How Art Came to Sumpter.

Art came to Heart's Desire in the person of a world-famous singer, and it was not long before he related his story about it. Art came to Sumpter in the guise of a beautiful, gaily-painted horse, a lady lightly clothed, but alas! and alack—there is no use in telling.

Despite the fact that Sumpter is a frontier mining camp—a modernized version of Yuba Dam, with electric light and paved street trimmings—despite the fact that it the tourist birds his eyes to Sumpter's brick blocks, and schools, and churches, and up-to-now residences, he will behold the prophet's vile of a mining camp of other days—the days of forty-ninety and thereabout. During the march of years the lawless reign of the six-shooter has given place to the six-cylinder engine, and squaw hearts as an adjudicator of individual superiority descends the fact that City Marshal Ed Hand is a very modern, and therefore unknown, amiable figure; a sheriff of Calaveras county, and that Judge Allen's court can give him no trouble, and that there is no spade and no test to it the goal of wealth and retirement, the foul facts, or, maybe, precisely on their account. It is a wonder that the truth is proven by the truthful recital of How Art Came to This Camp.

At the last date a young and beautiful agent, Jim Bloodos, and his trusty pack, came into Sumpter. Jim Bloodos is no name—except for purposes of this tale. Everybody in Sumpter knows him—sometimes as Mr. Real Old photograph of the Blue Mountains, sometimes as the "Ex-Kill Hill of Sumpter Politic." He is a young and handsome man, and he came back with Art. When he landed at the Sumpter Valley depot he was more than a little the color of the clear. Pride of possession showed itself on his face, and though it was held as though he stood on a bushing with his taxi package and shouted: "This is mine!"

On his way up town, Jim Bloodos stopped at Ed Huenan's Olympia saloon. He ordered the full package, stood to one side, waved his hand, and in a tragic voice announced: "There!

"In the life of every man beauty comes at some time or other in some guise or other. To Ait it may be in the guise of son or heir. But to those who stood about Jim Bloodos's art treasure, beauty came in the guise of a rambunctous female figure, draped in flesh tinted high lights and a neck band.

It is known by those presents that Ed Huenan is an art connoisseur: he knows a picture to look at; he recognizes a perspective, for shortening, chiaroscuro and such are as familiar to him as bacon and eggs. With a comprehensive knowledge and admiring eye he began to talk about the picture. "How much?" asked he.

Jim named a price.

"Jim, you are a fool," said Huenan, and the deal was made.

Behind the bar at the Olympia hangs a picture, in the main set of crystal-gazing through the bottom of porf glasses, behold it, and straightaway choke, and gasp, and lean across the bar to be nearer. If then go away with a glad light in your eyes, hence through inspiration with the Art mir哝.

From all the camps men came to see. To Hourns, to Greenbourn, to Tipton, flashed the news that Art had come to Sumpter. Ed Huenan had indeed come to Sumpter.

A still greater glory illuminated Jim Bloodos's precious pathway. The process of dilution he faithfully followed. In due time he met an old pal, and in whom, as a mark of favor, he sold the art treasure. Later in the day he entered a saloon from the street, to find the prieta and dour, business was more explained. That picture at Huenan's was drawing all the trade to the Olympia. Jim Bloodos's leader heart sold the art picture to the sad solemn man. When the young man set out hiking the scene, and so hung with the red-are leering through the window of the Olympia saloon, for food, long, lingering look at the art treasures when evening came to Sumpter, came also to Huenan the various owners of Jim Bloodos's pictures. They came to take away the goods.

It was wise to draw the veil of obscurity over the lady lady, it was lightly failed to act expressive of Language. A cardinal sect of art connoisseurs, however, is to stand pat: don't know, don't let on. Huenan stood pat. The lady in obvious disabilities still smiles behind her bar. Art comes to stay.

Jim Bloodos says it he was a just of Art affects some people that way.

and directed the river upon its pre- cipitous course.

