

## FROM SPARTA.

### An Interesting Letter From This Promising Camp.

Good Weather for Assessment Work--An Immensely Rich Strike--A new Incorporation, etc.

Weather fine and times lively.

The Oro Dell mine is showing large quantities of high grade ore.

Bill Arble's Golden Gate and Golden Rule, are developing into regular gold bonanzas.

The fine weather has enabled mine owners to do their annual assessment and many promising mines have been extensively developed.

Al. Waldron, the contractor, exhibited immensely rich free gold specimens yesterday from the bottom of Winze No. 3, now 54 feet deep.

Clough and Reed are cutting around large quantities of high grade ore in their Gray Eagle and Union mines, and will build a 40 ton plant in the spring.

Three of the best mines in camp owned by Jay Guy Lewis, the Silver Queen, Tom Paine and Free Thinker will furnish ore enough for a ten stamp mill next summer.

The Ollie Woodman mine owned by Cook and Younger, at 60 feet on the ledge, shows a vein of \$16.80 free milling ore and the sulphurets yield over \$29 in gold to the ton.

The Gold Ridge, owned by Henderson and Rapelje of the Del Monte, still leads as the banner gold property, and at the 200 foot incline level four feet of \$30 free gold ore and a high grade sulphuret is found.

Work on the Dolly Varden mine continues night and day, and we learn from Superintendent Hoffman that fifteen feet more tunnel work will take them to rich and extensive ore bodies prospected by shaft years ago.

The shrill sound of the whistle on the Del Monte Hoisting Works reverberates o'er hill and vale, and the camp seems to have taken on new life. Everything is working smooth in and around the mine, and high grade ore in quantity is being hoisted from the 150 foot level.

Clough and Reed are cutting around large blocks of high grade free milling ore in their 900 foot tunnel on the Gray Eagle and Union mines, and it is the intention of these gentlemen to have exposed by early spring several thousand tons of ore, when a 40 ton plant will be built to successfully treat their ores.

Development work on the Gold Hill mine owned by Rapelje & Lewis, has opened up one of the most promising free gold properties in Eastern Oregon. At three different openings where the ledge has been cut, 14 inches of high grade ore has been found, with a steady increase in quality and quantity. One year ago this mine sold for ten dollars.

The "Wild Irishman," in Paddy's Paradise, owned by C. D. Reed, is being developed by several hundred feet of tunnels and large bodies of high grade ore are exposed. The Walla Walla Mining Company on Paddy's creek are taking out high grade ore, some of the richest worth one dollar a pound is being sacked. This mine has not only paid development work, but monthly dividends to its owners.

On East Eagle at Fort McGee, many good mines have been found, and Frank McGee has already developed a group of mines that in the near future will cause a ripple of surprise in mining circles. John Sullivan, the "Sylvan" miner has done much good work on his valuable properties and the Mint mine owned by Cook and Younger shows a true fissure vein three feet deep carrying \$35.00 in free gold.

The Del Monte hoisting machinery, works like a charm and sinking on the ledge at the rate of five feet a day continuous and large quantities of high grade ore is being hoisted from the 150 foot level. The Gold Ridge, owned by Henderson and Rapelje of the Del Monte shows the largest and richest body of free gold ore below the 300 foot level in camp. The above properties will be ready for a 100 ton plant in the spring.

The unexpected cold snap early in November, caused Capt. Clough, owner of the Sparta canal, to "shut down water" and in consequence owners of the most extensive placer diggings in camp are unable to make their fall cleanup. However, the yield of gold from their mining was unusually large, and in the best proportion obtainable. Sparta still leads as the largest producer in the State.

The richest strike of the season is on the Indine Winze being sunk on the ledge from the lower tunnel works of the Ora Dell mine--at a depth of 20 feet. There is 20 inches of ore averaging \$20 in fine gold together with bromide and native silver assaying over \$200 in silver to the ton. This is the only promising silver mine in camp and is owned by Tom A. Hetherington of St. Joseph, Mo., and John Rapelje, of N. Y.

An enterprise, known as the Consolidated Eagle creek mining company is attracting more attention abroad, than any mining venture now on the boards. Jay Guy Lewis and W. P. Arble of Sparta and Judge A. E. Parkinson and Dr. W. H. Kimberlin of Kansas City, Mo. are the incorporators. The company own two miles of the richest placer mines on the creek and by turning the water through a tunnel to be driven across horse shoe bend (near the upper end of their diggings) a distance of 450 feet, bed rock is reached at upper end of tunnel and at lower end of tunnel above high water mark. The water is received into a flume thus making these valuable diggings available and the water conveyed ten miles down Eagle creek, crossed to the Powder river slope through a 60 foot tunnel, reclaims 35,000 acres of the richest sage brush lands in Eastern Oregon. The success of this enterprise is now assured. O. S. B.

