

Strength for Weak Men!



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Say the word. Let me show to you what I have been showing men for over a quarter of a century—the true road to health. The remedy I offer will serve you faithfully without danger.

Don't Use Drugs

During my early years of practice I gave prescriptions to weak men. For 30 years I have been treating those peculiar nervous symptoms which result from youthful error and later excesses, such as Drains, Impotency, Lamé Back, Varicocele, etc. From so vast an experience I can usually offer men, single or married, valuable advice. Reader, I wish it was within my power to show every weak man what wonderful results I am getting from my famous appliance, the

Dr. Sanden Electric Belt and suspensory attachment.

It is a never failing restorer of strength if used properly. You must believe when I show you 6,000 unsolicited testimonials of absolute cures—names and addresses—received during 1899. This belt is the result of years of patient study.

It developed from a portable chain battery I invented twenty-five years ago. It has undergone many changes, until today it embodies the best features of all electrical appliances, and constitutes what I consider a perfect home self treatment for men. It is really a portable battery of 36 elements. Weight, 6 ounces. Currents instantly felt, though regulated to any degree of strength while on the body by using regular thumb screw. Worn all night. Soothes, strengthens, cures while you sleep.

Free Book—Write for little book, "Three Classes of Men," which explains all, and is sent in plain sealed envelope, free, or if in or near this city drop in and consult me free of charge. I give all correspondence personal attention. Write or call today.

DR. A. T. SANDEN

Dept. 19.

Russell Building, Portland, Oregon

THAT "BLUE BUCKET" MINE.

Another and Interesting Version of the Local Myth.

The Denver Times quotes a Spokane man with giving this version of the Blue Bucket mine myth:

"It was some time in 1850, I believe, that a party of homeseekers struck off in the foothills of the Rockies on the Oregon trail for the northwest, intending to work down into northern California. They were farmers, pure and simple, and the news of the discovery of gold in California had never reached them. They had left the bend of the Snake river some days—unfortunately the story is not definite as to the number of days—behind them and they camped one evening on the banks of a stream, where they rested their oxen and horses for a couple of days. While the men of the party hunted the surrounding country for fresh meat and the women spent the time in washing clothes, the children wandered about in the vicinity of camp, picking berries, carrying with them, as the story has it, 'one of the old fashioned blue buckets.'

"One day at noon the children hurried into camp, two of them struggling with the weight of their bucket, the bottom covered with a number of pieces of yellow metal. They said they had tried to dig out of the ground some deep-rooted bush bearing a flower that pleased them, intending to plant it in the bucket and take it along, and they had found the pieces of metal in the ground. Everybody gathered about the find, and nobody could make anything of it. The metal couldn't be brass, of course, they knew, but it might be some kind of native copper, as it could be beaten out with ease. The pieces varied from the size of a pumpkin seed to an egg.

"The Argonauts had no use for a single pound of useless weight, and when the party started off all the metal was thrown away but a few pieces, which the

children were allowed to keep for jackstones, and heavy jackstones they were, too. Of course when Yreka was reached the playthings were recognized as gold. Then there was a stampede over the Oregon lava beds for the Blue Bucket mine, but snow had fallen east of the Cascade range and the track was lost. Two or three of the party spent their lives looking for the lost placer ground and died in poverty; the others settled down to farming and succeeded at it. Every few years some prospector takes a notion to make his fortune by finding the Blue Bucket mine, but as yet no one has succeeded."

Newspaper Extend S. V. Road 100 Miles.

It is stated on good authority that David Eccles, president of the Sumpter Valley railroad, is about to let the contract for a 100-mile extension beyond the present terminus at Sumpter. It is said that for the past two months he has been figuring on the cost of constructing the line to the newly opened mining section that extends west of Sumpter for upwards of 100 miles, with the object in view, it seems, of opening up what promises to be a gold belt that will eventually rival Cripple Creek. A large amount of prospecting has been going on in this section for some time, but actual work has been retarded on account of the absence of railroad facilities. This mining district is pronounced remarkably rich in milling ores.—Republican.

Potatoes for Sale.

Lew Bro's, of Baker City, have a carload of fine Early Rose and White Star potatoes for sale. Enquire at Sumpter Forwarding company.

"The Portland" is second to no resort in Baker county, in point of elegant fixtures, and leads all others in many conveniences.

Location blanks at the MINER office.

Sumpter Livery Stable

McEwen & Sloan, Props.

First Class Livery Rigs and Saddle Horses

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MODERATE PRICES

Experienced Guides to all the Mining Camps. Your patronage solicited.

Good Values Found in the White Elephant.

J. J. Penhale reports that yesterday he got some very satisfactory assays from the White Elephant, a property near the Bonanza, owned by Canadian Capitalists whom he represents. These assays average about \$28 to the ton—and that is the kind of ore deposits he is looking for, large bodies of easily mined rock carrying fair values. There is a 500-foot tunnel in the White Elephant, reaching a depth of 125 feet, and from this point the ore assayed was taken. Speaking of his extensive mining interests in this district, Mr. Penhale said: "I and the people whom I represent are well satisfied with the showing which has thus far been made by the work done. We have made no phenomenally rich strikes, but have encountered good ore, that which can be mined and milled at a profit, and plenty of it. In the Bunker Hill, as THE MINER stated some weeks since, we finally got satisfactory values, after doing much development work. There we are now blocking out ore as fast as possible. We are in no especial hurry about putting in a mill, but are desirous of proving the property to be a mine. After working a year, uncovering a sufficient quantity of ore, the mill will be installed.

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