The terminus of this road is Blue Ledge mining camp, located on the crest of the Siskiyou, 5,000 feet elevation. Though Blue Ledge camp gets almost as much sunshine as any other part of California, south of San Francisco, it has no summer, so far as heat is concerned. Its inhabitants celebrate the Fourth of July by snowballing and enjoying toboggan slides down the snow-covered slopes.

All about Blue Ledge, as everywhere on the Oregon-California divide, are great forests of spruce and pine. In the forests there is but little undergrowth, and no limbs on the bare, straight trunks for many feet up.

The trail led him over the divide to the head of Thompson creek, on the California side. Here he came upon the game and fired. Whether he killed the buck or not has nothing to do with the story. When he clambered down the steep slope his boot struck a big stone that was particularly heavy and gave off a sound like lead. He picked up the fragment and found it was a piece of the boy knew that the big stone was full of gold. He dug down with his bare hands and uncovered great slabs of metal. The most of them he heaped into a pile, some he threw into his hunting bag and carried home. All told the heap yielded more than \$30,000. The claim, which was later developed into a mine, was

And still another way to reach the crest of the divide is by wagon road from Grants Pass to Holland, and from Holland by trail. From Holland, which is the supply point for all the placer and quartz gold mining camps on the north Siskiyou slope, the trail leads to Moun-

tain Ranch. Then comes the steep climb that leads up to the crest and the "Eldorado of the Siskiyou," otherwise known as Briggs' mining camp. From this camp one looks out over an endless array of ranges, dotted with snow-capped peaks and crags. You are up above the timber line here, and the mountains are covered only with scrub pine or matted with a growth of snow brush. This is no fake "Eldorado."

There is gold here, just as there is gold almost everywhere throughout the whole extent of the Oregon-California divide. But this one is best known because of the fabulous discovery that was made here a few years ago. Ray Briggs, son of a rancher of the district, shot over his rifle one summer day and went out after big game. It does not take a hunter a long while to strike a deer trail on the Oregon-California divide. Young Briggs was on a hot trail in less than an hour.

Though there are scores of rich mines and claims on the Oregon-California divide, the district as a whole, has been but partially prospected. Not only gold, but immense copper lodes, have been uncovered and are being deeply developed, notably at Blue Ledge, Preston Peak and Waldo. The immensity and value of these great lodes, as proved by development already done, would indicate that the biggest smelters, the most important copper producing mines of the Pacific coast, will be those of the Oregon-California divide.

It is enough to make it dizzy, the man who is out after big game, can find all his heart desire. Here he can get a "fair" girl, and have it "go in" and come "out" again. He can get a black bear, brown bear, cougar, panther and bobcat. The sportsman who hunt here have the same success for the back of the civilized side of the border line. A tough Indian pony is the thing, other sayings, well packed, carry the grub, and a few deer for the trail, and the route will lead here and there between canyon walls and out again over steep declivities. There are places where the trail rounds a point and hangs deep, and the mountain wall—places where the traveler or hunter can peer over the edge and see a river flowing serenely or boiling over rocks 1,000 feet below. That's real country, that is, and there is "plenty of it up on the Oregon-California divide.

### Forms Watershed.

The Oregon-California divide is a watershed forming the source for many of the larger rivers and streams of northern California and southern Oregon; among the former being the Klamath, Smith and Lost rivers; and the latter, the Illinois, Chetco and Applegate. Though numerous trails lead up to the heights of the Siskiyou from both the Oregon and California sides, it

### ONE OF THE PROMINENT CRAGS OF THE SISKIYOU RANGE



## BACK TO NATURE FOR RED MAN--How Indian Office Is Cutting Loose From Tradition of Citizen Dress

An Interview—Francis H. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington.

