

Jim Wardner
of Wardner Idaho

BY HIMSELF

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Jim Wardner
of Wardner Idaho



Faithfully Yours,
Jim Wardner

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JIM WARDNER,
OF
WARDNER, IDAHO.

BY HIMSELF.

NEW YORK:
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DEDICATION.

I have studied longer than a judge in a pet dog show as to whom this book should be dedicated, and amidst the vast number of associations, loves and regrets, I hereby dedicate it, first, to the sweetest mother, the truest wife, and the dearest children of which it was ever man's honor to be son, husband, and father; second, to my ever-living creditors, whose longevity is something extraordinary, and who, if each became a purchaser of this book, would insure its circulation; and third, to the miners of the great Northwest, with whom I have been so closely allied for many years, sharing with them hopes, anticipations and realizations.

J. F. W.

This little flower was taken from the conservatory of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and transplanted into my garden of weeds :

The longer I live and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls toward the heights above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me :
That the Universe rests on the shoulders of love ;
A love so limitless, deep and broad,
That men have renamed it and called it—God.

—New York Journal.

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CHAPTER I.

MY EARLIEST SPECULATIONS.

IF it were possible to instruct the young men of the English-speaking world by means of object lessons from the experience of others, I believe that this autobiography would soon be recognized as one of the most valuable text books extant. In recording the incidents, adventures, business affairs and unique experiences of a life that has never known idle moments and that has, in its feverish haste for gain, invaded nearly all countries and all climes, from the northern extremities of Alaska to the southern parts of Africa, I shall relate only facts and actual personal observations. All of the names of the individuals mentioned are genuine, and all dates and places are correctly given.

To those unacquainted with me, who will read this book, I will introduce myself by stating that I am the "Jim Wardner" after whom the towns of Wardner in Idaho and Wardner in British Columbia are named.

It is generally considered by my most intimate family friends that I am a living and incontrovertible proof that the old saw, "Blood will tell," is not to be relied upon in estimating the effect of a parent's characteristics upon his children; for, while I have been one of the most persistent and tireless searchers after hidden treasures in all parts of the world, my good father lived fifty consecutive years in the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and was quite the contrary, being of a very retiring disposition. He located in Milwaukee in 1836, and died there in 1886. His was the first brick residence built in the city now so famous for its beauty and beer, and therein I was born, May 19, 1846. My dear mother is still alive, at eighty years of age, and notwithstanding that she has been confined to her bed since the first inauguration of Grover Cleveland, her mental energies and high-strung nerves are still unimpaired.

As a youth I was exceedingly restless under any kind of restraint, cared little for books, loved all animals, and developed a disposition to trade and barter with my boy companions rather than to indulge in the usual games and sports of children. I was but eight years old when I one day surprised my mother by confiding to her my first great money-making scheme. I had thought over the project until I was convinced that I could make more money annually upon an original investment of seventy-five cents than she had ever dreamed of. I had figured out every detail before I presented my proposition to my mother and asked her to loan me the necessary capital. I assured her I knew where I could buy a very beautiful rabbit for seventy-five cents; that the boy who owned the rabbit had told me it was a mother rabbit and that it would have eight or ten baby rabbits soon, each of which would probably be more beautiful and valuable than the one I was to purchase. I also told my mother that I had been learning all about rabbits from the boy owner, and that it would be very easy to increase my stock of animals to at least one thousand head by the end of the first twelve months, and that the figures for the next following year became so large I could not calculate them, but that at twenty-five cents each for the rabbits I would be awful rich.

My mother gave me the money; I bought the rabbit; and very soon afterward I had eight young kids to admire and take care of. I fitted up a place in our back yard and worked industriously and methodically to the end I had in view. The young rabbits thrived, and I soon found an opportunity to sell a pair for seventy-five cents. I repaid the loan to my mother, and felt that I had engaged in an interesting and profitable business, and that it was all my own. The business thrived and grew, and I continued it until I was thirteen years old, in the meantime making money enough to buy all my school books, and always having on hand much more spending money than the average boy among my associates. I soon found out that my original calculations did not materialize, and also learned that figures will lie more correctly and seductively than any other medium of untruth. But my rabbit business was a success just the same.

My boy customers were many, and among them I recall Charlie King as one of the best. And now General King, the heroic soldier and gifted author, if he reads these lines, will go back in heart and mind to the sunny, happy days when he so admired my best "pink eyes," and there was no trace of anything but joy above the horizon of our youthful vision. Prof. George H. Peckham, now distinguished as first among educators in Wisconsin, was a good buyer of "bunnies." Among my other well-remembered boy customers were W. H. Wright, Sam. W. Tallmadge, Harry and Fred. Luddington, W. H. Seaman and others; but of all the boys who were my patrons there was one, somewhat older than the others, whom I can never forget. His name was Bill Plummer and he was the thirteenth and youngest son of a good English family that lived in the neighborhood. Bill had a peculiar personality. He was a quiet lad, yet had a faculty of making all the other boys in awe of him without any apparent attempt to exercise any authority or control. I had an instinctive dread of him which was never clear to my mind. It was a case of:

" I do not like thee, Dr. Fell ;
Why it is, I cannot tell ;
But I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

Until I heard that as a young man he had drifted up to Virginia City, in Montana, had been elected Sheriff of the camp, and was soon afterward hung by the Vigilantes, who discovered that he was the chief of the road agents that infested the new mining district, as well as being the duly elected Sheriff. But I doubt if Bill Plummer could have avoided that or a worse fate, for he was number thirteen on the list.

My business career of rabbit-raising had been happy and prosperous; but when I was thirteen years old I gave it up to enter the drug store of I. N. Morton, in Milwaukee, as a clerk and student. I was no more to blame for beginning my career as a druggist at the fatalistic year of my life than was Bill Plummer for being the thirteenth son. I liked the delicate, intricate, and precise nature of my new duties, and as I was of an inquisitive turn I made quick progress; so much so, indeed, that in 1863, when the Thirty-ninth Regiment,

Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, was ready to go to the front in the Civil War, I was appointed by Surgeon-General E. B. Wolcott to the position of hospital steward. We were soon at the front, and the Thirty-ninth Wisconsin was stationed on the Hernando Pike, just out of Memphis, Tennessee. I got along pretty well for a boy of my age, rather liked the authority of my position, and had only one stormy incident during my service. The great Confederate cavalry chief, Forrest, concluded that his mere handful of men were more than a match in dash, daring and deviltry for the considerable Federal army in and about Memphis. At any rate, when our gallant Thirty-ninth heard that Forrest was coming down the pike they started like broncos before a cloudburst, and ran five miles to safety at Fort Pickering. I had remained to get the sick and convalescent into ambulances; but before that work was finished I concluded that Jim Wardner's personal safety was worth much more than any record of heroism that might lead to death, and so I quietly disappeared by crawling into a big bake-oven. I was well secreted, and remained there ten of the longest hours I ever passed before I was sure that I could reach Fort Pickering in safety and rejoin the regiment.

I saved my money while in the army, and after my discharge I returned home for a brief visit, and then made up my mind that I was old enough and big enough to tackle life in New York City. I reached New York full of hope, aspirations and confidence. I put up at the Western Hotel, on Cortlandt street, and at once began looking for a position as druggist. I soon found out that all the high-class pharmacies were fully as particular about how their clerks parted their hair or curled their mustaches as they were about their knowledge and experience; and as I was not quite up to the Eastern style just then, I was finally compelled to accept a clerkship in a drug store located at the then famous (and infamous) "Five Points." I was made night clerk, and quickly discovered that my principal work was the sale of morphine, opium and certain proprietary medicines. The transition from the quiet dignity of Morton's establishment in Milwaukee to the surroundings of a night clerk's duties in the "Five Points," New York, was

marked enough to satisfy any craving for incident or strange experience that a boy of my age might have had.

Before I had been long in my new position I found that one of our most regular patrons was a big, jovial, tremendously profane and equally influential man of the neighborhood, named John Allen. We became so well acquainted that Mr. Allen one night said to me in his most cordial manner :

“Come around to my place some afternoon, Jim, and I’ll show you one of the sights of New York.”

He gave me his number on Water street, and the following afternoon I strolled over to the address given. Over the door was a big sign, “Allen’s Place.” It was directly opposite a very famous resort of which I had heard, “Kit Burns’ Rat Pit.” I saw that the general environment was of an even tougher character than our own business locality, and it was with a bit of indecision that I finally opened the front door and stepped into John Allen’s resort of the ultra-vile habitués of the district. Many times in my life of adventure, excitement and novelty have I been suddenly startled, surprised or frightened, but never before or since have I been quite so astounded as I was the moment I entered “Allen’s Place.”

In the center of the first portion of the front room was a round table, upon which were strewn well-bound, expensive and much-used volumes of the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Poe, Dickens and other standard authors, and in the center of the table was a huge and costly family Bible. To the left center of the room was a long bar ; standing upon the bar was a little boy, apparently about five years old, sweet, innocent and beautiful. It was as if the child had stepped out of one of the master paintings of the Madonna to check the mad revelry that was rioting at the far end of the room, where sailors and women were dancing, drinking and brawling. Before the child stood John Allen ; and the boy, with a marvelous beauty of voice, was declaiming bits of poetry from Burns. Mr. Allen turned and came forward to meet me.

“Well, Jim, glad to see you ! This (lifting the child off the bar) is my little one and pet, Chester. When I feel a bit sentimental and the racket here ain’t too great,

I stand Chester up on the bar or table and he recites my favorite verses for me. He knows a lot from each of our standard poets. 'Now, pet,' said Mr. Allen softly, lifting the boy upon the table, "recite something for Mr. Wardner."

"Is your name Jim?" asked Chester of me; and then, quickly, "I like you."

Somewhat self-reliant though I was, I could say nothing in reply. Then, with the noise and racket of commingled music and shuffling feet, oaths and hideous ribaldry at the farther end of the room, that sweet, fond child stood near the great Bible and repeated *Portia's* address to *Shylock*.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd "

was burned into my very soul.

"It falleth like the gentle rain from heaven upon the just and the unjust"

was thrust into my ear never to be forgotten; and I looked at the drunken, dancing sailors and the painted, polluted women, and for the first time, possibly, in all my life came serious thoughts: Who shall judge them? Shall this child lead them?

With a light laugh and a curious smile of affection little Chester hugged Allen as he lifted the boy from the table, and I hurried away on the plea of being compelled to do extra work at the store.

Soon after this episode the *New York Sun* wrote up Allen as "The Wickedest Man in New York." Instantly he was famous, and for some reason had come to consider me as his closest friend. Some time previous to this the Young Men's Christian Association had been making persistent and successful efforts at reclaiming the denizens of Water street. Much to my astonishment I found that Allen had suddenly become a convert. "Allen's Place" was removed from over the entrance, and in its stead was a huge sign, "Young Men's Christian Association." Here, in place of drunkenness, robbery and the lowest vices, suddenly there were hymns, prayers and sermons. Nightly the place was thronged with the lowest types of the inhumanity of the slums. John Allen became the most effective, and, apparently, the most honest and earnest exhorter

among those who addressed the crowds. He was a powerful man and a powerful speaker. Shameless women cried at his words of warning and beseeching, and hardened criminals became frequenters of the meetings and professed reformation. Chester was a factor in all this, and Allen used the child's talents to advantage.

I saw the effect upon the general public of Allen and Chester, and one day I said to Allen :

"I will put my time against a little of your money, Mr. Allen, and will guarantee to make a thousand dollars or two within a month."

"How?"

"Come with me and see; we must have Chester with us."

"All right, Jim; it's a pleasant day and I don't mind a walk anyway."

We went to a photographer's, and inside of half an hour I had made arrangements to have a number of thousands of photographs of Allen and Chester ready for delivery upon a stated date. One beautiful May morning the photographs of "The Wickedest Man in New York" and the child Chester were on sale all over the city. The result was that in a few days Allen and I divided \$1,500 in cash, over and above all expenses, and I possessed the largest sum of money I had ever owned up to that date.

After a little Allen tried to raise the rent of his place to the Association, and its officers became suspicious that his alleged conversion was sham. But the *Sun* and the photographer had made him famous, and whenever he spoke people crowded to hear him. I noted all this, and surprised Allen one day by saying :

"You are an older man than I am, Mr. Allen, but I have got a plan that can be carried out, and one that will make us both rich. It will beat the photograph racket all to pieces."

"What is it, my boy?"

"You are now the best advertised man in the United States," I replied. "I propose that you advance money enough to pay preliminary expenses; I will make all the arrangements for halls and advertising, and you, with Chester as a side attraction, will deliver ten lectures in ten of the largest cities of the State. There

will be a lot of money in it, and we will divide up the net receipts."

Allen at once appreciated the situation, and we immediately made a bargain. I quit the drug store, went to Troy, engaged the opera house there, and billed the town for the first lecture of "The Wickedest Man in New York." Now Allen's besetting sin was a love of and capacity for whiskey. He and Chester came on to Troy at the appointed time. The evening of the lecture arrived and with it a crowd that not only packed the opera house but filled the neighboring sidewalks. A thousand dollars had been taken in at the box-office. I waited impatiently for Allen. Hours passed, but he did not appear. Then I announced that the money would be refunded at the box-office, and the great crowd passed out. Allen, drunk, was found before morning. It was his last debauch. In three days he died. I took Chester back to New York, and he was taken in charge by the Young Men's Christian Association. I have never heard of Chester from that day to this. If he is living, and this reminiscence comes to his eye, I would like much to hear from him.

CHAPTER II.

THE ANTI-COW-KICKING MILKING STOOL.

Upon my return to New York I began at once hustling for a situation, for the fiasco at Troy had compelled me to part with most of the money I had made in the photograph deal. Within a few days I met an acquaintance who told me that a very eminent physician, a friend of his, needed an assistant, and that he would be willing to pay liberally for the services of a trustworthy young man who had had experience as a druggist. My acquaintance offered to give me a personal introduction and said he would recommend me as "discreet." We sauntered up Broadway a few blocks and I was ushered into the office of Dr. A. M. K., Tapeworm Specialist. In the waiting room were three or four thin-faced, blue-veined, wild-eyed women, and on our entrance there had rushed from an interior room a scared-looking lady, who seemed anxious to get home. I at once concluded that the doctor had lots of business, and that I would probably get a position. He was so busy, indeed, that we were compelled to await his pleasure for more than an hour.

Finally, Dr. K. came out and greeted us, asked me a few questions, and upon learning that I was from the West, said he would try me for a week. I began my work as assistant to a tapeworm specialist the next morning. I was put in the laboratory and was given several bottles and boxes, unlabeled, save that on each was marked a number of grains or proportions. I was told that my work would consist largely in mixing and preparing prescriptions that would be given me, and that I was to put them up in accordance with weights specified upon the various boxes and bottles. I knew enough not to ask any questions, and I also knew enough to determine the character of some of the unnamed drugs. This knowledge gave me some clue to the *modus operandi*

of the doctor, and though he seemed greatly disinclined to give information, I finally by strategy won from him his secret. Just what this was I shall not state here. Suffice it to say, that each day no less than ten patients were diagnosed as suffering from tapeworm, each was treated, and each paid—according to the doctor's ability to size her up—from twenty-five to fifty dollars; and I believe that each patient left the office convinced that she had had a tapeworm removed.

One morning the doctor told me that he could see that I had an eye to business, and that he knew a fellow who had perfected an invention, which, if the rights for any Western agricultural State could be purchased outright, would bring the possessor a fortune. He said that if I had a few hundred dollars of ready money, he thought he could get me the right for the State of Wisconsin (he knew that I was from Milwaukee) at a bedrock price. I told him I had about five hundred dollars. Without delay the kind doctor introduced me to the inventive genius, and I accompanied the latter to a loft down-town. There I was shown a combination milk stool, with a sort of tripod attachment to which was hung a big milk pail. The inventor said:

“Of course, you have lived in the country, and know how to milk cows?”

“No, I never milked a cow; but I know how it is done.”

“Well, that's just as well, for you will comprehend at once the great value of this anti-cow-kicking milking machine. You know, my boy, that more than eighty per cent. of cows kick, and the milking of them is often not only a tiresome but a hazardous undertaking. With this machine it is impossible for a cow to kick over the milk pail. I have shipped within a month more than one thousand machines to South America. I have the rights for only one State left, and that is so far away I hardly think you will care to invest.”

“What State is it?” I asked.

“Wisconsin; it's a great dairy State, but you know it's a long ways from New York.”

Well, the upshot was that after a good deal of bargaining, I actually turned over my five hundred dollars of good and lawful money of the United States and took

a complicated agreement, printed upon green paper, which made me the sole proprietor of the right to manufacture, use and sell the "Anti-Cow-Kicking Milking Machine" in the entire State of my nativity. Now it happened that during my stay in New York I had been in correspondence with a Milwaukee young lady, with whom I was very much in love—and with whom in these many intervening years the sentiment has grown as we shared our triumphs and troubles together—and I was anxious to return to my home. It also happened that my mother-in-law that was to be had but a little while before been presented with a gentle Alderney cow by Judge Daniels, of Lockport, N. Y., who had had the animal shipped from his farm out to Milwaukee. The cow was as kind as a kitten. The great inventor of the machine which I believed was to make my fortune, had kindly superintended the construction of a specially well-finished model for my use. It was painted red, was nickel-plated in parts, and was as pretty as a new wagon. The very afternoon of my arrival I carried the machine over to my prospective mother-in-law's house and, after extolling the merits of my invention, I begged her to have it tested that evening on the Alderney. The servant who did the milking was instructed to try the new combination, and started to do so ; but the moment the tripod was placed and the maid started to sit upon the stool, that gentlest of Alderneys shot out and back a right hind foot—and we were so busy carrying the maid into the house that there was no time for me to even examine the fragments of my future fortune.

Soon afterward I was offered and accepted a position as traveling salesman of druggists' sundries for the firm of Kelly & Edmunds, of 176 Washington street, Boston. I had made but one trip for the concern—which was one of the largest and best houses in the East—when George L. Kinsman, of Milwaukee, who had married a young lady with considerable money in her own right, offered to make me a partner in a new pharmacy which he wanted to establish. I accepted the proposition at once. Kinsman and I then fitted up, at a cost of ten thousand dollars, the "Palace Drug Store," and we started out with the best of prospects. I was now in business and concluded that I could afford to marry—

the best and most permanent conclusion I have ever carried out. Everything seemed particularly favorable to success. But one day inexplicable Fate walked into the "Palace Drug Store," and in a few minutes a prominent citizen was poisoned and our business was ruined.

It was in this way : One of our clerks was Philo —, a careful, conscientious, and skillful druggist. He started to wait upon the customer, who wanted a dose of valerian. Upon the shelf was a bottle of Tilden's extract of *veratrum viride*, the maximum dose of which is five drops. Beside that bottle was Tilden's fluid extract of English valerian, a harmless narcotic, of which a usual prescription is two teaspoonfuls. Philo gave the dose out of the wrong bottle, and the customer fell in spasms on the marble floor.

I quit the drug business that day.

CHAPTER III.

HOGS AND A TRIP TO ARIZONA.

That was the turning point in my career. I concluded to get as far away from the scene of that accident as the limits of the continent would permit, and I started for California, resolved upon a new field, new friends and whatever opportunities might be presented. I had an uncle, Mr. George O. Tiffany, living at Los Angeles, and after visiting San Francisco I concluded I would make him a visit. That was in 1871, and the "City of the Angels" was a quaint old Spanish-Mexican town of few pretensions and less attractions. My uncle, however, was a Los Angeles enthusiast, and he talked me into the belief that the place would soon enjoy a "boom." The result was that I bought six acres of land near the town, for which I paid two thousand dollars, and which, my uncle assured me, would raise five thousand dollars' worth of oranges each season, if properly irrigated and properly set out with orange trees. In those days in that locality the only means of obtaining water was by sinking artesian wells. After acquiring title and concluding that my real mission in life was to enjoy the "glorious climate of California" and become a fruit grower, I sank two artesian wells and both proved to be fine "flowers." I was overjoyed at my prospects; but one morning I found that my wells ceased to flow, and investigation proved that my neighbor, who had been sinking wells also, had tapped the water vein above and had rendered my work useless. I at once offered my ranch for sale and succeeded in getting the purchase price back. These same six acres afterward sold, in 1888, for one hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

Soon after disposing of my land, and while I was trying to make up my mind whether it would be best to return to "the States," or take passage for Honolulu,

who should I meet in Los Angeles one day but my old boy friend and rabbit buyer, Will —. He said that he had just come up from San Diego and that he had a scheme which would make more money than a mint.

"All I want is one thousand dollars," said Will, "to start the most profitable business on the Pacific Coast."

"Well, what's the plan?" I queried.

"Hogs."

"Hogs?"

"Yes, hogs; say, Jim, I haven't any figures that will do this thing justice; but listen: A short distance from San Diego, say about twelve miles up in the San Julian Mountains, is a vast natural park timbered with oak trees that bear acorns, which are the best hog food in the world. The tract of land is unoccupied, and I want to buy a thousand dollars' worth of hogs, herd them up there, fatten them without cost, and realize at least five hundred per cent. the first season. You were such a success in the rabbit business, Jim, that I know we can succeed in this enterprise. We can buy all the pigs we want at two dollars each, and in the fall, when fat, they will sell for ten dollars each."

It certainly did look reasonable that if a man could buy five hundred pigs at two dollars each, drive them up to the mountains, where they could get, without cost, all the food they could eat, and then sell them in the fall at ten dollars each, that there was good safe money in the scheme. So I gave Will one thousand dollars, and he returned to San Diego. Soon afterward I heard from him, and everything was lovely. He had bought the pigs, succeeded in getting them into the mountains, had built a shack to live in, and was happy. About three months after I had received the letter I went down to San Diego and was soon on the trail leading to our hog ranch. I found Will's shack all right, and he was sitting in the doorway when I first sighted him, apparently asleep. Upon my near approach he seemed to awaken suddenly, gave a spring to one side, grabbed a big stick, and stood prepared to strike at something. Then he recognized me.

"Good Lord! Jim, is that you? I thought it was a hog, and was just going to smash him."

“Why, Will, what’s the matter? Why do you want to smash a hog? Where are they, anyhow?”

