

**HIGHWAY ROBBERY.**

**Sam Bunch Beat into Insensibility Saturday Afternoon.**

Saturday afternoon about 5 o'clock, Sam Bunch was held up and robbed by two men on horseback out near the cemetery. He is a teamster and was hauling a load of wood to town.

The robbers went at the job in the regulation highwayman style. They made him get down from his seat and, while one covered him with a gun, the other went through his clothes. They secured only \$4.50, which fact seemed to enrage them and they beat him into insensibility with a loaded whip, declaring the while that the next time they held him up, if he didn't have more money they would kill him.

Bunch says that he lay on the ground unconscious for some hours. When he recovered his senses, he drove to town and had his wounds dressed. His head was badly bruised and cut, which would seem to make his story quite probable.

Marshal Austin was in Baker City at the time. Monday he talked with Bunch and since then has been making some effort to apprehend the highwaymen. It is stated that a slight clue to their identity has been obtained.

**FIRE DEPARTMENT AFFAIRS.**

**More Equipment Ordered—Ball Thursday Evening.**

At a meeting of the fire department Monday evening there was ordered for use of the men one dozen additional rubber coats, eight pair high top rubber boots, six helmets and one chief's white helmet.

The verbal resignation of John Wagner through Chief Jewett, as second assistant chief and foreman of hose cart No. 1, was accepted and Walter Cronin elected to fill the position vacated.

Authority was vested in chief Jewett to hereafter appoint various officers in the department as he should see fit.

A committee was appointed to see what a light wagon could be secured for to carry surplus hose and be otherwise used by the department at fires.

It was announced that the ladies of Sumpter would furnish a supper, to be served in the hall off the auditorium in Ellis opera house, Thursday evening, when the Firemen's dance will be given. The entire proceeds will go to the fire department.

A large number of citizens have paid many times the established price for tickets to this ball. THE MINER endeavored to get this list for publication, but Assistant Chief Leibenstein, who has it in charge, refused to permit a copy to be made, usurping both judicial and executive prerogatives.

**FIRST BILLIARD TABLE.**

**Town Grew Up Around It Over in Southern Oregon.**

The first billiard table that was introduced into southern Oregon is there yet. It forms one of the attractions of the little town of Kerby, and around it are clustered many tales. The table was never intended for Kerby. As a matter of fact, it was there before Kerby was. First came the table, then a saloon was built around it, then came Kerby.

It was back in the early '60s, when the roads were as rough as the manners of the men in that unsettled and but partly civilized country. The chief industry was mining and many a camp boomed and petered as in the early days of California. Althouse was on the boom and saloons and dance halls were flourishing. Each

proprietor of these gilded dens sat up nights thinking how to beat his neighbor in attractions to allure the precious dust from the pans of the prospectors.

At length one enterprising fellow conceived the scheme of importing a billiard table from San Francisco. It was an easy matter, he argued, to get the table to Crescent City by water, but how to get the machine over the divide! He sought old Martinez, the best packer in southern Oregon. Martinez had a mule, Anita, the pride of his life. Anything that Anita could't pack could not find its way into southern Oregon.

So said Martinez and he readily made a contract to fetch the table over the divide as far as Sailor's Diggings at Walo Well.

The sight of the queer looking package staggered the packer, but he reflected that it would not stagger Anita, and, if not, all would be well. So he ripped out a string of Spanish oaths to help the thing along, then he got his men and 60 odd mules in line, for he was the director of a great pack train.

He loaded up a miscellaneous lot of stuff on his mules and then it came Anita's turn. Now Anita had never seen a billiard table, but was wise enough to know that it was going to be no snap to lug that thing across the mountains. Eight men elevated the table, but when they let it drop the wise old mule had sidestepped. But Martinez rigged up a block and tackle and hauled the table into the air. Then Anita was backed under the table and the rest was easy.

For three days the pack worked to a charm. At night the table was removed and in the morning reloaded. On the third evening the train stopped at Rattlesnake bend, about a mile from Waldo. The pack stampeded—all except Anita. Martinez knew that Anita would keep right on to Waldo and he left her to her own resources, while he joined his men in the roundup of the runaways.

Anita was not to be found when, two hours later, the train arrived at Waldo.

They found her next morning eight miles away from Waldo. She had slept with her load; she had carried her last burden; she was quite dead.

Martinez's anguish knew no bounds. He cursed himself; he cursed the mule, then apologized to the memory of Anita and went over to Althouse creek to curse the man who had employed him. He demanded recompense for Anita. The man demanded his table. There were not strong men enough in the country to carry the table over to Althouse and nobody wanted to buy it.

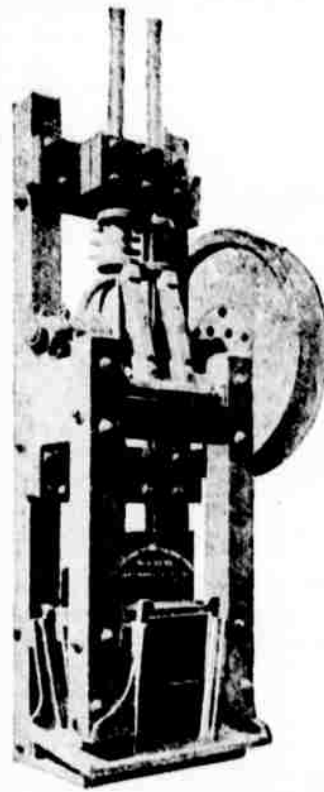
When Martinez recovered from his grief his business head got into motion again. He buried Anita and then set up the table as a monument to the faithful animal's memory. It was not long before a shanty was run up over the table, and it required only a few days more to get enough whisky to dignify the shanty with the name of saloon. Far and wide Martinez spread the news that there was to be an opening on Saturday night in honor of the only billiard table in southern Oregon.

And what an opening was there! There were music and dancing, and singing and drinking, and a "punching of the ivories." The other saloons in the neighborhood had to close down for the night. The table became the "proper thing" in the diggings, and there was a line of players every night waiting for a chance to get a cue. At length a saloon man took the table and shanty off Martinez's hands and gave lessons in billiards.—San Francisco Call.

A fine selection of goods suitable for Christmas presents will be here in a few days, including the following: Fine French china ornaments and useful articles, solid sterling silver table ware, novelties, Rogers Brothers knife, forks, spoons, etc.; also a full line of watches and jewelry. F. C. Brodie, Opera House building.

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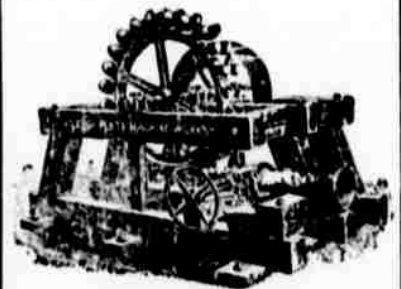
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**IMPACT**



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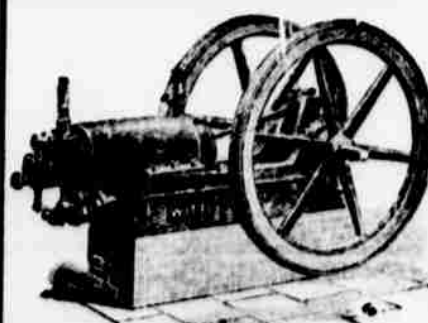


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