

DEVELOPING A PROSPECT

In many instances, considerable development will have to be performed before the prospect will prove to be attractive to the would-be investor; before it will appeal to him in such a manner as to convince him that it is the making of a "bread-winner," of a dividend payer. This being the case, it behooves the prospector and claim owner to use a little "head work", as well as brawn and muscle, when it comes to prospect development. A great deal of work, scattered over a large area, is practically a poor expenditure of time, labor and money. A series of gopher holes may prove the extension and strike of the vein or ledge; but, in the way of profitable development, it amounts to but little.

The old miner well knows that large sums of money may be spent in mine development, but which, in the end, has added but very little to the value of the property upon which it was expended, and for the reason that the work has not been intelligently performed; that a little work has been done here and a little there; a shallow shaft has been sunk at one place, a short tunnel has been run at another, and open cuts have been made at still another place, all of which, had it been concentrated and confined to one place, to one favorable spot, would have added greatly to the value and future worth of the property, but which, taken as a whole, is practically valueless. Perhaps, by such concentration, the tunnel would have reached the ledge, or the shaft might have exposed a fine body of pay ore. In all events, the value of the property would have been enhanced, and a prospective buyer could easily see where the money had been expended, as claimed, and the prospect would be in shape so that development and exploration work could be continued to advantage.

As a general thing, the prospector is but an indifferent miner, and the amount of time he wastes in prospect development would be worth thousands to him if he could "cash out" on a time valuation commensurate with the actual value of time in business and commercial circles. We do not mean by this that development work is not necessary; for it is, nor would we undervalue the worth of the time of the prospector, which, if well-directed and expended, would soon place the property in which he is interested in such a condition that he would experience no difficulty in finding a ready and profitable market for the same.

But it is systematic, intelligent work that counts; work in which every foot must take the tunnel or the shaft nearer to the vein, nearer to the ore body; and work in which every dollar, every hour, has its value in the accomplishment of the desired end, which is the transformation of a prospect into a mine, into a bonanza, within the least possible time and at the least possible expense.

If this policy were carried out to a greater extent by the prospector and the claim-holder, the west would

NOT A D---D THING MATTER WITH THIS COUNTRY

Remarked F. O. Bucknum on Learning That
Frank Muzzy Will Return
From Goldfield,

F. O. Bucknum has received a letter from Frank Muzzy, written from Goldfield, Nevada, in which he says that he will not go into business there, as he had intended, but will return to Sumpter and devote his time to mining interests in this vicinity. He says that prices and rent for property in that camp are so high that they are practically prohibitive. Which means, of course, that the business being done there doesn't justify the rates charged.

Mr. Bucknum takes this letter as a text and preaches a very interesting and cheerful discourse, cheerful to those whose lots are cast for keeps in eastern Oregon. He was all through that country and south of it into Arizona fifteen or twenty years ago. While acknowledging that there are rich mineral deposits there, says even if a man is fortunate enough to get hold of one, he earns all he makes by being condemned to live there. He says it is, in climate and all physical conditions, not the God forsaken region of popular belief; but that the Creator never had anything to do with it from the start,

and therefore couldn't forsake it—it is peculiarly the dominion of the evil one and his headquarters are somewhere near at hand.

Then Mr. Bucknum resorts to one of those tricks of the trained talker, known as a "sudden transition," and ejaculates: "Why, damn it, there is nothing the matter with this country. It's slow in development, we all know, but the precious metal-bearing ledges are not to blame for that—it's the people. The best thing that could happen to this section would be a migration, or a deadly plague. But so far as the mineral wealth is concerned, we have it here in abundance and it will be produced in the course of a few years, too."

Mr. Bucknum thinks that the Greenhorn district will prove to be the greatest gold producing region of the west. He has himself recently made a phenomenally rich strike, regarding which he will not talk unless the listener gives bonds to maintain secrecy, and this in itself has a tendency to give a roseate hue to one's view point of his own surroundings.

have more producing mines today, and there would not be so many partially and half developed prospects scattered about throughout the mining camps and districts of this intermountain region.—Salt Lake Mining Review.

Governor on the Range War.

In relation to the eastern Oregon range war, Governor Chamberlain is quoted as saying: "The only way I can see to remedy the situation is for the legislature to place money at my disposal, so that I can employ secret service men to go to the neighborhood of the trouble and stay there until the guilty persons can be located, and evidence enough secured to convict them. To send out militia would do no good. The men who do the shooting may be in Crook county today and in Lake or Harney or Wasco tomorrow or next day. They would commit no offense while officers of the law were around. They travel long distances in wild, thinly settled country, and commit their crimes when there is no one near except a defenseless sheep herder. They are masked and cannot be identified. The only way that I can see to bring them to justice is to send secret service men to live among them, learn their ways and follow their movements until they have evidence that will convict them. There is not now a single dollar which the governor is authorized to expend for the purpose I mention."

The statement is now being published that a man living within twenty miles of St. Louis never heard of the big fair there until after it closed, and then didn't believe it, of course, because he is a Missourian, and was not shown. The skeptical mind will reject this story, as being beyond the realm of probabilities, but herewith is submitted a fact: Yesterday The Miner received a letter from a subscriber in San Francisco saying that from these columns it had been recently learned that there is to be a Lewis and Clark fair in Portland next year; if The Miner has any literature regarding the enterprise, please forward a bunch.

Found—Child's purse. Call at Miner office.

THE NATIONAL BANKER

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TRUTHFUL TALES OF TENDERFOOT MINING

A gathering of local mining men was discussing the whynotness of whatain't this morning in Tony Mohr's office.

"I have a man working for me at the Auburn Deep," said Joe Reed, "who is a bigger liar than Andy Stinson. The other day he was telling about doing government land surveying once, and was rushed so that he had to cover 200 sections in one day. This is traveling at the rate of about 12,000 miles a minute."

"A mining company in the Elkhorn range," said Neil Sorenson, "the other day, found it necessary to dip a 2200-foot pipe line in tar. The superintendent began to load the shipment to Baker City, when he happened to remember that it was a trifle cheaper to haul tar than to haul the pipe both ways."

"When Seymour Bell was operating mines in the Mount Baker district, his superintendent started a crosscut tunnel, Seymour looked over the ground and said: 'Good; we'll advertise this work as the longest crosscut tunnel in the world, and sell barrels of stock.' Bell explained that the crosscut was headed in an opposite direction from the ledge, and that it would have to travel the entire circumference of the earth before striking the vein."

"That reminds me of a crosscut tunnel I saw over in the Granite district. It was 900 feet long, and for the first 500 feet there wasn't enough covering on top of the tunnel to sod a lark. The vertical depth of the face at the end of 900 feet was approximately 107 feet."

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