“The fact is, Jim, our hog-raising is a failure. I brought in here five hundred of the neatest pigs you ever saw, but I have found out that it takes at least a quarter-section of oak-timbered land to feed one hog. The result is that our pigs are scattered all through the San Julian Mountains, and most of them are so wild and starved that they are dangerous. I have had them attack me, and that is why, when you awakened me suddenly, I thought one of the hogs had got after me again.” Then he said: “Look there, look!” Sure enough an old razorback, with elongated snout and frothy mouth, had emerged from the underbrush and was going for acorns faster than a chicken after grasshoppers. He closed the door of the shack, opened up a loop-hole, and not until this wild and starved scavenger had disappeared did I venture out.

I did not care to investigate the hog ranch any farther, so I returned to San Diego, and thence to Los Angeles as quickly as possible, satisfied that Will had at least got even with me for the numerous potato-swelled mother rabbits I had sold him so long ago.

When I returned to Los Angeles, I found the people of the town perfectly wild over reports that had come in of rich mineral discoveries in Arizona. It was my first experience of a mining stampede, and I caught the fever at once in its strongest and most malignant type. I may as well confess here that I have had it ever since, and shall carry it with me to my grave, because it is not an infatuation, it is a business, with many chances and perils; a speculative business, combined with fresh air, ozone galore, and the companionship of the best fellows on earth. No competition in this business, no jealousies, plenty of room, and always hope.

The new camp was called Ivanpah, and it was about two hundred and sixty miles from Los Angeles. The route then lay across the Mojave Desert, and the trail was reported to be about the straightest known pathway to certain death. Among the prospectors who had returned from Ivanpah for supplies and who had rich ore samples to exhibit was John D. Reed, a San Bernardino young fellow, who was known to my uncle, and who

was said by him to be "square." Reed said that if I wanted to "outfit" with him, he was agreeable, and so we became "pardners." We bought four pack animals and two saddle broncos, the usual kit of miners' tools, blankets, guns, ammunition, food supplies, etc., and started for Ivanpah one August morning in 1871. We fell in with a lot of fellows bound on the stampede, and things went along pretty well until just before we reached the Mojave Desert.

My bronco had got mixed up in his riata and had "burned" his fetlock joint, so that by the time we had got fairly in the desert the sand and heat together made him so lame that I was obliged to get off and walk. I gradually fell behind the others, but the trail was plain and I did not dream of any danger. Suddenly there came up one of those sand-storms for which that section of the country is famous. In a few minutes every sign of the trail was obliterated, and my eyes, ears and throat were filled with the burning alkali dust that seemed to move along like a solid wall. I was very much frightened, for I knew to be lost on that trail without water meant death. Then it occurred to me that I had heard of persons getting lost in blizzards and that invariably they walked in circles. I determined that my safety depended largely upon my ability to keep going straight ahead. The storm had lessened somewhat in force, and while I could see no trace of a trail I could see objects like stones or boulders a few feet away. I then adopted the plan of standing still a moment, fixing my eye on an object which seemed to be straight in front of me and then walking directly to it. Then selecting another object I repeated the operation. I followed up that procedure for more than three hours and *never looked behind me once*. By that time the storm was over, and, unexpectedly and joyfully, I struck the trail again. I was so overcome with exhaustion and burning thirst that I feared I would lose my mind, but I fairly pulled my limping bronco along the trail. Just as it was getting dusk the bronco began to sniff the air and to hurry along as fast as it was possible for him to hobble. I knew then that we must be near the Cady oasis and spring, upon which Reed told me we were to camp that night. I toiled up over a

sand-hill and in the dim light before me I could see, below, the camp. I left the bronco to follow, ran down the incline to the beautiful spring, which made Camp Cady famous, and without speaking to any one and without removing my clothes, I dived headlong into the cold water. The boys concluded that I had gone insane and quickly grabbed hold of me and pulled me out. The plunge bath revived me, and I was soon able to do justice to the supper that Reed cooked and to rather enjoy the compliments that were paid to the "tenderfoot" who had been able to take care of himself in a genuine and furious sand-storm on the Mojave Desert.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. SNOWBALL; THE BELCHER AND LIZZIE BULLOCK MINES.

We arrived at Ivanpah without further mishap, and then began my career as a miner; a career which for diversity of experience and wide range of country explored, exploited and operated in, has never been equaled by another individual.

My partner, Reed, I quickly discovered, was a straightforward, practical fellow, and although only twenty-one years old, was well up in the art of prospecting and knew as much about mines and mining as any one in the camp. Soon after reaching Ivanpah we purchased the Lizzie Bullock mine—a single location upon which no work had been done but which showed surface indications in the way of little knife-like seams of sulphurets of silver running through the limestone formation. Much to my surprise Reed knew how to assay and had with him an outfit for simple tests. He found that the sulphurets carried about six hundred ounces of silver to the ton, and, although there were nothing but knife-streaks in sight, he advised buying the claim at Clark's price, which was five hundred dollars. Reed had no money, but sewed up in my clothes were enough greenbacks to buy the Lizzie Bullock. We bought the property and began work. It did not take me long to find out that by following up the little seams we would come to places where the seam widened and into little chimneys of ore, which would be from six to twelve inches in width, with a pay chute eight to ten feet long. These were our bonanzas, and from them we took our ore supply by means of a tunnel only. As soon as we had out two or more tons we packed it on mules and would start on the two hundred and sixty mile journey to Los Angeles. As there were sixty miles of desert to cross we

also packed water and food, and the trip was always a hard one.

On one of our trips across the Mojave Desert, in August, 1872, the weather was very hot and dry and the sand and alkali were fearful. To add to our troubles our cook went crazy. He was a white-haired man, with those peculiar gray eyes so hard to explain but belonging always to occultists, men of limited education and new ideas. After braining his faithful dog with an axe, he was secured and firmly bound with ropes to a wagon wheel. I, also burning with a fever, lay near him. Being the youngest of the party he addressed me, when alone, as follows :

“I am going to die. I have been a success, yet not a success. Hear the history of my life ; listen, learn and profit by it.” Then he said, very slowly : “I first went to raising mice. I was a success. I raised a world of mice, but I said, ‘Oh, the end does not justify the means.’ I resolved to raise elephants. Here again was I a success. Hundreds and thousands of elephants did I raise—elephants white and blue. But, the result! The markets of the world were soon supplied, and with ‘elephants to sell,’ I was poor indeed. My son, would you succeed, raise neither mice nor elephants. Size yourself up.” He died, but I never forgot the lesson.

Arriving at Los Angeles our product was taken by Lazard Frères, who paid us a uniform price of seven hundred dollars a ton (silver was then worth \$1.29 an ounce), giving us whatever merchandise we thought best to pack back and crediting us with any balance that might be due ; the result was that our capital at “The Frères” increased steadily. Reed and myself began to be recognized as successful miners, and we were both happy and contented.

It will be of interest to miners to know that the ore in our chimneys changed from black sulphurets at the surface to rich yellow chloride of silver at a little depth, then to antimonial silver, and sometimes sand carbonates came in ; but the silver values always remained about the same.

I was now on the high road to fortune. But, of course, something had to happen. It came unexpectedly, and disastrously. We started a pack train of

twenty animals and five men one morning, and all that we ever recovered therefrom were the dead and mutilated bodies of our packers. The Apaches had been troublesome farther east, but we had no fear that they would come in west of the San Francisco Mountains. But they did, and our train was the first to suffer. It was so evident to both Reed and myself that trouble had only just begun that we offered the Lizzie Bullock for sale, and the McFarlands, who owned the adjoining property, quickly paid us our price, five thousand dollars. We had five thousand dollars on deposit with Lazard Frères, so that I quit Ivanpah about five thousand dollars ahead of my first experience in mining and within less than a year's time.

The McFarlands are now rich men. And what of the Lizzie Bullock? For more than twenty-five years it has yielded up its treasures of silver, and in the year 1899 the Lizzie Bullock is a bonanza, even at the low price of silver.

Upon arriving at Los Angeles, having five thousand dollars burning in my pocket, and with the conceit that I was a practical miner, I was ready and eager to try conclusions with any proposition that required nerve and judgment—the nerve being an actuality and the judgment being my own conception of Jim Wardner's ability. I at once learned that San Francisco was in the throes of the greatest speculative investment in mining stocks that the world had ever known, and I decided to reach the Golden Gate as quickly as possible. Reaching San Francisco, I put up at the Occidental Hotel, at that time the principal hostelry upon the Pacific Coast. Mackay, Flood and O'Brien, merchants, doctors, lawyers, priests, rich men, poor men, yes, even beggars and thieves—everybody bought and sold the stocks of the Nevada bonanzas. Well, those of us who were there saw some pretty lively times and had some sudden experiences. I at once began to play the limit with my cash resources, and in a very few days I was more than fifty thousand dollars ahead of the game.

How easy it was.

I began to seriously blame myself for having wasted so much time in the Lizzie Bullock and the tiresome journeys across the Mojave Desert. I lived like a prince

at the Occidental, and between champagne and success my head was abnormally swollen.

It's different now.

It gradually became known that Jim Wardner, the successful stock manipulator, was also a practical miner, and one day a man came to me and said:

"My name is Snowball and I am a stock broker. I have heard the reports of your activity in the market, and have also learned that you are a practical miner. I have use for a genuine miner who knows enough to keep his mouth shut. There is a chance to make a million."

When Mr. Snowball told me his peculiar name I almost laughed in his face, for I thought it must be an assumed one and that he was "working me." A wicked thought came into my head—I'll roll you, Mr. Snowball—and I said:

"I will call at your office, Mr. Snowball, and there talk over your plans. I am, as you have learned, not only a practical, but a successful miner. I was a half owner in the Lizzie Bullock."

I visited Mr. Snowball's office that day, found that he was a genuine broker with lots of business, and that he was one of the few dealers who believed in having some tangible fact upon which to base calculations. The result of it was that Mr. Snowball and I started that night for Virginia City, Nevada, which was the fountain source of all the excitement and fortune-making of the day. Upon arrival at the wonderful mining town we were met by a Mr. Daly, who was the superintendent, or manager, of the Segregated Belcher, one of the "boom mines." Examination of the Segregated Belcher convinced me, inexperienced as I was, that the property was absolutely valueless, and was dependent for its reputation solely upon its proximity to the genuine Belcher and the Crown Point. Returning to San Francisco as quickly as possible, I went directly to Webster, Soule & Co., and ordered them to sell Segregated Belcher for me and to sell it quick. In a very short time Mr. Webster came to me and said that affairs were in such shape at Virginia City that he would be compelled to ask for large margins upon my sale of Segregated Belcher. He wanted forty-eight thousand dollars, and

I gave it to him and thought to myself how little these fellows knew of the real situation; then I sauntered back to the Occidental, gave a champagne supper to four of my acquaintances and retired with supreme confidence that I would soon be recognized as the smartest man in 'Frisco. I got up pretty late the next morning, and after getting out on the street I noticed a good deal of hurry and excitement all about me. I wondered if the market had "gone all to pieces" as I, too, rushed toward the Stock Exchange. It was before the opening hour of the Exchange, but as I approached it I saw a great crowd of excited men about the curb. In a minute more I was near enough to see that one of J. R. Keene's representatives was standing on an orange wagon and shouting: "I bid seven hundred." Knowing that no stock had approached any such figure the day before, I asked the man at my elbow:

"What stock is he bidding for?"

"Yellow Jacket."

"Why, that closed last night at two hundred and fifty."

"Yes; but the news came early this morning that a big bonanza had been struck in the lower levels of the Gould and Currie and that the whole bottom of the Comstock is undoubtedly a bed of solid silver. Where under the heavens have you come from that you haven't heard the news?"

"From my bed," I replied vaguely; then I braced myself for the question: "Any bids for Segregated Belcher?"

"Just a few minutes ago they were offering five hundred dollars for it."

For the first time in my life—and I may truthfully say, the last time also—my nerve forsook me. We were standing at the corner of California and Montgomery streets, and I was obliged to put my hand on the corner-stone of a building to prevent my falling to the pavement. Then I rallied sufficiently to get back to the hotel, to reach my room and get into bed. There I remained ten days, hardly conscious of my surroundings. That was my first and last attack of nervous prostration. When I recovered sufficiently to get out again I learned that Webster, Soule & Co. had failed;

that every dollar of my money and \$162,500 in addition had been lost upon my single sale of Segregated Belcher. I noticed, however, that the few acquaintances I met greeted me cordially, made no reference to my loss, and then I discovered that, owing to the tremendous excitement of the days I had been in bed, no one seemed to be aware that I was a pauper. In fact, a friend took me aside and told me that he had a sure thing on Huhn and Hunt, of Pioche, Nev., and advised me to buy at once. He had already left me when Mr. Snowball happened along. To my surprise Mr. Snowball shook hands with me and greeted me with :

"Hello, Jim ; where have you been the last two weeks ?"

"To the Springs," I replied, bracing up and smiling (I meant close proximity to an Occidental Hotel spring mattress).

"Lucky as ever ! Say, but that was a narrow escape we had. Now, Jim, why is it you do not give me your business ? I can handle it as well as any one."

"It's like this, Snowball ; when I deal at all I like to do something worth while, and so it is necessary for me to tie up to a concern that is strong enough to carry me temporarily in case I get in close quarters."

"My dear fellow, haven't I made barrels of money lately ? I can take care of all that as well as any concern on the Exchange. Give me an order and see."

"I have got a pretty sure thing on Huhn and Hunt, and if you want to buy me ten thousand shares go ahead, but be quick about it."

Mr. Snowball rushed away, and in a few minutes I received notice that he had secured a portion of the shares at \$3.50, but that so large an order had forced the stock up to \$4.50, and that my average was an even \$4, and the order was completely filled. Almost instantly Huhn and Hunt commenced to advance. I gave the order to sell when \$6 was reached. Snowball unloaded a little at that price ; then the market turned, and I told Snowball to close my deal. He managed to do so, and the next day paid me \$3,750. I was again confident of success. Snowball became a close companion.

"You are the luckiest man living," he would say, and I would reply :

"Nerve and judgment are all a man needs in this market, Snowball."

Then we began making deals together. One day the bottom fell out of the market, and Snowball and I were both broke. Soon after this as I walked along California street one day, I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out two quarters—all the money I owned. I stopped upon the grating in the sidewalk in front of a saloon and wondered whether I had better spend one of my quarters for a "bracer." The coin slipped from my fingers and fell through the grating. Then I said to myself: "I have dropped a coin through that grating; others must have done the same thing; there is probably a miniature mint down there." I went into the saloon, ordered a drink, paid for it with my last quarter, and then said to the bartender

"I dropped a quarter through the grating just now into the areaway, and I want to go in there and pick it up."

"Certainly; go right down those stairs and through the door into the area."

I followed directions, found my quarter, and also several other coins. Then I began to paw over the dirt and refuse and bits of paper, and in less than half an hour I had found \$9.60. The bartender had been busy and, of course, thought no more of the customer who wanted to go into the areaway. I ordered another drink and remarked that it had taken me some time to find my quarter. I went out of that saloon as happy as a lark. I had nothing to do, so I strolled up to a place on Montgomery street, where a Milwaukee acquaintance named Burr had established a small factory for making fine shirts. Burr greeted me enthusiastically, and at once wanted me to buy a dozen of his best shirts at \$36, remarking casually:

"Of course you don't need any credit, but it will help me to have your name on my order book for thirty days."

"All right, Burr, wrap them up and I will take them with me."

I also had another friend in the shirtmaking business, Ben Wilkins, of Market street. I took the package under my arm, went to Wilkins' place and asked him

what he would give for a dozen of Burr's best make, that they did not suit me and I disliked to offend Burr by taking them back. Wilkins said he would give me \$24, which I accepted. Then, with \$33.60 in my pocket I concluded that I would get as far from San Francisco as that sum would carry me. I must mention here that Burr eventually got full pay for his shirts.

At that time there was a good deal of talk about new mines in the vicinity of Salt Lake City, Utah. I found that I just had money enough to take me to that place, so I quietly got out of San Francisco without bidding any of my friends good-bye.

CHAPTER V.

SNOW-SLIDES.

I reached Salt Lake City with just one good silver dollar in my pocket. I found that there was a prosperous camp at Alta City, nineteen miles distant from Salt Lake, and well up in the Wasatch Mountains. I started forthwith for Alta City, and reached there that night to find that the thousand or more inhabitants of the town—men, women and children—were living comfortably and happily forty feet beneath the hard crust of snow which formed the surface of the cañon, and through which innumerable stovepipes were sticking like a lot of black posts. Here, indeed, was a novelty. I literally went "down town" in this my first visit to Alta City, for to get there I had to descend forty feet by means of snow steps cut in corkscrew fashion down a forty-foot shaft. Here were streets, cabins, stores, saloons and all the characteristics of a prosperous mining camp. The streets were tunnels, and the means of egress from the town, by way of the many shafts, gave plenty of air circulation. It was a warm, cozy place, and its inhabitants did not seem to think that there was anything particularly unique in the situation. I went to a boarding house, and the next morning Lem Colbath, manager of the Flagstaff mine, gave me a job at snow shoveling, the object being to get at a lumber pile the top of which was some twenty feet beneath the surface. In the meantime I discovered that I was in a highly prosperous camp. The Little Emma mine joined the Flagstaff, and was becoming a great producer. Gen. Robert Schenck, who taught our English cousins the fascinations of draw poker, had promoted the Little Emma to an English syndicate to the tune of five million dollars. The mines were quite a distance up the mountains from Alta City, and the crust upon the snow in the cañon was so thick and strong that horses could safely haul the ore from the dumps in rawhides right on the surface. The Little Emma shipped its product direct to Swansea, Wales, where it was worth one hundred dollars per ton net.

With other men I was put at work to dig out the lumber pile, and we had nearly completed our second day's labor when suddenly some one in the crew shouted, "She's coming!" Every man started for a shaft to reach the town, I following without knowing just what was the matter but realizing that some sort of danger was imminent. And we were none too quick, for in less time than it takes me to write it a vast avalanche had come down the mountain, piling thirty feet more of snow on Alta City, making a total of about seventy feet in the lowest portions of the town. I began to think that I was in more of a hole than I had been in San Francisco. The people of Alta, however, did not seem to worry any over the situation, and the men at once began the work of raising up through the new snow from the various air-shafts. Before the next morning there was communication again between Alta City and the unburied world. A similar slide on the opposite side of the cañon destroyed Eldorado and twenty men, women and children, and caught a mule train and killed ten drivers and forty mules. The killed people were nearly all Mormons.

A curious thing in connection with the calamity was the fact that the body of the boss of the mule train, Frank Hartwig, was not recovered until the following July. In the meantime his widow had married Bill Borum, and when Hartwig's body was found it was given proper burial, his former wife and new husband being chief mourners.

I applied to Colbath for my two days' pay, received six dollars, and started for Salt Lake City. Arriving there, I went directly to the Townsend House, then the best hotel in town, had a good sleep that night and got up in the morning determined to do business. I noticed a prosperous looking gentleman about the hotel office and soon made his casual acquaintance. His name was Goss and he was from New York. He was looking for a mine—a cheap one. It did not take me long to find prospectors who had claims to sell. One bright young fellow had a location which he had named the Miner's Pride. He wanted some money. I took a bond, or option on it, went to the hotel, and sold Mr. Goss the Miner's Pride at a profit of two thousand dollars on my bond.

I was ready to fly high again.

Then I sent to Milwaukee for my young wife and baby boy to come to Salt Lake City. They came in the course of a few days, and upon their arrival I felt the courage of a new determination to succeed. I took some pains to become acquainted with leading Mormons, and I was soon quite chummy with Col. Little, the commander of the Nauvoo Legion, an organization perfected for the express purpose of fighting United States troops if necessity and policy so dictated. Col. Little gave me a letter of introduction to "all good Mormons," and I had no difficulty in making many friends among them and in learning much about their habits, traits of character, etc. After a brief stay at the Townsend House, my wife, boy and self secured board at Bishop Spencer's residence. Spencer was about sixty years old, and among his many wives were two very young persons, one not more than seventeen years old. These girls Spencer used to lock up in their rooms every night. There were quite a number of boarders in the Bishop's big house, and as several of them were young fellows of lively disposition I came to the conclusion that the Bishop's precautions were well taken. It was said that Spencer had seventy children.

I became acquainted after awhile with Mr. J. C. Hollingwood, of Big Cottonwood, about twenty miles from Salt Lake City, and I bought in the Dolly Varden mine with him. In a short time we had an opportunity to sell the property to Eastern parties. When the sale was consummated I had a little more than four thousand dollars, and concluded that I would return to Milwaukee, settle down to some quiet business, and never again be tempted into the vortex of speculation. But it happened about the time we reached our old home the townspeople were in the throes of one of those wheat deals which William Young and Peter McGeach knew so well how to handle. The whole town was buying wheat. It was California and Montgomery street over again on a small scale.

My four thousand dollars lasted less than ten days.

I knew then that I might possibly be considered a miner but certainly could not be classed as an agriculturist.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NATIONAL CANDY BANK.

Broken again, and somewhat moody, I stuck pretty close to the house for several days, and as I was carrying many sheets of paper with all sorts of apparently unintelligible figures and calculations my wife became alarmed under the impression that I might possibly be a "little off." As she would ask me questions in a round-about manner to see if I knew what I was doing, I, not comprehending what she was driving at, would of course answer in ways that seemed strange, and she became sure that I was *loco*. She had consulted our mothers, of course, as to what had best be done—no one had seen me remain in the house before for three consecutive days—when I surprised her by saying that I was going to St. Louis and might possibly open a national bank there.

That settled it.

Before a physician could be summoned, however, I had given my wife a hint that led her to believe that I was not quite insane after all. I had finished my calculations, and went downtown, called upon Mr. B. B. Hopkins and asked him to loan me three hundred dollars, which he did. Then I told my brother Edward and a bright young fellow named George Washington Burr that if they would go to St. Louis with me on a business trip I would give them twenty-five dollars per week and pay all expenses. Without asking any questions they accepted the offer. I purchased three tickets to St. Louis and we were soon on the way. Arriving at St. Louis in the morning, we went to Laclede Hotel, corner of Locust and Sixth streets; and after breakfast I started out to find a suitable location for the business I intended to conduct. I did not have to leave the front of the hotel for that, because I saw that there was a vacant store in the hotel building and that it was just what I wanted. I

returned to the hotel office, found the proprietor, asked him what rent he would ask for the room on a seven-day lease. He said ten dollars per day. I took out my borrowed money, paid him seventy dollars, and felt that I had made a good beginning, even if my money was going pretty fast. Then I gave the boys their instructions for the day, each to do certain things. All three of us put in as lively a forenoon's work as was ever seen in conservative old St. Louis, and with this result:

By three o'clock that afternoon I was seated upon the high front seat of the best band-wagon in the town, with the driver in uniform at my side handling the reins over four coal-black horses. Each animal was gayly caparisoned and was decked out with white sheet blankets trimmed with blue, and upon each sheet was painted in big red letters:

“THE NATIONAL CANDY BANK.”

