ABOUT MINING KINGS

STORIES OF MEN WHO HAVE MADE FORTUNES IN THE WEST.

COLORADO'S GOLD PRODUCTION

STORIES OF TABOR, WHO IS AGAIN PROSPECTING.

Something About Stratton and His Gold Mine Worth $7,000,000—Former Senator Bowen's Ambitions—A Chat With Senator Jones.

(Copyright, 1898, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Denver, Col., Jan. 22.—I held $25,000 worth of solid gold in my two hands to-day. It was all I could lift, and when I dropped it down upon the floor it fell with a lead-like thud. The gold was in the shape of three bricks of about the size of the red clay bricks used for building. It was a part of the bullion in the vault of the mint here at Denver, and it formed about one-tenth of the gold which the mint now has on hand. One of these gold bricks was of a light yellow. Colonel Puckett, the chief of the mint, said that it had some silver in it. Another was darker in shade, and this I was told was gold gotten out by the new process of gold reduction, and the third was yellower than any golden eagle. It was almost entirely pure and will have to be much alloyed before it can be used for coinage.

Colorado's Big Gold Production.

Colorado is now producing more gold than ever. The excitement about the Klondike has turned the eyes of the people to Alaska, but the miners out here are digging away and saying nothing. The officials of the mint tell me that they are receiving more of the precious metals than at any time in the history of the mint. Mr. David Moffatt, the mining king, who has now, it is said, a bigger income per month from his gold interests than President McKinley gets in a year from Uncle Sam, estimates that Colorado has produced something like $22,000,000 worth of gold during the past twelve months, and he tells me that Cripple Creek alone is turning out something like $1,000,000 in gold in a month. The big mines there show no signs of giving out, and new ones have been opened. The big Cripple Creek mines are operated on a business basis. They are as economically managed as the department stores and as systematically worked as are great manufacturing institutions. The old gold camps are being reprospected and new discoveries are being made. Said Mr. Moffat to me:

"I think the people are making a mistake in rushing to the Klondike. We have a Klondike here in the Rockies, which will pay better than that of Alaska. There are plenty of chances for young men out here. Only the smallest part of Colorado has been prospected, and there are gold fields in all parts of the Rockies which will pay for investigation. As for me, Colorado is good enough, and I don't care to go to any land where it is all ice three-fourths of the year and where you can't get much to eat during the remainder."

Senator Jones on Gold Mining.

Senator John P. Jones, the mining millionaire of Nevada, does not agree with Mr. Moffat as to the Klondike. Jones is, you know, one of the most famous miners of the world, and has made a half dozen big fortunes out of gold and silver ore. It was during a ride with him in a sleeping car the other day that I asked him his opinion of the Klondike. He replied:

"The gold discoveries of Alaska are the most wonderful that ever have been made. The discoveries of Australia and California were nothing to them. When I was 19 years old I went out to California. I started in at placer mining and from that day to this have been more or less interested in mines. I went to California in 1849, and was there during the early gold excitement. The country was filled up within a very short time, and you would meet a score of miners during a half day's march, no matter in what part of the Rockies you went to prospect. The news of successes spread very fast, and the man who had made a find of $5,000 in placer mining was known everywhere. There were thousands and tens of thousands mining, and the discoveries were comparatively few. Up in Alaska there are only a few thousand men at work, and they can labor only a small part of the year. Still they are turning out enormous amounts of gold. I know of dozens of men who have made fortunes, and I judge that the amount of gold there must be beyond conception enormous. I shall not be surprised if $150,000,000 worth of gold is taken out of the Klondike next year. There will be more than 100,000 men there by the middle of the summer, and there is plenty of room for all."

How Glaciers Grind Out Gold.

"Do you think the discoveries will be confined to the Klondike?" I asked.

"No, indeed," was the reply. "I believe there is just as much gold in Alaska as there is in British Columbia. The Yukon river is 2,300 miles long, and there is gold all along it. The sands of the Alaskan islands contain gold, and I am told you can find gold in almost any dirt you wash. You see, the forces of nature have been at work during the ages in Alaska to produce placer gold. It is my belief that most of the placer gold is found in the troughs of glaciers. We used to think that the gold in the mother lode of California was in the bed of an ancient river, which in some way had been elevated above the surrounding country. I believe it was the trough of a glacier, which had ground its way along there, rubbing and grinding the gold out of the earth. Now in Alaska there are a hundred glaciers to every one further south in the Rocky mountains, and the gold has been ground out by them. I think quartz mining will be successfully carried on in Alaska and that stamping mills will be put up within a short time after the discovery of the mines."

