

COVERS
THOROUGHLY
THE
GOLD FIELDS
of the
INLAND EMPIRE



EASTERN
INVESTORS
IN
OREGON MINES
Pay for
AND READ IT

FAVORABLE REPORT ON BURNT RIVER ROAD

Committee of Citizens View The Route
And Pronounce it Entirely
Feasible.

The gentlemen who drove over the Burnt river road yesterday afternoon, Messrs. Ball, Schwartz, Bergman, Case, Doane and Mayor McColloch, returned home last evening, unanimous in the opinion that it is an entirely feasible route, the best that could be selected and the only one that the business men of Sumpter would be justified in constructing. There are two steep grades, neither of which is as bad a piece of road at that crossing the summit to Granite, both of which can be greatly improved.

E. P. Bergman says: "There is nothing the matter with the route. There are one or two bad places that can be improved.

"We ought to compete the road as soon as possible and unite in endeavoring to have a mail route established between Sumpter and the Burnt river country post offices. It will be of inestimable value to this town."

Joe Schwartz: "The road can be made as good as any in this county, with the expenditure of far less money than to construct one along either of the other routes suggested. The one that crosses the river thirteen times seems to me to be entirely impracticable. I am not in favor of building a road to Whitney, anyway."

J. W. Ball—"One thing is certain; Mr. Doane wasted no money in constructing that seven miles of road for \$600. I can't recall an instance where money was more economically and judiciously expended. There will be no trouble in making an excellent road of this one and Sumpter business men could not make a more profitable investment than to complete it at the earliest possible date."

E. A. Case: "The road is a better one than the Granite road was when I first came here. It can be made far better than that one is today. There is no trouble with the road or the route; there is something behind this opposition. Mayor McColloch, or some other diplomat, ought to go over there for a few days, have heart to heart talks with the farmers and locate the friction. We would be a lot of leather heads to build a road into Whitney, and block heads not to complete this one. Is that specific enough?"

Both Messrs. McColloch and Doane are familiar with the country in that

vicinity and have been friends to the enterprise from the start. It was Mayor McColloch who revived the proposition after it had been dormant for a year or more and, aided by Messrs. O'Rourke and Doane, induced the business men of Sumpter to undertake its construction.

Whether or not the favorable report of these representative business men will cause the Morning Knocker to bury its hammer, is a matter of little consequence; but it should induce this town to assist in completing the road and cause its citizens to turn a deaf ear to the slander that F. E. O'Rourke is actuated solely by a selfish motive.

JUGGLED GOLDEN RULE AND CHURCHMEN'S MONEY

From time to time during the last two or three years, newspaper accounts have appeared of the operations of the Golden Rule Mining company, which was financed mainly among York state church people, who were attracted by the pleasant sound of the company's name, and failed to hedge about the organizers by the careful watchfulness that good business experience would suggest. The finish of the enterprise is described in the following telegraph dispatch from New York.

Affairs of the Golden Rule Mining company, which won fame several years ago by being inaugurated with prayers, have been terminated amid tears of 500 stockholders.

Many who once had confided in the \$1,000,000 cuprite copper mine in Arizona assembled at the law office of Thomas Gileran and voted funds to prosecute Promoters W. H. Lake and John B. Hibbard. Residents of Yonkers, Flushing and Hackensack, clerks, widows and housewives, all one time believers in the Golden Rule, listened four hours to a report read by an expert accountant of expenditures by the two Yonkers churchmen, Lake and Hibbard, president and treasurer, respectively.

The report showed that these officers had not considered it at all important to account for \$329,521 for stock sold, \$20,000 of which, subscribed by stockholders for a smelter, was dribbled away in "extras" until only \$500 ever got to Arizona. Assets of \$18,000 are revealed by the

experts' report to have actually existed and \$14,000 unaccounted for "went to the stenographer."—Exchange.

GO FIND A MINE,
YOU TENDERFOOT
It Will Do You Good to
Prospect Whether You
Strike It or Not.

With the arrival of summer comes also the annual season for prospecting, and already throughout the districts of the west, the rough-and-ready men of the trail, upon whom the mining industry most depends, are hieing for the mountains, for the deep woods, for the desert. Nothing can stop them—neither summer's heat nor winter's cold; icy crags or blisstrring plains—all are alike to the seeker for gold.

Prospecting is a pelasure as well as an art, and a great many slaves of the city office dirt and grime would do well to pack a grub kit and hit the trail—prospect a while, taste the genuine freedom of the mountaineer, breathe God's pure ozone of the outer world, roll up in a blanket and sleep next the earth, drink pure water and black coffee, and eat flapjacks and bacon and beans. It will do any man good, whether he strike a bonanza in the nature of golden treasure or not, for he is sure to receive nature's tan of health and vigor and come home reincarnated.

Prospecting, like many other phases of the gold getting business is an art, and to become proficient in it requires considerable experience. However, the oldtime prospector will tell you that a fool can find a ledge where the wisest man of the pan and rocker failed. "Gold is where you find it," and it does not matter very much who looks for it, as its discovery often falls to the lot of the most uninitiated. But it is well to make a study either from books, and by the aid of samples, or from some one well posted upon the character and formation of the more common ores. A little study of this

kind will come well in hand when you begin to use your hand pick in the mountains.

Of course, it must be understood before starting that to go prospecting you must leave your auto behind. You must be willing to rough it and dine upon "camp sinkers" of your own or your pardner's cooking for several weeks. You must remember that you will be deprived of the opportunity of swearing at the cook for making the beans too salty, or for frying the bacon too hard, as the usual rule is to turn the duties of cooking over to the man who first complains about the grub. The prospector must content himself with one or two tough Indian poines—cayuses—for carrying the pack. If it is possible get a burro, as he is the best animal for the purpose. The burro will never stray far from camp, will carry his load patiently and willingly, will eat anything from chaparral brush to scrub oak leaves, and will go anywhere a man can go, except up a tree.

The pack should be complete but never made burdensome with "duffle"; not absolutely necessary. The grub kit consists, first of a coffee pot and frying pan. Then there is the bag of flour and the beans—always beans. Space must also be made for small cans of salt and soda. Sugar is not needed, though it may be carried in as small quantity as possible, but good coffee must never be overlooked. A roll of woolen blankets, a rifle pick, pan, shovel, plenty of ammunition and a good axe complete the pack. In a tin box, and occupying an inside pocket of his vest, where they will always be found dry, the prospector carries his matches, and it goes without saying that he will take as good care of his tobacco; and he is never without the big hunting knife that serves more purposes than any other part of his outfit, unless it be his pan—prospecting pan.

As to districts, the west is full of them. Go find a mine, there is one waiting for you somewhere in the vast mineral demesne of Uncle Sam's domain. You will find it if you will only look for it.—Mining World.

The Ashland Tidings announces the arrival there of Mrs. Claude Basche. She is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hurt, former residents of Sumpter.

WORTH READING

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