A band of fifteen pieces occupied seats in the wagon and played lively airs as we paraded the streets of the city, while Ed and George were busy distributing handbills to the crowds that were attracted by the music. These handbills read:

“MONEY FOR ALL!

“COME TO THE NATIONAL CANDY BANK THIS
EVENING IN THE LACLEDE HOTEL.

“5,000 lbs. Granulated Sugar to be sold at
“5 cents per pound.”

(Granulated sugar at that time was wholesaling at ten cents per pound.)

Occasionally I could hear some fellow in the crowd say, “What in h—— is the National Candy Bank?” The handbills explained nothing, and I felt that the curiosity aroused by them, together with the signs upon the horses, would bring out a lot of people.

In the meantime, work that I had ordered done was progressing at our place of business. The whole front of the room (which was 40x120 feet) was of glass, and upon each of the two windows was painted, “National Candy Bank.” Hastily constructed counters started from each side of the large double doorway and ran

back to a cross counter, behind which was to be the cashier's position, I, of course, being the cashier. Upon the left wall was a big banner :

“NATIONAL CANDY BANK.

“OUR MANNER OF DOING BUSINESS.

“Wishing to introduce our famous National Candy Bank candy to the good people of St. Louis, we offer you the following privileges :

“We will sell you one stick of candy for 5 cents ; 6 sticks of candy for 25 cents ; 13 sticks of candy for 50 cents. Each stick of candy is wrapped in paper, within which will be found a beautiful and poetic motto ; also a guaranteed privilege entitling the purchaser to buy from one to fifty pounds of granulated sugar at 5 cents per pound,

“OR

“A PACKAGE OF ENVELOPES AT 5 CENTS PER BUNCH

“NO BLANKS.”

Back of the counter on the left side of the room was a sign :

“I SELL GRANULATED SUGAR AT 5 CENTS PER POUND.”

The sign back of the counter on the right side of the room read :

“I PAY 10 CENTS PER POUND FOR GRANULATED SUGAR.”

I had put up a card in one of the windows, which read : “Talker wanted. Apply within at 5 o'clock P. M.” At that hour there were several applicants for the position, and among them was a queer-looking specimen of the long, lank Missourian, who had one glass eye, carried a big hickory cane, said that he was a reformed Methodist preacher, and that he could see by our “fixin's” just what our scheme was, and that he could surely do it justice. I engaged him to come at six forty-five sharp, although Ed and George both declared that the employment of a one-eyed man meant bad luck.

The particular candy I intended to use was what was known as “pipe-stem,” and it was manufactured in Cincinnati. It was very cheap per pound, and there

were a good many sticks to the pound. As soon as I had formulated my plan—during the time my wife thought I was crazy—and even before I had borrowed the three hundred dollars from Mr. Hopkins, I had sent an order for one hundred pounds of “pipe-stem,” together with printed mottoes, to be sent by express C. O. D., to St. Louis. The privileges I printed to the number of many thousands. I hired a number of girls to wrap up the sticks of candy, mottoes and privileges in tissue paper cut to the proper size, and enough for the first performance were quickly prepared.

At seven o'clock that evening the crowd began to gather, and by seven-thirty the room was filled with men and women, who walked around and around like a lot of sheep “milling,” looked at the signs and banners, peered into the big box of candy by which I sat, and made all sorts of remarks; but not a nickel's worth of the National Candy Bank's candy did they buy. Then I signed to my reformed preacher, and he stepped upon the cashier's counter and began his harangue. I have heard many men of world-wide reputation address audiences, have listened to the best side-show fakirs, and have been inveigled by mere words to part with a whole lot of money, but I never listened to so effective a sermon as my “talker” delivered in about ten minutes' time. When he had finished, every man and woman was a convert to the theory that the National Candy Bank was the most philanthropic institution ever established. Then a woman bought five cents' worth of candy, and, of course, I judiciously selected the stick for her. It called for the privilege to buy five pounds of sugar for twenty-five cents. She hurried to the selling counter, paid her money, received a neatly done up package of five pounds of sugar; stepped across to the opposite counter and received fifty cents. Everybody was watching her. Then the crowd began to surge toward the counter, and in less than ten minutes from the time of the first sale I had to get the assistance of my “talker” to count and hand out the sticks of candy, while I took in the money and made change. This continued until ten o'clock. My “talker” then announced that the National Candy Bank would close for the evening, but that it would open at two-thirty p. m.

the next day, in order to give the ladies and the dear little children an opportunity to listen to delicious music (I had concluded to hire a band for the matinée performance), get pure, wholesome National Candy Bank candy, and make a few dimes or quarters on the side.

It took me until midnight to get things straightened out, count the cash, and prepare for the next day's matinée. I found that my gross sales that night were over seven hundred dollars.

Before relating more of the curious history of the National Candy Bank I will explain the somewhat peculiar merits of my system. The candy cost about one-tenth of a cent per stick; the motto, privilege, and wrapping brought the total up to one-fifth of a cent. I made, therefore, on the sales of single sticks four and four-fifth cents, and on the general average about four cents per stick of candy sold. Only one barrel of sugar was necessary, because the packages were simply shifted from the selling counter to the purchasing counter and back again. A very large percentage of the privileges were to buy a package of envelopes at five cents. The envelopes I purchased at 25 cents per hundred packages. Again, the person who obtained the privilege of purchasing the sugar at five cents a pound must have paid at least four cents for the privilege, and as he must also pay five cents for the sugar he was paying a total of nine cents per pound. It is true that he received ten cents back; but for every sale by which we lost on the sugar, we made more than ten sales which netted at least nine cents profit each.

The next evening the crowd was so large that we had difficulty in handling them. A great many were colored people, and they were really the best buyers. About an hour before the sale began, as I was seated upon a lemon box in the cashier's place, a large, fine-looking young man sauntered in, came up to me and said:

"What are you running a lottery for? Don't you know that you can't run a place like this in St. Louis?"

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am an officer," and he showed me a badge.

"I have a commercial license and think I have a right to use it and continue my selling of sugar."

"I guess not, young fellow; just close up this shebang and come with me."

I knew the man was an officer and disposed to make me trouble, but I intuitively felt that I was being held up in some way, so I said:

"Now see here, last night's business convinces me that I have got a good thing here, and if I am let alone for awhile I can make some money and afford to spend some of it in St. Louis; but if I am forced to close right now, then it will break me. Can't I at least go on with the sale to-night?"

"Well, go ahead then, but to-morrow morning you put in an appearance at the Five Courts, so I won't have to come after you. Hear?"

"All right; I will do as you say."

The officer—now a very prominent man—left, and I was feeling pretty blue, but in a few minutes an active little chap came in and said:

"Was Officer —— in here a few minutes ago?"

"Yes."

"You want to run this joint, of course. You do as I tell you. My place is right across the way. After you close to-night you come over there, and go up to a sitting-room. There you will find two women sitting at a table. You greet them as though you were an old acquaintance, and order a quart bottle of champagne. That will pay me for my trouble in coming over here, and they will do the right thing for you."

We had a more successful night even than the opening, and I had to fairly drive the crowd out when closing time came.

At the afternoon sale a very sweet-faced, but rather poorly clad little girl came in, walked as quickly as she could to where the candy and privileges were sold and handed me five cents. I selected one of the sure sugar sticks of candy and gave it to her. She was greatly delighted and excited upon examining her privilege, for it gave her the right to buy fifty pounds of sugar. She almost ran out of the place two dollars ahead, and I had noticed at the time that she had crossed the street and went into a saloon—the very place I was to go to as soon as I had closed. I went as I had been told to, found the two flashily dressed young

women at the table, and I ordered a quart bottle of champagne which we disposed of ; then the two women left. They were hardly out of the door when my official caller entered.

"Hello," he said ; "good trade to-night?"

"Oh, just medium."

"So you want to continue to sell sugar, do you?"

"Yes."

"Well, sugar's what we want."

"About how much per night?" I asked, comprehending fully that I was up against "protection."

"One hundred dollars now, and one hundred dollars per night while you stay."

"I can't pay any such price, nor do I intend to. I am willing to do the fair thing, but neither you nor anybody else can get all the sugar."

To my surprise that seemed to rather please him.

"Oh, I don't want all there is in it. No use to kill the goose that lays the golden egg, you know. Suppose I say one hundred dollars to-night—that's two nights, you know—and fifty dollars each succeeding night that you stay?"

"All right, I'll do it," and I started to give him the one hundred dollars, when he said :

"Give it to George (the saloon-keeper), and also pay the fifty dollars to him each night. You will, quite naturally, want to buy a bottle of wine from him each night when you hand him the fifty dollars. If any one else bothers you, tell them to get out. I will attend to anybody who tries to bluff you."

This high official of the city of St. Louis was not the only one of his kind, for the next day the head of a department called on me and deliberately told me that unless he got one hundred dollars a night it would go hard with me. I told him that I had a very warm personal friend in Mr. —, and that he had told me that if any one came around with a blackmailing scheme to let him know and he would have him arrested. The fellow skipped.

I had to telegraph to Cincinnati for more candy, and as my matinée and evening sales were becoming more and more popular I began to think that I had struck the real bonanza of my business experience. On the

fourth day, however, a new species of "hold-up" developed; this time from the very fountain source of the good government of St. Louis. It was intimated to me that the congregating of the crowds nightly was a nuisance which only sugar, more sugar, would lessen; and that the sugar poultice must be applied quickly and to the right spot on the governmental anatomy, if it was to have any soothing effect. Right on top of that the guests of the hotel began to kick, claiming that the blare of my band—it was the best St. Louis could afford—and the gathering of so many people rendered rest at any time before midnight impossible. The proprietor came to me and said that I would either have to give up my lease or he would have to quit hotel-keeping, and wanted to know what I would take to relinquish my remaining two days. I told him that I could not afford to close the doors of the most popular and remunerative bank that the town had ever known, for less than one thousand dollars. He stormed, threatened, and finally said:

"You paid me seventy dollars; now I will give you two hundred dollars this very minute if you will get out to-day."

Feeling sure that some way would be found between the city government and the proprietor of the hotel to make things uncomfortable and inhospitable for me, I finally told him to count out his two hundred dollars. He did so and I gave him a receipt, stating that I would remove all semblance of the great National Candy Bank before the day closed. Then I informed Ed and Burr that the bank was closed. The boys wanted to buy the outfit and make a trial of the scheme on their own account in New Orleans, so I let them have the stuff; they went to the Crescent City and opened up, but made a failure there. I returned to Milwaukee, paid Mr. Hopkins in full, and had left seventeen hundred and eighty dollars in cash in my pocket.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WILD MAN OF BIG HOLE.

It was some years after this, when in an interval of quietude, I heard of the capture of a wild man of the woods, near Butte, Mon. The reports had the ring of veracity, and I determined to investigate. Arriving in Butte in November I immediately drove out to the "Big Hole" country, the scene of the capture. Here in the barn of his captor, I found a semi-human being that could talk, seemingly of a kind disposition, who could not account for his condition. He was extremely uneasy under restraint, but apparently harmless.

This creature was short, well built, and his body was covered with hair of the length and shade of a black bear's. The hair of his head was in clusters and mats as big as your hand, lying plastered on his head and dangling on his neck. His sole raiment was an old pair of pants cut off at the knees. These had been furnished him by Mr. Griel, his captor.

I forgot to say that he had eyebrows fully four inches long, sticking nearly straight out, behind which glistened as bright a pair of round, quick, glittering brown eyes as were ever seen in ape or chimpanzee. Mr. Griel listened favorably to my proposition, the freak consented, and we bundled him into a wagon, I driving and Griel and "Beefsteak Bill" managing the menagerie end of the business.

Our troubles, however, commenced here. Our horses were without blinders on their bridles, and when they sniffed the strong bear smell of our captive, they fiercely tore through the sage brush, finally becoming unmanageable. Both Griel and "Beefsteak Bill" came at once to my rescue. Just then a scared rabbit darted across the road. Mr. Bear-man was out of the wagon in a second and ran for dear life. The rabbit squealed

and bounded on, but the bear-man was too swift for him, for a half a mile away I saw the finish.

The horses were soon cooled down and Griel, mounting one, went in pursuit of our treasure, who awaited his coming. When Griel came up to him his mouth was still bloody from the eaten rabbit, of which nothing remained except here and there some bits of skull and bones and fur. Griel and Bill walked with him to Butte—but far in the rear of the horses. All went well until a bicycle was met, when his excitement knew no bounds. Pulling away, he chased it briskly, but the rider, scared to death and with a good long start, eluded him. We came near losing him, and would have done so had not a cowboy accurately thrown a lasso and checked him. Throwing a blanket around him, he was marched to Griel's shack, just outside Butte, and I, as manager, started out to hire a hall.

After having a gorgeous banner and pictures painted in glowing colors, illustrating his wondrous exploits, I hired Caplice Hall and advertised to exhibit him at fifty cents admission. Great crowds came to see him. We one day added a graphophone to our show; that settled it. He disappeared and was found two days afterward in a prospect hole with two ribs broken. Dr. Norcross took charge of him, but so hard did he plead to return to "where the green grass grew" and the "cold water ran" and fresh rabbits were plentiful, and where no "devil's trumpet" crazed him, that I consented, and Griel and I took him back to Big Hole. He had really ceased to be a notoriety, but not before Griel and I were much ahead on the venture. As the ghost never walked in our show, our expenses were minimum.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEADWOOD IN THE BLACK HILLS.

I began at once to seek out some sort of salaried position, thinking that a sure thing at the end of each month was about the only safe provision that I could make. I was firmly resolved that if I did get a good situation, nothing would tempt me to leave it. I even pictured out a happy future, when, by doing extraordinary good work for some prosperous firm, I would be invited to become a member of it, and spend my life in that ease and comfort which comes only from systematic and steady business effort. "No more experiences for Jim Wardner," I told my wife. She was awfully glad of my determination. I called upon H. Bosworth & Sons, the large wholesalers, and my services "for the road" were at once accepted. I was given a route which took me up into the Northwest, and one morning I reached the new and thriving town of Yankton, South Dakota.

Almost the first man I met in Yankton was a fellow who had just returned from a hurried trip to the Black Hills. He had a bottle of placer gold. One glimpse of the precious metal was enough to eradicate from my mind any and all resolutions I had formed about settling down to a life of plodding business. Without any hesitation or consideration I returned to my hotel, ordered my sample trunks to be returned to H. Bosworth & Sons, Milwaukee, and before mid-afternoon I was a passenger on a little steamer which was making its way up the Missouri River to Fort Pierre. The rush to the Black Hills had begun, and the boat was crowded with adventurers. My mining experience in Arizona qualified me to make calculations pretty closely as to the outcome of a stampede, and I was about the only calm individual in Fort Pierre when we landed there.

A number of us started on foot for Rapid City, 160 miles distant. We soon met a returning bull train, and I succeeded in buying a bronco from one of the outfit. Then I pushed on alone. That night I camped with a bull-whacker named McCabe, and late in the evening a man came in who said his name was John Christianson. He was without money and was hungry, but was determined to make his way to the Mecca of gold. He told me that he had been employed by Clarence Shephard & Co., of Milwaukee, and that he had left home with sufficient money to get through all right, but that at Sioux City he had run up against a brace game of faro and had dropped every cent he had. He asked me to carry his coat for him when he started out the next morning, and he left the camp as soon as it was light. I followed on later, and when I overtook him at Cheyenne Crossing he was chopping wood to pay for his dinner at Smith's Ranch. I called him off that job and gave him five dollars—one-half of all I had with me. I went on, carrying Christianson's coat, and I saw nothing more of him for the time being. I reached Deadwood all right, kept the coat with my belongings, and time passed. Nearly a year afterward I happened to be in "The Box" saloon when a fine-looking, well-dressed man came in. Noticing me he said: "Aren't you Jim Wardner?" I replied that I was the veritable "Jim." "I think, young fellow," said he, "that you have got a coat that belongs to me." Then I recognized Christianson.

"Now, Wardner, you gave me a great lift when you carried my coat for me, and I want you to join me in a quart bottle. I am now chief engineer of the Homestake, and whenever John Christianson can do you a good turn let him know it."

It was only a short time after that before an election was about to take place. Andrew Plowman was running for district attorney; he was a decent sort of fellow, but stood no show of election unless he could carry Lead City, where, it was said, he stood no show for the miner's vote. Plowman came to me, and said he could do nothing unless I could aid him; that he was all right except at Lead City. I liked Plowman, and so I said that I would see about that particular district.

Then I went to Christianson, told him the situation, and that Plowman was a friend of mine. The result was that Plowman carried Lead City, and was elected by a large majority. But this is getting a little ahead of my consecutive story.

Upon arrival at Deadwood I at once ordered a stock of goods from H. Bosworth & Sons. The firm responded to my request, but owing to a series of delays in the forwarding I found that it would be necessary for me to be doing something in the way of making money while the goods were on the way. In looking about the rapidly building city of Deadwood I discovered that there was a bit of vacant and unlocated ground, with about thirty feet fronting on Lee street, just below the point where the Deadwood and Whitewood Creeks come together. It was the creek itself. Before daylight of the morning following my discovery of this unlocated water lot I had a pretty good store building up. I wanted the front to be of glass, and all that part was of unglazed sash. There was no glass to be had in Deadwood just then, so I covered the sash with cotton cloth. Finding out that my goods were pretty sure to be delayed for a considerable time, I had a bar built along one side of the room, bought a barrel of whiskey and a few bottles and glasses, hired a fellow who said he had been a "star mixer" at the Hoffman House sideboard in New York City, and started my first saloon.

One evening soon after the saloon was in full blast my bartender told me that he was compelled to take a night off and he left me alone about ten o'clock, taking our only revolver with him. He had no more than left the premises before as scoundrelly a looking fellow as I had ever seen in the Hills walked in, apparently half drunk, and called for a drink. Just then I noticed that he had the handle of a big dirk knife in his right palm, the blade of the knife being concealed by his coat sleeve. Before I had time to even grab an ice pick he made a lunge at me. I dodged the blow and then, without a moment's hesitation, I sprang headlong against the cheesecloth covering of the front sash and went through it, carrying sash and all with me. As I jumped through the sash I remembered that it was a good sixteen feet to the flowing water below, into which the force of my

jump would probably carry me. The result was that I went into the river head-first, and it was with great difficulty that I finally extricated myself from the mass of cloth, débris of sash, and the water, and got out upon the street. The robber took about \$100 that was in the till and escaped.

Soon after this my goods arrived and I opened up the "Red Front Store," which became one of the well-known establishments of Deadwood. I also opened a saloon and lunch room, which I styled the "Oyster Bay," and wherein I sold the first oysters brought into Deadwood.

I began to make enough money to enable me to think of larger operations than the store and saloon afforded, and so I sold out those establishments and went into partnership with Fred T. Evans (Big Fred) in the freighting business. We had 500 yoke of bulls employed and did the larger portion of the freighting between Deadwood and Fort Pierre. This kept me most of the time on the road between the two places.

One afternoon as I was going west from Fort Pierre and was upon a ridge near Grindstone Buttes, I saw off to my left a party of Indians who had seen me and were evidently intent upon cutting off my trail before I could get to the crossing at Deadman's Creek. The Indians were just beginning to be troublesome. I knew I had an extra good bronco, and I also knew that I had to make the crossing before being overtaken or it would be all up with Jim Wardner. There were eight or ten Indians in the party. My pony was loaded with the usual outfit of blankets, frying pan, coffee pot, etc., and two days' rations. I took out my knife, cut all the straps that held my blankets and kit to the saddle and started for the ford, the only place in many miles where a crossing could be effected. The moment the Indians saw my movements they let out their ponies, and the race for Deadman's Crossing began. The Indians were coming in at one angle and I at another, with the distance to the crossing about the same for all of us. I always admired the running of a horse. I saw Salvator win the Suburban, and admired him, but not so much as I did my little bronco upon this somewhat exciting

race. The little fellow was on a slight incline, while the Indians were on the level bottom land. I remember that I said to the pony: "If you don't stumble in going down the slope, you are a sure winner." How he did run! He seemed to know just as well as I did where he wanted to go, and why it was necessary to get there before the horses off to the left. Now and then a bullet would whistle by, and that was as good encouragement to the bronco's efforts as I could wish. We reached the ford, crossed, and were comparatively safe, as the trail led through the willows, into which the Indians knew I could dart any moment, and they also knew, as I did, that a big bull train was not far from the crossing. I quickly overtook the train, in fact. On that same trip I found the dead and mutilated bodies of a Swede and his wife who had been killed near Wichita Spring, where they had camped for the night.

We did well in freighting, but bull-whacking, even as a proprietor, was pretty slow for me. One day I thought to myself that it would be a money-making scheme to build a warehouse, buy up all the corn, oats and feed in the vicinity, and then retail it at my own idea of prices and profits. I had hardly got the thought well defined before I asked Fred what he would give for my interest in our outfit. He at once made me an offer; I accepted, and within twenty-four hours my warehouse was under construction. In the meantime, I began buying the corn, oats, etc. No person suspected my "corner," as all thought I was buying heavily for our bull train. I soon corraled about all the grain in the various camps, and had it safely stored in my warehouse, but had no insurance. Then came the great fire—the fire that licked Deadwood out of the gulch. All that was left to me was my wife and children, and they had to be cared for. One of our prominent Deadwood citizens was a Mr. Stebbins, of the banking firm of Stebbins, Wood & Post, of Cheyenne and Deadwood, Mr. Stebbins running the Deadwood branch. Right after the fire I saw him standing by the ruins of the bank building, gazing at the vault which loomed above the red-hot ruins. I told him that the fire had left me absolutely broke, and that I wanted \$5,000. He replied

that he did not believe that there was anything left in the vault. I urged that that would make no difference, that a letter of credit on Sioux City for \$5,000 was what I needed and must have.

"You generally get what you start out after, Wardner," he replied; "although to give up that sum of money to a man who claims to be dead broke is hardly good banking. When can you pay it back?"

"I don't know; possibly never; probably within ninety days."

