

CABIN HOME OF OLD TIME MINER

Latch String of This Crude
Structure of The Hills
Always Out.

Down on the creek and in the shadows of the great mountains, no matter where (for there are many of them all just alike in the mineral West) is the home of the Old Timer. It is not a palace or a mansion, but it is so full of hospitality that it juts out through the cracks and keeps the door open day and night. It nestles cozily in the canyon and on a claim that has been the foundation for more hopes and aspirations than any Wall street banker ever knew. Great pines stand sentinel over it, and through their green-needled boughs the wind whispers dreams of fortune in the still night, when none but the wood owl is awake, and even the bullfrog sleeps in the pollywog hole below the spring. In the day time the winds low sigh gives way to the barking of squirrels and the noisy chatter of a blue jay.

It is a one-room affair, that home of the Old Timer, with a "lean-to" on the uphill side, where the pitch and pine are kept. The big mud fireplace fills one end of the cabin. Then there is the bunk and its blankets, the rough table, the coffee pots and the frying pan and a side of bacon hanging by a string to a peg on the wall. There is also, a door and the latch-string is on the outside, always on the outside.

If you pass his way you must stop,—stop for dinner, or over night, for it would be ungrateful of you not to share the Old Timer's hospitality. What is more, you would miss a treat if you did not. Be it known the Old Timer's flapjacks are good, his beans the best ever, and his coffee better than the poetic nectar of the gods. And he can tell tales, tales of old, tales of gold, can that Old Timer, while he puffs at his brier-wood and looks into the glowing depths of the bright fire on the hearth. He will tell you that while this claim he is working now is good, and is looking etter every day, and will inevitably become a mine, it is but a drop in the bucket compared with a proposition that he and Hank Fields or Buck Larsen or Joe Dickson worked back in '67. "Why, we took out chunks of gold—" and then the Old Timer leads you on and upward and backward over the blazing trail to the days when the West was young and men put romance and brawn into the gold getting business, instead of capital and genius.

But that is not saying the Old Timer is not a genius; for he is. However, he belongs to an entirely different species from the geni of today.

After dinner is over the Old Timer will take you up the winding trail that leads to his mine,—the mine in which are treasured, perhaps, all and the last glittering hopes of the man who has been rich and poor a score of times since first he turned his face westward in the early days. As you walk along you are bathed from head to foot in the cool fragrance of the forest air, and the breath of the deep woods cools your cheeks

and instills new vigor in your veins. At every turn festoons of fern greet the eye and springs bubble out from mossy banks to greet the sunshine. Shadow and light dance across the trail and tall grasses wave in the wind. Down in the canyon the creek babbles its song of praise as the waters leap nimbly from rock to rock. The woods are delightful harmony of barking squirrels and twittering birds. As you walk along at the heels of the Old Timer you are awakened to a new life and the freedom of the outer world. Deep down in your heart you can but envy him, the old man, the one who is king of all this great demesne.

Evening comes and you return with the Old Timer to his cabin. You look off westward to where the purple mountains are wrapped in a maze of glory. The tall pines are just piercing the sun's burning orb. Day is dying in the mountain depths, and as a token of respect nature is concentrating all her gorgeous colorings in one vast painting of glory, framed in clouds of silver and hung on the western wall of the sky. As the sun sinks deeper and melts into the pine forests, the clouds shift, take on new forms and the colorings of the picture heighten and become more wildly grand. As the sun sinks deeper the scenes of the picture change as a swiftly-moving panorama, and you see portrayed in all the colors of the rainbow, in all the tints and shades and dazzling colors of royalty—the gorgeous palaces of the Pharaohs and the mausoleums of the ancient Egyptians.

Then you reach the cabin and the shadows of night drop into the canyon. The golden cord that held the picture to the sky's western wall snaps in twain, and the glow of night with the wreath of dew and chirp of crickets embraces the cabin home of the Old Timer.—Daily Mining Record.

Sumpter Weather Record Destroyed.

Uncle Bill Stinson says the record of a late spring has not yet been broken this year; that he remembers one season when the snow had not sufficiently disappeared to permit the use of wheels until about the middle of April. Unfortunately, the written weather record kept by the pioneers has been destroyed, and he can not give either the exact day of the month or the year. For twelve years this record was faithfully and accurately kept; the dates when the first cutter was put in commission in the early winter and when the first wagon showed up on the streets in the spring. These important facts were written on an outside board near the corner of the building now occupied by Cato Johns as a store. Two or three years ago the owner of the building, becoming tainted with the spirit of material progress then afflicting the town, took a notion that the building needed painting, and in spite of the protest of Uncle Bill and other pioneer patriots, this authentic chapter of local history was wiped out forever.

Dr. Walters Goes East.

Dr. F. A. Walters, financial agent for the Forest Mining company left this afternoon to make a tour of the east in the company's interest. He will stop while at Billings, Montana, to visit relatives, and at his home at Steven's Point, Wisconsin, and from there will visit the Atlantic seaboard cities, returning here probably in July.

For Sale

Six Placer Claims, covering nearly all the ground on a creek emptying into Burnt River. This property is near to and parallel with the noted placer grounds of Pine and Cow Creeks in Baker County. All equipped for work, with reservoirs, ditches, flumes, pipe and Giant. For particulars see the undersigned.

\$2000

Buys the most sightly ten roomed residence and ground in the city. Nicely finished inside and out. An ideal location. This property will readily bring a rental of 15 per cent on the investment.

\$2000

Will buy one of the most desirable Homes in Sumpter, consisting of an exceptionally desirable lot 50 by 150 feet, nicely improved, barn, and house of six rooms with the complete furnishings. A Piano, and other choice pieces of furniture goes with this. This property will bring 20 per cent on the investment.

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Will buy another six room house and lot desirably located. This property is now bringing 18 per cent as rental on the above price.

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A choice resident lot near the center of town.

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