LUCKY BALDWIN'S STORY

THE CALIFORNIAN CROESUS TELLS HOW HE BECAME RICH.

His Early Experiences Perilous Rides Along the Rockies Desperate Fights with the Indians—From a Grocery to Great Wealth—A Remarkable Career.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 17.—Room [illegible] at the Galt House is occupied by a medium-sized white-haired man, who is usually seen in a plain dark suit, with a coat of the double-breasted sack cut. There is nothing flashy about him. The man is E. J. Baldwin, familiarly known as "Lucky Baldwin," the noted California sportsman. Mr. Baldwin has been here for some days attending the fall races with his string of racers. Last night Mr. Baldwin related to a reporter much of his early experience, how he rose from poverty to millions, and what dangers and labors he passed through before he reached wealth. He was born near Cincinnati, O., but in 1853 was running a small store in Racine, Wis., endeavoring to take care of himself and a young wife.

For four years the fame of the golden California coast had traversed all parts of the east and the Mississippi valley. Stories of how men, one day the possessors of nothing, on the next the owners of fortunes, were common, and all were believed. In that same year, 1853, Mr. Baldwin sold out his little store in Racine, and he and his wife joined a wagon train to make their perilous way across the plains to the new Eldorado, where fortune had fair to smile on all.

INDIANS NEAR TERRIBLE DANGER

to the emigrants, and during the year that Mr. Baldwin chose for his journey they were worse than they had ever been before or since, although there is much reason to believe that many of the robberies and murders were committed by the Mormons disguised as Indians. Mr. Baldwin's train was not an exception to the list of sufferers, and he graphically related how the attack was made.

"When we came to the Humboldt river, in Colorado, we split our party, separated about [illegible] wagons were myself and wife, and we had to pass around the western shoulder of the Humboldt range. We had [illegible] the most portion of the trail for several days, and had gone around the west, when we had let the evening [illegible] water in a little valley with a range hill on one side. The night passed away [illegible] early the next morning [illegible] daylight, shots were fired at us from the hill.

"A party of 5 Indians concealed themselves among the rocks [illegible] on top of the cliff, and were beginning a lively fire upon our party. We had passed our wagons in a kind of semi-circle, and barricading behind them, we returned the fire. Our people were armed well armed, for they had only a number of old guns that could not be depended on, and very little damage was done on either side. The Indians sent part of their men around and they came down to the valley, opening a fire from our side. Things grew too hot and we had to take flight. We hitched up our horses and took our course through a kind of canyon that led through the hills.

"[illegible] a yell, And soon overtook our wagons. They could have killed us, but evidently thought they had a sure thing and returned to sport with us for a while. I was driving the wagon, in which lay my wife who was ill. Two Indians, each with a cocked revolver, seized hold of the bridles of my horses and ran along by the side. I gave myself up for lost, but the Indians did not shoot.

"[illegible] Just at the bend [illegible] a large ox train, embracing a party of about seventy-five people. They, too, had been attacked by the Indians, and had built a fortification held them at bay. [illegible] our party and the Indians who were attacking us ran upon this train before we knew it, and the Indians were afraid to pursue us further. We at once joined forces with the other crowd, while the two parties of Indians did the same. They surrounded us daily, and drawing around the tall grass, fired upon us whenever a man exposed himself, yet they were not sufficiently strong to storm our fortifications. We remained in that spot two weeks, when the Indians finally left us and we made the remainder of our way to California unmolested. The band that attacked us belonged to the Apache tribe.

Mr. Baldwin's fortune did not come to him by some sudden stroke of luck, as his sobriquet would indicate, but was accumulated gradually. When he reached San Francisco he embarked in the business of a small hotel, but ran it for only two weeks. A friend whom he had known in the east was interested in a government contract for making brick. Mr. Baldwin obtained a share in the venture, although he knew nothing in the world about making brick.

"But I was determined to learn," he said, "for a man can do anything and I bought a book on the art of brickmaking. I sat up at night and studied it, mastering the details."