Of course I got my letter of credit on Sioux City and I started for that town. Arriving at the "boom city" of Iowa I began to buy eggs. I worked quietly and rapidly and soon had all the eggs of Southeastern Dakota and Northwestern Iowa bought and paid for. My wholesale buying caused prices to advance, but I secured thousands of dozens as low as nine cents per dozen. I contracted to have the eggs delivered to me, properly crated, at Sioux City, on the steamer *C. K. Peck*, bound for Fort Pierre; and the decks of the boat were piled high with tons upon tons of my purchases. Freight trains were leaving Fort Pierre daily for Deadwood, and upon arriving there I quickly succeeded in making a contract for the hauling of the eggs into the Black Hills. The weather was getting cold and, foreseeing that, I had bought many bales of blankets at Sioux City. I took the precaution of having the crates and boxes of eggs wrapped in blankets as they were loaded upon the freight wagons. I went ahead of the train and awaited its arrival in Rapid City. I had, of course, spread the news that good, fresh, unfrozen Iowa eggs would be in that market in a few hours. By the time the bull train pulled in I had sold enough of my merchandise to get all my money back, pay all freight bills and other expenses, and had the bulk of my eggs to take into Deadwood. The eggs cost me in Rapid City an average of \$4.50 for thirty dozen, and I sold them at \$15 per thirty dozen. The sales were all for cash and when I started for Deadwood every pocket in my clothes was literally jammed full of money.

Reaching Deadwood ahead of the train I at once called to see Mr. Stebbins at his hastily constructed new bank building. I had hardly washed my hands and face

for a week ; my clothes were worn and ragged, and I looked "tough." As I went into the bank Mr. Stebbins met me with a frown as he took in my dilapidated appearance. He did not offer to "shake," but said : "See here, Jim ; I have heard that you used up that letter of credit, then overdrew your account, and have been hauling in tons of worthless frozen eggs into the camp. What in the devil do you expect to do ? My letting you have the \$5,000 and your over-drafts have put me in the hole in great shape. Right this minute I have got to have \$11,000 and don't know where to get the currency. You are the d—dest fool I ever saw."

Then I laughed. Of course, Mr. Stebbins took my light treatment of so serious a matter with quick anger. Then I said to him : "You want \$11,000 in currency ? Well, Mr. Stebbins, let's see what the bank of Jim Wardner can do for you. These old clothes are about the safest and best bank vault in the Hills, Stebbins, and you are welcome to the combination."

Then I began to unload loads of money from every pocket. The greenbacks piled up and piled up on a table by which we were standing, and Stebbins began to smile. Soon there was fully \$11,000 withdrawn from my vaults, and the most surprised man in the Hills was the banker of Deadwood. After I had sold out all the eggs I was nearly \$7,000 ahead on the deal and was ready to tackle some new enterprise.

About that time the walking contest mania had reached Deadwood, and I concluded if I could get some lively young chaps to claim the walking championship of their respective camps that I could get up a contest that would make some money. I selected a young man named Hope to represent Lead City, a fellow named Cody as the champion of Central City, and a man named Smith, who had but recently married, to do the honors for Deadwood. I hired the Big Bonanza Hall, fixed the contest at sixty hours, and began to work up excitement in the three camps, each, of course, being immediately anxious to have its representative win the great race and the Walking Championship of the Hills. It was to be a go-as-you-please affair. I thought there was good timber in Smith and so I got him away upon a ranch where I put him in the hands of a man who

understood training. I concluded that if the Deadwood candidate won I would make a lot of money in the betting, which I knew was sure to take place. The price of admission was \$1.00, and during the time of the race the hall was packed all the time. The betting was furious, and I remember that John Worth sold more than \$20,000 in pools.

As I had judged, Smith was an easy winner and covered over 200 miles. Toward the close of the race and when it was certain that Smith would win, I bought a neat little present for Mrs. Smith, which I intended to give her at the close of the performance, thinking that it would please her to have her husband declared "Champion of the Hills," and to receive personally a remembrance.

Just before evening of the night which was to terminate the performance, and while the contestants were hard at it and the crowd was crying its favorites, I was sent for to meet a woman outside the hall. There I found Mrs. Smith and she was looking daggers and flashing lightning from both eyes.

"Say, hasn't that fool of a husband of mine got through with this racing nonsense?"

"Very nearly, Mrs. Smith, very nearly," I said in my most conciliatory voice, for I knew there was a big blizzard brewing, "and I want you to be here this evening to see your husband come in a winner and the recognized champion, and at the same time accept from me a little present which I have prepared for you as a memento of this noteworthy event."

"You do, eh? Well, I won't be here. I don't want none of your presents nor none of your soft talk; but what I do want, and what I'm going to have, is for that lazy good-for-nothing to come right straight home and chop me some wood."

I knew that Smith had plenty of time to go and chop the wood, and that the fresh air would do him good, so I got him out of the hall, turned him over to his wife, and she took him home. Promptly within an hour Smith returned, as he said he would, completed and won his race, and made me richer by several thousand dollars, besides earning more money for himself than he had ever before possessed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GOLDEN SUMMIT.

That spring I started a ranch on the Belle Fouche, and I spent a lot of money trying to become that most independent of all human beings, the farmer. The fact that I never had had the least bit of experience in that line is probably why the venture attracted me. At any rate, I started in right royally to become one of the sovereigns of the land ; but the hail cut my oats and barley to the ground, my potatoes were frozen in their hills, the mink, weasels and foxes ate my poultry, and a favorite colt got into a ditch one day and was drowned. When " Poor Richard " said that " He who by the plow would thrive, must either hold himself or drive," he proved that he understood the exact situation much better than did Horace Greeley, whose never-tiring advice to young men to become agriculturists spoiled many a man's life opportunities in the West.

My next move was to become interested in a coal mine, the first one opened in the Hills. It was located on the Redwater, about thirty miles from Deadwood. It was a fine property, paid well, and now belongs to the Northwestern Railway Company.

I had considerable ready cash on hand, and I was wondering what sort of an opportunity would present itself to take it from me, when John Herman, P. D. O'Brien and myself came to the conclusion that the quickest way to a big fortune in that country was by the construction of a ditch and the bringing in of water to work the placer mines in the Nigger Hill and Bear Gulch Districts. We had a survey made, and found that a ditch sixty miles in length would be required. It was a big undertaking, but we started the work, confident of success and future vast rewards from our sale of water to the placer miners. All worked well until we had about fifty miles of ditch completed, when one day there came a cloudburst, which ripped our work pretty nearly from one end to the other. We quit that enterprise just about as quickly as the cloudburst did, and I

had found out one of the things which were to throw me down again, as I had confidently and superstitiously expected.

The very next day after the cloudburst I chanced to meet a man named Rosenbaum, who had been a foreman for us, and he told me that in the spring of '76 when he came into the Hills by way of Harney's Peak he had one day found some gold quartz float of such marvelous richness that he had not dared to show it to his companions, and that he had been waiting for an opportunity to go back to the locality with some reliable person who had means enough to grubstake the outfit and make a thorough search for what he believed to be a great quartz discovery. He said he was sure he could return to the place where he found the rich float. I wanted to get away from the ditch as far as possible, so I at once procured two outfits and Rosenbaum and I started on our trip. Arriving at a place which Rosenbaum declared to be "about the spot," we established a camp. The place was about seventy miles from Deadwood and near the foot of Harney's Peak. There was a hog-back foothill extending up toward the mountain, and Rosenbaum declared that the float he saw was upon the slope of the hill. We started in to prospect, Rosenbaum going to the further side of the hill and I keeping along the side nearest to our camp. I had gone but a few hundred feet up the incline when I came upon pieces of float that fairly dazzled me. The quartz was simply thick with gold. A little further I came upon bushels of the richest float I had ever seen, and far better than I have ever seen since. I became greatly excited. I actually piled the quartz into little mounds and then kept on. Suddenly my eyes rested on a chunk of quartz half as large as my head and nuggets of gold were standing out of it on every side. I made a grab for it as a miser clutches his gold in the realistic drama. It was heavy. I trembled with exultation. I shouted, "Rosenbaum!" He was a mile away and did not hear me. Then I sat down, looked the specimen over carefully, saw that it was not much worn, and, of course, knew that I was near the lead from which it had come. I could imagine the croppings to be almost solid gold, and then I shook with fear lest we should be unable

to realize all the millions we wanted before the value of gold would be cheapened by our great discovery. Heavy as the specimen was I packed it with me as I started again up the slope of the foothill. Pretty soon I could find no trace of mineralization and I knew that I was above the lead. Then I began to descend, searching every inch of ground, but found no croppings. Then I came upon the float again and I knew for a certainty about where we would have to dig to strike the vein. Then I tore my handkerchief into pieces, and tying the bits to sticks I marked the place so that I could not fail to find it again.

Returning to camp I found Rosenbaum had preceded me and that he had failed to find any float upon the side of the hill where he had prospected. When he saw my find (we afterward sold the piece for \$600) he was absolutely wild. We both hurried back and made a careful study of the ground where the float began, concluded the vein must run at a certain angle and dip, and then proceeded to stake out our location. That night the two most excited and expectant miners in the world were camped in the shadow of Harney's Peak.

Before daylight the next morning we had cooked our breakfast, eaten it, and were on the way to discover the lead. Within a very few hours of hard but exciting work we had cross-cut the surface far enough to come upon the vein. It was very narrow, but the ore was of very high grade. We sank upon the vein a few feet, found that it widened out, but that the quartz was clearly of even grade. Then we were at least safe against the danger of depreciating gold values.

We packed up, carried more than a thousand dollars' worth of gold specimens with us, reached Deadwood and made preparations for putting up a 5-stamp mill as quickly as possible. We had named our mine the Golden Summit. We got the mill to running and from the surface dirt alone we cleared up over \$8,000. Then we were offered \$10,000 for the property and we sold it.

The Golden Summit is still working, sometimes paying well and always, I think, yielding some profit on the work. That district has become famous because of the location thereon of one of the most sensational mines of history, the Holy Terror.

CHAPTER X.

BUTTERINE.

I had now lived in the Hills five years, had quite a snug sum in cash, and again the feeling possessed me that for my family's sake I would return to civilization. We left Deadwood to return to Milwaukee in 1882. After locating my family comfortably in Milwaukee I began looking around for some permanent and profitable business. One day I met a man who told me that a friend of his in Chicago had established a factory for the making of butterine, a new product, which was really superior in many ways to dairy or creamery butter, and that there was really a fortune in it. I secured the name and address of the manufacturer, Mr. J. H. M., and went to Chicago. I met Mr. M., saw samples of his product and was at once impressed with its possible future. After some talk, Mr. M. told me that if I would furnish satisfactory references he would send me South to work up the business in that section of the country. I gave him the name of H. Bosworth & Sons, Milwaukee, as a reference. I then bade Mr. M. good day, telling him that if he found my reference all right to wire me at Milwaukee and I would report for duty at once.

I went back home, and the next morning I was in Mr. Hopkins' (of H. B. & Sons) office upon his arrival downtown. In looking over his mail he found a letter from Mr. M. asking particulars as to one James F. Wardner.

"Here is a letter making inquiries about you, Jim," said Mr. Hopkins, handing me the letter.

"If you are in a hurry, Mr. Hopkins," I said, "perhaps I might write the reply and you sign it and send it on."

Mr. Hopkins said, "All right," and so I prepared about the sort of letter I thought Mr. Hopkins ought to write, and handed it to him for inspection. Upon read-

ing it Mr. Hopkins hesitated a moment and then said : " Say, Jim, don't you think this is pretty strong ? Well, well, I had no idea what a valuable man you were until I read this letter. I don't know (hesitating a moment) how the town can afford to lose your services to Chicago after all this explanation of your wonderful qualities. My Lord, Jim, you are so much better than I thought you were." But he signed the letter, it was mailed, and the next day I called upon Mr. M.

" Mr. Wardner, I congratulate you upon the confidence and esteem in which you are held by your former employer, Mr. Hopkins," said Mr. M. " I have received the best and strongest letter of recommendation from him as to your character and ability that I have ever seen in that line. I congratulate you and am ready to engage your services."

I started on my trip and met with great success in St. Louis, Nashville, Mobile, and, in fact, all through the South, and then went to New Orleans to establish there a permanent agency.

But fortune was not yet ready to smile on me. A carload of butterine was stacked up on the sunny side of a New Orleans freight depot, and Sol had done his work. I took the stuff to a cold storage warehouse but the effect was bad, for a butter-trier revealed the fact that the laws of specific gravity had relegated each particular element of that bum butter to its proper place, and exhibited the cotton seed oil, the lard, the vaseline, the coloring and the unnamable refuse, each in a stratum by itself.

This was discouraging, and I sold the stuff for grease and took a stroll through the cemetery, almost envying the silent ones who had left a curious world, where hopes end in disappointments and butterine in grease.

I was stopping at the Perry House. I picked up a daily paper, and the first item that caught my eye was a report of the gold discoveries that Pritchard and his party had made in the Cœur d'Alene country in Idaho. That dispatch was the magnetic needle which pointed out to me the way to a quick fortune and marvelous experiences.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CŒUR D'ALENE.

Now begins the most important epoch of my eventful career up to this prosperous year of our Lord, 1899. Now for the first time will be told the complete and consecutive history of the development of the Cœur d'Alene mines. Chief among the interesting facts will be those concerning the great Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines, now controlled by D. O. Mills, of New York City.

It was early in 1883 that the news of Pritchard's discoveries set the whole country wild. Leaving New Orleans by the first train I could get, I arrived in Chicago and told Mr. M. that I was bound for Idaho. From him I obtained two hundred packages of butterine, had them billed to Thompson's Falls, via the Northern Pacific railway, and stopping in Milwaukee only long enough to bid my family good-bye, I took train for the West. Murray and Eagle were the two new camps located in the Cœur d'Alene and were the objective points of the throng of wild-eyed stampeders who were fairly rushing over each other in the scramble to reach the new diggings. It is thirty-five miles from Thompson's Falls to Murray, and one of the worst trails ever traveled. The distance was a steady up-grade for twenty miles and then down-hill constantly for fifteen miles. My butterine came all right and then arose the question of getting it to Murray. The snows were deep and pack animals could not be had. I had a toboggan made and then for more than two months I hit that awful trail daily, hauling by hand as much butterine as I could draw each trip. I got almost fabulous prices for the stuff and I was content to let others do the prospecting while I was already working a regular "producer." In making these trips I became very tough and strong, and was soon able to compete as a draft

animal against any mule on the trail. I was compelled to wear rubber boots and I discovered after awhile that their weight and warmth stopped the blood circulation in my feet, and that my toe nails were beginning to get loose. There was no pain or soreness attendant and so I did not pay any attention to the matter. The nails became more and more loose, and finally one night after I had had an unusually hard trip I found on taking off my boots and heavy woolen stockings that all the toe nails were either off or nearly ready to come off at the slightest touch. I was greatly astonished and yet, strange as it may appear, was not much inconvenienced.

After awhile I made up my mind that there would be more money in regular freighting than in anything in the mining line, for standard rates were twenty-five cents per pound from Thompson's Falls to Murray. I picked up a cracking good dog team and began to make money rapidly. Soon I had forty mules on the trail and was doing a tremendously profitable business. The next thing was to get a general supply store established, and I was running smoothly in the groove of success. Money rolled up and I became recognized as one of the substantial men of the camp.

With a few associates we organized the Potoxsi Ditch Company, and built a ditch twenty miles long on the west side of the Cœur d'Alene to carry the waters of Beaver Creek to the rich diggings of Trail Gulch. That ditch is still a factor in that country and serves its purpose well. Opportunity offered and we sold the ditch at a good profit. Every indication, every relied-upon superstition, and every move I made, seemed to favor my headlong rush toward the goal of wealth. I actually got tired of making money and once again concluded that I would take a well-earned rest.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BUNKER HILL AND SULLIVAN.

And How it Happened that Kellogg's Jack Came to be Called
"the \$4,000,000 Donkey."

"From the evidence of the witnesses, this Court is of the opinion that the Bunker Hill mine was discovered by the jackass, Phil O'Rourke, and N. S. Kellogg; and as the jackass is the property of the plaintiffs, Cooper & Peck, they are entitled to a half interest in the Bunker Hill and a quarter interest in the Sullivan claims."

Thus spoke Judge Norman Buck, of the District Court of Idaho, in his decision of the celebrated case involving the ownership of two claims in the Cœur d'Alene district of Northern Idaho, now valued at \$4,000,000 and giving direct employment to more than 400 miners.

It was in 1885. For many years I had been in the habit of promising my wife, whenever I was "broke," that if I ever made another competency I would quit mining and speculating and would settle down to home life and economical habits. This time I was sure that my pledge would be kept, for I had closed out all my varied interests at good round sums, had written my family when to expect my return home, had bidden most of my friends good-bye and good luck, had my favorite cayuse saddled, and was ready to hit the trail from Murray to Spokane, whence I would take the cars to "the States." I rode down the main street in Murray until I reached Bill Guse's place, where I knew that I would meet a number of the boys who were special friends. I dismounted, went into the saloon, and was quickly enacting the usual scene of leave-taking as it goes among miners. We kept two bartenders busy for an hour or more, and by that time I had taken my last drink—so I declared—and said my last "God bless you, old man!" in the town of Murray.

I was a little unsteady as I left the saloon, and I leaned against a lamp-post to brace up a bit before I attempted to mount Bronco Baldy, the best all-round trail-hitter I had ever owned, and whom I intended to present to "Uncle John" Davenport, who greatly admired the beast, when I reached Spokane. While leaning against the post I realized that a cold, drizzling rain had set in, and that it was getting late in the afternoon; but I could make the eighty miles to Spokane by daybreak the next morning, and so I started toward Baldy just as a man on horseback came at full speed up the street, dashed in breakneck fashion to where I stood, threw himself from his horse, and said excitedly:

"Now, Jim, I can pay you for those rubber boots and for all the good turns you have done me!"

The man was John Flaherty, a first-class miner and good fellow, who, like myself, had made and lost fortunes in Utah, the Black Hills and other districts. He was literally covered with mud, and his blown and foam-flecked horse showed that he had made a hard run. Flaherty was a quiet fellow, thoroughly reliable, knew indications when he saw them, and was not an enthusiast. Now, however, he was awfully wrought up, as he continued:

"Say, Jim, I have seen a mine what is a mine. I have located both extensions, and I want you to go to work and git there as quick as you can. Come into Guse's and we'll talk it over."

Flaherty had the nerve of an Irishman and a reputation for cool-headedness under any circumstances; but he trembled now, and I saw that his eyes blazed and that his face, where the mud spots did not hide it, was burning. I was sobered instantly, for I knew that something of extraordinary importance had occurred to so excite Jack Flaherty. From that moment I forgot my contemplated journey home as completely as though I had never prepared for it.

We went into the saloon, retired to a little stall in the rear, and over a full bottle of what Guse was pleased to term "Walker's Rye," Flaherty described what he had seen. I quickly made a deal with him, ordered two quart-bottles of whiskey put into my blankets on Baldy, and received these directions: "Take the Jackass trail

to Jackass Prairie and then turn to the left on to the old Mullan road. After you have hit the road for about six miles you will see some big blazes upon the trees to the right of the road. Hitch your horse there, because the down timber will stop him, and then go up the creek until you strike the camp. It's about two miles."

Then we left the saloon and I was ready to start. By this time it was nearly dark, and the rain had changed to driving sleet and snow. Flaherty's story had excited me and I started down the road determined to reach the new "find" by daylight. The storm increased and became a violent blizzard by the time I reached Jackass Prairie; but Baldy was good for his part of the trick, and at sunrise the storm ceased, and I had reached the place to leave my horse by the big trees. With the two bottles of whiskey in my coat pockets I started up the creek. The sun came up warm, the mountain air was that of spring, and my search for the camp was eager. My home trip did not even occur to me. In a turn in the cañon, and just about two miles from the place I left Baldy—as Flaherty had said—I came upon a new-made camp. The boys were getting breakfast. My appearance was, of course, unexpected. As I stepped suddenly into view out of the trail, each of the three men—I knew them all intimately—uttered his own peculiar exclamation of surprise. "Jim Wardner," mixed with all sorts of d's, dashes, and h's and l's, greeted me. I lost no time in producing one of my bottles of whiskey. It may have been mighty poor liquor, but its effect was good, and I was at once a welcome guest instead of an unwelcome intruder.

There were four personalities in that camp. In the order of their importance in the history of the discovery of one of the greatest of the world's mines of its class, they may be named:

KELLOGG'S JACK—A diminutive but thoroughbred specimen of the Spanish jackass. He was mouse-colored, his head was nearly as large as his body, his ears, when he laid them back in obstinacy, reached his withers, and he was noted all through the Cœur d'Alene mountains as the best pack animal, although the most cunning and tricky brute that was ever cinched.

MR. KELLOGG—A quiet, intelligent man, one of the best prospectors in the mountains, one of the few men who stood you off from the familiarity of a nickname, and probably the only man in Idaho who was honored by the prefixed title of "Mr." I knew him long, intimately, and favorably, yet I never addressed him by his given name nor as "Kellogg," but invariably as "Mr." Kellogg.

CON SULLIVAN—The typical young Irishman. He was of the sort that have made the United States among the largest mineral producers of the countries of the world. Hopeful, enthusiastic and determined, it is Irish blood that makes the true and successful prospector. Tommy Cruse and Marcus Daly are merely representative examples of the best successes in every mining district.

PHIL O'ROURKE—A fitting companion and "pardner" of Con Sullivan; hardy, industrious and faithful. He had long been a prospector and was thoroughly familiar with the conditions that are necessary to make even a "bonanza" profitable.

Such was the outfit that Peck & Cooper grubstaked, that discovered the Bunker Hill and Sullivan, and began the development of the Cœur d'Alene.

To Kellogg's Jack's trick of losing himself when most needed, however, and to his alleged sagacity in knowing a pay chute when he saw it, is due the discovery of the great mine; and in "Dutch Jake's" famous resort in Spokane—where keno is run by electricity—there is a lifelike oil painting of the Jackass standing upon the apex of the Bunker Hill and gazing abstractedly across the cañon to the glimmering outcroppings of the Sullivan. One of the old-time concert-hall jingles had a refrain:

"When you talk about the Cœur d'Alenes
And all their wealth untold,
Don't fail to mention 'Kellogg's Jack,'
Who did that wealth unfold!"