IT is one of the misfortunes of everything that is done for or through the government, that a general rule of uniformity seems necessary. As soon as one departs from this idea trouble is pretty apt to result. Suspicions are aroused in credulous quarters that there must be some special and interested motive for going off in one direction or another from the conventional lines. For that reason a certain deference is shown to the immemorial practice of furnishing to the Indian only the unpretentious and practical garments which we ourselves are accustomed to wear. We do not require that they shall be burdened with an undue amount of clothing, however. My orders everywhere are to let the children run barefooted as much as possible, and to give them as few garments as will answer their needs. It always seems to me a pathetic sight to see one of these little children called upon to throw off his shoes that the white child is brought up in. Indeed it never seems to me to promote particularly the civilization of the Indian at any stage of life to require him to change his footwear arbitrarily. It certainly does have the effect of misshaping what would otherwise develop into a foot of nature's own design. Whenever the point has come up, therefore, of furnishing the rule that little Indian children shall be allowed to wear moccasins if their mothers will take the trouble to make them. In purchasing clothing for the schools a couple of years ago I tried to get some of the shoe contractors to make moccasins in small sizes, but could not get a single bid.

ing special favors to Indians who follow that style, my idea is to try to appeal to the reason of the individual Indian. He undoubtedly has a good ground for using his blanket as he does in a primitive state. When he is moving about in the time, exposing himself in the hunt or in war to storms which may overtake him in any place, his blanket is a good thing. It is not his migratory habits make it essential that he should carry his bed, as it were, on his back; but when he becomes a farmer or a carpenter or a blacksmith, the blanket goes into his way. I never compel him to take it off. I never even offer him seductive inducements to do so; but I aim to remind him of the difficulty he will have in doing his work with his blanket on, and then let his own mind work out the rest of the problem. By degrees he uses his blanket less and less, and finally settles down to the same general mode of dress that we have found most convenient in the same occupations.

### Rule Against Tongue.

There used to be a rule against any use of an Indian tongue in a government school. That seemed to me not only cruel, but absurd. On the contrary, I go to the point of encouraging the children to bring their little nursery songs to school and sing them there in their own language. The pupils should be encouraged, by all the arts which will suggest themselves to the natural teacher, to cultivate the English language. That is the language they will be obliged to use in their contact with the white communities which are growing up all around them, and therefore a good practical value which appeals to the older and more level headed elders of their race. But I never should think of punishing a child for using its own tongue while about the school.

tion and foolish ways. At one of our agencies in Arizona, the superintendent won my approval for an act of his when he brought from the fangs three Indians who had shown fitness to teach the backward to their people certain elements of farming. He offered them appointments as assistant farmers on the government payroll. They objected at first to accepting such a position because they wanted to live with their families, and their families were unwilling to adopt white ways of living. "Very well," said the superintendent, "then let them live in the Indian fashion, that is all right. I have three old adobe houses in fairly good repair which you can inhabit, so bring your families here and live in any way you choose."

Of course, he was long headed enough to know exactly what would happen, and his prophetic insight has been borne out by later developments. The three families did move into the houses given them, and the superintendent has since taken their meals off the floor, and like like. But note what happened. Talking among the white employes, though in their own way, it was not long before the head of each household began to "take notes."

### Try to Follow Habits.

On the other hand, I do not discourage or put impediments upon Indians who are trying to follow the white man's habits of living. But there are wise ways of encouraging this disposal toward another, sent thither but not for them.

But strive as they may, they will not succeed in "living like the white man" in the great term of the future.

Nothing will happen, the pure force will not descend from the heights and those wasted hours and kisses will never become part of the real hours and kisses of their life.

And therefore it is doubtful that all the incidents in our life in which they take part seem to bring us nearer to what might almost be the very fountain head of destiny.

It is above all when, by their side, that moments come unexpectedly, when a clear presentment flashes across us, that they are still nearer to God and yield themselves with less reserve to the pure workings of the mystery.

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### Fouch of Civilization.