Advice to Young Men.

"Then you would advise a young man to go to Alaska?"

"I most certainly should," replied Senator Jones. "I would go myself, but I am too old now to do much in mining in its first stages, and it is not a necessity with me. I can't see where the young man of to-day has much chance outside of Alaska. The money has all gone into the hands of bankers and capitalists, and there is little chance for energy unaided by capital. In Alaska every man has a chance to make a fortune."

"But think of the hardships, senator," said I.

"The hardships are greatly overestimated," was the reply. "The conditions will all be changed next year. You will be able to get to the Klondike by railroad by the latter part of the summer. Good hotels will be built, and you will find just as good cities there as anywhere. I have spent my life in the mining regions, and I know what money can do. There is plenty of coal in Alaska, and the accommodations will be such that one can live there very comfortably."

A Mine Which Pays $500,000 a Year.

"What mining interests have you in Alaska, senator?" I asked.

"I have nothing in the Klondike," replied Senator Jones. "But I am one of the owners of the Treadwell mine. This is, you know, near Juneau, where the ships stop on their way to Sitka. It is on Douglas island, and is in many respects one of the most wonderful gold mines of the world. The ore is of a very low grade. It does not average more than $3 per ton, and the mine has never paid less than half a million dollars a year."

"How did you come to get it, senator?"

"The mine was originally discovered by a French-Canadian, who came down from Sitka to prospect for gold. He learned of this mine through his brother-in-law, who was an Indian, and after locating it he sold it to a man named Treadwell for a few hundred dollars. Treadwell organized a company to develop the mine, and it was in this way that I became interested in it. We first put up a five-stamp mill to test the ore, and when we found it would pay we put in other stamp mills, so that now we have some of the best mining machinery in the world right there. The ore is so close to the sea that it can be handled very cheaply."

How Senator Jones Made $10,000,000.

"You were interested in the famous Comstock mines, were you not, Senator Jones?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the millionaire miner. "I was considerably interested in the Comstock. I took about $40,000,000 worth of gold and silver out of those mines, and I got $4,000,000 out in one month. Those were very valuable mines, indeed. They are working some of them still. I personally superintended my works there up until my election to the United States senate."

"Senator, you have made an enormous amount of money in mines. How do you do it, and what do you do with all the money?"

"Those are rather leading questions," replied Senator Jones. "Still I can tell you one thing. I have never hoarded money. I have given away a great deal, and have made and lost a half dozen fortunes. I believe that money was made to use, and I think the man who piles it up and will not let it go until he has $2 security for every one he puts out is nothing more than a pawnbroker on a big scale. As to how to succeed in mining, I don't think any one can tell. The judging a mine is to a large extent a matter of intuition and experience. You learn after a time to know a good thing when you see it, and still there is a good deal of guesswork about it, after all. As for me, I have never been afraid to back my judgment, and, though I have made some mistakes, I have been, on the whole, right successful. I believe, you know, in plenty of money. I believe that a large circulating medium brings good times, and that the more you restrict the currency the greater the distress among both capitalists and laborers."

Stratton and Tabor.

I am told here that Stratton, the carpenter of Colorado Springs, who struck it rich at Cripple Creek, is making other good hits right along. For twenty-five years luck went against him. Now he doesn't seem able to make a mistake. His big mine, the Independence, continues to grow richer. No one but Stratton knows what its output is, but the general belief is that the mine produces somewhere between $100,000 and $200,000 worth of gold a year. For a time he took out a thousand dollars a day, and I am told that the mine is growing better as it goes further down. Stratton has refused $7,000,000 for the property, and he sticks to his old idea that the gold is better where it is than in his pockets. He says that Mother Earth is the best banker that he knows; the gold is there, and that he can get it out when he wants it. You may have heard that Stratton recently gave Tabor $15,000, and told him to go out into the mountains and see if he could not strike another fortune. Well, it has turned out to be true. Tabor has left Denver, and is now prospecting in the Rockies. As far as I can learn, the sum was a straightout gift from Stratton, and it was coupled with no provision that if Tabor struck it rich he was to divide with Stratton.

Will Tabor's Luck Change?

It may be that the day will come when Tabor will again be rich and Stratton again be poor. Tabor's luck runs in streaks. Like Stratton, the first part of his life was unsuccessful. Then Dame Fortune smiled, and pure luck made him rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Tabor did not get much gray matter by inheritance. His brains are meager. He half starved in Maine, and when he first came to Colorado and opened his little store near the present site of Leadville his wife had to wash for the miners and take boarders to frighten the wolf from the door. Then some miners whom he had grub-staked struck the Little Pittsburg, which was soon yielding $8,000 a day. Tabor and others got possession of the mine. The stock soon sold so that the mine was worth $7,000,000, and Tabor in four months jumped from a cracker peddler to a millionaire. He made a big fortune out of the Matchless, which he got for a song. The Erin gave him more money, and for a time it seemed as if he could touch nothing without finding it turn to silver or gold under his fingers.