At about the second passing of the bottle the boys at the camp were mighty glad to see me; we soon finished breakfast, and then Con Sullivan said:

"Well, Jim, we don't know how you come to strike our trail, but we've got something here worth a long

journey to see. Look up there!" And, as he spoke, Sullivan pointed to the right-hand slope of the cañon from the camp, just as the sun had risen to a point where its morning rays fell full upon the side of the mountain. What seemed to be a vast sheet of new tin dazzled the eyes. I had never seen such a sight before—nor since.

"Galena," I said.

"That's what," replied O'Rourke.

Then we all started up the trail, and I soon stood upon the outcroppings of the greatest blowout of argentiferous galena ever known. The vein was so well defined that I could easily determine its course down the side of the cañon and its continuation up the opposite slope to the outcrop on the Bunker Hill. I was amazed, but I made no comments.

"It was this a-way," began Mr. Kellogg; "the d——d Jack shook us one night at the mouth of the creek, and the next morning we started out to find him. His tracks were plain, and now and then we found great wads of his hair where he had climbed over the down timber and scraped his sides against the logs. How under the heavens the little devil managed to get through that place I can't tell; but after we got into the cañon proper his trail was easy. Looking across the creek we saw the Jack standing upon the side of the hill, and apparently gazing intently across the cañon at some object which attracted his attention. We went up the slope after him, expecting that, as usual, he would give us a hard chase; but he never moved as we approached. His ears were set forward, his eyes were fixed upon some object, and he seemed wholly absorbed. Reaching his side, we were astounded to find the Jackass standing upon a great outcropping of mineralized vein-matter and looking in apparent amazement at the marvelous ore chute across the cañon, which then, as you now see it, was reflecting the sun's rays like a mirror. Jack fairly heaved a sigh of relief as he heard our vigorous comments. We lost no time in making our locations, and where the Jack stood we called it the Bunker Hill, and the big chute we named the Sullivan, in honor of Con."

"I had mined in Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah,

the Black Hills and Colorado ; I was at Virginia City when the Comstock was in its glory ; but I had never seen a "showing" equal to the exposure in the Sullivan. There seemed to be almost countless tonnage of what looked like a very high grade galena upon the very surface of the ground. My thoughts were running like mad—how could I get in on the original layout ?

"Well, boys, how many locations have you got in all?" I asked, after expressing my pleasure at their great luck.

"We've located 3,000 feet," replied Mr. Kellogg, "as far as we could follow the lead."

"And that is enough to 'represent' and to make us all we want," said O'Rourke.

"So you have simply made two locations on the vein, and nothing more," I suggested.

"That's what," Sullivan answered ; "but you bet we're dead sure we've got all there is in this camp."

The boys went at their work, and I said that I guessed I would stroll around a bit. There was a small hand-axe among the tools lying about, and I told Con that I would take it with me, for I might need it to blaze my trail. Then I went down the slope to the creek. It was a fine mountain stream (Milo Creek), carrying several hundred inches of water. I got out of sight of the boys, and then as quietly as possible I cut away the bark from a big fir tree on the creek bank and gradually worked a smooth surface upon the wood. Then I took out from my pocket an old stub of a lead pencil and wrote upon the tree a full and complete location of all the water in the stream. To make the location perfect, I needed a witness, and therefore, upon the completion of the declaration, I walked out from the shelter of the trees and shouted to the boys to come down to the creek, as I had something to show them. They came at once, thinking I must have made a discovery—which I had—and I led them up to the tree, upon which my location was plainly written and legally worded.

Each of the three men was thoroughgoing and practical. Each knew that the best mine on earth might prove worthless without the aid of water. Each realized at once that I had a cinch upon all future possibilities. Their exclamations were varied, but emphatic.

"You see," said Sullivan, "in our bull-headed hurry we forgot all about the water. Well, Jim, you've got the drop on us, and it's all right." Then, like a man, he took the stub of pencil, and walked up and put his name to the location as a witness.

"We don't know as much as the off ear of that Jack-ass!" was Mr. Kellogg's comment, as he, too, signed the notice.

"Now, boys," I said, "here's a fresh bottle (hauling out the second quart from my pocket). Let's take a drink to Jim Wardner, who, you will find, is the best partner any of you have ever had; for these mines and this water are inseparable. Let's go down to the camp and talk things over."

After arriving at the camp I proceeded to explain things from my point of view:

"You are good enough miners," I began, "to know that neither the burnt-out croppings of the Bunker Hill nor even the very wonderful 40-foot wide blowout of galena upon the Sullivan is positive assurance of great wealth to the outfit. We don't know anything yet about the values carried, but we do know that so large a mass of galena would not be apt to carry any fabulous silver value. We are one hundred miles from a railway and more than one thousand miles to a smelter. The stuff has got to run like a scared wolf to be worth packing out. I know that you are all broke, and that you need, most of all, a little ready money; and that is where I come in strong, because I will give you \$500 now, and I have got more than \$15,000 in Hussey's bank at Murray, which I am ready to blow in on this layout. But I want to manage things in my own way. My plan would be to get things fixed right for work as soon as possible. I will take samples and go to Spokane, and will arrange, if the ore has value to warrant it, for immediate mining, building of roads, shipping, etc. In the meantime, you are to promise me that no other person shall have any option or opportunity upon this property until I have decided what can be done and what is best to do for all concerned."

Pledges over the last of the whiskey were made, and then we went up to the Sullivan to get samples. We had no bags, and so Con Sullivan took his overalls



WARDNER, IDAHO, IN 1886 — THE \$4,000,000 DONKEY IN THE FOREGROUND — THE ★ MARKS THE

and quickly converted them into first-rate saddle-bags. We put about twenty pounds of ore in each leg, and then the boys accompanied me down to where Baldy was impatiently awaiting my arrival. I turned the cayuse loose to graze for an hour, the boys returned to camp, and then I proceeded to post a notice locating 10,000 inches of water in the Cœur d'Alene River. I may mention here that I subsequently disposed of the two water rights that I located that day for \$50,000. I struck out for Spokane that night and reached there the following afternoon. Assays showed high silver value, and I started as quickly as possible for San Francisco to consult Selby & Co. That concern immediately agreed to take all the ore of the class represented by the sample that could be furnished, and at a price which would leave a very large margin of profit. Back I hurried to Spokane, thence to the mine. The boys had built a comfortable camp, but had not worked to any extent upon the ore chute. I at once contracted with them to take out 25,000 tons of ore and to advance to them \$5 upon each ton extracted, they to take out not less than twenty tons daily. Then I began road building and planning for shipping the ore to the railway. I was expending more than \$500 per day.

The men began work in earnest upon the ore-body. It did not require many days' work, however, at twenty tons per day, to make us all sick, for every stroke of the pick and every blast demonstrated more and more that the marvelous surface showing was nothing but a big blowout. We took out every pound of that ore, and, all told, it was less than eight hundred tons. When we found the bunch exhausted, I may say that the general disappointment was even more intense than the exaltation had been when the Sullivan was discovered.

"We might have known better than to have faith in anything that d——d Jackass led us to," was O'Rourke's only comment.

When the ore was exhausted we found that the vein itself was an enormous contact, and that seams and stringers of galena were going down. I proposed that work should continue. The ore which had been taken out yielded me about \$115 per ton, and I was determined to spend my last dollar in the endeavor to find

the permanent ore chute which I felt sure would be found. With me it was simply a question of time and money. So the work went on. My money melted away; I was overdrawn in all my bank accounts; I owed the men about \$3,000—and the face in the main tunnel looked absolutely barren. I became worn and thin, and the skin upon my hands and face was so drawn that it seemed transparent. One afternoon I walked a little way up the cañon, seated myself upon a boulder, and began to wonder if I was really sane. I clenched my hands in anger at myself for broken pledges to my faithful, confiding and patient wife. I noticed that specks of blood had oozed through the skin upon my hands (they were so tightly clenched and my skin was so drawn), and I said to myself: "So you are actually sweating blood; but that is no atonement for your folly, Jim." Suddenly I felt an impulse to run down the cañon, as though I would escape from the surroundings, the failure and the debts to the men. I started; I came to the tree upon which was the notice of my first water right; I laughed aloud—I do not know why. Then I went on hurriedly, and it came to me that I would not stop until I reached Spokane. I got below the camp, and was increasing my speed, when I came unexpectedly upon a newly-pitched tent, near which was a pleasant-voiced man, who said: "Stranger, you seem in a hurry. Come in and take something as a starter for the new gin-mill."

I never accepted an invitation with greater alacrity or thankfulness. I went into the tent, poured a whiskey glass full to the brim, and gulped it down with the remark: "I am Jim Wardner, the boss of this outfit."

That was enough to make my immediate deliverer protest that I must "have one with him." And I took it—a big one. Then I heard a shout, "Wardner!" It came from a good pair of lungs, and it echoed up the cañon. I stepped outside the tent and saw Brady, my foreman, coming down the trail at full speed. He saw me, and shouted: "Hurry up, Jim; we've struck it big in the main tunnel. The breast is solid ore!" His voice fairly choked with excitement. Instantly I was as cool and deliberate as I ever was in my life.

"Oh, don't get excited, Brady. Of course you've

struck it; what have we been driving that tunnel for? Come down and get a drink," was my answer.

Then I said to Tom Erwin (as I later knew my deliverer to be): "Here! give us all a good one; and, Brady, take another—you're too excited."

I walked along slowly up the trail, and told Brady not to rush so—but I did want to rest my eyes upon that tunnel face! Well, I found that the boys had broken into a solid chute of galena for the full size of the drift. It was a wonderful sight. After going in on it a little way I started a cross-cut, and the chute proved to be thirty-six feet wide. Then we drove the drift night and day. I had forty men at work, and after running one hundred feet on the vein we cross-cut again. It was still thirty-six feet strong. I took ton samples of the ore taken from the drift, and soon discovered that, while the ore-body was marvelous in its dimensions, the values were cut down to a concentrating proposition. Having become certain upon that point, I started on foot for Spokane. There I borrowed \$300 from Walter Bean, and began an attempt to induce capital to take hold of what I believed to be one of the most desirable investments ever offered. No one in Spokane would take the trouble to even visit the mine. I went to San Francisco—and failed. Then I tried Portland in vain. I knew that an active young fellow named Austin (since then inventor of the pyritic smelting process) was running a little smelter at Toston, Mont., for an English syndicate, and I thought perhaps I could get him to interest his company in my project. So I went to Toston. I found Austin to be an expert on ores. After examining my samples and making tests, he declared that, if my statements as to the mine were true, I had the biggest concentrating proposition in the country. "You go up to Helena and see Governor Sam Hauser," advised Austin. To Helena I went. I called upon Governor Hauser at the First National Bank, of which he was the president. He received me in his private parlor. I showed him my samples and told him about the mine. When I had finished he broke out in the only and original Sam Hauser style:

"What in —— are you telling me, young man? Look here, I'm from Missouri, where they raise mules and

liars, and I am a good judge of both, and I will say right now that as an all-round liar you can beat any man I ever listened to."

But that was only Governor Hauser's way. I saw that he was really interested, and I went on and argued what the results would be if a 100-ton concentrator was put up. I told him that I could secure a contract to concentrate 50,000 tons at \$5 per ton, and also a share in the net profits. The final result was that Governor Hauser gave his expert \$10,000, ordered him to accompany me to the Cœur d'Alene, and, if he verified my statements, to pay off the men and secure the contracts. We made a rush trip to the mines and back to Helena, the expert having indorsed my every statement, and Governor Hauser ordered the machinery for a 100-ton concentrator.

Then things came my way with a rush. The work in every department was pushed, and the mine development was showing bigger and better with every foot of progress. Capital began to look toward the Bunker Hill and Sullivan and the Cœur d'Alene. A lively town was started, and it was named Wardner. I had lots of friends and was again a favorite of fortune. To me was given the credit of making the Cœur d'Alene country a success—and I didn't sweat blood any more. Soon nearly everybody in the mining line who had capital was looking for investments in our booming district. The opportunity came for a big sale of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan, and the great mine passed from my control forever. What I received for my water rights, contracts, interest, etc., amounted to a reasonable fortune. Governor Hauser was also to the good a hundred thousand or so—and still believes in his ability to judge mules and liars.

On one occasion, when I was telling the story of my fortunes in the Cœur d'Alene country, my friend Northrop said, with surprise: "Can't see how a man can make and then lose a hundred thousand dollars."

Here's the solution: The man with good sound judgment and a reasonable-sized head, once in possession of a hundred thousand dollars does not lose it. He it is who works the "snowball racket" on his pile.

But the shoddy man, the lucky shoddy man, the man

who never before had a hundred dollars, a man who begins to feel poor when he gets the first \$50,000, a man who constantly and wilfully and determinedly persists in getting over his head in the confusing waters of speculation, who belittles the size of his pile, as he associates with millionaires, joins in their schemes and buys their stock; the shoddy man, who looks "wise as a forest of owls," and believing he is great because he has been lucky; he who gives bad advice and refuses good; he who has an expense account, that, like the impending avalanche, will snowslide him to poverty; he it is who loses a hundred thousand dollars. Not one in a thousand of these fellows ever make it back. Their time is now occupied in thinking of their past greatness, and they drift along Time's rapid stream until they whirl into the vortex of despair.

Northrop says, "You have handled the subject pretty fairly and it is one you should know all about."

The history of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan is an excellent illustration of the difficulties encountered by those who, with limited capital, attempt to make a mine. It also furnishes reasons for believing that many mines now abandoned would become profitable if reasonable development work were done upon them.

When the original discoverers finally made a competency out of the sale of the mine, Con Sullivan said to O'Rourke, "Say, Phil, Kellogg's Jack is a long-headed fellow, isn't he?"

And upon his death the Jackass was buried with greater honor than had ever before been accorded to any of his kind.

The Bunker Hill and Sullivan is still one of the important productive mines in the Cœur d'Alene district. The largest stockholder in the company owning it is Mr. D. O. Mills, of New York City. It is believed that the mine improves with development, and that it will continue productive for many years to come.

I will state that during the life of the contract my interest in the property was one dollar a ton on each ton of ore that was extracted from the mine and one-third of the profits of the mine; I received also \$50,000 for both water rights. After the sale a number of very curious incidents occurred.

The evening after the sale, desiring to purchase a little jewelry, I stepped into one of the jewelry stores of Spokane. Here I found that nearly each and every one of the men had been that day a purchaser of diamonds; in fact, they wore diamonds in great shape; not only did they themselves wear diamonds, but they evinced a most generous spirit toward their old friends in Wardner and Spokane. My daughters had to thank Mr. Philip O'Rourke for his first checks, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, for \$1,000 each, and Mr. Kellogg, not to be outdone, gave the boys the same amount.

From the time of the bonding of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine until the owners received their money, there elapsed only about eleven days. During that time I had visited Helena, Thompson Falls, Murray, and Spokane. Governor Hauser thought that the selling of the property at that time would be an absolute impossibility, and so he expressed himself; but everything was in my favor and I was on the rail of fortune and could not be switched off. Thus we are all of us riding along on an endless chain of destiny, working in a groove forged by the Almighty, and when the chain is severed by the drum of time, down we go to the dump of eternity.

CHAPTER XIII.

WARDNER, IDAHO.

The story of the periodical fortunes of Jim Wardner, of Wardner, Idaho, would hardly be complete without a chapter on the town of Wardner and some of Jim Wardner's experiences in connection with it. This town was laid out by a gentleman whom we will call Judge Kelly. After the surveying of it with a tape line, the numbers of the lots were all put into a hat and he who paid \$2.50 had the choice of a lot. It was generally understood that one man had one choice, but there was no limit to the amount of proxies he could hold. My drawing was not a success and I afterward sold my lot for \$5, it being really farthest from the post-office on the old town plot.

Prosperity now set in in good earnest; other discoveries were made, other mines were opened, and hundreds of people flocked into the camp. Among them came many of the gambling fraternity and that class which you always find first in a good mining camp. As an example, the following notice appeared in the *Wardner News* in the summer of '85:

GEORGE B. Mc—— SHOWS THE BOYS HOW TO PLAY FARO.

“The game in Josh Collins' place opened Friday at one o'clock and did not close until Monday. During that time there were some of the heaviest plays ever made in the Northwest. George B. Mc——, the banker and Bonanza Mine owner, indulged in a little diversion from the dull routine of business and tried his hand at faro. He sat down to the game early Friday evening, played all night, and lost several thousand dollars. The next day he complained that the limit was too low for a man of his nerve and means. The limit was removed entirely, and George piled up \$1,000 and \$1,200 at a

time and won and lost it as nonchalantly as he refuses Irishmen work. By ten o'clock the next day he had lost \$16,000; still he continued to play and bet from \$100 to \$1,000 at each turn. After twelve o'clock on Saturday his luck changed and he accumulated in front of him most of the checks that were in the rack. At three o'clock he cashed in and found that he had won back all but \$1,500 of the money that he had played in. He sat nearly twenty-four hours in front of the case-keeper and played faro. Such large stakes are not wagered here every day, but it is safe to say that there is more gambling* for bigger stakes at Wardner than in any town of its size in the Northwest."

My first venture in the town of Wardner, Idaho, was corraling all the corner lots. My assistant, Mr. Horace Davenport, and myself soon accomplished this, and in four weeks from the time we unloaded at a profit of about \$10,000.

I next founded the Bank of Wardner. The bank consisted of an inconspicuous shack, a portable safe, a chicken-coop netting for the protection of the cashier, a private office about as big as a cheese-box, and my credit in Spokane, where I kept my money on deposit. This bank was not highly quoted at first, as I purchased a safe on a year's time, paying in installments. The bank, however, flourished. I was the president and Mr. Kellogg was vice-president. George Crane and E. C. Gove were the directors. Horace Davenport was cashier. This was his first experience in the banking business. It was not difficult to make loans, especially to the officers and directors.

*Speaking about gambling, my friend Johnny Manning, now a Klondike millionaire, kept the Senate saloon in Deadwood in '77 and '78. He is, like myself, a firm believer in the laws of general average. To test and prove our belief, the fate of a deuce was tried and tallied at one of his faro tables for one thousand consecutive deals. After all the varieties of chance—sometimes losing, again equalizing, then losing, then equalizing—at the end of the thousandth deal the deuce had won twenty times more than it had lost. My friend John Mahan, a veteran dealer, tabbed the whole record, and he is a firm believer that this curious equalization of luck would last to the end of time.

I ask, What is it? What is the law of general average that controls chance? What is this general law of nature that installs itself in the propagation of all animals, birds and fishes? That imprints itself on the seasons? That invests itself into all men's lives, and, finally, fixes itself on all games of chance? Call it luck; call it chance; call it fatality; these it is. It is a strong product in our fatalistic career, making true the words of Robert Ingersoll, who said: "Nothing has ever been done under the blue dome of Heaven that could possibly have been avoided."

One day Mr. Davenport came to me and said that he was tired of running the bank on wind.

I said, "Horace, how much money have you got in there?"

He said, "About \$175; and a party will soon present a check for \$900; in fact, he has already been to the window and I have detained him until your arrival. He has been quite put out because the check could not be cashed, and advised me if I could not pay to close the doors."

Horace Davenport again handed in his resignation. I told him when the gentleman returned to send him to the president's office. I awaited his arrival. Presently the gentleman came in and presented his check for \$900. "I won't pay this," said I.

"You won't pay it?" exclaimed the astonished depositor. "Haven't I \$900 in this bank?"

"Yes, but I won't pay it, just the same."

Well, that fellow was hot, and amidst a series of unmentioned explosives he said, "If your blanked old bank is busted, you'd better close up."

"This bank is all right, and as solid as the rock of Gibraltar," said I. "Now use business sense and judgment. I always took you for a man who believed in helping along home industries. Can't you see that instead of drawing the money out of this bank, if you paid for your cattle with drafts on Spokane, the Bank of Wardner would make one per cent. out of the operation? Nine hundred dollars is not much to this bank, but I wish to establish a financial precedent."

He cooled down, bought the drafts, and the bank was saved; and it never did break while under my management. But the trials and tribulations of a bank president are great. I would continually refuse the right man and loan money to the wrong man, and when it got so that I had to keep guard with a shotgun to keep off borrowing directors, I just quit.

But talk about your Jim Crow bankers and financial acrobats, my friend Sam Lichtenstadter, of Ruby, Okanogan, takes the bakery. Fully appreciating his genius I intended to have him collaborate with me. Sam located in Ruby, 160 miles from Spokane. In those days to transport money between that point and Spokane

cost money. Ed. Cowan, the gifted Western writer, narrates the following :

“His (Lichtenstadter's) plan when formed was to give to Ruby all the benefits of an abundant circulating medium, without imposing on the community the hardship of a heavy discount for carriage. At least such is the philanthropic explanation of his purpose at this remote day. He began by establishing his place of final redemption at a Spokane bank through which he transacted his mercantile business. Then he ordered several thousand artistically lithographed checks—pink paper—made payable in Spokane to bearer, meantime having put in a safe with the conventional country cage and hoisted the sign of ‘The Bank of Ruby.’

“The system Lichtenstadter was about to carry into effect may be readily understood. To all depositors and on all exchange or credits he issued his personal check against his own credit in far-away Spokane. The sign having been swung prematurely—that is to say, before the pretty pink checks arrived—a man named Keene appeared with a huge gold nugget as big as one's hand, in exchange for which he desired to get \$250 in money. But the young banker had not enough bills or coin to cover the value of the nugget, and in this predicament he told Keene, as a reason why he could not accommodate him, that the Bank of Ruby was a bank of deposit only.

“At this critical point in the unique career of the Bank of Ruby, when the blossoming scheme was threatened with the blight of scandal, when there was danger of a run against it before it had secured a depositor, a mining operator who was going into the mountains for a few weeks walked in and confided to the young banker's keeping a goodly sum of cash. After he had left, Lichtenstadter explained to Keene that he was only ‘joshing’ him, and meant all the time to help him out with the cash, which he did, and took the nugget. Next day the bundle of pink checks arrived by stage and the new bank was saved.

“During its singular existence the Bank of Ruby, otherwise known as Sam Lichtenstadter's, issued nearly \$300,000 in checks, payable to bearer at Spokane, and at times held as much as \$35,000 in deposits. Few of these

checks found their way to Spokane. They passed as currency throughout Okanogan county and as far north as Penticton, B. C. They were acceptable to people in all occupations and to the county government. The first oddity that surprised the visitor to the county was the omnipresent pink check.

"One day a mine buyer appeared at the bank with a draft for \$10,000.

"'I'll cash this for you,' said Lichtenstadter, 'but I'll have to discount it 5 per cent.'

"The holder savagely protested that he didn't propose to be robbed in this outrageous manner.