### THE COVE.

Items of Interest From Our Regular Correspondent.

Mr. Guy Bridges has gone on a business tour to Walla Walla, Pendleton and other points.

The question in Cove now is: "Will Marion Carroll's son be a democrat or a member of the farmer's alliance."

Hon. Mel B. Campbell returned from Sehome Monday. He thinks that country has a great country before it.

Mrs. George Stewart started for Ohio Monday. She will join her husband in that state and their stay may be of indefinite length.

Mrs. H. L. Dougherty started for California last Sunday on a visit to relatives and friends. She expects to be absent several weeks.

Cove has been thoroughly swept by the winds the last few days. Less zephyrs and more moisture would seem advantageous to short sighted mortals.

The soda manufacturing company expects to erect a suitable building for their business at once. It will be a doubled and filled concern so as to secure an even temperature in winter and summer.

Mr. Samuel Bloom visited Indian valley this week. He says a new town is about to be started at the Morelock bridge, which may rival Elgin before many months. One of its feeders will be the Cricket flat country.

Several of the local hunters have gone into the mountains east of town in quest of elk and other large game. The chances of their bringing in some meat are good as a herd of elk has been seen in that locality lately.

It is reported here today that the branch road from the depot to Union is an assured fact, work on the line having commenced in earnest. This is a very pleasant as well as an unexpected surprise to people down this way.

A Christmas tree for the Sunday school scholars and other good children is being arranged for Christmas eve. A paper was circulated and received liberal subscriptions for defraying expenses and decorating the tree. The committee should see to it that the tree and exercises are held in the hall as that is the only place large enough to hold the crowd that is sure to be present.

### The Columbia Cycle Calendar.

We desire to return thanks to the Pope Manufacturing Co., of Boston, Mass., for one of their unique and handy calendars for 1891. The calendar is in the form of a pad containing 365 leaves, each 5 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches; one for each day of the year, to be torn off daily, and one for the entire year. At the lower end of each leaf is a blank for memoranda, and as the leaves are only fastened at the upper end, any leaf can be exposed. No stub is left when the leaves are torn off. The pad rests upon a stand, containing pen rack and pencil holder, and when placed upon the desk the entire surface of the date leaf is brought directly and kept constantly before the eye, making it impossible to overlook date or memoranda. The stand is made of stained wood, mounted with raised letters in brass, thus forming an ornamental paper weight.

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## FROM BOSTON.

### Listening to the Sermons of Talmage and Savage.

A Visit to Plymouth Rock, Bunker Hill, and Other Historical Points of Interest.

Boston, Mass., Dec 8, 1890.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT--

I must go back to Brooklyn and New York to commence my story. On Sunday, the 23d, I went to Plymouth church and heard one of the best sermons I ever heard fall from the lips of man. It was a gospel of life and hope for all the world. That evening I went to New York and heard Dr. Talmage. I heard a gospel of terror and despair. He preached at the Academy of music. I was told the building would not hold the crowd, so I went at an early hour--about 6 o'clock. When I got there I found a crowd at the doors. I took a position as near as I could get and stood till 7 o'clock. By that time there must have been between four and five thousand people gathered in front of the building. When the doors were opened I never saw such a rush in my life. They ran over each other like a band of sheep. Just as I got inside the door I saw a lady prostrate on the floor and the crowd running over her. I saw a policeman trying to assist her but I was borne on by the press and do not know how she fared. When I got a seat I looked back at the doors--six of them--and the crowd was rushing through them like they were shot out of a cannon. In fifteen or twenty minutes the house was full and the doors were closed. Mr. Talmage stepped forward on the platform and lined a hymn. After the singing he commenced talking about Jesus and Palestine, making postures like a clown. He described Jesus as the mighty God who came to earth as a carpenter's son, with saw and hammer and caloused hands. He said Jesus made Palestine with one hand and wrote the bible with the other. He made more fun than anything else and had his audience laughing about half the time. He said the dirtiest place he saw in Palestine was a soap factory. He said the skeptic would not believe because he wanted evidence and because he could not see. He remarked that some cattle had horns and some had none, and wanted to know if any one could tell the reason why. "Have you a backbone?" he exclaimed "How do you know? Have you ever seen it?" This is about the substance of his sermon. The one in Plymouth church was the wheat; this one was the chaff.

I pay but little attention any more to cities and sight-seeing. I am in search of food for the intellect and the heart. On the 24th I took the train for Boston. That was the most interesting day's travel since I left home. I could not help constantly exclaiming "Oh! what beautiful scenery" yet I could not see how the people made their living. But little farm land was visible. It was almost a city from New York to Boston. On the 25th I made a visit to the Christian Register, and gave them the names of a number of friends in Oregon to send sample copies to. I made a trip north, beyond the Bunker Hill monument and back to South Boston on the sea shore. I, also went to Boston Common to see the famous "frog pond," the State house, the new soldier's home and sailor's monument. On the 27th I went out in search of a church to hear the Thanksgiving service but found none and as it was cold and cloudy and trying to snow I went back to the hotel.