The brickmaking venture prospered, and the emigrant began to make money, clearing about $[illegible] a month on his contract. From that kind of business he passed to some other, and turned his hand to almost everything, as he himself has said. Finally he drifted to the stock market, and began to make money rapidly. Mining stocks were the kind he traded in, and a keen eye for business caused him to rarely lose.

"That is the way I made my money," he said, "for I never had any great stroke of luck like some other men. The Chronicle gave me my name of 'Lucky' for some successful venture that I had made in stocks. I worked hard and I examined the mines that I bought. I crawled through tunnels and went down shafts, and labored for years like a slave.

"I have made some big deals," said Mr. Baldwin. "In 1875 I cleared four and a half millions at one time out of the Ophir mine at Virginia City, Nev. I had all the dealers on the coast and the California Bank against me, but

I OUTWITTED THEM, AND BROKE THE BANK,

or rather that was what led to its break. By the way, the history of that bank has been rather remarkable. It broke in 1875 for $[illegible],000,000, but it paid off everything, and its stock is now worth double the par value. When I had the bank and its friends outwitted, I could have made $[illegible],000,000. Somebody might have shot me, but still I could have done it."

In his capacity as millionaire, Mr. Baldwin has of course rubbed against the other millionaires of the Pacific coast, and is intimately acquainted with them all. He says that the railroad men are the richest of the crowd. Mackay made his fortune out of mines, and he and Baldwin have crawled through many miles of tunnel together. Mr. Baldwin puts his wealth at $20,000,000, and that of Flood and O'Brien at $10,000,000 each. Fair's he estimates at $10,000,000. The railroad people go above that. The estate of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, he says, is worth over $30,000,000, and that of Crocker about $40,000,000. Leland Stanford is also worth $40,000,000. San Francisco, Mr. Baldwin estimates to be the richest city in the world in proportion to its population. There are plenty of millionaires there whom one has never heard of.

The Californian is a devoted admirer of fast horses, and has an immense stud farm north of Los Angeles. He was the owner of Mollie McCarthy when she made her race against Ten Broeck, and believes that the little mare would have won had it not rained the night before the race.

The Poet Stedman.

Whatever we may say of Mr. Stedman's opinions, every one here admires him for the splendid fight he has made since his failure as a banker and broker two years ago. He retains his seat in the Board of Brokers and speculates on his own account while continuing his literary work unremittingly. Every dollar of his indebtedness—nearly $[illegible]—was paid. In the days of his prosperity he occupied a charming house on Fifty-fourth street, near Fifth avenue, full of beautiful books and pictures by his artist friends. On the top floor was his study, a spacious room, containing an immense table, a well-stocked library, and masses of newspaper cuttings and manuscript material. There every night, after a long day's labor at his office and in the Stock Exchange, with part of an evening spent perhaps at the Century Club, he applied himself to composition at an hour when most people were going to bed, and wrote until 2 o'clock in the morning. His hospitality was always generous and attractive. At present he leases Mrs. Bayard Taylor's house in Thirtieth street during her absence in Europe, and does not go out anywhere except to the Century and Authors' Clubs. He pursues the same system of work all day in the shrieking crowd of the Stock Exchange, where the thermometer goes up to 100 degrees in the shade, followed by literary tasks in the evening. Before his financial disaster he was founding for himself a picturesque castle by the sea in Newcastle, N. H., but this summer he remains in New York. Altogether Stedman is a much more remarkable figure than Rogers, the once famous banker-poet of London. Although small of stature and far from strong physically, his abundant iron-gray beard and sparkling eyes hint of the energy that has kept him up. Hardly one man in a thousand could have led those two exacting and harrassing lives of broker and author without breaking down.—*N. Y. Letter to Washington Post.*

Too Healthy.