"'That is what it costs me to bring money into the county,' explained the banker placidly, 'but if you like, I'll issue my personal checks against the draft in all fractional amounts you may desire, and they will serve you just as well as gold.'

"The holder wouldn't listen to such a proposition. But everywhere he went he saw the pink checks moving about with the freedom and credit of gold certificates, and finally, convinced that they were the money of final redemption of the camp, he returned to the bank and exchanged his draft for a pocketful of them.

"When depositors checked against themselves payment was made by pink check, and the pink checks were received as cash deposits. Thus the circulation was made rotary and complete. Such was the confidence in these checks that when the banker reached the time of final liquidation one old rancher was found in the mountains who had stored away \$1,250 worth of them, and he was so skeptical when advised to go to Ruby and get his cash, because the bank was closing, that he declined to do so, and the money for the redemption of the checks had to be sent to him by special messenger.

"The failure of the Spokane National Bank and the simultaneous collapse of the Okanogan mining boom caused the downfall of the Bank of Ruby, which redeemed every pink check that could be drummed up. In the last analysis \$3,000 worth of them had evaporated. In other words, the shrinkage of the pink check circulation of Okanogan county for a period of five years represented a little less than 10 per cent. of the maximum deposits or redemption fund and a little more

than 1 per cent. of the total issue of circulating medium."

Speaking about these good old days of 1886 in Wardner, Idaho, makes me remember with pleasure "Uncle John" Davenport, who is among the most liberal of men. He will not only give away all that he hath himself, but also all that his friends and neighbors have.

I returned to my cabin once on a cold winter night and found my little stove and bed clothes gone. "Uncle John" had given them to a needy woman.

In due time, "Uncle John" went away, and when he returned and found that I had leased his comfortable cabin and fixtures to a poor and deserving woman from the Black Hills, and when he saw a fine sign, "Laundry," over his own door, he enjoyed it hugely. I told him that "He who giveth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord," and he said he would waive all interest. And these are they who make up our mining camps.

Early in 1888 "Uncle John" C. Davenport and myself were examining a gold prospect about five miles from Nelson, B. C., owned by Mr. Nail, and called the Poor Man. It was really a Dick Nailer, a crack-a-jack, as Col. John Burke would say; a Lulu is the word of Geo. Pfunder, and a bird it would be in my vocabulary. He wanted to buy it and so did I. Coming down the hill together, I said: "John, you want the Poor Man, and so do I. It won't pay to bid against each other; Nail's price is high enough, viz., \$35,000 for a baby mine. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll play you seven-up, best two out of three, seven points each. He who wins, stays; he who loses, goes."

"Uncle John" was the boss at seven-up. I came "pretty near winning," as Dutch Jake says. In fifteen minutes I steamed away on the little steamer *Idaho*, which was there awaiting one of us for a passenger. "Uncle John" Davenport taught me whist and kept me poor. God bless him! May he live long and may the Poor Man still continue to enrich him! is my wish.

Wardner, Idaho, grew and prospered; 1886 was an eventful year. The Bunker Hill and Sullivan was booming along, the concentrator was under process of construction, and I was sitting in my cabin when I was accosted by a gentleman on a good-looking mule.

"Is your name Wardner, and are you running this big mine? I want to go and take a look at it—want to sample it. You had better take that gunny sack along and a pick, too. How far is it up there?"

I told him and we started up. I picked up the gunny sack, and after he had sampled the heavy lead ore carefully, I holding the sack and he dropping the pieces of lead ore into it, some weighing many pounds, we returned to my cabin. He concluded the load was too heavy to pack on behind his saddle and that he would "sample it down." I therefore grabbed the sack by the ears and emptied the contents on the ground, when lo and behold! out dropped a stick of giant powder No. 2. We had both of us been deliberately trying to commit suicide all day. I cannot exactly remember what Mr. D. C. Corbin said. He was very much affected. However, drawing from his pocket the left hind foot of a rabbit killed in the dark of the moon, he mused and grunted: "How much is D. C. Corbin indebted to that rabbit foot? Ask him."

Before he left he gave me instructions in regard to the right of way for a railroad. In a week his surveyors were on the ground; in a month the railroad was commenced, and in less than four months I was shipping my ore by rail.

Mr. Corbin has since built many miles of railroad. The whole mining country near Spokane and in British Columbia is indebted for its prosperity more to the efforts of D. C. Corbin than any other man that I know of.

CHAPTER XIV.

STRIKES MADE BY CURIOUS MEANS.

The discovery of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan by a Spanish jackass reminds me of two other instances in which rich strikes were due to other than human agencies. The first occurred in Okanogan county, Idaho, September 18, 1892, and is as follows:

Two prospectors, Redmond and Herrick, were out hunting and prospecting, and they had with them a bird dog named Skookum. They were working through the Salmon River Basin. When they came over a hill and looked down into a little ravine with a brook running through the bottom, they saw in a bush overhanging the brook a pheasant, at which one of the men shot. The bird fell into the water and the dog Skookum started after it. As he scrambled back with it in his mouth, his paw pulled down some soft green moss from the rock at the side of the stream. The prospectors noticed that the stone showed white under the moss. They made an examination and found it to be gold-bearing quartz. They followed the lead and located two claims.

Well, I had been for some time looking for that sort of ore, and so I bonded the two claims, and with them included the black dog Skookum. Thus, you see, that again by a lucky circumstance a dog's paw did for the Red Jacket what the jackass's ears did for the Sullivan.

I soon sold this mine for a healthy little sum and turned my attention to the development and exploitation of another mine which I got under similar curious circumstances.

Frank Austin was a ranch hand working in a logging camp near Snohomish, and had a small shack located on a homestead. He supported his family by working in the camp, and hoped eventually to prove up on his land.

He was not a miner and never thought much about mines.

One night he dreamed of a region of yellow gold and bright silver. Surface views showed the precious metals in large quantities. The dream was so vivid that all the surrounding objects were thoroughly impressed on his memory. All the next day he kept thinking about his dream. He tried to convince himself that he was not a superstitious man, but he told his wife of his dream, and she, too, was much surprised with the circumstances. He had no money to go out prospecting, but one day he saw me, and called me aside and repeated his story. I laughed as he told me, yet after assuring myself that the fellow was honest, I pulled out a large roll of bills which I always carried, and gave him some, telling him if he thought he could find anything he might try. A month afterward I received a letter telling me a rich mine had been discovered.

The peculiar part of it is that the Alpha mine was on a ledge where neither gold nor silver had ever been found before, and Austin discovered it just as it appeared to him in his dream.

All this goes to show that luck often plays a prominent part in striking it rich, which, if I may be permitted to compare great things with small, recalls the following incident. Until this occurred I had been a firm believer in the old adage, "Honesty is the best policy." It was on the Northern Pacific Railroad, the first day out of Seattle, on one of my flights across the continent. I had spent a very pleasant evening in the smoking compartment of the Pullman and was about retiring to my berth when, lo and behold, as I reached about the middle of the car, there lay immediately in front of my toes a great, big, fat pocketbook. At the same time something else met my vision. It was a pair of red stockings sticking out from under the curtains of the berth to my right; and I got the impression that the owner of the red stockings was also the owner of the pocketbook. Picking up the pocketbook, I thrust it through the folds of the curtains, restoring the book, as I thought, to the owner. Now, all this was a matter of impulse, or honesty, call it which you will, but it caused me a sleepless night, partly from regret

for having given up the boodle and partly from fear that the man with the red stockings was not the original owner.

Well, the next day in the dining-car a gentleman with red stockings, which were plainly to be seen over the tops of his low shoes, was enjoying with friend that best of all good things, a great, big, cold bottle of Mumm's Extra Dry. Later in the day we became acquainted, and the fruits of our acquaintance were another bottle of Mumm's, and still another. Then my new-found friend became loquacious, and finally confidential. He told me of the "funniest experience of his life," and after having dilated fully on his good luck, here is what he said :

"Say, look here ; I don't mind telling you confidentially that I had the d——t time of my life last night. Just going to bed ; just got my shoes off, and if some fool didn't go and shove a pocketbook right into my hand and went away, never saying a word."

"Is that so?" said I. "Was there anything in the book?"

"Well, I guess there was," said he. "An even hundred bucks."

"Have you got the book?" says I.

"Not much," says he, "but I've got the contents."

"Well," I says, "I am the fool that gave you that pocketbook, and I want fifty bucks right now." He handed them over after considerable expostulation. And the strange part of the story is that we never found the owner.

The man who lost the pocketbook, in all probability, got off at Spokane. Well, I did not make any serious efforts to find him, yet if he is alive and reads this account and can give his name, and if he needs it more than I do, he can have my share ; and the man with the red stockings has cheerfully agreed to follow suit.

CHAPTER XV.

A GREWSOME AWAKENING.

To have a well-filled pocketbook thrust upon you doesn't often occur, but, speaking of odd happenings, my old friend, the Hon. Alexander McKenzie, who has filled many official positions of trust, and is universally known and respected throughout North and South Dakota, told me a good one on himself one day. At the time of this event he was the sheriff of Burleigh county, in North Dakota, and resided in Bismarck. His duties caused many a long ride over hard roads and prairies, swimming streams, and climbing steep ascents. It was on one of these chases for criminals in the vicinity of the Missouri River, that, tired and weary, he unsaddled his horse at mid-day to refresh himself at a stream and have a few moments' rest in the shade of a little tree. Tying his horse by the bridle rein to this tree, he lay down and dozed off to sleep.

The cayuse, however, would not have it that way. Uneasy and restive, like all cayuses, he pulled and jerked backward, and this caused a swaying of the tree. Mr. McKenzie was suddenly awakened by heavy objects falling upon and around him. The cayuse was still pulling, and finally the sheriff ran for safety to escape a perfect shower of human hands, feet and heads.

The fact of the matter was that the cayuse had stood there and deliberately shaken down an old Indian graveyard.

CHAPTER XVI.

“SHORTY.”

After the sale of Bunker Hill and Sullivan came a discovery of gold mines in the South Fork. Mr. Bernard Goldsmith and I invested heavily in these properties. I quote from a Spokane newspaper in the month of August, 1887: “Through the indomitable energy and perseverance of James F. Wardner, Spokane Falls has had \$250,000 invested in buildings and improvements within her limits. This same genius now turns from the baser metal and gives the neglected gold mines of the matchless South Fork the benefit of his energy, wisdom, and experience, and behold the result! Can too much praise be given the hardy prospector who

“Opens the vault where the gold-dust shines,
And gives us the key to the silver mines?”

These properties were not a success financially.

In connection with them, however, I must tell you about “Shorty.”

“Shorty” was a case. In the summer of 1888 he was general utility man of the Alma and Nellie Wood mines, situated about six miles from the town of Wardner, Idaho. I was at that time general manager. It happened that one of the tunnels caved in and buried under the débris a poor unfortunate German, the first fatal accident that had occurred during my administration and the only accident that ever occurred in any mine with the management of which I was connected during my long years in the business.

Well, “Shorty” was the one who was to superintend the funeral of the German—digging the grave, making arrangements with the undertaker, summoning the person who was to read the burial service, and the rest. But somehow everything went wrong with “Shorty.”

There was a hitch from the start. The burial place was on the summit of a divide, and the cayuses shied and balked in the most unceremonious manner. Arriving at the grave, "Shorty" was again put to worry and trouble by discovering that the hole was about six inches too short for the box. Four of the attendants with picks and shovels soon remedied that, however, and the burial proceeded. The Episcopal service was read, and the minister reading it had instructed another standing near to carry out the usual exercises. As the words "ashes to ashes and dust to dust" were slowly read, Bill P— began to throw in gravel on top of the box, first with his hands and then with a shovel. At this "Shorty's" consternation and anger knew no bounds. He jumped from one person to another, asserting vehemently that the d—n fool was crazy and was breaking up the funeral. "Shorty" was bound to have it so, too, and could not be stopped until Bill Black got him by the arm and assured him it was part of the ceremony.

"Shorty" is one of those big-hearted characters who never forgive an insult. The act on the part of Bill P— he considered a personal insult and as one never to be forgiven or forgotten.

CHAPTER XVII.

SPOKANE.

And How it Happened That I Became a Member of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Happy Grangers.

Of course, these sales and the rapid growth of Cœur d'Alene thrust prosperity on Spokane, and its property boomed. We all bought, and as new railroads came in with new people and plenty of money from the East, it grew from a sprightly town into a beautiful city. Scourged by fire and the terrors of the depreciation of real estate, Spokane has come out of the ashes, her values are rapidly getting back to the old prices, and the wealth of a thousand mines is being poured into her lap of luxury.

Spokane is one of the most wonderful cities in the United States to-day; wonderful in its beauty, wonderful for the most magnificent water-power, which divides the city in two; wonderful for the stability of its banks, on the minds of whose officers recollections of the writer must be indelibly impressed; wonderful for the zeal of its inhabitants and their loyalty to the welfare of the town; most wonderful that in the short space of ten years it has grown from a town of 2,000 people to a city of 30,000, and that to-day it is, as it were, the center and hub of the wheel of the greatest mining country in the United States.

Tributary to this city we have Rossland, West Kootenay, East Kootenay, Slokan, Cœur d'Alene, the Okonagan mining district and the mines of the Pend d'Oreille. Its vast agricultural surroundings have also contributed to its success. The wheat that is ground in the city is eaten in the Orient, and the early fruits of the Snake River will find their way to Cape Nome. The magnificent products of Spokane's henneries and her creameries have

already found a ready market in the Klondike, and her hay and feed products are sent to the Philippines. The various mining camps spoken of demand good things and good prices, and the combination of supply and demand is a most fortunate and healthful proposition for Spokane.

While traveling in the East and in the West I have noticed the differences in individuals, and have studied out the cause that produces the effect. For instance, in Connecticut we have one individuality, in New York another, and in Virginia and Kentucky still others. These individualities are made and formed, first, from hereditary causes, and, second, from climatic influences; but there exists in one part of the United States a particularly distinctive individuality: I am speaking of the citizens of Spokane. The old adage that "Birds of a feather flock together" proves true in every way and every day, and more than asserts itself in the city of Spokane. It would seem that no demand, up to date, on the citizens of that city, where money has been needed to promote its welfare, has proven too great. The outsider who views its commercial prosperity and network of railways that make it as good as a terminal, the never-ending improvements to be seen in its suburbs, and the busy stir in its streets, wonders what is the cause of it all. The cause is the never-faltering, never-failing, unflinching loyalty of the Spokane citizen for the best interests of Spokane.

The *Spokesman-Review* has wisely said that Spokane is the undisputed trade, industrial, railroad, educational and social center of a rapidly developing country.

From a social point of view, I will say that the man who has once resided in Spokane will never claim any other place as his residence. It is my privilege to insert in this little book these few recollections, that lead me back to many, many happy days gone by.

Spokane now has hundreds of mining men who have made a legitimate success, and one looks back with pleasure to the rustling and struggling and true merit and square dealing of such men as Finch, Clark, McCauley, Williamson, Sweeney, the boss rustler; Crane, Loring, D. C. Corbin, Austin Corbin, George W. Dickinson, Barney Barinds, C. G. Griffith, Billy Alper-son, C. D. Porter, Peter Porter, George Darby, George

Hughes, Fred Kelly, Jack Wilmot, Senator Turner, Oliver Durant, Alec McCune, Scott McDonald, "Uncle John" Davenport, Billy Harris, and a hundred others whose success has been rightfully earned and who have the congratulations of everybody.

It was in Spokane, shortly before the time of which I am now writing, that I had the pleasure of meeting W. J. McConnell, afterward Governor McConnell of Idaho. The Governor was at that time in Spokane on business for his lodge, The Ancient and Honorable Order of Happy Grangers, of which he is the grand patriarch of the world. McConnell installed me as general patriarch of Idaho. While we have much in our lodge of a secret nature, yet our main motto is, "Never refuse a drink nor kick a dog." I believe I am regarded as a good member of the organization.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“DUTCH JAKE.”

The Most Remarkable Character in the Great Northwest—Philanthropist, Theatrical Manager, and All-Round Sport—He Runs a Keno Layout by Electricity.

Jacob Goetz, of the city of Spokane, Washington, is the most noted and unique character in the great Northwest. He is a man of wealth, influence, and strange peculiarities. For more than twenty years he has been known throughout Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington as “Dutch Jake.” He is in the prime of a life that may cease suddenly, but he will never grow old in appearance.

More than fifteen years ago he went into the Cœur d'Alene country with hundreds of other stampeders and hauled all his worldly possessions from Thompson's Falls to Murray on a toboggan. Between his broad Dutch smile and his fairly good whiskey, he became popular with the miners and made money rapidly. Being the owner of rich bar-diggings at Potosi, it was his habit whenever he saw a man who was “broke” to give him an outfit and tell him to go to work at the diggings and take out enough gold to give himself a start.

“Dutch Jake” remembered back in the States a rosy-checked girl that he had been fond of, and he wrote for her to come out to the mountains and share his increasing wealth. She came, and in 1887, on the 17th day of January, Murray witnessed the greatest and grandest wedding of its history. Jake published a notice in the local newspaper, inviting all persons within the limits of Montana, Idaho and Washington, to come to his wedding. Then he had posters printed and posted up on the mountain walls and the big trees and every sightly

place, asking all readers to join the feast and festivities at Murray, Idaho, the last line of the invitation reading, "Nobody barred."

The day of "Dutch Jake's" wedding opened with the firing of dynamite salutes in every camp and cañon where miners were at work. The only brass band in the district blew its blasts and beat its drums all day long, and wines and liquors were in exhaustless quantities for every person's indulgence. There were fireworks and feasting and dancing. The marriage ceremony was performed in the midst of the biggest crowd that ever gathered at one time and place in the Cœur d'Alene Mountains. The presents were numerous and very expensive. A week before the wedding I went to Spokane Falls and carried orders from more than two hundred friends and admirers to purchase presents for the happy couple. I remember that one package of silverware weighed over 700 pounds. The variety of wedding presents was not only wonderful but astounding, covering every necessity of living, including the bedroom.

"Dutch Jake" never failed to grubstake miners who appealed to his generosity, and one day he helped to outfit Phil O'Rourke, Con Sullivan and L. H. Kellogg. A part of the outfit was a thoroughbred jackass, which became widely known as "Kellogg's Jack" and as the real discoverer of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine; he threatened at one time to outrival even "Dutch Jake" himself in importance and notoriety. That was a lucky grubstake for Jake. It netted him \$100,000 when the mine was sold.

After receiving this money, "Dutch Jake" moved to Spokane Falls, and then, with Harry F. Baer as a partner, he built the first brick building in that thriving Western city and established the most curious combination of theater, saloon, gambling house, dance hall and hotel—free to any and all persons who were "broke"—that has ever been brought together under one roof. The great fire swept away Goetz & Baer's place, and upon the site of the old building they erected an establishment which by uniqueness, together with the eccentricities of "Dutch Jake" and the stability of his partner, Harry F. Baer, created a tremendous patronage, so



JACOB GOETZ.
(DUTCH JAKE.)

great that in time they were obliged to increase their institution, until to-day, not even in the city of New York, and I doubt if in all the world, can a like institution be found. Money has been lavishly spent on the fittings, carpets and general fixtures of four immense floors. The size of the property is 100 by 110 feet, and the various occupations of this weird establishment are owned and controlled by the proprietors. The first floor is tiled, and in one corner, as you enter the barroom, is a fine barber shop with an entrance leading into a Turkish bath department. This Turkish bath department has also an entrance from the street. A person can get anything he wants in this place of business—drink, bath, meal, bed, shave, go to the theater, dance hall or gambling room. The house is of pressed brick, has the latest modern improvements, is steam-heated, and lighted by gas and electricity. The lighting plant is owned by the proprietors and is established in the basement, where one will also find large liquor and lunch counters. The bar on the first floor is an exceedingly beautiful affair. The fixtures are of cherry and the mirrors French plate. On this floor and to the right of the bar is the only portrait in the building. This portrait is circular, has a diameter of three feet, and the frame is six inches in width, beautifully variegated, of gold and silver. It is a portrait of Jim Wardner, of Wardner, Idaho.

Take the stairway leading to the theater, club rooms and the dance hall. The theater takes in the second and third floors, and the fourth floor is the dance hall. About one-third of the second floor is occupied by the club room. In this room every known game of chance is played. First of all, that wonderful and original game of "Dutch Jake's," keno, by electricity. The electrical work in this game is of such a character that it guarantees both the player and the proprietor absolute fairness.

There is no calling out of numbers, for the balls which are drawn are placed in a groove corresponding to the number of the ball, and the decline of the little sphere operates an electric wire which causes the card bearing the number of the ball to appear upon the wall, so that the noise of the caller and possible mistakes are avoided. Here also we find the games of roulette, stud poker,

faro, Klondike and craps, played by an immense and motley assemblage.

Under no circumstances does the concern permit minors to frequent the gambling hall, and often "Dutch Jake" will advise married men who he thinks are spending too much money at his establishment to go home and keep away from the game. He is a domestic man himself and cannot tolerate anything that infringes upon the supreme rights of women and children. "Dutch Jake" would never be able to understand why New York men sit calmly in street cars and elevated trains and permit women to stand.

Fine lunch counters are all over the house, and the goods sold are the very best. "Dutch Jake's" goods are like his character. While whiskey will not be considered by many people in the world with any degree of toleration, yet nobody doubts the purity of "Dutch Jake's" whiskey, and it is the same with his character. Few men in his line of business have so indelibly stamped upon the minds of any community their honesty and integrity as has "Dutch Jake."

There are 144 men and women working in this establishment. Here you find barkeepers, barbers, carpenters, gamblers, actors, electricians, waiters, and boot-blacks. The house never closes its doors. It is a continuous performance the year round. "Dutch Jake" is a good paymaster, and the average pay of his 144 employees is \$4 per day. A faro dealer in that country earns \$10 per day. Thus, you see, the salary list is \$576 per day.

I almost forgot to mention one of the principal rooms in this house. It is devoted by this humanitarian to the poor and needy who stroll into his place asking for a meal and a place to lie down. In this apartment any poor man is permitted to lie down and also to receive one square meal a day free of charge. In this room I have seen in the early hours of a bitter cold and stormy morning hundreds of these poor fellows huddled together, covered only with a blanket which "Dutch Jake" would always furnish them. Here the men are compelled to be neat, and if a lodger desires a bath he is escorted to the bath-room. Cleanliness is one of "Dutch Jake's" hobbies.

