

**THE GENTLEMAN FROM COLORADO.**

**Comments on Five Cent Beer and the Mining Game.**

"If you will promise to take beer, I'll invite you in to have something with me," said the gentleman from Colorado Saturday evening. "I noticed in THE MINER several weeks since that the price of this popular amber beverage had been reduced to five cents and, viewed from a philosophic standpoint, I regretted to note the change.

"It is usually not a good sign to see cheap prices prevail in a mining camp. The superficial observer will conclude that business is dull, money scarce and that business men are scrapping for every dollar in sight. But such is not the case in this camp. Next fall, when the bad weather drives the miners and prospectors from their claims and cabins into town, and they line up in front of the twenty odd mahoganies in Sumpter, the proprietors thereof will wish they were getting a bit, instead of five cents, for the beer that the boys are going to call for—just for the novelty of paying only five cents for a drink. This little lull in the saloon and hotel business, of which some people around here are complaining, is the regular thing in all quartz mining camps during two or three months every summer.

"Yes, I hate to see beer or anything else, except a newspaper, sold for five cents. I feel the same way about a newspaper being sold for one or two cents. Though a lot of them are not worth any more, a smaller price than a nickel suggests to my mind copper pennies and Boston—and there is nothing on earth I dislike so much as I do Boston and coppers. I always think of the two together—as I do of Oregon and mossbacks. I could talk a week (with cheap beer as a stimulus) on the evil effects on trade and the sordid influence on the human soul which the general circulation of pennies exerts, but as there is no danger of this extreme calamity befalling Sumpter, I will not expatiate on so inappropriate a topic.

"But, to get back to the original proposition, come in and have a beer with me. I think I am worth a million, but am temporarily a trifle shy on currency, and every fifteen cents saved at present is worth while. Just have a little patience and you can order yellow label at my expense before many moons—just for a 'flash,' of course—for, as a matter of fact, all we thoroughbreds prefer beer to wine. I have heard that talk made on numerous occasions, and it comes in handy at this writing; but, to tell the truth, it is merely a convenient con talk for those who haven't the price; or else have to apply cocaine to their wounded feelings every time they separate themselves from a fiver, as if they were having a tooth extracted.

"It costs money to drive a hole four by seven feet into the bowels of a mountain, and timber it with hewn dimensions. That is what I have been doing for three months past, and that is why I am shy of coin. Of course, I have played the game before; have lost often and won occasionally, and know something of the fascinating allurements of the business, but never before have I felt such an all absorbing interest in every stroke of the pick, as during the past ninety days. Being imbued with the accepted idea that the presence of water indicates the proximity of mineral, I watched anxiously for every damp spot in the tunnel. Then, finally we got into a perfect mesh of stragglers, and I experienced the same sensation that masters the faro fiend

when his system wins through a dozen plays.

"But it seemed as if the deal would never end; that I would never get an opportunity to attempt to call the turn. Finally, when the indications pointed unmistakably to the fact that we were very near the long looked for ledge, it was with feverish anxiety that I hovered around the men at work in the face of the tunnel, with my electric lamp flashing its round ray of light on every pick-made indentation. Ledge matter hadn't been encountered more than twenty minutes when I had made a pan test and a half hour later I had started a man to town for an assay.

"I had called the turn, all right enough.

"I am not going to tell you what the rock carries, or how much of it there is, but I'm more than satisfied, after having drifted fifty feet in both directions and had about a thousand assays, more or less, made by a half dozen assayers. Now, I'm going to borrow a thousand from a brother of mine who teaches school in Indiana for sixty dollars a month, go to Denver and raise the money with which to make a mine of this proven prospect. No, I don't think I'll spend any of that borrowed thousand in Portland, trying to persuade those mackintosh merchants there to let me make them a barrel of easy money.

"This is the last time I'll ever sail so dangerously close to the wind; the last time I'll ever play 'em so uncomfortably close to my b—stomach, I mean. This thing of going broke just for the fun of making another stake has lost its fascination for me. So long."

**Trouble Among Columbia Southern People.**

An action has been commenced in the circuit court for Sherman county by D. C. O'Reilly against the Columbia Southern railway, a corporation, May Enright, E. E. Lytle, W. H. Moore, A. E. Hammond and C. E. Lytle, officers of the corporation. Plaintiff O'Reilly, in his complaint, alleges that he is a stockholder in the company, owning 1147 of the 3000 shares of capital stock in the corporation; that he has been deprived of any voice in the management of the affairs of the company, and refused permission to examine its accounts; that exorbitant prices have been paid for the extension of the road from Moro to Shaniko, that \$130,000 was paid to E. E. Lytle for the right of way from Moro to Shaniko, whereas the actual cost of the right of way was only \$4500. He therefore prays that he have judgment against E. E. Lytle and W. H. Moore for \$130,800 and such other sums as have been wrongfully taken from the company, and that a receiver be appointed to take charge of the affairs of the corporation. E. E. Lytle claims the suit is simply a case of blackmail. Mr. O'Reilly was one of the promoters of the company and formerly in the freight department of the O. R. & N. Co., where he held a very responsible position.

**Another Colorado Man Enthusiastic.**

T. M. Jepson, an experienced mining man of Victor, Colorado, in the Cripple Creek district, visited here for the first time last week, and gave THE MINER representative an interesting talk, and his ideas of what this country might expect from the Colorado contingent in the near future. He expressed himself as much pleased with this country, and further said that of all the many who had been here from his state, never had he heard anything derogatory to the district, and that those working or operating here at present, were writing home and advising others to come. He predicts that there will be more machinery in here within the next year or eighteen months than within the entire past history of the district, and that the methods of mining will be greatly changed when the Colorado man is more in evidence.

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