"Healthy!" exclaimed the passenger from Dakota, "healthy out our way? Should say it was. Nobody ever dies out there. We haven't got time to die. Now, just to show you how we do things, let me tell you. Two years ago I offered to give the town in which I live a beautiful block of lots for a cemetery if they would fence the property and improve it. The citizens grabbed at the chance, and the result of my generosity was a popularity that sent me to the Legislature. Yes, sir, I was elected by a majority of 27 over Silas Upham. Small majority? Should say not. 27 out of a total of 113 votes is enough for any modest man. Well, they accepted my offer and held a meetin' and raised the money. Just to have everything in order I made a trust deed of the property, conditional upon the block being graded, turfed, fenced, sidewalked, sewered, set with shade trees, and in all ways put to the use for which it was designed by the donor within one year from date. That was the language of the contract. What d'ye think of that for a speckerlation, eh?"

"I don't see where you made anything out of it, unless it was the seat in the Legislature."

"The Legislatur' be blowed. I'm an honest man, I am, a public-spirited citizen, and I never made more than $900 in the Legislatur' besides my salary. But that block, just think of it. It's the prettiest piece of property in the territory, and my residence is situated right in the midst of that nice little grove of trees, and——"

"But are there no graves there?"

"Nary a grave on the block, stranger. That was just the trouble. A few days before their year run out they tried to ring in the body of a pauper from the adjoining county, but they couldn't play no such game on me. I went on to the other county and got out a habeas corpus on that dead chap and held him until the year was up. That's the advantage of living in a healthy country."—*Chicago Herald Train Talk.*

A Snake Up a Tree.

Benjamin and George Brigel, of Rokesomia Furnaces, killed two snakes the other day on the South Mountain. When the reptiles were at first seen the ran up an old chestnut tree and entered a large hollow limb. An ax was procured and the tree was cut down. When the tree fell, both snakes ran out of the hollow limb. A desperate struggle followed, but both snakes were killed. One of them measured ten feet two inches and the other five feet six inches in length. The largest weighed nineteen pounds. In the struggle the large monster coiled itself around the legs of Benjamin, and no doubt would have got the best of him had his brother not, coming to his rescue, cut it in two with his ax.—*Reading Times.*

American heiress (who had just married a title)—"What did that vulgar fellow mean by addressing you so familiarly, Count?" Foreign Count (her new husband)—"Oh, nothing, nothing, my dear. He just happened to know me." "But he did not call you by your title?" "Well, no." "Don't he know you are a count?" "No; he only knows me by my stage name." "Stage name! How romantic! Why, you darling, I did not know you had been on the stage." "Oh, yes; I've been driving a Broadway stage for ten years."—*Philadelphia Call.*

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TWO MERRY LITTLE JAPS.

NOBLE VISITORS FROM TOKIO ON AN AMERICAN TOUR.

Marquis Yamagushi and Viscount Fujinami Tell About Their Experiences During a Brief Stay in the United States—American Horses and Cattle in Japan.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—"Oh, yaith; oh, yaith. Kentuckee horses ver good; Japan like Kentuckee horses ver much," said the Marquis Yamagushi to a reporter at the Ebbitt House last night. The marquis and his two companions, Viscount K. Fujinami and Mr. Nayama, have been commissioned by the Emperor of Japan to make a tour of the world with the view of learning as much as possible about agriculture and the breeding of horses and cattle. They left Tokio, Japan, on Sept. 5, and arrived in San Francisco seventeen days later. Since then they have spent some time making observations in California and Kentucky. From Washington they will go to Pennsylvania and New York, where they will pursue their inquiries and then proceed to England. They expect to spend a year or so in the various countries of Europe, then they will visit Australia, and having thoroughly explored the principal agricultural and stock-raising countries in the world, they will return home and report to their emperor what can be done toward improving the cattle and crops of Japan.

"We shall have some Kentucky horses and some American cattle brought to Japan for breeding purposes," said the marquis, though not in such plain English. "They are much better than Japan cattle. American and Japan horses live together very agreeably. General Grant, after his visit to Japan, sent three stallions to our emperor, and we have bred some very good horses from them. We shall have more of them in Japan. The Kentucky horse is best; the Kentucky horses are very famous."

"Have you tried the Kentucky whisky?"

"Fooskie? Fooskie?"