"Dutch Jake's" partner, Harry F. Baer, has been

associated with him many years and is the only partner Jake ever had. The fact that there has never been any disagreement between them proves that both are of the right sort—square, reliable, and generous. Their names generally head the subscriptions for public charitable objects.

CHAPTER XIX.

FAIRHAVEN, WASHINGTON.

But to return to the subject of these memoirs: Eighteen eighty-nine was a bad year for me; I tried wheat, oil, stocks, and spent much money prospecting; my expenses were very high. I still had a champagne appetite, but only a lager beer income. I decided to go to Gov. Hauser and get a job buying ore for the Helena smelters.

I got aboard a Northern Pacific train at Spokane, and there met Mr. Nelson Bennett, the great contractor and big-hearted millionaire. I was side-tracked to fortune. He said: "Jim, I want you. I am building up a great city—Fairhaven, Washington, will be the terminal point of three great overland railroads. I am building a railroad that will top them all. Fairhaven is the coming metropolis of Puget Sound. I am going to New York now, and if I wire to you at Helena to come to New York, you come."

At Garrison Junction we parted, he going via Butte and I going via Helena. But, after wabbling the matter over in my mind for an hour, I concluded to go right through to New York, and take Helena in as a by-product, as it were, afterward.

Well, I saw Mr. Bennett when he registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, but he didn't see me. However, in a couple of days I made myself known to him, and he said: "It's all right; go ahead, boom her! Here's a letter to Wilson. When will you start?"

"To-night—this minute," I said; "quick as you write that letter."

Back I went. I felt that everything was all right. A wave of prosperity was rolling westward, and I was on the crest. Everything came my way. I stopped on the way one day with my family in Spokane, and during the time bonded the Boston mine in the Cascades, which

I afterward sold for \$25,000. I hurried on to the coast, and found Tacoma, Seattle, and Anacortes red-hot—investors flocking in from everywhere—but not a word about Fairhaven.

I took the old tub *Eliza Anderson* and landed at Fairhaven, where I met Chas. D. Francis at the wharf. The one locomotive that belonged to the railroad, ten miles long, was switching a carload of lumber. That same carload was switched on the arrival of every boat. Francis asked me my business, and I told him I was going to look around, and might start a bank. He said he already had a permit from the United States Treasurer to start a National Bank, but he could not see anything but stumps and trees for depositors and customers. He was afterward my cashier in the First National Bank of Fairhaven.

I went to the headquarters of the Fairhaven Land Company, and there met my old friends, E. M. Wilson, Cogill, and Gov. George Black. I exhibited my letter and bought 135 lots, 25 per cent. down; balance, three, six, nine and twelve months. I had \$10,000 in cash, and this I at once invested in options on business property right in the heart of Fairhaven, for which I paid from \$100 to \$250 per front foot. In one month I had organized the Fairhaven Water Works Company, the Fairhaven Electric Light Company, the Samish Lake Logging and Milling Company, the Cascade Club, First National Bank, and the Fairhaven National Bank, of which I was president. I was also president of the first three named corporations, and vice-president of the Cascade Club and the First National Bank. Modesty, you will notice, never kept me in the background. The town was incorporated; E. M. Wilson was elected Mayor and I was elected Alderman. Here I made a record. During the year, I think I seconded four motions and moved to adjourn each time I was present.

But I am getting ahead of my story. So close did I invest my money and so busy was I that I arrived in Tacoma "broke," forgetting that I had told my wife to meet me there, and that we would go to San Francisco together. She had been waiting for me two days. She is a great waiter. Just keep her anticipating and she is perfectly happy. She grows fat on promises and is

happy in financial adversity. I got hold of her accidentally and I have educated her splendidly. The click of the nightlock bothers her no longer. She does not implicitly believe what I say; consequently she has few disappointments. I do not confide my business to her, and she is not worried and never blamed. I taught her early to go out alone; hence she is courageous. I guess we are both of us of the same opinion on every subject, for we never gossip or debate. She was bright and intelligent when I got hold of her and was easy to educate. The time to educate them is in their youth. Well, there she was, waiting for me.

"Got any money?" says I.

She says, "Nit."

Both "broke," and bound for San Francisco.

"Well, this is a predicament. Let me see what I can do," I said.

This was at the Tacoma Hotel. You remember I told you I was side-tracked to success. Well, I was down in the office, deliberating whom to draw on, when Gen. Curry, who was sitting on the other side of the office, called to me and said, "They say you are making things howl up in Fairhaven; a whole boat-load of buyers from Spokane went up to-night. Say, can't you put me on? Here;" and handing me a crisp yellow bank-bill, value \$500, he said, "Put this where it will do the best."

As I owned the best lots in town I soothed my conscience by right then and there picking out in my mind a couple for him. I returned to the waiting wife, showed her that "sweet \$500-William," and, in answer to her wondering question, said, "A bird flew in at the window with it." Most peculiar and best of women: if you did not believe it, you certainly showed no evidence of doubt.

Gen. Curry had no cause to regret his investment. In San Francisco I learned that realty in Fairhaven was jumping to "beat the band," and back I went and took a new hold. I made \$60,000 clean in cash in sixty days, and bought a coal prospect and named it the Blue Cañon Coal Mine; then I formed a company, of which I was president, and issued 500,000 shares of stock, and incorporated the Marble Creek Marble Com-

pany, capital stock, \$100,000, of which company I was vice-president.

In connection with my Fairhaven experience, the following letter is self-explanatory :

FAIRHAVEN, Dec. 1, 1891.

Captain J. R. Matthews and Members of Wardner Hose Co. No. 2.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Permit me to thank you for an elegantly framed photograph showing all the members of your splendid company. I feel that I do not deserve the compliment that you bestowed upon me when you christened the company, and this further testimonial of your regard ; and I more fully appreciate these honors when I consult the record of your meritorious conduct since your organization. You need no other testimonials of your gallantry and vigilance than the silent, black and charred wrecks that might have been the starters of a great conflagration. I trust that you will keep up your strength in numbers and continue to protect our imperial city. Pay no attention to adverse criticism. A volunteer fire company is and always has been the embodiment of all that is brave and unselfish.

Hoping in the near future to be able to show my appreciation in a more substantial manner, I remain, boys,
your friend,

J. F. WARDNER.

CHAPTER XX.

MY CAT RANCH.

Then I started my cat ranch. Much has been said and much has been written about my celebrated cat ranch, located on an island about six miles from Fairhaven, Washington. So many bright writers have been there, and have seen my novel experiment and speculation, that I will let them tell the story themselves. I must, however, remark that, although the product did not equal my anticipation, I cannot blame Mr. Samuel Weller, of Cincinnati, who was my sole manager and purveyor to the cats. "This gentleman was a cat man, and his father was a cat man before him." If he finally erred in judgment it was from excessive zeal, and I forgive him. Now, as all my visitors, like my cats, had tales, let us listen a bit :

From the New York *Tribune* :

"BLACK CATS FOR PROFIT.

"A new industry is always interesting. And it is especially attractive if it shows great possibilities and hints of perhaps becoming a source of national wealth. There comes at this time from the new State of Washington a report of such an industry. We refer to the black-cat ranch just established at Fairhaven by the Consolidated Black Cat Company, Limited.

"We trust that our readers will understand that the organization of this company is a fact. Mr. James F. Wardner, of Fairhaven, is president. The names of the other officers are not given in the San Francisco dispatch which brings the intelligence, but the plan and object of the company are quite fully explained. The company has bought an island in Puget Sound, and is

already taking steps to secure all of the black cats in the neighborhood. Several carloads will be shipped from San Francisco next week. The cats will all be placed on the island and shelter provided for them. An island is selected in preference to the mainland, that the cats may be kept separate from others and the pure black cat propagated. Men will be employed to take care of the cats and to feed them regularly three times a day. They will live mostly on fish caught in the surrounding waters, so the expense of keeping them will be small. We should bear in mind that cats are extremely fond of fish and invariably thrive on it. During the day the cats will wander about the island, sun themselves on the rocks or lie in the shade of the trees, as the condition of the weather may dictate. An hour before sundown the men will go out and gradually scat them into their quarters. The natural tendency of the cat is, of course, to roam about at night, and to howl in a heartrending key, and fight others of its species with great vigor. This undoubtedly improves both the voice and the fighting qualities of the animal, but as the Consolidated Black Cat Company is not raising its cats for either their vocal or belligerent qualities, it is thought best to inclose them at night if the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals does not interfere. In rounding up the cats at night the men will not be allowed to use bootjacks or other missiles usually employed in the treatment of these animals, and no dog will be allowed on the island.

“Of course it is entirely too early for any valuable speculation as to the probable financial success of the company. After it has placed its first shipment of black cat-skins on the market, perhaps some definite conclusion can be arrived at in this regard. It is a new industry, but that is no proof that it may not be a brilliant success. There is always a considerable demand for black cat-skins in certain parts of Missouri and Arkansas for medical use, a plaster made on the hide side of the skin of a black cat killed in the dark of the moon being greatly esteemed by many local practitioners, but the home supply probably fully meets the demand. A general demand must be created. In some respects the time seems to be ripe for the Consolidated Black Cat Company, Limited.”

From the *Sioux City Journal*:

"A company was organized with a capital stock of \$200,000, and an island of about 1,000 acres in extent, located in Bellingham Bay, in the upper part of Puget Sound, was obtained to carry on the farming. Then a grand skirmish was made to get black cats. The Pacific Coast States were ransacked, and nearly every incoming train was loaded with black cats, which were immediately taken to the island, or 'cat factory,' as we called it. They were in charge of a number of men, who furnished food by seine-fishing in the bay, and a certain number were killed during the year to pay current expenses. When I left, a good black cat's pelt was worth \$2, and the company was making a mint of money.

"Cats' fur makes up elegantly into muffs and capes, and I see they are beginning to be quite popular. The pelts that are spotted are colored black, and sold as a cheap grade. There is going to be plenty of money in the industry for Jim Wardner and his company, and I think it will only be a matter of a short time until other companies are formed and like industries established on some of the numerous islands in the Sound. It beats skunk and rattlesnake farming ten to one, and is less disagreeable and much more profitable."

From Col. W. J. Parkinson's speech in Rochester before the New York Fur Men's Association :

"Imagine two thousand acres of land devoted entirely to the cultivation, or rearing, of cats ; black cats, gray cats, tom cats, and yellow cats, the ten thousand already supposed to be there being daily added to by the myriad agents Jim has constantly in the field. Imagine these two thousand acres cut up into convenient divisions, with drying sheds and barns, meat and slaughter houses, grass and sand lots, for these feline pets to whisk about in. Every thirty days, or each month in the year, five hundred of these cats are presumed to be killed, and their hides hung up to dry, or got ready otherwise for the market. In no other place in the world is another such industry to be found; and the

interesting part of the whole business is, how, when your expert fur dealers from the East send their agents out through the Northwest for skins of various kinds, you pick up bale after bale of Jim Wardner's cat-skins at different points along the coast, and when they reach you and your customers they become known as 'hood seals.' (Laughter.)

"Of course, not being an expert, I know nothing about this part of the trade, but I never visit Puget Sound without going to Jim Wardner's cat ranch. You will find Jim a most genial fellow, the head of a delightful family, and always enthusiastic over this pet project of his life—his cat ranch. You who are in the fur trade should write to him, as it may be for your interests to do so. His address is 'Jim Wardner, Fairhaven, Washington, care Wardner's cat ranch.'"

From the *Glasgow Herald*:

"There is an island in Bellingham Bay where a local statute forever enjoins all residents and casual visitors from exclaiming 'rats!'—not that any one having the least regard for the amenities of good society or the refinements of polite conversation would ever be guilty of uttering an expression so uncouth, but, perhaps, the statute is framed solely as a means of self-protection, and as a means of preventing a riotous outbreak among the colonists.

"A thousand black cats, and every one of them as black as fabled Erebus! Enough to supply all the old hags and beldames who have bestrode broomsticks and whirled dizzily around in the wild dances of 'Walpurgis Night' or at the diabolical orgies of the 'Witches' Sabbath,' with Satanic companions into which to transform themselves, upon occasion, from the days of the old woman at Endor to those of the prophetess of the Seattle fire.

"Some dozen or more men are said to be now employed in caring for these imps of darkness; and the inclosure which confines them—the imps, not the men—is of large extent, covering nearly as much ground as a Seattle block."

From the Seattle *Times* :

“BLACK CAT COMPANY SELLS ITS RANCH.

“We are reliably informed by Mr. Samuel Weller, late general manager and purveyor to Wardner's black cats, that the vicious and cannibalistic experiment of putting cat into cat by means of soup resulted disastrously to the cats. He says that Mr. Wardner's idea of an endless chain won't work in this industry. He says that any company can make a conservative profit raising black cats on fish and selling their hides only, but to use these cats as an article of food for one another is avarice, and promotes cannibalism.

“Good-bye, Mr. Weller! Good-bye to you! Good-bye to the cats forever. In good Latin, ‘Scat, get out in peace!’”

After Mr. Weller had taken up the cat man's burden and I had sloughed off the trials and tribulations of a constantly increasing cat business, I found time to prospect a little. It was on one of these tours into the great Cascade range of Washington that I, as recounted in the following chapter, met one of my most interesting experiences.

CHAPTER XXI.

“HOTEL DE BUM.”

It was a dark, cold, dreary day in November when I pulled my horse up, tired, muddy and wet, at the foot of one of the great glaciers in the Cascade district of Washington. I saw to my right a pine-bark shack, marked in letters of charcoal, “Hotel de Bum.” It was composed of a roof and one side, a few pine-boughs in the background, and several old blankets.

Presently, rushing down the mountain, and singing at the top of his voice, followed by his partner, came the proprietor. No man ever received a heartier welcome by a genial landlord than myself. After registering in his diary, he discoursed on the hardships of running a hotel in that country and the difficulty of getting cooks, but, as an offset, he spoke of the cheapness of rent and ice.

“Supper is now ready in the dining-room,” he said ; so, after furnishing my horse with a substantial meal of oats, which I carried with me, we three, in the cold rain, stood around that rock amidst the profuse excuses of the proprietor as to the repairs he intended to make in the dining-room. With the same politeness he escorted me to room one, about three feet of space next to the end of the shack. For a pillow I used my saddle, with the remaining oats to soften up things. I had been asleep but a short time when I felt the oats slipping out from under my head. Quietly lighting my candle, I saw a huge wood-rat tugging away on the sack. Hastily seizing my boot, I made a crack at him, only to miss him and awake the proprietor.

“What’s the matter with No. 1 ?” he inquired.

“Rats,” I replied.

"You've got 'em," said he. "Now go to sleep, or I'll charge you extra for gas. See?"

Then the fun began. I never heard such a rumpus. The glaciers above us roared like artillery and cracked with mighty noises as fissure after fissure was rent, and they scrunched and grated and pushed themselves down through deep beds of gravel and slush. The heavens were red with electric illuminations going on on high, and, finally, the rain came down as never before. Little rivulets from the mountain soon filled the trenches around our "hotel," and the trickling sensation made me aware of the presence of water around me. Lighting the candle, I found that the water was coursing right through my bed. Just then I heard from my landlord.

"Well, what the h—l is the matter now with No. 1?"

"Water," said I; "bed full of it."

"Well, you told me you wanted an outside room and a bath, and you've got it. Now, d—n you, go to sleep, and don't wake the cook."

I soon got the water turned, and slept soundly until morning. I left after breakfast, but have never forgotten the "Hotel de Bum."

Soon after this incident, I spent an evening in the camp of my old friend Jim Sheehan, now the noted politician and much-loved citizen of Seattle, and here became acquainted for the first time with a gentleman in whose company I have shared many happy hours; but notwithstanding our friendship I cannot forbear, for the good of the book and its readers, relating what happened one Christmas eve. It was like this:

Gathered around a social table in Jim's *frumenti* sanctum were a few of us that are left. I will say here that Jim's generosity was proverbial, and on this Christmas eve, filled with memories of the blessed occasion and other good stuff, Jim had been unusually generous. One of us, an old hack-driver from Philippi, had nothing to give Jim for his Christmas present except a ride in his hack. We all accepted the invitation and started to high mass at Father J——'s church. Into the church we stalked all together, and Mr. Jehu, whip in hand. The celebration was proceeding with all the pomp and glory of the occasion. The worthy bishop,

gorgeously robed priests and numberless acolytes, sweet incense, and the tones of the great organ bewildered and confused the donor of our ride. We were filled with awe and admiration.

"Be gad, Jim," said he, "this beats h—l!"

"That's the intintion," answered Jim with great emphasis, and then—well, none of us waited for the benediction.

CHAPTER XXII.

"GOING TO 'TAY ALL NIGHT?"

From what I have thus far related of my career it may be inferred that I have ever been somewhat of a wanderer, and a domestic man only spasmodically. This was particularly true of me at this time of my life when things were coming my way and I was kept on the jump to prevent their going in an opposite direction.

I must tell you the story of "Little 'Tay All Night." It happened in Fairhaven. I had been absent from home about two months in the mines of British Columbia. My little three-year-old girl, who was always first to meet and greet me, and who had pressed her nose on the window pane for weeks, rushed to me with outspread arms and laughing big blue eyes. "Hello, Muggins," said I. "Hello, Dim," said she; "going to 'tay all night?"

She is older now, and a romancer from 'way back. She seems to be sailing around in an ethereal sea of happiness. She is the choicest diamond in the cluster, but she will romance. The other day I said, "Come here, Old Smoothy. They tell me you fib a little." She answered, "It ain't right to fib, is it? People won't go to Heaven that fib, will they?" I said, "No, they won't."

After hesitating a full minute, she said, with a toss of her head, "I don't care, anyway; I'll go where you do," and away she scampered, leaving me in a dead reverie.

But the kids got it on me one day. I was about to take the eight o'clock train for Chicago. They repeatedly warned me that I would get left, and I had replied, "It's a cold day, kids, when the old man gets left." I reached the station in time to see only the stern of that train, and wended my way homeward.

It was a beautiful warm day in August, but those everlasting kids had hastily built a fire in the fireplace, and all stood with shawls and cloaks and hoods on, shivering around that fire. I said, "What in the world is the matter with you, kids?" That's all they wanted. Back came the chorus, "You said it's a cold day when the old man gets left. It must be awful cold. Oh! we're freezing, we're freezing!"

The adage is not a good one, as I have been left other ways in all kinds of weather.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BLUE CAÑON COAL MINE.

As an example of the fact that I was fairly in the swim and could not avoid the prosperity that was forced upon me, I will relate a little item of the Blue Cañon coal mine.

This coal mine is located about eight miles from Fairhaven. One day in the fall of 1890 my attention was called to a coal prospect that had long lain idle in the vicinity mentioned. I had repeatedly told Mr. Gove that I did not want anything to do with the coal mine. It was too much like legitimate business; yet owing to his persistent endeavors I visited the prospect. No name had been given it; in fact, a hole in the side of the mountain with some coal in the opening of the tunnel and none on the face of it was all there was to show. In a moment I saw the fatal error of the prospectors who had done this preliminary work. In all certainty the fact demonstrated itself that the first vein of coal was a large one, and, while they thought it was horizontal or flat, everything demonstrated that it was pitching at an angle of forty-five degrees, and that they had passed over the coal-bed and were breaking into the hanging wall. I asked how much this property could be bought for, and Mr. Gove said \$20,000; "and," said he, "this will include my small commissions."

I examined the records, and after the title was perfected purchased the property. I developed the mine and found a tremendous bed of coal, which grew better as it went down. In fact, to-day I think it is the best quality of coal in the State of Washington. I put steamboats on the lake to connect with my bull teams on the land, and had much local demand for the coal. At the time of the crash, when the banks were trembling and the stocks of all my enterprises had absolutely ceased to be of any collateral value, I sold my coal mine in this

way: I went to Helena and arranged a meeting with the following gentlemen: Mr. A. J. Seligman, president of the American National Bank; S. T. Hauser, president of the First National Bank of Helena; John T. Murphy, millionaire merchant; E. M. Holter, and Martin Holter, millionaire hardware men, and Peter Larsen, millionaire contractor. I told them of the value of the coal mine and explained to them how, by the expenditure of more money, vast shipments could be made to San Francisco. I told them I would sell them this mine without one dollar in cash, in this way: They were to give me ten notes of \$10,000 each, with interest at 9 per cent., payable in Portland, Oregon, and each note was to have the signatures of all the individuals mentioned. I extended to them an invitation to visit the property, which they did, and they were greatly surprised at its extent and character. Here was a bonanza of its kind that had lain still for ages.

Well, they took the mine on my terms, and in the evening I called on Mr. Bernard Goldsmith, an old and estimable friend of mine, who had many times helped me in my undertakings. I then went over to the National Savings Bank. Mr. Dekum, the president, was present, and I asked him if he wished to purchase ten notes, each one having five names on it, and every name the imprint of a millionaire, reported as such in Bradstreet's and Dun's Agencies. He answered: "Such paper is unusual; I will hold a meeting of the directors and give you an answer this evening."

In the morning I got my cash and wiped out many obligations and really saved the credit of two banks which were tottering. This sale was made in '91. The mine has never ceased to be a good producer, and to-day the superior quality of Blue Cañon coal is known all over the world. Captain Healey, of the United States cutter *Bear*, corroborates the testimony of my old friend, Captain Johnny O'Brien, who is now on the steamer *Rosalie*, as to the extraordinary qualities of Blue Cañon coal. I was as well aware as any one that when I parted with that treasury of black diamonds I parted with a fortune, but necessity is an overbearing master; compulsion is its weapon, and I was its victim,

CHAPTER XXIV.

HE WAS FROM EAGLE CITY, IDAHO.

Speaking of being a victim and of parting with fortunes reminds me of a man from Eagle City, Idaho, (we will call him H——), who tried to separate me from some of my hard-earned dollars by working the following little game :

It was in New York, in the spring of 1891, I think, that I was accosted on the corner of Twenty-eighth street and Broadway by a handsomely, richly and fashionably dressed man. His tile was the latest, his collar was the highest and whitest, and his gloves too smooth for anything.

He said, "Good morning, Wardner."

I said, "Good morning."

"Guess you don't remember me, Jim—come over to Kirk's, and have a small cold bottle of fizz."

Now, there's no danger that I won't encounter for my share of a "small cold bottle." Over we went, I trying to remember that face and those "ratty" eyes. He looked back as we crossed the crowded thoroughfare. I had him; I knew him. No one but he had I ever seen who carried the keen, popping, black, lustrous eye of the wood-rat.