First one little touch of Caucasian civilization would slip into the family, then another. In aiming improvement by contact, rather than improvement by theory, the superintendent will have your trouble for your part today each one of those families is living in a very different style from what it did when it first came to the agency. A good many of the children are very clever designers, following the traditional lines and colors used in the bead work of their tribe. Instead of giving these children our standards to conform to and our methods to follow, I am trying to get out of them what is already in them, inherited with their blood. In the little papers and magazines published at our agencies, I have been trying to arouse among the children a pride of printing the stories which their old people have told them—sometimes in their own language, and sometimes in English. I have been trying to get out of them what is already in them, inherited with their blood. In the little papers and magazines published at our agencies, I have been trying to arouse among the children a pride of printing the stories which their old people have told them—sometimes in their own language, and sometimes in English.

### Robin a Ventriloquist.

The familiar robin is at times a ventriloquist. The bird seated only a few yards off its singing and the sound appears to come from some other bird at a distance. When singing thus the bird is kept closed and only the ruffling of the feathers, which are almost as if the robin is singing at all. Such a power might be useful, especially to a singer who is being watched by a rival singer when sitting on the nest.

As regards mimicry the starling is our most accurate imitator. He will sing so like the song thrush and blackbird that it is hard to tell the difference, and in autumn he gives a fine imitation of the curlew.

The blackbird as a rule is not a mimic, yet Farrell relates that it has been heard to imitate the song of the crow. In these notes had the pleasure of hearing it do so on one occasion. Sometimes the imitation is unaccountable as the case of the jackass penguin, which, according to Darwin, makes a loud noise "very like the braying of an ass."

## BRITISH LABOR LEADER GOES ON STRIKE

### Self-Made Man Is Proud of the Job He Has Turned Out

LONDON, June 13.—George Nathaniel Barnes, M. P., who has just resigned the position of secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers on a question of principle, is one of the finest types of the English labor leader. He has gone through the mill of hard work and privation and is a self-made man who has good reason to be proud of the job he has turned out.

George Nathaniel Barnes was born in Loches, Scotland, in 1859. He was the son of a jute mill worker and when he was 12 years old he had to begin work on his own account. He has a natural turn for mechanics and after he had served his apprenticeship in a Scotch machine shop he went to London and worked there for a while. Then he went to Dundee and from Dundee to Barrow.

The turning point of his career was in 1879, when he returned to London. He came at the worst possible time. The engineering trade was at the bottom of a deep depression and thousands of men were unemployed. He traversed the streets of London for a year seeking work and finding none, and barely keeping himself from starvation.

This experience made him a Socialist, and when he found employment again he threw himself into the work of labor organization. He was associated with the executive committee of the Amalgamated society and in 1888 he succeeded Mr. Burns as a member of the executive committee of the society. In 1892 he became assistant secretary, but in 1895 he had a difference of opinion with the other officers and resigned on a question of principle and went back to work in a machine shop. In 1897, however, his comrades called him back to their service as general secretary and he has held that post ever since.

Mr. Barnes was elected to parliament for one of the Glasgow divisions at the last general election, and there is no

## EMIGRANT PEAK ONE OF HIGHEST PEAKS OF THE SISKIYOU

### Man whose opinion carries more weight in the councils of the Labor party.

He is a man of rather less than middle height with a quiet, thoughtful face, and he is the very antithesis of the popular conception of the agitator. As a matter of fact, his work is done more in the office and the committee-room than on the platform, although when occasion requires he can be a forceful speaker. His strong point is statistics. He has all the figures bearing on the engineering industry at his fingers' ends and he is reckoned in parliament to be a master of finance. As general secretary of the Amalgamated society he has had the handling of accumulated funds amounting to more than \$3,000,000.

Her Hope.

"I suppose you hope your boy will grow up to be president, some day?" "Yes," replied the fond mother, "of some insurance company or one of the Harriman lines."

The newest force does away with the usual bulge, being fitted with a compressed air tank.

## WIRELESS WAR.

### Paris Paper Draws Imaginary Picture of Edison in the Future.

Not long ago a Parisian paper published the following amusing sketch which imagines Mr. Edison in his laboratory hearing the news of a declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States. A young man, his assistant, rushes in, pale and out of breath, and exclaims to the great electrician:

"Oh, master, war is declared! It is terrible!"

