

BARNEY BANATO AFRICAN PLUNGER

Started Out as a Mount-
bank And Became a
Billionaire.

In 1895, or thereabouts, it was estimated that Barney Barnato, "the Diamond King" of South Africa, was worth \$1,000,000,000, the first and only man ever to reach that colossal wealth. From that high point his fortune rapidly ebbed away, although when he died a few years later, it was said that he was still worth half a billion.

The poorest man in the world, because he could not stand reverses. He lost his head—went crazy—when he saw the tremendous decline in the values of his stock holdings, and committed suicide.

Barney Barnato was one of the strangest characters ever born. The date and place of his birth, and even the name of his father, is not positively known, and the first bit of sure history is his appearance in South Africa as a mountebank. He gave open-air exhibitions with a trick donkey, and theatrical performances under a tent in the diamond fields of Africa. Here he made his start by buying diamonds. Then, in combination with Cecil Rhodes, a man whose career was fully as meteoric and spectacular as that of Barnato's itself, he rapidly rose to be one of the financial giants of the world. The Barnato-Rhodes partnership secured the control of the diamond fields, but their great leap from obscurity into fame and gigantic wealth came through gold mining.

In 1886 South Africa was flooded with wonderful stories of gold discoveries in the Witwatersrand district in the Transvaal, 300 miles north of Kimberly, the diamond center. Stories, wilder even than those of early days in California, were told and believed. The Kimberly diamond miners went crazy over them. Houses and lands were abandoned, claims were forsaken, and an immense stream of fortune seekers poured over the desert wastes to the Promised Land. Nine out of ten of these eager prospectors found, to their amazement, that they had been forestalled. Barnato and Rhodes had got in ahead and had secured two miles or more of the very richest of the famous gold reefs. These two men then began organizing company after company, with capital stock ranging from \$500,000 to \$5,000,000, the shares in which were eagerly picked up in the European financial centers, and wealth poured in endless streams into the coffers of all concerned, for the mines produced by the hundreds of millions of dollars. Shares began soaring to the most extravagant heights. Shares worth twenty-five cents today, sold for \$2 tomorrow; the next day \$20, and the following week \$50, to \$100, or \$300. Nothing like it was ever known, except in the palmy days of the Comstocks here in California, when stocks worth fifty cents to begin with, shot upwards like a rocket to \$1,500 or more, in some instances in day.

Of course, the reaction came, and when Barnato saw the tremendous

shrinkage and millions vanishing, he lost his head and died. Gold rules the world and the owner of a successful gold mine or of shares in a profitable gold mining company stands the surest show to reach the goal of wealth.—Mining and Engineering Review.

A MAN WITH A MILLION MUCH IN DEMAND EAST.

A California agent for an estate that had about a million dollars to invest in safe, small interest bearing securities, was in New York a few days ago since looking for a place to put it. He called on a broker to assist him, who in turn wrote to a friend in Philadelphia about the matter. The New York Commercial publishes the following as the reply from the Philadelphia gentleman:

"My Dear Jack: I beg a million pardons! You just rope that Californian, and do it quick! Count his money. Bring him right over to Philadelphia on a special train. Pull down the car curtains. Don't let anybody see him, or him see anybody but you. Blindfold him, if necessary, and then land him at the corner of Broad and Arch, and your fortune is assured in that minute—provided always that he can be 'separated' from the million! He ain't safe a minute in New York. Morgan or Rockefeller may slug him any minute in the street and make off with his roll. Be sure and keep him out of the way of Russell Sage and Hetty Green while rushing him up to the Twenty-third street ferry. Do you need any secret-service men to assure perfect safety? I shan't sleep a wink until you land here with him. Why can't you telegraph the one million on ahead and bring your Californian along later? You are certainly a stud, Jack—a man who knows a man who has in tow a man with scads, these days! Yours with more affection than ever before, A. J.

"P. S.: I forgot to say that the temper of the Philadelphia public is such just now that you couldn't sell gold dollars here for ten cents apiece."

APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Baker.

In the matter of the application of John Bartlett for a County Liquor License.

To the Honorable County Court of the County of Baker, State of Oregon:

I, John Bartlett, do hereby make application for a license to sell spirituous, malt and vinous liquors for the period of three months, from January 1st to March 31st, 1904, both dates inclusive, at what is known as the Half-way House, in Bourne precinct, Baker county, Oregon; said Half-way House being situated on the county road No. 1 between the City of Sumpter and the Town of Bourne, in the County of Baker, State of Oregon, and being situated about half way between Sumpter and Bourne.

That there is no mine within one mile of said Half-way House. That the signers of this petition constitute a majority of the legal voters of Bourne precinct.

JOHN BARTLETT.

Sumpter Oregon, November 27th, 1903.

We, the undersigned, constituting a majority of the legal voters of Bourne precinct in Baker County, Oregon, do hereby respectfully ask that a Liquor License be granted to John Bartlett, of the Half-way House, in Bourne Precinct, Baker County, Oregon, for the period beginning January first, 1904, and ending March 31st, 1904.

J. M. Doyle, Thos Connolly, J. C. Burton, W. Hanrahan, M. S. McLee, O. E. Burnett, Al Young, Asa Robertson, Robert M. Simms, Thomas Doyle, Thomas Tobin, Ed Haley, B. O. Kempfu, Ed Turk, A. L. McBrayer, G. H. Tabor, Tom Moore, J. F. Titus, J. T. Stevenson, Harley Smith, Walter Self, Arthur Reas, Fred C. Barrett, J. T. Mahoney, Jake Green, Ed McKinley, Harry Allen, J. J. Grabb, Tom Jones, R. S. Jenkins, Tom Baley, Cliff Hackett, Guy Harris, Thos Taylor, L. Durkee, J. B. Ball, F. M. Anderson, Wm. H. Ems, J. D. McDonald, George Maurin, Chas. Williams, A. H. Weatherford, J. F. Rusk, Jas. McGhee, W. Kellogg, J. W. Smith, Pest Macey, S. A. Abel, Clyde Titus, D. Jones, Eimer Taylor, J. R. More, B. Burto, John White, Ben Woods.

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His First Complaint

"The writer regrets the necessity of lodging complaint concerning your usual excellent service, but in a friendly spirit begs to submit the following: Yesterday you sold me lower nine, car three, on The Pioneer Limited. But you neglected to advise me that it would be necessary to have the porter waken me in the morning, and as there was so little motion to the car, I overslept. I have covered a large area on some of the famous trains of the United States and this is the first complaint of this character I have made. I trust you will see to it in the future that passengers are advised."

The Pioneer Limited runs daily from St. Paul to Chicago via the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

H. S. ROWE
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