The Japanese young men didn't catch on at once, but it didn't take them long to understand. Then they laughed wildly, and freely confessed their wickedness.

"Oh, yaith; oh, yaith, we have tried it Kantuckee fooskie and Kentucky horse and Kentuckee pretty girl."

As they mentioned the "Kentuckee pretty girl" the two gay young gentleman from Asia roared themselves tired with a laughter that startled the sojourners in the Ebbitt House, and then danced a brisk fandango round the table.

"Kentuckee fooskie stlong, ver stlong," said the Marquis, shaking his head knowingly, and laboring to subdue the laugh which strove hard to break forth again. "Japanese shiota not so stlong. Shiota good, ver good," and he smacked his lips and thought of home. "No want Kentuckee fooskie in Japan."

"And how about the pretty girls? Won't you say a good word for them to the Emperor?"

The commissioners laughed again as heartily as before, rubbed their hands with joy and danced another fandango across the floor. Then, after distributing fragrant Japanese cigarettes all around, the merry little Viscount owned up. "Oh yaith, oh yaith, Kentuckee girls beautiful, ver nice. We want some Kentuckee girls in Japan; but we no report to the Mikado about them." This remark was accompanied by a long, low laugh that crackled and spluttered like a wet log in a blazing fire.

"The Kentucky horses will suit us well," said the Marquis, "because Japan is a blue grass region too, and the Kentucky horses will think they are at home there."

Viscount Fujinami is a director of a company that is engaged in building a railroad from Tokio to Asmori, a distance of 300 miles—a greater railroad enterprise by far than has ever been undertaken by any single company in England. Already one-fourth of the distance has been completed. A dozen years ago the locomotive had not been seen in Japan.

"Is anything known about the electric light in your country?" the reporter asked.

"Oh, yes," said the marquis. "We use it in many of the ships that we build in Japan, and we are beginning to use it for lighting our streets and our large buildings."

"Why don't you stay as long in the United States as you say you intend to stay in England? Do you expect to find better cattle and better agriculture there?"

"We do not yet know," replied the commissioner from the Mikado, "but we shall see. We mean to see everything. Japanese do not prefer to trade with England. I think Japanese prefer Americans. We like Americans very much."

"You publish daily newspapers in Japan, I understand."

"Oh, yaith; oh, yaith. Japanese like to read the papers. Some of them are sold at one cent, some of them at two, and the most expensive one at four cents. The principal paper is the Tokio Daily News."

"What is its circulation?"

"Circulation? Circulation of Daily News? Circulation of newspaper? Ah, nobody can tell that. I don't know what circulation, but Japanese like to read newspapers."

"If Japan continues to advance and improves as she has been doing under the present emperor, you will leave the United States far behind."

The commissioners laughed. They didn't agree to the proposition. "No," said the little marquis. "In Japan all things are baby. In Asia Japan is called Eastern England. Japan will beat England, but not the Yankee—never lick the Yankee; but we hope to imitate some good style in breeding horses. Would you like to know how many cattle are in Japan? Three years ago ther weere (reading from a little Japanese book) 160,111 cattle and 1,348,191 horses."

"All natives of Japan?"

"Oh, yaith, all native. We have very few American cattle and horses. We are breeding some more since General Grant sent three stallions to our emperor."

"Is there much animal food, such as beef and mutton, eaten in Japan?"

"Oh, yaith; we eat much mutton and beef now."

"Formerly you did not eat flesh?"

"No. Formerly we eat not flesh."

"What was the reason?"

The Viscount laughed as he replied: "Oh, religious reason. But no religious reason now. We eat much beef and mutton now (smacking lips). We make great reforms in Japan. We slaughter 34,776 cattle in one year."

"Native cattle?"

"Oh, yaith; we no slaughter American cattle. American cattle too good to slaughter. We like everything American too much to slaughter."

"But you intend to take American cattle over to Japan and breed large numbers of them, and then you will slaughter and eat them?"

"Oh, yaith; we we will slaughter them then and we will ship American cattle from Japan to the Yankees."

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Cured My Cough

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