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The Highest Scientific Development in Electrical
Home Treatment is Found in the

Dr. Sanden Electric Belt

1900 Model

I OFFER in my 1900 model new broad cell Electric Belt the highest development in body battery treatment that science, mechanical genius and my 30 years' experience can suggest. It is on a plane all by itself. The United States Patent Laws protect me in my various inventions. From the time the raw material is received at my factory until the completed belt is turned out and tested on a sensitive galvanometer, each stage of development is under the careful supervision of a man skilled in detecting mechanical imperfections, so that when finally the belt is ready to deliver to my patient, I offer it with a guarantee of perfection in

every point, that the current will last one full year, that the voltage is not too great for the amperage, the intensity less than the volume, and, in fact, that it is perfect in every detail. The Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, in its various stages of development, during the past 30 years, has always been ahead of all others, just as it is today. And, remember, in buying an Electric Belt you will need advice, good common sense, exclusive advice, and possibly lots of it. Have you thought of that? Therefore, do you not think my 30 years' uninterrupted experience gives me something of value to offer you.

When a Dr. Sanden Belt is purchased, my advice is included free until a cure is effected. The Dr. Sanden Electric Belt is particularly recommended for weaknesses of men which result from excesses, and it has a special attachment to meet that condition. However, it is used with other attachments, by women as well as men, for Rheumatism, Lame Back, Nervousness, etc. The new antiseptic disc covers of my invention—imitated of course—can be used on the Sanden Belt only, and absolutely prevents any burning by the current.

Drop in at my office for free consultation, or write for free book, sent sealed by mail.

Dept. 19, Russell Bldg.

DR. A. T. SANDEN, Portland, Oregon

AN ISOLATED EMPIRE.

John Day Valley the Finest Country Out of Doors.

If you are so fortunate as to get a seat on the box with the stage driver, the run from Flynn Station down to Prairie City, in John Day valley, a distance of seven or eight miles, which is made in the hour between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, is so delightful a ride that one's good humor is almost restored. The bad temper of the traveler is occasioned by the inexcusably inconvenient schedule on which stages run between Sumpter and Canyon City.

It is a spiritual pleasure difficult to describe which one experiences who lives in the high altitudes of the Blue mountains, where grow no flowers, or fruits, or vegetables, to swiftly descend at such early hour into this fertile valley, where all flourish luxuriantly; where every farm house is surrounded by prolific grainfields and rich meadowlands; is embowered in fruit trees heavily laden with red apples, purple plums and yellow pears, intermingled with a riotous profusion of flowers and vegetables. Then, too, on every hill side thousands of cattle are grazing—all of which means plentiful prosperity.

The John Day valley is the finest country out of doors. It possesses a combination of advantages which render it the nearest approach to perfection as a farming country that can be found on the continent. It has plenty of wood and water, convenient to agricultural and grazing lands. The usual condition is the absence of timber, or else the long, laborious task of clearing land for farm

purposes. Here, however, the foot hills are heavily timbered, the valley, from one to eight miles in width, is practically prairie land, and from every gulch in the mountains come streams of water with which to irrigate the pregnant soil.

This is preeminently a stock country, the cattle being fed in winter. Hay is, therefore, the principal crop; though, as the altitude averages only about 2000 feet above sea level, anything can be grown here. Considerable grain is grown there, but not enough wheat to supply the local demand for flour. There is a flour mill near Prairie City run by natural warm water power that could be operated the year around, but it cannot secure wheat enough to keep it running half the time. Flour and pork products are brought in from the outside by every train of freight wagons. Peaches and grapes are the only fruits which are not raised there, and there is no reason, so far as climate and soil is concerned, why they are not on the list of products.

Mr. McHaley, one of the largest stockmen and farmers in this region, says that up to the present year he has had to buy hay for his stock during the winter, but that last winter he had hay left over. Most of his neighbors were in the same condition. Prices for horses and cattle have been so high during the past two or three years that much of the stock has been sold; until now there is not enough left to eat the hay raised this year. The natural result will follow, that next year more wheat and rye will be planted, and less flour and hog meat will be shipped in.

The only objection which a newcomer can find to the country, as he stands on one of the high bluffs and casts his covetous eye down the beautiful valley, surveys in vision this land of every promise fulfilled, is that he can't get any of it for himself. It is practically all taken up and under a high state of cultivation. The

owners know they have a good thing and don't want to sell. All the land between Prairie City and Canyon City, a distance of sixteen miles, is owned by five men. In other portions of the valley are small ranches of 160 acres. But these men have been in this out of the world locality from twenty to thirty and more years, and have earned all they own.

It was the placer gold found hereabouts in the early '60s that brought the crowds into this country. When the richest of the diggings were washed out, the impatient, migratory miners drifted elsewhere, and left ground richer than any they had found for those who followed. But these later comers did not take their dust direct from the ground. They converted the hay into beef and this into gold—a slow, menial process that your miner man despises. Placer mining is still a profitable industry all through this section, but the big pay properties are now owned by a few men and gravel washing is no more the universal occupation. Only last week a rich strike was made in an old 300-foot drift in Secesh gulch.

But as is the history with all placer camps, this is being followed by quartz mining. This evolution has been slower here than most any where else on earth; for three or four reasons not necessary to dilate on here, but principally on account of its isolated position on the map of an alleged civilized state. For some years, however, quartz mining has been in progress, that primitive reduction plant, the arastra, being used to extract the gold. In this way several mines in Dixie mountains have been opened to a more or less limited extent and considerable gold taken out. Here, known as the Quartzburg district, some miles north of Prairie City and directly tributary to that camp, several rich strikes have been made this season, one by United States Marshal Houser in his Standard group. As a matter of fact, there is no longer any doubt but

what this is a great mining district.

To the south from Prairie City, from eight to twelve miles, according to the peculiarities of your informant, seven or eight thousand feet up Strawberry butte, is that remarkable mineral formation, properly called the Oregon Wonder. Briefly stated, there is a well defined ledge, at one point 600 feet in width, which has been traced a distance of twelve miles. On its east end outcroppings stand up fully 100 feet, which can be seen with glasses from Prairie City. This is directly east of a big bare spot on the mountain, known as Horsethief Flat, the name being derived from the fact that there horsethieves in the early days hid and grazed their stolen stock while collecting a bunch to be driven over the range. Just above this outcropping on the Wonder, are two patches of snow, that from a distance of ten miles look to be about the size of plates, but in reality are many acres in extent, and are sources or snow-fed mountain streams that never run dry.

The Oregon Wonder has been turned down as a mining proposition by alleged experts; but, as every one knows, that cuts no figure in the case of a mere prospect, with anyone except an eastern fish. There is not a great producing mine in the West today but what has been condemned by some mining expert. Anyway, P. F. Morey, of Portland, a man possessing ample means, has gone to work intelligently to find out what is there. He is driving a 300-foot tunnel just below the high outcropping, which will give a depth of more than 250 feet. A test mill is being installed and the value of the rock at every foot advanced will be known. The whole ledge is free milling and carries from a trace to \$10. None of it is barren. If it averages two or three dollars a ton the Cleaver Brothers and their associates will have the greatest mine on earth. It will also be the making of Prairie City, which they also own.