

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

Couldn't Find Pay Streak in His Lady's Affections.

On the railroad track about a mile below town, between 1 and 2 o'clock Monday morning, Jack Getts found the body of Joe Peterson, apparently dead. He notified the authorities, who brought the man to town. He was still alive.

Dr. Pearce was called, who found that he was suffering from a pistol wound in the left breast. The ball was discovered in the back, having passed under the heart. Peterson was conscious all the while and acknowledged that the wound was self inflicted, with the intention of committing suicide. He would assign no cause for committing the act; merely reiterating the statement that there are those here who are cognisant of his reasons. It is generally believed that it is a case of unrequited love, he having failed to find the pay streak in his lady's affections.

Peterson had lived here several years, had a good character and was considered a successful business man. He made money shipping in fruits and vegetables, had money on his person and in the bank. He has a sister living here and in a will which he had made, left all of his property to her. He is between twenty-five and thirty years of age. He was taken to the hospital at Baker City Monday afternoon. It is not thought the wound will prove fatal.

Being found just when he was, at an hour when not once in a thousand times would any one have been passing, is doubtless what saved his life. And on this lucky chance also hangs a tale, one of the lower strata of romance, of brutality and degradation. Kipling would dismiss it with—"but that's another story." It will be told here, however, and briefly.

Jack Getts is a skilled carpenter, and worked at his trade here for months, until he formed entangling alliances with a woman of the town—one who flashed wicked lightning from her eyes, a subtle power that saps the character and resolution from stronger and better men than Getts. He started in to lead a "sporting life." He backed the looser in the prize fight Saturday night. Thinking he was something of a fist fighter himself, he then boastfully, irritably declared he could lick any man in the house. One was found who knocked him out without turning a hair. Failing to whip his man, he soon afterwards beat up his woman. And Sunday night Marshal Austin ordered him out of town.

That is how it happened, that he was tramping along the railroad track at that time of night and saw Joe Peterson's body lying there in the cold, clear moonlight, and thus saved the life of one who sought to offer it as a sacrifice on the altar of the little blind devilish God of love—even as he had wrecked his own.

Page and a Half Sketch of General Warren.

In the Anaconda Standard of March 18 a page and a half is devoted to General Charles S. Warren. It is a splendidly written character and biographical sketch of the gentleman, giving many interesting incidents of his life in Montana during the early, tough days, when he was sheriff; something of his war record and devotes considerable space to his varied, eventful career as financier and mining operator, the fortunes he has made and lost and spent and "passed up." The story also tells, rather skeptically, of another big one he feels sure of making here. This skepticism is uncalled for—the fortune is in sight and has already begun to pile up. Three sketches of the general, in characteristic attitudes, are given. Under the first is quoted: "The first \$13 I

ever earned for myself at one time, I received as the pay of a private soldier." Under the second is, "I said to Jesse James: 'As long as you don't break any of the laws of this territory, you will not be interfered with.'" Beneath the third is this sentence, which his friends will recognize as his very own: "All I had to do in those days was to get up in the morning, milk fifteen cows, carry three or four barrels of water for the women, pull up an acre or so of pigweed and then plow corn."

Rich Copper Ledge Found On His Farm.

A new mineral discovery has just been made a few miles from Union that promises much for this section of the country. A few days ago a ledge of high grade copper ore was found on the farm of C. H. Prescott, a mile and a half east of Telocaset and about nine miles east of Union. The property has been developed sufficiently to demonstrate that it is a true fissure vein six feet in thickness and has been traced for a mile and a half in length on the surface. The ledge runs in a north-easterly direction and there is every indication that it is a well defined, permanent and rich ledge. Samples of the ore are being assayed and its exact qualities will soon be known, but as to its richness no one who has seen the ore will doubt. The ledge is most conveniently located for working, being only a short distance from a railroad and only a few miles from Union, the natural supply point of this rich mineral section of Union county.—Union County Republican.

Sumpter Picture in Harper's Weekly.

The last issue of Harper's Weekly contains a full page wash drawing by the famous artist, W. A. Rogers, illustrating "A winter stage route in the mining regions of eastern Oregon. Mining experts, promoters, engineers, etc., on their way into the Sumpter and John Day country." The issue contains not another word of reading matter about the district. The figures are all bundled up in furs, as if this were an arctic region. The chances are that Rogers never saw this section of country, and that this picture is one drawn to illustrate some Alaska scene. Now that this region has become famous as a gold producer, the paper perpetrates this fake.

Joaquin Miller Will Lecture This Evening.

Joaquin Miller will lecture to-night at the church on "Our Arctic Empire," with a prelude on "Lessons Not Learned From Books." He is the most unique figure on the American platform to-day. There is no set form to his speech. He does not follow any slavish thread of thought, but rambles on apparently at the behest of sweet fancy, now dealing in blunt common sense, now quoting poetry, and then on occasions painting such delicious word pictures as that in which he describes the birth of a day in Alaska. Indeed, there is an undercurrent of poetry in all he says, a sort of reverent idealism that flames out in swift flashes of inspiration. It was as the lover of nature, as the prophet of the beautiful, as the student of the book of God, that he wrote of all the trees and flowers and mountain sides. And his lectures are no striving after a crash of literary pyrotechnics, but are stirring, simple words from a good, gray poet, who has communed with nature until he knows. His appearance in Sumpter will be an event in local literary, social and intellectual circles. Many old timers who knew the poet in pioneer days in eastern Oregon will attend in a body.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Mohr & Mayer is this day dissolved. All premiums and insurance policies issued by the firm must be paid to the undersigned, who will continue the business.

A. MOHR.

March 15, 1900.

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