How Tabor Took in Washington City.

Almost every one has read the ups and downs of Tabor's romance. The story is fuller of adventures than one of the old yellow-back novels. You know how, when he became a multi-millionaire, he was not suited with new clothes alone, but wanted a new wife as well. He divorced the good old woman who had worked for him and made his fortune and picked up a dashing young widow, with cheeks like a peach and with eyes which had a brighter sparkle than any of his gold when it flowed from the smelters. I will not tell the disgraceful story of that divorce suit as it was brought out in the courts of Colorado. I saw Tabor after it was over, when he brought the dashing young widow to Washington city to be married. The wedding took place at Willard's hotel, with a dinner fit for a Lucullus in a room that was almost walled and ceiled with roses, though the time was midwinter.

A celebrated priest performed the ceremony. President Arthur was at the wedding and gave a rose to the bride. The event was the talk of the capital, and both before and after it Senator Tabor shone in the brief sunshine of his own notoriety. He even exhibited to the newspaper correspondents the embroidered night shirts which he had made for the occasion, whispering that the best of them had cost him $200 apiece. The marriage was hardly over, however, before it was found that the whole thing was a farce, and that the real marriage had been performed some months before by a justice of peace in a musty little office in St. Louis. The second Mrs. Tabor is now comparatively poor. The first Mrs. Tabor invested the alimony which she got from the divorce suit and died with something like $2,000,000. Her fortune belongs to her son, who stuck to her rather than to his father, and who within the past few years has been more or less contributing to his father's support.

Shakespeare and Robert Elsmere.

Nearly every man I met here has some funny story to tell about Tabor. I was chatting the other day with a member of the Colorado legislature. He recalled the time when Tabor was buying votes right and left in order to be elected to the United State senate. This was just at about the time that Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel was creating a sensation, and one of the politicians asked Tabor if he had not yet seen "Robert Elsmere," referring, of course, to the novel.

"Elsmere? Elsmere?" said Tabor. "No, I have not seen him. From what part of the state does he come. How much will it cost to get his vote, anyhow?"

Tabor's opera house here has long passed out of his hands, and also the Tabor block. His opera house in Leadville is no longer his, and I am not sure that his picture is still left on the drop curtain. It was there for a time, at any rate, and the way in which it was put there forms the subject of the story I heard yesterday. It was when the building had been completed and the artist was painting the drop curtain that Tabor came in. As he watched the progress of the work, he asked the artist: "Whose picture is that which you're painting in the center of that curtain?"

"Shakespeare," replied the artist.

"Who is Shakespeer?" asked the future senator.

"Why," said the artist, "he is the man who has written the greatest of plays—the Bard of Avon, you knaw."

"Shakespeer?" said Tabor. "Seems to me I've heard that name somewhere. But what in thunder has Shakespeer done for Leadville?"

"Nothing that I know of," said the artist.

"Then paint that picture out and put me in." And that is the way Tabor's picture came to be on the drop curtain.

Tom Bowen's Ambitions.

Tom Bowen euchered Tabor out of his long term in the senate. He used Tabor's money and arranged it so that Tabor only got thirty days, while he got six years. Bowen came out of the senate poor, and for a time after he got back to Colorado was almost on his uppers. Then he struck a good mine at Summitville, about twelve miles from Del Norte, in the southern part of the state. He sold this property for something like $200,000. When he was paid his wife insisted that he put $20,000 into a house in Pueblo and that this be left in her name. She also made him promise that he would settle enough on her to make them both comfortable for the balance of their days, and that he would not enter politics again until he had made a strike of at least half a million dollars. To all of these conditions Bowen agreed. He has, I am told, built the house and made the settlement. He has still the senatorial bee in his bonnet and he makes no bones of his great desire to go back to Washington.

Colorado Senatorships at Auction.

