

WHEN GENERAL GRANT "PASSED"

How the Name of an Oregon Mining Camp Was Changed and the Tale Thereof.

"You never did hear how Grant's Pass, Oregon, came by its name, did you?" asked the Old Timer one morning of his always interested audience at the Border livery stable; and said audience assured him they never had.

"Well, he continued, "what I am going to give you now is history, just whether it is authenticated history like that we read about Cris Columbus and George Washington, I can't say, but it's history all the same. Now the mining town of Grants Pass, as some of you know, ain't located in a pass or canyon as its name indicates. The town nestles snug at the foot of a mountain range, close down by the Rogue, that winds its way through the coast mountains after leaving the town. No, Grants Pass ain't a pass at all; it was named in honor of General Grant, and to the manner of its naming hangs a tale. Here's the tale:

"It was in the early seventies that General Grant made his trip westward, and among other things inspected the scattered military posts that were yet preserved to keep the red man on the reservation, instead of running loose through the mountains after the settlers' scalps. Beside the long Oregon and California trail that sneaked its crooked way northward from the Siskiyou through the coast mountains, stood a stockily built cabin, and about it clustered a whole family of smaller cabins and sheds. This was the trading post of Coon Hollow. It was here the ranchers and miners for many mountainous miles about bought their bacon and beans and discussed the fragmentary and belated frazzles of news that blew in from the outside world.

"One evening in the early fall General Grant and his staff, body-guard, corps, or whatever you call them, galloped up in a cloud of dust, and halted in front of Coon Hollow post.

"'Chance to stay all night?' asked the general of the crowd that lolled about the store.

"'Sure thing,' came the response.

"'Put up your horses and come in,' directed the keeper of the post sauntering out toward the group of cavalrymen. And the squad put their plugs in the log stable and came clanking into the cabin.

"'We've been figgering out whether you be the General or not,' one man ventured, after all had lit pipes and were semi-cierled about the big fire place.

"'Grant is my name,' the General returned, dryly, stooping over and relighting his cigar with a blazing splinter from the fire.

"'Jest as I mistrusted,' returned the knowing one, as if the information didn't surprise him much after all.

"Then the General wanted to know all about the surrounding country; whether the settlers were having any trouble from the Injuns, and whether the placer diggings were still punning out. When he was told that the Chinamen were coming in thick as sheep through a hole in a fence, he pulled his cigar hard a minute and muttered something to the fire that sounded very much like 'damn the pigtails.' He probably meant to say 'patch the hole in the fence.' Then the General spun yarns with the best of them, and ate more beans than any other man in the bunch.

"After supper a game of draw poker was proposed, and into this, too, the General entered as genially as he had spun his yarns and as heartily as he had ate his beans. He was not long in showing the crowd that he was four-ace-high in poker. He was not a gamester, though, and refused to let the ante go higher than ten cents. 'This ain't Monte Carlo,' says he, 'with the Dog star for a limit.' And this was considered a big-hearted decision on his part, from the fact that the pot had been his'n from the start.

"Then one in the game got an extra good hand and insisted on raising the bet.

"'Well, if you insist, make it a dollar,' said Grant, and the crowd drew closer about the table, for the game promised to be as blooded a one as Coon Hollow ever knew.

"Each man, in turn, threw up his cards.

"'I call you,' said Grant, bluntly, between cigar puffs. The lucky one turned up his cards. He had four queens. 'I pass,' the General added quickly, and showed his hand. He had four kings!

"'You pass!' the crowd yelled, 'why man, you've got him over a barrel. You've got four kings!'

"'No matter, I pass. This ain't Monte Carlo, I tell you. We'll give him the pot and go back to the ten-cent ante.'

"That settled it. A man that would throw up a hand like that was a prince. They all shook hands with him. They clapped him on the back. They declared he must stay a week—camp all winter.

"'I'll tell you, boys, what's the proper thing to do,' said the keeper of the post, assuming the floor. 'Coon Hollow ain't no name at all for this place after having the General here over night. No sir, it ain't no name at all, I'm telling you, and when the General said 'I pass,' a while ago, it jest come to me all of a sudden, you know, like a boy getting butted on the back side by a goat—'Grant's Pass.' Don't you get the idee?—'Grant's Pass.' No more Coon Hollow, this place is Grant's Pass.'

"The crowd took to the idee in a jiffy.

"Then they all shook his hand and clapped him on the back, and called him a prince again, yelling like a lot of coyotes, 'Grant's Pass! Grant's Pass.'

"And so it is 'Grant's Pass' today"—Dennis H. Stovall.

Begin Work at Cable Cove.

Eugene Bartholf and William Rummery left this forenoon with a wagon load of supplies, for the Cable Cove district, where they own extensive and valuable mining interests. Their present purpose is to begin work without delay on a group of claims in which Kokom, Indiana, capitalists have become interested with them. This property will be opened up the present season.

BURGLARS STILL WORK IN THE HILLS

The past winter seems to have been a particularly prosperous one for burglars operating in the hills, particularly in the Cracker Creek and Cable Cove districts. During the past few weeks The Miner has reported a number of instances where buildings at mines not operating during the winter have been broken into and everything moveable, household furniture, utensils, powder and even staple provisions, have been stolen.

But the job done at the Pulsaki breaks the record. President T. W. Davidson was out at this property a few days since and states that thieves have made a clean sweep there, carrying away the ore car and 200 feet of track, iron rails.

It would seem to have been impossible to move this heavy material while the snow was on the ground, so it is thought that the theft must have occurred quite recently. It is next to impossible to identify stolen property of this character, as there are scores of cars of an identical pattern in use at the mines, and iron rails, like "coons" of the popular song, all look alike.

EXTENSIVE WORK AT THE ORNAMENTAL

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Warren have returned from a prolonged visit on the coast, spending most of the time in Seattle and Portland. Mr. Warren returns to begin extensive development of the Ornamental, a valuable property in the Greenhorns.

This mine was bonded last season for \$10,000, but the parties who held the option failed to make good and the property reverted to the owner, Fred Warren. While in Seattle he made arrangements to secure money with which to prosecute development work, retaining a controlling interest.

During the present season he will rush the work and hopes to have enough ore blcked out by fall to justify the erection of a reduction plant.

MILWAUKEE PEOPLE LIKE THE MORNING

Charles Scholl, secretary of the Lucy Mining company, and Treasurer Keough, came in from the Greenhorns on the train this afternoon with the Milwaukee capitalists who went out to inspect the Morning mine, with a view to purchasing it. With the exception of Mr. Keough, who remained over in Sumpter, the party went to Baker City, expecting to leave for home tomorrow night. Mr. Scholl stated to a Miner man that they would decide before starting east whether or not the Morning would be taken over. He also remarked, incidentally, though quite forcibly, that the hammer brigade had made a concerted attack on his friends—and had been routed; that they are well pleased with the property.

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