Next morning I took the 8 o'clock train for Plymouth Rock, 46 miles from Boston. As soon as I reached there I went down on the shore to see the old rock. There at my feet it lay with the simple inscription "1620." Standing there, looking out over Plymouth bay, I felt like exclaiming "Oh, poor and heroic pilgrims, landing on the poorest part of our continent, how did you manage to live?" I always thought that Oregon had too many rocks and waste land to be a very rich State, but I give it up, we have our rocks piled up in Oregon, but here they are all over the face of the earth. They have been trying to pile them up here, and have got the whole country fenced with rock, yet from New York to Plymouth is the most interesting country I have ever traveled through. There is wealth here but I don't know how they get it. From Plymouth Rock I went to Burial Hill, the city of the heroic dead. Then I passed over the hill to the National Pilgrim's monu-

ment, and bowed in reverence to our pilgrim forefathers.

Returning to the hotel for dinner, I registered my name and the land-lord seeing I was from Oregon, went after me for a chat. Everybody out here are going to Oregon when they get ready. I gave him one of my pamphlets which interested him very much. I think I hit the nail on the head in that pamphlet and all I have to do is to drive it in deeper. After dinner I went to Pilgrim hall, and viewed its interesting collection of relics of the forefathers, many of them brought over in the Mayflower. Late in the evening I took the train back to Boston.

On the 29th I visited the navy yard and saw cannons and cannon balls enough to last for the next thousand years. At least they would last me that long. From there I went to the Bunker Hill monument and ascended to the top of it. It is not so high as the Washington monument but more difficult and dangerous to ascend. The stair winds continually and is very steep so if you were to fall you would not stop until you got to the bottom. The Washington monument is different. You go up a flight of stairs and then have a level floor of 25 or 30 feet to walk and then another flight of stairs and there is no more danger than going up stairs in a house. Today, the "frog pond" on Boston Common is frozen over and the boys are having a good time skating.

On the 30th I went to Unity church to hear M. J. Savage, the great liberal preacher of Boston. It was another sermon of life and hope for all the world.

On the 3rd of December, the conference of the Unitarian churches commences. After I attend that I will go on my way rejoicing. I think I will go to Portland, Maine, by water, on the Atlantic ocean. From there through Canada to Niagara Falls, thence back to Chicago on my way to Oregon. I don't know how long I may be on the road.

I intended to leave Boston two or three days ago, but I got acquainted with an old Unitarian who has resided in Boston for fifty years and he has been showing me around the city. He said to me "you must stay over Sunday and go with me to hear M. J. Savage, in the evening." I did so and had a pleasant time. I have met so many people on this trip that I feel as though I am hardly a drop in the great ocean of human life.

J. NEWMAN.

### MEDICAL SPRINGS.

A Peculiar Affliction--The Sanger Mines--Some Recent Sales.

Uncle David Gobie is building a new barn.

George Dillon is rustivating at the springs.

Uncle Billy Wilson is visiting at the county seat.

C. J. Wilson is on the sick list but is convalescing.

Samuel Rutledge, of the Park, has moved to Grande Ronde valley for the winter.

Dunham Wright is hauling ice preparatory to erecting an ice house, but there is no signs of ice yet.

H. A. Myers has finished his contract of excavating at the springs for a hot house, after a three week's siege.

The Roy mill is running at full blast and we soon expect to hear of a splendid cleanup as the mill is running on very rich ore.

White, of the W. W. camp on Paddy creek, has sold his interest in their rich mine at that place, the Mix Brothers, of Cornucopia, being the lucky purchasers.

Mr. Kennedy, of Baker City, is at the springs doctoring for a rare and strange affliction of the throat, the organs of the same being apparently paralyzed.

Z. T. Bowman, engineer of the mill at Sanger, is visiting friends and relatives on Big creek and Lower Powder. He has only lost eleven days in thirty-eight months.

Crooks Barnes is suffering from a severe wound on the hand. While he was saddling a half wild broncho he got his index finger entangled in the rigging and is now minus a portion of his digit.

L. A. Savage, of Cornucopia, who came to the springs two weeks ago, afflicted with rheumatism, is improving rapidly and in a few days will be able to return home, as he says, "to saw his winter's wood."

John Crammin and Burt Munn, of Sanger, were on the creek a few days ago buying fresh pork, lard, and other supplies. Mr. Munn is running the boarding house at the Roy mill. The stage drivers dine with them.

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