Just the other day Bowen laughingly said that he thought the Colorado senatorship should be put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder. "The money," said he, "could be turned into the state treasury and it would be enough to make a lot of public improvements." This was, of course, facetious, but if such a thing were possible it would bring some mighty bids. There are a half dozen millionaires in Colorado, each of whom would give a fortune to be United States senator. There is N. P. Hill, who has been in the senate before, and who is said to be worth from three to five million dollars. There is Alva Adams, who is now governor and who is worth a million. He would give half of what he has to be called up higher. Tom Patterson of the Rocky Mountain News is another millionaire with senatorial ambitions. Dave Moffat could give a million for such an honor and not miss it, and J. B. Grant, the president of the Omaha-Grant smelting works, is worth millions and is devoured with ambition. On the top of all this Senator Ed Wolcott is hustling with all his might for a re-election. He is a man who cares nothing for money and who can make and lose a fortune without batting his eye. Wolcott's brother is rich and Wolcott himself has mines and stocks and gold galore. Whether the thing is put up at auction or not, there will be a lively contest as to who shall be Wolcott's successor, and from what I can hear Senator Wolcott will be there.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

SENATOR ED WOLCOTT.

SENATOR JONES, WHO HAS MADE MILLIONS IN GOLD MINES.

D. H. MOFFATT, THE MINING KING.

TURKS BAD FINANCIERS.

The Result Is That Smugglers Thrive in All Classes of the Country.

From the London Daily Mail.

The lot of the president of the administration of the Ottoman public debt is evidently not a happy one.

Sir Vincent Caillard, who fills this melancholy post, has just issued his quinquennial report, wherein one is confronted with the spectacle of a weary man struggling manfully with a sea of trouble. His fortitude is heroic, epic, Promethean, in fact.

The Turkish government, for example, does not appear to appreciate the value of the proposals made by the administration with respect to the introduction of reforms into the system governing the revenues. That is the way of the Turkish government. The ways of the Turkish people in proving an obstruction are shown by their attitude with respect to the tobacco Regie.

This body is bound to buy all the tobacco grown in the country except that which the growers elect to export; at the same time the cultivation of tobacco remains practically free and unrestricted. This condition of things calls forth from Sir Vincent the remark that the negotiators of the concession believed that the laws of economy and human nature worked differently in Turkey from any other part of the world.

The new Regie company, finding out that the laws of economics were something of a reality even in Turkey, tried to shake off the cultivator who expected it to buy all the rubbishy tobacco that he could not sell elsewhere; and as a consequence it became an object of detestation to the people. So it came to pass that the smuggler, always a favorite of the people, became a hero in the public eye when his contraband was tobacco, of which the Regie has a monopoly in Turkey. To kill coldjis, or tobacco excise officers, is a work of joy. Should, however, the Regie coldjis kill a smuggler, they not being government officers, are often treated as common murderers.

The three principal classes of the population, says Sir Vincent, carry on the business of smuggling—the official class, the army, the tobacco growers and peasantry as a whole. This practically means the whole population. The army are the greatest smugglers. Being rendered well-nigh sacrosanct by his uniform, the soldier does a roaring trade under the very nose of the Regie.

In other cases armed bands of smugglers carry on the business in defiance of law and authority. Conflicts occur in which the population side with the smugglers, and occasionally pitched battles are fought with the gendarmerie.

Sir Vincent Caillard remarks pathetically, "In a country where no one is paid, and every one is poor, but every one, as elsewhere, 'must live,' the monopoly of an article which is considered rather in the light of a necessity than a luxury has not a favorable atmosphere to thrive in."

Salt smuggling is another industry that thrives well. In Mesopotamia, that blessed word, the nomad tribes pack their camels with salt from the summer-dried lakes, and Sir Vincent remarks, with an evident sigh, "You can't deal with them unless you have an army."

On the drink question—they have a drink question in teetotal Turkey—Sir Vincent says that more spirits are drunk by the Mussulmans than wine. Spirits are taxed ten times more lightly than in England; wine is heavily taxed—a mistake, says Sir Vincent.

A curious reflection finds it way into the report. Sir Vincent foresees a decrease in the birth rate, due to the absence from home for ten months of some 200,000 men, who were called out during the Greco-Turkish war. The diminution of infants—a most valuable capital, says Sir Vincent—will, he thinks, make itself felt throughout the empire.

QUEER PIERRE LOTI.

Even Silk Is Not Soft Enough for the Superfine French-man.

Pierre Loti, confirmed traveler and popular writer, is also—he himself admits and advertises the fact—a sybarite.

He loves life and all things beautiful. He has a horror of death, the thought of which pursues and haunts him at times. Yet tombs have a dread fascination for him, and he visits cemeteries to see the graves of little children.

There are no silks woven too soft to satisfy his sense of touch. There are no flower gardens so brimming with golden perfume that his desire for sweet odors is appeased. The plash of fountains, the blaze of colors—harmonious in words, in sounds, in hues—all these delight and entrance him. A harsh accent, a word misplaced, a vase ungraceful, a coat unshapely—these are to him more pain than the crumpled rose leaf to the fabled princess.

