

COLORADO MAN HERE.

Many Operating Successfully in the Sumpter District.

Under a Sumpter date of July 4, K. R. Casper wrote to the Denver Post an interesting letter, of the personnel of former Colorado mining men who are now operating here. With the oft repeated story of the paying mines eliminated, the article is as follows:

If the gold fields of eastern Oregon were situated eight or nine hundred miles north of the boundary in the Northwest Territory, or two or three hundred miles from a railroad in the heart of the Sierra Madre, in Mexico, accessible only by the roughest kind of roads, or break-neck trails, there would be a stampede to get there.

There is no romance connected with the name of Oregon. It is not a name to conjure with. There is no room for any play of the imagination. It savors of "web-feet" and "mossbacks," as its inhabitants have been called for several generations, and will continue to be called for a long time to come, because the climate is exceptionally healthy. In spite of its name, or its people, Oregon is a great state, and it is a question whether any other state has greater undeveloped resources.

There is plenty of room, though, for the intelligent, well-equipped prospector, especially the Colorado prospector, who undoubtedly stands at the head of this peculiar calling. There are many of them here, too. Some of them have succeeded, while others are digging away quietly in the hills. All of them, without a single exception, both those who have "struck it," and those who haven't, agree that it is a good country. It reminds them of Colorado and that is a pretty good sign.

The oldest Coloradoan I have met is Gen. Charles S. Warren, who was in Tarryall, Park county, in 1862, with his father, of the firm of Bowers & Warren, who were the principal placer miners there at that time. As I understand it, that was somewhere across the range from Breckenridge.

Since then he has mined extensively in Montana and British Columbia. He has invested largely here, and has come to stay. He says it is a pity these gold fields are not in Colorado. Next in line is Harry S. McCallum, who takes pleasure in telling how he drove a team into Leadville in 1877, where he remained until 1883. He was a deputy, under Sheriff Tucker, and was one of the guards who held the Chrysolite mine at the time of the strike in 1880. I remember him well as one of the number who protected Maj. A. I. Bohn from a threatened attack by the strikers in Harrison avenue, in front of the Clarendon hotel, as the Pitkin light cavalry were acting as an escort in bringing over the Red Hill the stand of arms which had been sent there by Governor Pitkin.

After that he mined in Utah and Idaho, coming here less than two years ago. At present he is general manager and treasurer of the Mammoth and Bald Mountain companies, two separate and distinct corporations, owned by New York, Boston and Lowell capitalists.

Both mines are well equipped with machinery. Thirty-five thousand dollars has been expended on the Mammoth, and they sank through a "horse" 180 feet thick before reaching the ore body, which had given out at thirty five feet. This property had produced over \$100,000 inside of thirty-five feet, and was thrown up as being worked. It is situated seven miles from here. Associated with him as foreman of the Bald Mountain is Ed. E.

Stuart, who was with Geo. B. Robinson at Kokamo.

John F. Leland, who landed in Leadville in January, 1879, and had charge of the Fryer Hill Mining company's property, is another. He was also foreman, at one time, for Gov. Robinson. In 1882 he went to Aspen, where he remained for several years. He returned to Leadville in 1887, and took charge of the Hilltop mine. Afterwards, and for a year before Senator George Hearst's death, he examined properties for him. Few men have had a wider range of experience than he. He has been here three years and has been over the country thoroughly, and says it has no superior outside of Colorado.

Colonel J. T. Grayson, the mining engineer, formerly of Denver, and who had charge of the L. McGregor and Phoenix, on Gold hill, which was bought by H. McK. Twombly, son-in-law of the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt, has his headquarters in Baker City, and is developing the "Baby McKee," in the Cable Cove district, ten miles from here. He tells me he believes this is an extension, or continuation, of the mother lode of California.

Frank S. Chesney, who went to Georgetown in 1869, and to Silver Plume in 1873, and who landed in Leadville in 1878, is also here. He was afterwards at Red Cliff. He has been here three years, and success has attended him. He owns the Chelan, which adjoins the Red Boy, one of the best mines in the district.

T. D. Bellinger, who was superintendent and general manager of the famous "Slide" mine, in Boulder county, in 1896 and 1897, is another. I believe this property at one time was sold for \$750,000, and was once owned by Willard Teller. He came here two years ago, and was employed at the Bonanza, one of the best mines, situated 16 miles from here.

Old Jim Kennedy, whom everybody knows, and who made lots of money at Leadville, and spent lots of it mining at Breckenridge, has an extension of the Bonanza, which promises well.

There are quite a number here from Cripple Creek. B. G. Strock, who is here for himself and some Colorado associates, has located a fine copper property seven miles from Baker City. Now, the natives have located the whole surrounding country. Frisbie & Savage, two very old-timers in Cripple Creek, are running a five-stamp mill near Baker City, on custom ores, and are doing well. J. W. Carr and young Mr. Ferris, son of "Timberline" Ferris, formerly of Cripple Creek, are developing a property at Alamo, about 20 miles from here.

John W. Boland, who was in Leadville from 1870 to 1891, and in Aspen until 1891, has been in this vicinity for the past six years. He is connected with Pittsburg people, who are developing the Amazon, Blackbird, Gold Boy and others. F. J. Conroy, who was associated with Darby, Page and Nichols, in Leadville, and who made the first map of that famous town, is representing a large syndicate of Eastern capitalists which has done nearly 2,500 feet of development work during the past year, and said nothing about it.

These are a few of the old time Coloradoans I have met. Miners and prospectors I meet every day—so much so that I cannot realize I am in Oregon, but really seem to be in Colorado.

Major Cooper and his corps of able assistants, of the Denver & Rio Grande railway, did much in the way of advertising the mineral resources of Colorado. The Oregon Railroad and Navigation company is doing similar work for eastern Oregon, through W. H. Hurlburt, of Portland.

What this country needs, now that it has the Colorado miner and prospector, is the Colorado capitalists and financier. The town of Sumpter is reached from Baker City by the Sumpter Valley railroad, thirty-one miles in length. It has an altitude of 4,500 feet, a good water system, electric light plant, two banks, half a dozen brick buildings, many stores, too many saloons, and although less than a year old, is larger than Leadville was in 1881, although it contains fewer people and scarcely any floating population.

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