"Ah," says the master, "War declared, eh? And where is the British army at this moment?"

"Embarking where?"

"At Liverpool?"

"At Liverpool? Yes. Now, my friend, would you join the end of those two wires hanging there against the wall? That is right. Now bring them to me. Good. Now be kind enough to press the button."

The assistant presses the button.

"Very well," says the inventor, "Now do you know what is taking place in Liverpool?"

"The British army is embarking, sir."

The inventor rails at his watchful glances at the time. "The British army," he says, curtly.

"What?" screams the assistant.

"What you touched that button you destroyed it."

"Oh, this is frightful!"

"This is not frightful at all. It is science. Now a British expedition embarks at any port please come and tell me at once. Then second order of the day is to simply be out of existence. That is all."

There seems to be no reason why America should be afraid of its enemies after this.

"I am inclined to believe you," said the master, smiling slightly. "But in one of these wars you must think it would be best to destroy England altogether."

"Do not destroy England—"

"I do not touch button No. 4 there."

The assistant touches it. The inventor counts ten—eight, nine, ten—is it over there in England?"

"Oh, Oh!" exclaims the young man. "Now we can go quietly on with our work," says the master. "And if we have an electric button connected with every foreign country, which will destroy it every time it is touched, we could destroy every country in the world, the United States included."

"What a wonderful power you don't touch any of those buttons accidentally? You might do a lot of damage."

Thomas Alva Edison.

## WOMAN--THE FATE OF MAN

### By Maurice Maeterlinck

THE kingdom of love is, before all else, the kingdom of certitude, for it is within its bounds that the soul is possessed of the utmost leisure.

And it is in this common fatherland that we chose the woman we loved, therefore it is that we cannot have erred nor can they have erred either.

There truly they have naught to do but to recognize each other, offer deep admiration, and ask their questions—fearfully like the maid, who has found the sister she had lost, while far away from them, arm links itself in arm and breathes are mingling.

At least has a moment come when they can smile and live their own life—for a truce has been called in the stern routine of daily existence—and it is perhaps from the heights of this smile and these ineffable glances that springs the mysterious perfume that pervades love's dearest moments, that preserves forever the memory of the time when the lips first met.

Of the true predestined love alone do I speak here. When Fate sends forth the woman we have chosen for us—sends her forth from the fastnesses of the great spiritual cities in which we live, all unconsciously, and she awaits us at the crossing of the road, we have to traverse when the hour has come—we are warned at the first glance.

Some there are who attempt to force the hand of fate, who try to bring down their eyelids, so as not to see that which had to be seen—struggling with the eternal force, they try to contrive perhaps to cross the road and

## OFFICIAL RED TAPE PREVENTS PEASANT'S RESCUE--Evidence of Fearful Struggle in Grave in Austria

### From a Staff Correspondent.

VIENNA, June 11.—Tymko Novak, a Galician peasant who owned a small farm in the village of Mackowica in Austria, lived through the greatest tragedy of his life after his funeral, thanks to the criminal carelessness and stupidity of three people.

Tymko, an elderly man, died in his cottage home and was buried in the neighboring churchyard with all the pomp and ceremony so dear to the Slavonic mind. His family and friends, having shed their tears over him went and he hurried to fill up the grave before nightfall. Suddenly he was horrified to hear a dull sound come from the earth he had just thrown in. It stopped, and thinking his nerves were getting the better of his reason, he went on with his work. Again the noise began and this time he felt sure that it sounded as if the dead man's soul were trying to get out of the coffin, and the writer instead of uncovering the earth and

## THE AGE OF TOLERANCE--By Cara Reese

NEVER mind, as he grows older he will become more tolerant toward the opinions and beliefs of his fellow men. He will learn to know that there really is a "faith of the fathers," and that it is really upon too, that there really is an "established church," and that there is a category of chapels and meeting places, and houses of prayer, and of public worship, and upper rooms, and sanctuaries, and a standard of creed and the manner of devotional observance, and it will largely depend on what side of the fence he will hasten or delay the tolerant spirit.