It is in "Figures et Choses qui Passent," a collection of stories and sketches from among people of the far East and of the Basque country, that M. Loti gives this interesting view of himself. It affords a fine contrast to his other role—that of a naval officer used to hardship and stern discipline.

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—AND—

Classified Ready Reference Guide.

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Samuel Eppstein, 605-6 American Bank building. 'Phone 2527.

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Dr. Jean Robert Moechel, 712-14 Wyandotte.

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NOBLE EARL IN BALLET.

EXTRAORDINARY FREAK OF THE YOUTHFUL EARL OF ROSSLYN.

Soon to Appear in London on the Professional Stage as a Ballet Dancer—He Made a Hit as an Amateur in Female Impersonations.

James Francis Harry St. Clair Erskine, fifth Earl of Rosslyn, Baron Loughborough, Lieutenant First Fifeshire volunteer corps—these are the full names and titles of the young Englishman who is about to shock his friends and his family by appearing on the professional stage as a ballet dancer in a new play written expressly for him by A. W. Pinero.

EARL OF ROSSLYN.

Why a ballet dancer? Because, says the New York Herald, it is in female impersonations of this sort that the noble earl has made his hit as an amateur. Why, then, forsake the amateur stage for the professional? Because the noble earl is deeply and hopelessly in debt. The noble earl has a wife and two children to support and a heavily mortgaged estate to keep up. The noble earl, moreover, is very vain of his semi-professional accomplishments and would like to parade them before the great world.

The noble earl became a noble earl on the death of his father in 1890. That gentleman was, at least, a man. He did not belie the heritage of virility which was his birthright as a descendant of the haughty house of Erskine, Earls of Mar, whose family have played so conspicuous a part in the history of Scotland. He did not, indeed, inherit the brains of the Erskines. Yet he cut a respectable figure in the world as a statesman and diplomat. He was something of a wit and something of a poet. But he was best known as a patron and an active participator in all field sports.

Hyperion and the Satyr.

He had a lordly air, we are told. The present earl has not. After Hyperion the Satyr. Yet in appearance 'tis harmless enough Satyr, thin, delicate, spindle shanked, with a very slight mustache as the only facial evidence of manliness.

Born the 18th of March, 1869, he had barely arrived at his majority when he inherited the earldom with its vast accompanying estates. He had been married a few months previously. But no family ties and no sense of prudence could keep him from plunging at once into a vortex of dissipation. His personal property in stocks and bonds alone is estimated to have been some £300,000, or a million and a half of dollars. That went first. To-day it has disappeared. Little supper parties at fifty dollars a plate, diamonds and rubies for little actresses who pleased his fancy for the moment, lavish banquets for his male friends, the losses on the turf and in gambling dens—it takes no great mathematician to figure out how it all went.

At the little after theater supper parties the chief entertainment used to be high kicking. The earl could hold his own with even the most famous of the music hall artistes. Having begun his kicking in masculine evening dress, Lord Rosslyn found it more convenient to don a ballet girl's costume for the purpose.

In Amateur Theatricals.

And now no pent up supper room could confine his powers. He wished his friends and acquaintances to bask in the glory of his success. So it was announced that he would appear at an amateur performance for charity, to which only the elite would be admitted. He did appear. He was encored. At the encore, however, he seems to have lost his head and many of the elite said that he was indecent and disgusting.

The earl determined to appear to the public. It was not merely historic vanity that urged him to this course. He had spent all of his patrimony which the law allowed him to touch. He was in desperate financial straits. He thought, and perhaps thought rightly, that a real earl appearing before the footlights in a real ballet girl's costume would attract the £ s. d. of the British public from lords to commoners.

Pinero after some hesitation undertook to write a play in which the earl could exhibit his talent. The play is now complete and in rehearsal. It is said that it will be produced in March.

The British aristocracy is shocked. The members of the earl's immediate family are in a state of consternation. His eldest sister is the Duchess of Sutherland, wife of the scion of one of the proudest and most ancient families in England. Another sister is the Countess of Westmoreland, a title that dates back to 1624. By blood and by marriage he is related to the flower of the British blue blood.

The New Clerk's Mistake.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Druggist—"What did you mean by filling that prescription for $1. I always charge $4."

New clerk—"It was a rule with my former employer that when a thing cost less than 20 cents it should retail for $1."

Druggist—"But you must remember, young man, that we give trading stamps. Don't make such a mistake again."