An interesting tale is told in the Forest Service records of the upper Skagit about the town of Barron. During the gold excitement of the early ‘90s there appeared almost overnight a cluster of log cabins that became known as Barron. Alex Barron had gone into the Slate Creek country in 1895 and upon his Black Jack claim the town was built. This was three miles from the Cascade summit and forty-five miles from the nearest supply station – but at one time it boasted a population larger than Concrete at this present time. It had a post office, hotels, restaurants, saloons and a dance hall. There were several mills cutting timber for flumes and buildings, two large mines were operating in the vicinity.

By 1903 a narrow gauge road had been built into the town from the east side. Machinery and supplies were freighted in on wagons which were drawn by horses and mules working in tandem.

Then one day it was found that the ore did not yield to treatment readily and the residents suddenly became panic stricken. In a few weeks no one remained except a watchman paid by the company. This was in 1907.

Anyone wandering into the town a few years later found everything just as the people had left it in their haste to get out without encumbrances. Tools, a complete blacksmith shop, wagons, furniture, clothing were as they were last used. The bedding in the hotel was still on the beds; furniture was untouched. Even the stock of the general store was still on the shelves. Rats and mice finally made an end to the edible and chewable merchandise, the balance of the town rotted away with the years. It was the Skagit’s true “ghost town.”