These are the days when an individual is gauged for what he really is, and not measured by the standard of creed and tenets, unless, indeed, he is putting his own particular set to shame, and then usually happens that some one of contrary belief calls attention to this fact. So there is an incidental point to consider, the making or marring of the custom, by the consent or dissent of the individual. But just now it is the question of tolerance or intolerance which is up for consideration. You see, the prime of our life is not only vanity, but they are very often the season of a most bigoted outlook, of illiberal views, and an obstinate, unreasonable protest against any opinion or doctrine or line of ruling which is not in their code or law. And sometimes this youth appears so loudly on the street corners, or in bolstered pulpits, or attempts to override long-established and long-proved merciful customs, by the use of their own times this youth comes to rise. But it more frequently happens that youth advances by degrees to older age and with increased years a certain wisdom

## SNOW-BALLING IN THE SISKIYOU

When they finally got the coffin up and opened it, a terrible sight met their eyes. The corpse now lay on one side. The left arm, instead of being crossed with the right over the breast, was under the head. The face was distorted and the agony of this terrible death, the whole of the clothing was torn to shreds, the flesh bruised and cut from the unfortunate man's efforts to get out of his living general secretary and he has held that post ever since.

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It seems incredible that all this happened only a few miles from Vienna. The grave-digger took Kusek's advice and set out to the gardeners' station, which lay a mile or so distant in the next village. By this time it was dark and the grave-digger hurried on, thinking he was being pursued by poor Tymko's soul, which had got out of the coffin. By the inn he met an exclamation, "Jan Wengler, and told his story. Wengler, without waiting to hear the theory of Tymko's soul, pulled him along and hurrying to the cemetery, began to uncover the grave as fast as he could.

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ward developed, a wisdom which leans toward tolerance. For instance, an illustration, take young parents. Sometimes their policy with children is the enforcement of the strictest of domestic laws, or the exercise of an unstrained indulgence. But when the next generation appears, we betide the daughters and sons, and the sons-in-law, are more tolerant. It is not widely different. In other words, generations have learned tolerance or wisdom from the growth in years.

Now, tolerance does not mean that "silence gives consent," nor does it imply "carrying water on both shoulders." It means that one who means to make a certain allowance for practices not wholly approved by the enforcement of the law, sometimes means a capacity for enduring, or even suffering the distasteful to exist without prevention, and it sometimes aids in keeping quiet, or in the spirit is loudly clamoring for demonstration in the line of a prohibition opposite.

But the higher interpretation of tolerance is the right of each one to himself within the limits of what brings greatest good to the greatest number of fellow creatures. It is not a matter like to err on the side of tolerance than to meanly deny, oppose or abrogate.

Quest?

From the New York Press. "It is not how much stock you own, but a cheap new in theory seems that a dear old in theory."

New York City has 8,000,000 people. In some instances the value of their stock on one day amounted to \$100,000. Such was the result of one day's hunting trip for a ranch boy on the Oregon-California divide.

## JUNE

June's the month of brides and roses, Of bright green and brilliant posies; Of the fair girl, and her gown, and the Queenly in her own gift state, Of the lovely summer girl, Of the month of pleasure and of duty, Filled with color and with beauty.

June's the month of country fitting, Of love talks 'neath moonlight sittings, Of picnics and of excursions, Of the temperature that's rising— (Which all folks take as surprising), Of the month of pleasure and of duty, Wishing for vacation's hurry.

June's the month of storms and thunder, And of starlit nights of wonder, Of the final preparation, Of the trip across the ocean; Month for putting plans in motion, 'Tis enough to make it dizzy, All the things that seem it busy! —Baltimore American.

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More than half of our drugs are compounded from coal tar; nearly everything we wear in the way of dress is made of wool, silk, cotton, or artificial perfumes, saccharine, which is 500 times sweeter than sugar; explosives, medicines, dyes, preservatives, and photographic developers are all provided by coal tar. Chemists have evolved from coal tar no less than seven hundred and ten neutral bodies.—Oil City Derrick.