

The Lost Lode.

A rumor here has gone the round
That near Mt. Hebo once was found
A mine of wealth, rich and rare
Which Siana claimed was cinnabar.

One of Oregon's pioneers
Made this discovery it appears,
But was lost, by some 'tis said,
When he the rich discovery made.

He'd many times these mountains crossed,
Yet never dreamed of getting lost,
But this time did, the story goes,
And wandered where, God only, knows.

And, in his wanderings found the place,
Somewhere near Mt. Hebo's base,
There in a canyon found the ore,
But, alas, could find the place no more.

To find himself was no light task,
Yet this he did, then loudly asked;
"Where is my mine of cinnabar?"
An echo answered "Thomas Caw."

Time and gold he spent in vain;
In hopes to find the lode again.
Yet nature found an easy task,
To keep it from the old man's grasp.

Then mountains high and gulches deep,
With rocky spurs, sharp and steep
Were found to guard for aught we know
The wealth surrounding Mt. Hebo.

W. C. H.