

COVERS
THOROUGHLY
THE
GOLD FIELDS
of the
INLAND EMPIRE



EASTERN
INVESTORS
IN
OREGON MINES
Pay for
AND READ IT

DAVID WILSON MAKES CHEERFUL PREDICTION

Says Hard Times Elsewhere Will Drive Men And Money Into This Gold Camp.

David Wilson came in this forenoon from Spokane, to look after his large realty interests here. He says that there is no question but what the money market is tightening up all over the country in anticipation of the presidential election, as it always does.

But he offers this cheerful view of the situation, locally; namely, that whenever times are hard and money is scarce throughout the east, both men and money rush into the gold camps; because no financial crisis,

the result of no election can affect that industry. He says he has watched the movement for twenty years and has never seen it fail yet, and for this reason he predicts next year will be the best in eastern Oregon's history.

Mr. Wilson left this afternoon to stop a few days in Portland on business and from there he will go to San Francisco, Los Angeles and into Mexico. Mr. Wilson will also make an extended trip east before returning.

THE CONSCIENCE OF A GOLD MINER

Pipe Dream About Robbing a Pocket of 300 Pounds of Ore That Went \$40,000.

Why a specimen mine is not always the most profitable to its owner is told in this story of doubtful honesty.

"A miner's conscience" may in some regards differ from the conscience of a king. He may take part in transactions and engage in enterprises that would not secure the approval of severe moralists.

The following recital involves a question of conscience, which a prominent and widely experienced miner relates in regard to himself. He said: "It was many years ago. A series of reverses in fortune had compelled me to accept pick and shovel for daily pay, which was irksome after having, at three different periods of my life, through fortunate investments, secured sums of money each of which, had it been judiciously handled, would have been a moderate fortune to a man of inexpensive habits.

"I was working in a mine in the western part of the United States,

there is no need to mention the locality. The mine was rich in 'pockets,' some of them yielding enormous returns. With the foreman of the mine I exchanged but few words, and sometimes they were not spoken in the most genial tone.

I simply took my place among the other workers in the shift and received my instructions for the day's work.

"One day I was timbering and doing the work single-handed. "In putting in a set I accidentally chipped off a small piece of ore, which fell on the floor of the drift and just at the spot where the light of my candle was shining. At a glance I saw that the ore was rich in gold. I picked it up, and from its weight and the gold visible, I knew it was part of an exceedingly rich pocket. I replaced the metal in the place from which it had fallen.

"Down near the floor of the drift I cut a small mark in one of the timbers opposite the spot from which the rich metal had fallen, and then went on with my work as usual.

"That night I had a struggle with my conscience, knowing too well that to bullion in the pocket did not belong to me. Against this I made the plea that my instructions as a miner were simply to do my day's work and that I was never asked to inform my superiors as to anything connected with the working of the mine. In addition to this, the miners who had preceded me in working the drift had missed the pocket.

"Thus I settled the question, so far as reporting the matter was concerned. The drift was timbered past the pocket and I could not make known its locality without incriminating myself.

"Months went by, I still worked

for my day's pay, but the pockets were decreasing in number and falling off in richness. Hence it was decided to abandon the mine as no longer profitable. When I heard this news for the first time, I confess that I gave an involuntary start. In a short time the engine, boilers, hoisting gear, with the buildings, which were in the best condition, were disposed of and the place soon put on a look of desolation, which is always associated with a deserted mining property. The pipes of the pump had been drawn, but as I knew the mine had been free from water for several months, the absence of the pumps did not cause me any apprehension, but the pump ladder was left intact.

"My plans were quickly made. I took an ax to cut away the timbers, a small pick to empty the pocket, and a couple of stout sacks. About nine o'clock I left my cabin and made a long detour, so as to reach the scene of the mine without meeting any of the workmen. I had rolled the ax and pick in the sacks and carefully stowed my stock of candles in my coat pocket.

"I reached the scene of the mine without interruption and was soon on my way down to the lowest level and, guided by the light of my candle, was quickly at the spot where the pocket was hidden behind the timbers. When I found the mark I soon cut away the timbers, and then began more carefully to empty the pocket with my pick. It took several hours, but the time passed unheeded, for I was dazed at the richness of the ore which fell at my feet. When the last bright speck disappeared from the wall I went down on my haunches on the floor and soon had both sacks filled with the treasure. I shouldered the two sacks, but to save weight in climbing the ladder I left my ax and pick in the drift. It was a hard struggle to climb 400 feet up a pump ladder with 300 pounds of ore on my back.

"I left the camp without naming

my destination to a soul, and then took the rapid route to a distant city, where there was a large smelter and refining plant. I had often sold bullion to the company when I was managing mines, hence no questions were asked, and within a week from the time I had deposited my metal I called at the office and received a check for \$40,000. Since then I have often been puzzled as to the justice of my course in emptying that rich pocket, but I cannot say that I have at any time seriously regretted the work. Such is the conscience of a miner."—Mexican Herald.

ROCK CREEK POWER AND IRRIGATION COMPANY.

Papers will be filed with the county Clerk at Baker City next Tuesday, incorporating a stock company to be known as the Rock Creek Power and Irrigating company.

The object of this company is to furnish water for the irrigation of a number of farms in this section and supplying power for manufacturing purposes.

The company has just finished the construction of a large reservoir with a capacity to retain a sufficient supply of water for all purposes. This enterprise will be the means of encouraging new industries in this section and the company, being composed of the leading citizens of Haines and Rock creek, demonstrates to what extent the people are interested in any proposition which tends to benefit the surrounding country.

The promoters of this meritorious scheme are A. J. Harting, John Fisher, J. F. Henner, Davis Wilcox, J. C. Christensen and others.—Haines Record.

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