A recent issue of the Oregonian published a picture of F. R. Menik, of Baker City, one of Oregon's commissioners to the Paris exposition. A better selection for the position could not have been made and Baker county will come pretty near being represented as long as he is looking after its interests.

The Baker City Democrat editorially announces in mixed metaphor the arrival here of the "boomers." Strange to say, however, though true to it, the boom arrived sixty of ninety days ahead of the anticipated boomers.

There is a prospect near Sumpter now beginning to develop, that the owners thereof have had the reckless hardihood to christen "Black Cat." This seems to be purposely suggestive of that dangerous felin the wild cat.

Over at Mount Home, Robert Noeltly is about to go into the line of 100,000 cash, the weight of the wood being 1,000,000 pounds; which statement would lead us to judge that it amounts about as much to Golconda rock.

Baker City papers are now engaged in investigating the Sumpter Valley railroad beyond this town to John Day valley. That rich empire to the west and southwest of here will undoubtedly some day have a railroad—but not this year.

If the dust on the mountain roads were only the "yellow stuff," the single standard by which the Good Book decides is the root of all evil, every hundred yards in these parts would signify that the national debt had been conquered.

There are thousands of men all over the country looking for a favorable location in which to engage in mining or invest money. Sumpter can catch the road by merely letting the world know the simple, unadorned truths regarding conditions here.

It is "written in the stars" that this Sumpter town and Sumpter mining district shall have a veritable boom. It is not an artificial one that has been carefully devised and worked up, but one that the conditions command, and therefore is justified by all natural laws.

Rather than being avoiders of the praiseworthy growth of the Alpaca silver city of Sumpter, the vast majority of the people of Baker City, at least all of our truly sensible people, are proud of the splendid and blithy plaque of its size in the Northwest.—Baker City Democrat.

That story which comes from Camosun about the wild horses "Across the Rhine" because a good-looking girl "kissed him for his daddy's sake" to stand a missing Young Mr. Davy is a drummer, or commercial tourist would perhaps sound better.

H. S. Wollley, of Idaho City, has been entrusted to pay a fine of $250 and costs for violation of the law of the last session of the Idaho legislature regarding receipts to be posted in mines showing the conditions under which they are worked. Mr. Wosley will carry the matter into the district court.

The statistics regarding the receipt of mining machinery in Sumpter during the first three months, which were published in THE MINER last week, tell the story of the great mining development in this district, that can be neither credited to the boomers not charged to "mere newspaper talk." Nowhere in the West is the mining industry so profitably and safe as it is in the Sumpter district at this time. Were the mines and prospects here located in Colorado, there would be another wild Cripple Creek stampede; were they in Washington this distributing camp would have a population of 10,000.

The editor of the Crowley, Mississippi, Signal evidently knows a good thing when he sees it. He traveled through Oregon with the national editors during the excursion last summer, and this is his miniature piece of the state:

"Oregon savors of everything beautiful, delicious and desirable. No matter how exaggerated you may see the stories of this wonderful state, believe them; for they cannot be overdrawn. One can have but a vague conception of what Oregon is without seeing it. With all the grandeur of its scenery, the wealth of its mines, the magnificence of its flowers, and its fruits, it is a state unique, complete."

In a private letter to one of the publishers of THE MINER, John F. Dare, of Seattle, the most brilliant lawyer on the Pacific coast, actually asks where Sumpter is; says he can't find it on the map. Ninety days ago few people outside of this immediate vicinity or those who have business connections in these parts ever heard of the town. During the past few months, however, since some live mining operators instead of the marvelous mineral wealth of the district, and divulged what has apparently been kept a secret for some years, Sumpter's fame has been gradually growing. And yet, mining has been a profitable industry for more than twenty years. THE MINER has, however, composed itself a committee of a thousand of us, who, on publicity, and Sumpter's shining light no longer remain under a bushel.