

PRICE OF PROSPECTS.

Some Sensible Observations by a Colorado Man.

We must all acknowledge that the "best mining men" in the world infest Colorado and Montana. If there is a shade of difference between the two; if one is a trifle better posted in the business than the other, the man from Colorado will frankly confess that the miners who operate in the Centennial state stand at the head of the class. It was one of the latter whom THE MINER quotes below. His name is not given, in accordance with his request, based on a statement which shows that he is fairly well versed in human nature, as well as mining lore. The topic under discussion was the price placed on prospects in the Sumpter district. It was at an informal gathering in one of the popular resorts of this camp; a midnight function attended by a few choice spirits. Those present had feasted on cheese and crackers and partaken of each other's hospitality to that extent that they felt kindly towards all mankind. No one was trying to make a deal, so no one felt the stern necessity of speaking other than plain, unadorned truth. It was up to the gentleman from Colorado, who remarked:

"You all agree that men holding claims in this district place too high a valuation on their 'properties,' as they delight to call them. There is more or less truth in what you say, but it is a delicate question for one in my position to discuss, and I wouldn't like for the boys in this district to hear that I was going around making that sort of a talk. I came here to buy. It makes a man mad to have any one tell him flat footed that his claim is not worth what he is asking for it, implying the most offensive of all insults to a prospector—either way he takes it—that he is not a judge of a mine, or else that he is trying to rob you. If he has lots of flour and bacon, sugar and coffee in his cabin, it also makes him stubborn, and you are then wasting time trying to deal with him. So you will kindly, 'for goodness sake don't say I told you,' as the girl used to sing at one of Leadville's thespian temples a few years ago.

"And there are two sides to this question, as to all others. I have prospected myself and know what I'm talking about. In all my life, I have never had anything to fire me up as quick or make me madder than to have one of those patronizing, provincial New Yorkers, on his first trip West, strike a camp and begin at once to kick on the grub and then whine around because he couldn't buy a claim at his own price. They don't know any more about what a prospect is worth than their hired expert does. They don't know what it has cost the prospector in hardship and labor, in privation and the greatest of all spiritual trials, hope always deferred. But the man with the pick knows, and when this man of easy, questionable made millions offers a mere pittance of his money, which he so transparently worships, offers it as if he were doing some one a favor, in exchange for these expenditures of physical and mental force, it is enough to drive a man to hard drink. What do you people want? Give me some of the same.

"Now, for the other side. Money is what develops a mine, as well as what makes the mare go. Not one locator in ten thousand ever makes a mine out of his location. He made it to sell—in fact, that is what all mineral deposits were originally designed for. My experience has taught me that the wisest policy for the prospector to pursue is to sell when he gets a chance. He is sure then to be ahead of the game in the long run. Of course if he has what looks like a good thing, it is best for him to retain an in-

terest, if possible, but sell. Aside from the consideration of the cash he gets, (and immediately spends) it helps him to turn another trick; for every outside dollar that comes into a camp influences another to come. So far as the price of a prospect is concerned, the man was never made who could tell whether it is worse than worthless or is worth millions.

"Prices asked are pretty stiff here, the 'blind' is too high for the subsequent play. The cause of this is all the talk you hear among the boomers about 'there never having been a failure where you have gone down.' This is a great mining country, all right enough, but there are going to be some blanks drawn; remember what I tell you."

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

Town Officers Chosen at Canyon City, Prairie City and John Day.

Monday last was election day in this city, John Day and Prairie City, and consequently everybody went dry, as the law requires that the saloons shall be closed on that day.

Very little interest centered in the election here, as there was but the one ticket nominated and the majority of the voting populace were indifferent about voting. There were only 52 votes cast and the following officers were elected: Mayor, F. S. Simpson; recorder, Wm. Farre; treasurer, G. I. Hazeltine; councilmen, Wm. Bryam, A. J. Stephens, Walt Thompson, Charles Brown and Roland Chambers.

The elections at Prairie City and John Day were a little more interesting, as two tickets were in the field at John Day and several candidates were on the ticket at Prairie City.

Following are the results of the elections in the neighboring towns:

John Day—Mayor, E. J. Bayley; recorder, J. W. McCulloch; marshal, Charles Angell; treasurer, Frank Hachene; councilmen, C. P. Johnson, H. M. Basford, C. H. Timms, W. H. Geiger, E. Hall and F. I. McCallum.

For incorporation, 58; against incorporation, 6; 74 votes were cast in all.

Prairie City—Recorder, George Dollina; treasurer, W. R. Fisk; marshal, J. B. McEntyre; councilmen; V. C. Belknap, A. L. Babcock and G. W. McCord.—Canyon City News.

Claims to Have Discovered Magnetic Pole.

A Wellington, New Zealand, press dispatch, dated April 1—possibly an April fool joke—says: The exploring steamer Southern Cross, bearing Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink and the survivors of the South polar expedition fitted out in 1898 by Sir George Newness, of London, arrived today at Campbelltown, near Bluff Harbor, N. Z. Mr. Borchgrevink reports that the magnetic pole has been located. Mr. N. Hansen, one of the zoologists who started with the expedition, died on the voyage. The expedition left Hobart, Tasmania, for the Antarctic region on December 19, 1898. During the latter part of February, 1899, the members landed from the Southern Cross near Cape Adair, Victoria land, it having been arranged that the steamer should leave them there with full equipment of every kind, and should return for them early in 1900. Mr. Borchgrevink's party consisted of nine, including himself. Lieutenant W. Colbeck, R. N. B., was selected as first magnetic observer, to be assisted by Mr. Louis Bernacchi, Mr. N. Hansen and Mr. Hugh Evans were chosen as zoologists and Dr. H. Klovstad as medical officer. Mr. Fougna! was general utility man and cook. With these went two natives of Finland to look after ninety dogs. Enormous supplies of provisions were laid in.

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