

**THE GENTLEMAN FROM COLORADO.**

**Says a Word About Belgian Hares and Promoters.**

There was nothing very gay and chipper in the looks of the gentleman from Colorado Monday forenoon, as he stood in front of the post office reading a letter, written in a precise, Spencerian hand. He saw THE MINER man across the street and called him over, remarking: "Step down to McEwen station with me. I want to tell you something I don't care for the whole town to hear, especially the lodging house and restaurant proprietors."

Not until a secluded spot in South Sumpter was reached did he proceed in this wise.

"You know I told you some days since that I had cut the lead in my Cracker Creek claim, that it is something great and that I was going to borrow a thousand from my brother who teaches school in Indiana for \$60 a month, go to Denver and get all kinds of money with which to make a mine and erect a mill. I also said something about five cent beer and cheap prices generally, giving the impression that we would discuss affairs of state and various other problems over many bottles of yellow label on my return.

"Well, that program is temporarily abandoned, for reasons over which I have no control; as the man says when making a fake excuse for not fulfilling an engagement. That letter I was reading awhile ago is from my brother down in Indiana. He sends his regrets; can't let me have that pittance of a thousand, for the ridiculous reason that he has invested all of his ready money in registered Belgian hares that score 97—whatever in the hell that means—and expects to make a fortune in the business in about twenty minutes and quit teaching school and run for congress on the free text book issue and then let me have what money I absolutely need to get out of the country back to Hoopole county and take a job as assistant foreman on his rabbitry. Now say, on the square, don't that jar you?

"Do you know what I've got to do now? I am going to put my property in the hands and myself in the power of some promoter who happens to have the prince of a railroad ticket. I feel about like the novelist makes the prodigal son look when he sends him to the usurer—which in reality means his uncle with the gilded balls as a coat of arms—to raise funds with which to meet a pressing debt of honor incurred while getting a taste of high life on the night shift.

"And this reminds me that I have seen during the past few weeks in a dozen or so papers one of those fool stories for which you editor men seem to have a preference, defending the men who charge for their services in engineering mining deals. The fool feature lies in the fact that they need no defense. Whoever wrote the article in the first place was some alfalfa journalist who has secured a block of wild cat stock for publishing a puff of a company that has a bond on a claim without even a discovery shaft, and imagines he is a mining operator. The mining broker needs defense for turning a few honest dollars in commissions no more than a preacher does for trying to draw his salary.

"No, THE MINER didn't publish the article, but several weeks since it did quote a Portland man, the advance agent of a syndicate that had \$743 with which they wanted to buy a dividend payer, as saying that there was plenty of money in that town falling over other money in the wild search for mining investments; but the trouble which prevented these heavy

capitalists and the claim owners from getting together, was the promoters who, much to his displeasure, insist in getting their rake off—and then neglected to roast him to a turn. Of course, I know that you were working him for a subscription; still I think when you saw that he wouldn't dig up the coveted two dollars, you ought to have pointed out the potent fact that his proper sphere is behind a ten cent counter, not in the hills among us prospective millionaires.

"As soon as I get time, will come around and see if you can get out a decent prospectus, and if I feel particularly charitable, will let you do the job, to be paid for in stock—instead of borrowing the money to pay for the work in Spokane."

**Laundry Team Runaway.**

Monday noon the team attached to the Elite steam laundry wagon became frightened at the cars and started to run south toward home. The condition of the road between the railroad track and the laundry was such as to soon upset the driver, who was thrown out onto the tongue, where he held on until the horses turned into the stump lots near the saw mill, where it did not take long to wreck the wagon almost completely. The driver miraculously escaped with several bruises and a bad shaking up.

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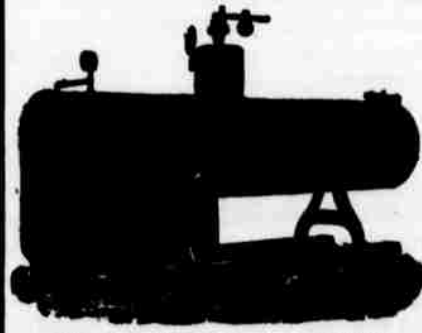
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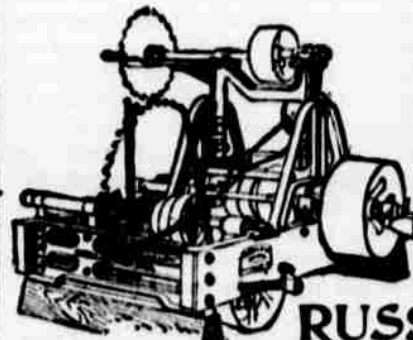
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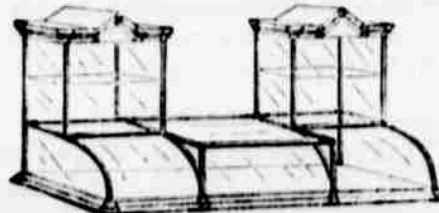
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