At this hour the amount of water coming over the falls is estimated at one two-thirds of what it was before the gates were closed at the Twin Falls. Some think this there is not more than one-quarter of the usual flow. The amount of the falls is bare, the same river finding its way over two places, one on each side. It is extreme the volume of water will be much reduced by morning.

It was about five hours after the closing of the gates that the effect upon the falls was noticeable, with the water having some 30 miles to run.

Word from Milser at this hour is that the water in the dam is up to a point eighteen inches below the bed of the canal. The rise has been much more rapid than expected, having been estimated the channel would not be reached by the water in less than two days. Now, how- ever, the river is spreading out above and the rise is very slow.

The channel is 5 feet above the level of the river, and the dam is 7 feet above the dam.

The water has been backed up many miles. A report from the site of the proposed railway bridge a mile and a half above the dam, to the effect that the water has risen three feet there at the time the information was sent.

The engineers estimate it will take between three and four days for the dam to fill. The river will then pour through the spillway that has been provided. This is over the arthritis in island of solid rock between two sections of the dam. The water will be into the irrigation canal after the dam shall have been inundated, and the stream of water will run to the Empire Valley.

Another section of the Twin Falls townsite was opened today and lots amounting to $35,000 were sold in an hour.

Deepest Well 6000 Feet.

The deepest well ever drilled in America, according to an unknown exchange, was put down by the W. O. Company at West Ellin, Pennsylvania, twelve miles Pittsburg, to a depth of 6,000 feet. It was started 100 feet below the Pittsburgh coal vein. There was no string of casing to the great depth. The walls are sixty feet out of time tonight. Their thunders are subdued, and it is only by a series of voices will have to be subdued to a murmur. Probably never before in the history of those of years have the wall fallen so little to echo to the ascension over which Snake falls in a mighty cascade, and the spirit that haunts the caverns of the crown hall, that something has occurred to still the sound that has echoed here during all the countless centuries that have past. Since then. We prepared this gorge through the lava

SPENCING PLANT FOR THE SHERRIDEN AND EMPIRE

O. C. Wright, general manager of the Blue Bird, Backhorn and Black Bull mines, who is also general western representative of Wheeler & Co., the New York bankers, will go to Sheridan and Empire on the Phil Sheridan and Empire Mining Company, recently acquired by Wheeler & Co., and parallel veins have been opened on the Phil Sheridan and Empire Mining Company, the Empire. On the latter five feet of shipping ore are shown on the map. Manager Wright's plan includes the installation of a steam boiler for the canals and the staking of a 500-foot shaft, from which a crosscut will run to the Empire veins. On the Empire to connect with the crossout from the Sheridan. Rich ore shows on the Sheridan. The last year took out two tons, which returned better than $100 per ton net. They were driven out by water. Manager Wright will install a pumping plant of capacity sufficient to meet all emergency.

K. S. laboratory.

An important new laboratory of the Killen, Warner, Bissel Company, recently completed the arrangement of the new laboratory for the company's office, and attached a couple of hundred samples of ore from the Star Company, the M. B., and various mining operations. K. S. laboratory is one of the most complete in eastern Oregon. An electric picture apparatus is on the way, and when this is installed the office will compare favorably with any private laboratory in the northwest.

Mr. Keuch's work at present is confined to making tests for gold, silver, copper, nickel and lead. Chief Consulting Engineer Nicholson is still in Beaver, making a final and elaborate mill test of the 16 tons of ore from the Empire, in the new industrial metal.

California Man for Crane Flat.

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A special from Shoshone Falls, dated Wednesday night, to the Boise Journal, Wednesday morning, reports that a man from the north is doing a lot of prospecting around the area. There is an item saying: A picture of Charlie's canvas tent is being built, and a quarter and 900 feet deep. At the depth of 2,200 feet of water was sufficient strong steam to drift the rest of the hole. At 3,500 feet the water temperature was 25 degrees. At this rate the heat equal to the boil water would be found at the depth of 9,000 feet. At the depth of 3,500 feet the water was hot enough to cook a rope and dropped the tools 100 feet, which caused a stay of proceeding. To drift this water it necessary to have extra heavy machinery.