

BALDWIN AND HEARST

Both Their Fortunes the Result of Chance.

The following account of how Lucky Baldwin and George Harst made their fortunes in mining operations is going the rounds of the press:

"Lucky Baldwin made his first big strike in a most accidental way. He was not a miner and knew nothing about mines," said a man from San Francisco, who keeps tab on the doings of men of millions. "He kept a livery stable in San Francisco and made considerable money. He always liked horses. They were his hobby then just as they have been since, when he made himself well known through his successes on the turf.

"Some mining man owed Baldwin several hundred dollars for horses on a livery bill or something and couldn't pay him. One day he offered Baldwin a lot of stock in the Ophir mine, which was near the mines in which Flood, O'Brien, Fair, Mackay and others were interested. Ophir stock wasn't worth anything—only a few cents a share—nor were the other mines near it worth much then. Baldwin accepted the stock in payment of the debt and threw it in his safe, thinking that he might get something out of it some day. He had about 2,000 \$50 shares.

"One morning he woke up and found himself a millionaire. The Comstock mines had gone up and Ophir went up with them—just because it was close to them. The stock which had cost Baldwin a few cents a share were worth hundreds of dollars a share. He had sense enough to sell out at the proper time.

"George Hearst's first strike was also accidental, although he was a practical miner. He was superintendent of a mine down in Arizona, where the men who controlled the company simply wanted to keep a lot of men at work for the purpose of selling the stock at a profit. They did not think the mine was worth anything. They kept up the bluff as long as they could, but finally the bottom dropped out of the stock, and they sent Hearst word to stop work and take the men to Los Angeles to be paid off.

"Hearst told the men they were to quit work that night and get ready to abandon the mine at once. In a spirit of hilarity the men decided to celebrate by putting in just one big blast. Hearst did not object, and they put in a blast calculated to tear things to pieces. They set it off just at quitting time and stood back to watch the effect. The blast tore out tons of rock and dirt and made the place look like an earthquake had struck it.

"Then the men went and got their supper and prepared for an early start over the desert next morning. Hearst was too much of a miner, however, to leave without examining the rock that had been torn out by the blast. He found what he knew was a very rich vein of ore. After collecting a few samples of quartz he walked up to the little camp and joined the rest in preparing for the journey. He said nothing about his discovery.

"The men were paid off in Los Angeles, and Hearst went on to San Francisco, where the president of the company paid him about \$5,000 that was due him. That night he went into a faro bank and won \$5,000 more. Next day he called on the president to settle up a few small matters, and when asked what he was going to do, said he was going east for a while to visit the folks.

"By the way," he said, "I think I might do something with some of that Arizona mine stock in the east. I wouldn't mind trying, anyhow."

"The president thought the idea a good one and gave Hearst an option on several

thousand shares. Hearst didn't want too many; he was afraid of creating suspicion. Then he went to some men whom he knew owned stock in the mine, told them the same story that he had told the president and bought outright all shares he could pay for.

"This put him in just the position he wanted. In three days he had the necessary backing and was on the way to the mine with some experts. As a result, the company was reorganized and the mine was reopened. Then the stock began to jump, and Hearst raked off about \$2,000,000 and still retained a big block of stock. All of them—even the former president—made money, but Hearst made the most."

EXTENSIVE STAGE SYSTEM.

Covers Wide Stretches of Country in Oregon.

While on his trip to Lakeview recently, Father McDevitt experienced the exposure and hardships incident to a winter stage ride of 700 miles. There is little of pleasure in such a jaunt at this time of year, and one is left to make his own decision as to whether it would be more pleasant when the hot sun of summer beats down upon the deasert stretches which at places one must cross. However, that portion of the trip lying along the Upper Deschuttas would be more pleasant in July than December.

In connection with staging, it is doubtful if any place at this time remains a greater center of stage lines than is Burns. Leaving Ontario, Oregon, one may travel over connecting stage lines to Thermo, California, a distance of 650 miles. Leaving Burns, and traveling over two ridges of the Blue mountains a traveler by stage would reach Sumpter, the great gold mining town, in 150 miles. Or, driving from the latter line at Canon City he could, after riding 200 miles from Burns, see how J. W. Morrow, Frank Gilliam and J. W. Redington have built up the town of Heppner, which Henry Heppner founded and Dr. Shobe, late of Pioche, Nevada, doctored in its infancy.

But if the traveler did not wish to pass over the rich agricultural and grazing region about Long creek, Hamilton and Monument, and didn't care a cuss about the mountain scenery and big pine trees that abound along Wall creek, he could, from Canyon City, travel by stage down the John Day river, through one of the prettiest and most productive valleys ever viewed. He could see the deserted placer ground at Spanish gulch, where pioneer miners tore up the earth from creek bottom to hill top, and carried away the gold galore.

He could travel by Mitchell, where Bob Reed exceeded the jurisdiction of his office of justice of the peace in trying to do the right thing by a wife beater. Bob got the \$300 fine, all right, but had to restore \$250, a circumstance he regrets to this day. From Mitchell the stage traveler could proceed to Cross Hollows, alias Shaniko, the terminus of Oregon's youngest railway line. These are the termini of the principal lines which touch at Burns, and if it were possible to collect the data of various stirring incidents in their histories, an entertaining volume might be written of their lore.—Harney County News.

At the Club saloon, Dunphy & Gert-ridge serve a line of goods equal to any that money will buy.

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