Once in Kirk's and seated, he said : "Jim, you don't remember me?"

"I don't think I do," I said. "You are not the man who had that savage gun fight with brave old Bill Buzzard? You didn't work for Childs, with a low-cut blue flannel shirt, in '83, selling whiskey at two bits a throw, in Eagle, Idaho? You were not one of the party that took over the ponies in the gulch, the ones belonging to Sweeney, Eckert, Hawkins and myself, leaving us with nothing to pursue on?"

"Yes, I am the man," he said.

"For Heaven's sake," I said, "how this wonderful change?"

"Well," he said, "I struck a little luck after leaving Eagle—drifted down to the Isthmus of Panama. Money was wonderfully plenty and easy to get. Finally I and my partner, Pratt, got a concession and rented an old church. Pratt went to South America, got Sarah Bernhardt, played her for fourteen days, and cleared up \$14,000 for our share." (I have since heard that my friend was the treasurer, and Pratt got nothing.)

At this juncture, and while a second bottle was being discussed, another "beauty" entered the side door on Twenty-eighth street. At once he was introduced to me as a partner from Texas. He was even more fastidiously gowned—in fact, these two "lilies of the valley" reminded me of the psalm: "They toil not, neither do they spin; but even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"Well," I said, finally, "gentlemen, what's your little game now?"

They invited me to meet them at the Albemarle the next day. I agreed to do so. I told Gov. S. T. Hauser, and he in turn told Phil Thompson and Murat Halstead, and all were interested. We all took lunch together at Delmonico's, and a royal good one it was. We discussed mines, etc., and I related with vigor the value of the Freddie Lee, in which I was interested. In the course of the day I gave H—— my card, a gaudy, gilded affair of the Fairhaven National Bank, "J. F. Wardner, President." This was all they asked. I was puzzled, although well treated. They sailed next day on the *Teutonic*.

In due time there came a letter from H—— to me at Fairhaven, care of the bank, saying that he had sold the Freddie Lee conditionally to Count Pominsky for \$200,000, which was more than I asked for it; also that he had drawn on me for \$1,000, pending examination of the mine, and expenses of return trip to America, and that the Count had indorsed the draft and he had cashed it. He urged me to be ready to pay the draft, as the sale was certain.

Sure enough, the draft came along for collection and was returned, and I have never heard from him since. The fellow truly worked in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

CHAPTER XXV.

KASLO.

My next venture shows how I like to do business. Caution and conservatism are cards I never played.

“JAMES F. WARDNER HAD THE NERVE.

“HIS PURCHASE OF \$17,500 CREATED A BIG FLUTTER.

“Property Has Steadily Advanced Since This Sale Was Made, and Now Is Worth Three Times as Much as on That Day, and This Without Doubt Will Have a Wonderful Effect in the Spring.

“We have long since become convinced that there is only one Jim Wardner. Not only is he a man of excellent judgment, but he is a world-beater for nerve in all his undertakings. While other men hesitate and wonder, he advances with a smile of perfect confidence, and is indeed a master spirit of energy and enterprise. Some months since, when real estate was very quiet, in fact, hardly a sale in a week, Wardner coolly purchased \$17,500 worth of inside property from the Kaslo-Kootenay Land Company.”

So said the *Kaslo Herald* in January, 1892. Kaslo was then as brisk and sparkling a little mining town as one could wish. I was soon interested in mines and real estate, and had the general welfare of the town at heart. I also owned one-half of a hotel. How I got into this business is best told by R. H. Kemp in his Kaslo paper. Here it is:

“FOUND A LOAFING PLACE.

“To show the prodigality of the mining fraternity, the following incident is given, which recently happened in Kaslo:

“John King and Jim Wardner, two well-known mining princes, met on Front street. One asked the other, ‘Where is there a good loafing place in the town?’

“‘There is none,’ said the other.

“‘Well,’ said Mr. King, ‘there is a hotel over there that has no liquor license; let’s go and buy it.’

“‘Done,’ said Wardner; and they at once proceeded to the house in question.

“Finding the proprietor, the question was asked, ‘How much do you want for this ranch?’

“‘Five thousand dollars,’ was the laconic reply.

“‘We’ll take it,’ chorused both gentlemen.

“John F. Ward, of Nelson, happening to be in town, and being an old friend of the parties, purchased an interest and proceeded to Nelson, where a license was obtained instantler. On his return, the hotel was opened and christened the Cœur d’Alene. Wine flowed like water the first evening, and, the writer believes, is still pouring in quite a healthy stream. Jim and John secured their loafing place, but they have plenty of company.”

My partner, John King, is one of Nature’s best. He is also a great business man. He is the author of that celebrated axiom: “Jim, it beats all how business keeps up.” It happened in our own house. The receipts at the bar had reached \$46. King had spent \$40 himself. He and I always paid cash at the bar; first, because I did not want King to sluice in the whole business, and second, to set a moral and financial example to our motley trade.

One night along came E. G. McMickin, formerly general passenger agent of the N. A. T. & T. Co., and the smoothest railroad man in the country. With him were other “just-came-to-look-the-country-over” people. Some of Corbin’s railroad gang had been paid off, and came at once to my place. Now, it happens that I have known these “terriers” all over. Where a new railroad is, there they are, and I, too. Here is what happened:

After showing McMickin the sights I dropped into my place. It was full of “terriers,” and they were full of our “good stuff.” The smoke was thick. Old clothes, old gum boots, and old men did not give the place a very lilacky perfume. They all knew me, and

disputed in slang and profanity as to where they first met me, and who had known me the longest. I was liberal with them, and enjoyed McMickin's discomfiture. He did not understand at once their endearing epithets. Finally, one big "Mick," who had been drinking until he had reached the crying mood, put his arms around my neck, and, with broken voice and tearful, streaming eyes, said, "Good-bye, Jim; we'll plant flowers on your grave. Won't we, Dennis?" Dennis slobbered out, "We will that." I said, "Where are you going to get the flowers, Micky, in this snowy country?" He said, "Jim, ye know well, ye do, thim beautiful flowers of the mountains; thim tender crocuses that do be following the melting snow, blooming all the time from lower to higher; 'tis thim tender flowers we'll bring, won't we, Dennis?"

McMickin and I went out into the clear, cold, healthy, ozoned atmosphere. He said nothing. I only thought, and thought this: Is this sincerity, is this truth, is this eloquence? Yes; for I bethought me of the noble tribute of R. H. Kemp in a Spokane paper, in 1888. It was at Nelson, B. C.:

"After nightfall, when the pale moon had risen and the camp-fires were brilliantly burning, there was much speculation among the groups around the fires as to what the visit of Jim Wardner portended. One party said, 'I am not rich, but I can rustle, and I would willingly give \$1,000 if Jim Wardner would take hold in this camp.' Another spoke up and said, 'I am only a laboring man. I have no means; but I would willingly work thirty days, ten hours each day, if Jim Wardner would decide to stay here.' Such were the expressed opinions of a number. They appeared to look upon Mr. Wardner as a leader where life and energy were required, and the writer thought, as he wended his way to the cabin on the river bank, where he slept: 'Jim Wardner may be a prince among his fellow men, but he is a king among the miners.'"

This is beautiful and from a talented pen, but not so poetic, I think, as the pathos of "Micky Free."

Speaking of R. H. Kemp, he is a glorious fellow, medium stature, built like an athlete, and complete in every particular regarding his anatomy except that he

is minus one eye. For this, Kemp has substituted one of glass; not exactly the same size and color as its predecessor, but still one that serves its purpose, which is mainly to keep out the cold and prevent ear-ache.

It happened that during our wanderings in the wild west Kootenays, we ran into an Indian village, and as it became very cold we ducked into the first big tepee we came to. There we found, sitting around the fire, what seemed to be all the belles of the village. His Royal Highness Kemp at once made himself as pleasant and popular as possible, and as he could talk Siwash like a native, the surroundings soon became very much like a Wednesday afternoon hen-party. Everything went well for some time, when a certain uneasiness began to be manifest among the belles. All of a sudden, from low mutterings of surprise, there arose the frightened scream of the Siwash maidens, and had a mouse run up their trousers, they could not have jumped higher or screamed louder, and out they all went, through and under the tepee.

The cause of the trouble was this: There sat Kemp with his second-hand glass eye in his hand and the most curious expression gleaming from the live eye that I ever saw before or since. The fact was that, at intervals, he had scooped that glass eye out of its socket, to the wonder and astonishment of those guileless girls of the Kootenays, until they fled from what they supposed was a supernatural being.

One of the celebrities in Kaslo was "Tough Nut Jack." He was once in a poker game in that town. There were four in the game, and one of the men had lost one eye. Jack became suspicious, and finally became sure that something wrong was going on, and soon located the sinner. Jack stopped the game, laid his gun deliberately on the table, and said:

"I don't want to tro out any insinuations or hurt anybody's feelin's, but by—— if this monkey business don't stop I'll shoot that feller's other eye out."

Here is what the *Montreal Star* writes about "Tough Nut Jack":

"It was in 1876 that Mr. Wardner first met 'Tough Nut Jack.' This was in the Black Hills. There were in the Hills many original characters, about each of

whom he can tell entrancing stories—'Calamity Jane,' 'Bronco Nell' (two female prospectors), 'Pancake Joe,' 'Billy Goose-Eye,' 'Eat 'Em Up Jake,' 'Big-Nose Charley,' 'Kettle-Belly Brown,' 'Shorty Clemens,' 'Scar-Faced Charlie' and about a dozen of 'Wild Bills.'

"All these played their parts. Many of them are gone to their last account. 'Tough Nut Jack' survives. He is a unique character, an Irishman, of a roving disposition, who had extraordinary luck in prospecting, who made money as easy as winking, but who spent it as it came to him. He had been in Utah, and it was there Mr. Wardner met him. He drifted to Colorado, and it was there he struck it rich. He struck a mine there which realized, for his share of it, over \$100,000.

"And it did him no good at all; only harm. He drank it; he gambled it; it went like the wind. But 'Tough Nut Jack' was a warm-hearted fellow. 'He and I were great chums,' said Mr. Wardner. 'The mine, you know, was called "Tough-Nut." That is how they called him "Tough Nut Jack."

"We parted, and I never expected to see him again. In 1892 I was away back of the McLaren mine, about fifty miles from Rosslund. Night came on. There was snow on the ground. I was cold and hungry. I thought to myself that I was in rather a bad pickle, when I discerned a light in the distance, along a hillside. I went forward; saw a little tent; noticed a glimmering light.

"Is there anybody within?' I hollered.

"You bet your life there is,' came back the hearty cry.

"Who's there?'

"Tough Nut Jack.'

"Why——'

"Tough Nut Jack' came out, holding his bit of a candle in his hand, and there was such a meeting as you could not imagine. He set up the Irish howl or cry of welcome.

"Are you hungry or thirsty? Come right in and I'll make ye a bit of supper, and give ye a bed o' British Columbia feathers.'

"This is a euphemism for pine boughs,' continued Mr. Wardner.

"Well, I slept there with him on the boughs, and in

the morning we parted. Not, however, before he promised me that if he struck it rich he would let me in for a good thing, for the sake of old times.'"

Jack kept his word. I left him in Cape Nome, where he has amassed immense wealth and remembered his old partner.

CHAPTER XXVI.

“SCOTTY.”

“Scotty” ran the ranch ; that is, “Scotty’s” word was law at the little log cabin on the summit, and twenty miles from Kaslo, where Walker’s old Canadian and Seagram’s “old stuff” were dispensed at twenty-five cents a crack.

It happened that “the Little Minister” from Nelson sent word that he would preach at the cabin on Sunday. To this “Scotty” objected, and objected hard. He talked of clergymen and Gospel sharps and sky pilots who were a hoodoo to any mining camp or steamboat, but, anyway, “the Little Minister” of the Church of England arrived. The first thing he did on that cold and stormy night was to remove his outer clothing and ask all hands to have a drink. This suited “Scotty.” In the morning he distributed books of the Episcopal service and song. “The Little Minister” preached a really good sermon. His text was the Prodigal Son, most apt and ably handled. But “Scotty” was not impressed. He doubted his reception should he return home, and told me confidentially that his father had no fatted calf.

“The Little Minister” returned to Nelson, and we often talked of his experiences—and “Scotty,” poor “Scotty!” soon afterward, confused and full of Canadian rye, lay down to sleep one night on the snowy trail, and awoke, I hope, to meet a merciful judgment from Him who “tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb.” He certainly won’t be hard on “Scotty.”

Speaking of “Scotty” McDougal, it happened once in the spring of 1888 I was riding along on my cayuse, well packed with camp kit and grub, when suddenly the animal showed unmistakable signs of colic, and was soon down in the muddy trail, groaning and grunting and useless.

Along came Mr. "Scotty" McDougal.

"What can I do for this horse, 'Scotty'?" I asked.

"Run quick for whiskey," said he; "and spare no time, mon."

With all speed I ran to a neighboring road-house and soon returned, breathless, with a flask of Canadian rye. I handed it quickly to "Scotty," who, placing the flask to his lips and draining every drop therefrom, turned to me and said, slowly slapping himself upon the breast, with great emphasis: "There will be cayuses, broncos and horses until the end of the world, but never another 'Scotty' McDougal. I am feeling much better."

And what of "the Little Minister" who so nobly performed in snow and rain, sunshine and shadow, the duties of his profession? Oh, he naturally tired out. A little church was built, but after a hard struggle he was compelled to close it and leave. Pathetically taking leave of his flock, he said:

"Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-bye. I don't believe God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid me my salary. Your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' Brothers, I am going to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary, 'Where I go, ye cannot now come. I go to prepare a place for you,' and 'may the Lord have mercy on your souls!'"

CHAPTER XXVII.

JOHN TODD.

Speaking of ministers, there was John Todd, whom everybody in the State of Washington has heard of or known. Educated for the ministry, he turned out a splendid horseman. He knows the pedigree of every standard and thoroughbred horse on both sides of the ocean. His memory passes all understanding. He has generally succeeded, but when he tackled the "Two Funny Men of Washington" on the road, as eccentricities, or laugh-promoters, he fell down flat.

The show was wretched, and the wonder to me always was how John held on as long as he did. It was at the town of Spangle, Washington. Todd had advertised largely, with poor results at the box-office. Some few, however, were inside, and the performance had commenced, when along came a poor little girl leading a yellow dog—never did a prettier little girl lead a meaner-looking dog. She said to Todd :

"Mister, how much is it?"

He said, "Twenty-five cents, dearie."

"Haven't got it," she lisped.

Jokingly he said, "I'll take your dog, little girl; don't miss the show."

He took the dog, and tied it up in the office. It wasn't long, however, before the little girl looked into the box-office and up into Todd's eyes, saying: "Mister, please give me back my dog." This was the last night of Todd's enterprise.

But enough of other people, and back to Jim Warner. I have been writing about some of my friends, and now I shall let one of my friends write about me.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A TRIBUTE FROM FRED. W. DUNN.

“SEARCHLIGHT, NEV., NOV. 27, 1899.

“*My Dear Mrs. Wardner :*

“I own to being tardy in writing you of some reminiscences of Jim’s life, as I promised him I would do when I met him in Los Angeles, California, several months ago. However, in hopes they are not too late, here they are, and are absolute facts :

“My first acquaintance with Jim was at Spokane Falls, Washington, in a pool-room. I was well acquainted with the proprietor, and Jim asked me to introduce him, which I did. Jim was of an inquisitive turn of mind, and when he saw forty to one chalked upon the board, he said, ‘No use talking, Dunn, that man will bust.’ Well, Jim started in and tried forty to one, then eight to one, then three to one, and on the last race he tried one to five. He lost about \$300 on the first four races and won ten dollars on the last one, where he bet fifty dollars to win ten dollars. After he cashed his check and the races were over, he came to me and told me of his experience, saying, ‘Well, Dunn, I thought I was pretty fly in figures, but that bookmaker straightens out my curves and I am all right now.’

“Some months later I met Jim at Fairhaven, Washington. He had run up against one of his streaks of luck and was president of a bank, president of the club, and president of a number of things. He was also interested in the lumber and logging business on Lake Whatcom. He invited me up to the club, where we had about forty drinks of the club’s best, and viewed the furniture, etc., of the new club-house, which would really have done credit to any club in America. Of course I praised everything. Later in the day we arrived at Jim’s office, where he had a number of specimens of

galena ore, timber, etc.; and, as I presumed, he took me for a capitalist. He began to advise about investments. I was only a railroad superintendent, of course, and had no money, but the position is always magnified before the public. Poor Jim did not know he was wasting a whole day, and club whiskey at twenty-five cents per drink, on a railway superintendent who didn't have four dollars in the bank; but I saw a chance for a joke and played it out. I have since been told I am the only man who ever fooled Jim Wardner.

"Well, he began to tell about the Boston mine in the Cascade Pass, also about the millions to be made in timber floated down Lake Whatcom, and lastly about the enormous coal deposits in the country, all of which I was much interested in clear up to the close of the day. Then he took me to his house, gave me a fine dinner, showed me the Shetland ponies, introduced me to the principal business men of the place, and finally drove me to the wharf, where I took the *Eastern Oregon*, a boat then running on the Sound, for Seattle. Just as I was going up the gangplank, Jim dropped on me and said, 'Dunn, I believe you have worked me for a day's good time.' 'Yes,' said I, 'that's what I came for,' and we parted.

"I little knew how easily Jim would get even. In a week he came to my office in Seattle, and began to talk about the millions of feet of lumber and logs he had in Lake Whatcom; that the boats were trying to cinch him, and the Fairhaven road could not get through rates. So he would give me all his business if I could arrange to handle it. Of course, I was all smiles, and showed Wardner the town of Seattle. Finally, in the evening, he said he must take the train home, as he had missed the boat, but he disliked to incur the expense, because he had passes on the boat, also on the Fairhaven road; but as his wife and four children were with him it would be cheaper to take the boat. I thought here was my chance to cinch the lumber shipments, and told my clerk to make out a pass for Mr. Wardner and family for the balance of the year. Jim thanked me for it, but on December 31st he came again in the office. He said:

"Dunn, do you remember how you worked me for a

day's entertainment.' I laughed and really felt tickled, until he said, 'Well, the work was like that 40 to 1 shot in Spokane. I haven't shipped a pound of lumber over your road, and my family think it the best road in the world, as they have ridden for six months for nothing. Now I want to make a trade. I'll call it square if you give me a family pass for next year.'

"I saw the situation, and I don't think Jim paid any fares the next year.

"Some months later, when the Northern Pacific officials came out to inspect the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern road before its final purchase, I met Jim at Sedro, Washington. He was with Joe McNaught, a brother of Jim McNaught, then the general solicitor for the Northern Pacific Railway. Those were mushroom boom times, and a mushroom boom was on. Well, Wardner was a great man in those days, and so was Joe McNaught. We on the special train had our business to do. Jim Wardner, always on hand at such times, was also present at Sedro. Joe McNaught and Wardner both got anxious to get back to Anacortes to catch the boat; but it was twenty-three miles, and there was no engine. By persuasion of Jim McNaught and General Manager Mellen, I agreed to let our engine haul them to Anacortes. The track on the Seattle and Northern from Sedro to Anacortes at that time was the poorest track in the world. It was raining, as it nearly always does up there; and besides, there was only forty-six minutes left to catch the boat, and our engineer had never been over the road, and so knew nothing of it. I told him that I wanted to accommodate the gentlemen, but it would be folly to run it in forty-six minutes, so to go ahead and run it in about one hour and thirty minutes, and make some excuse for their missing the boat. I little knew Jim Wardner. Instead of getting into my private car, which I had loaned them, he got on the engine with a box of cigars and a bottle of whiskey. Little knowing his own danger, he told the engineer I was altogether too timid, that the track was rough, but it was caused by the big ties laid, which made it too rigid; that he knew, because his Lake Whatcom timber made the ties, and that they were all 12x14 and ten feet long. At any rate, the engineer turned loose and

ran that twenty-three miles in twenty-six minutes. How the engine and car stayed on the track that dark night I don't know. Neither does any other railroad man; but they did, and we all decided it was Wardner's luck.

"Some months later I had quit railroading and gone into mining, and have kept at it since. Wardner and Mr. H. D. Andrews had some claims up in British Columbia some miles north of Osoyoos Lake, in Washington. I was operating at Loomiston, Okanogan county, Washington. The route for all of us was by stage from Coolie City, a distance of 120 miles. On one occasion, in the winter, when the stages ran on runners and the mercury was about 25° below zero, we got to Columbia City, on the Columbia River. Here it was we had to ferry over and then follow up the Okanogan River Valley. Our whiskey had given out some miles back, and there was no saloon in Columbia City. A merchant, however, had some rock and rye. We bought six bottles at \$2 each, and started in the night for Conconella. Wardner began to kick about the quality of the whiskey. He did not object to the rock candy, but did object to the liquor, and very soon named it 'Antediluvianian.' Well, we started in on 'Antediluvianian,' feeling it would be as well to be killed by it as to freeze, and we drank all of it before we arrived at Loomiston. The next morning Wardner insisted on saving the bottles, and when we arrived at Loomiston stored them away in my office at the Black Bear mill. In about ten days he came back from his mines in British Columbia and called for the bottles. He had secured some sort of a Canadian stamp on his journey, and, together with some tin-foil taken from plug-cut tobacco, he was able to reseal the bottles, after filling them with an assortment of vinegar, sugar, stale beer, absinthe, Jamaica ginger, peppermint and Tabasco sauce—all mixed together. He took the bottles back all filled and resold them to the merchant for fifty cents above their original cost, assuring him it was guaranteed 'Antediluvianian' that he had smuggled across the line, and that he was doing the man a favor by letting him have it. I heard of the splendid drink for several weeks being dished up at Columbia City for two bits (25 cents) per drink; but after the

stock was exhausted no one was ever able to get any more like it, and I believe this celebrated liquor is being talked of to-day by old-timers.

“On one occasion I was going from Spokane Falls to Tacoma, Washington. On the sleeper were Lieutenant-Governor Laughton, Jim Wardner, and myself, occupying a state room. To pass the time away we got to playing a game of hearts. As I never could play any game of cards worth a cent, I was the victim every game. A fine-looking gentleman came into the room and sat down on the sofa to watch the game. Wardner and Laughton kept joking me, saying they never did see a Hoosier who could play anything, anyway. The stranger evidently took pity on me, and said he was a Hoosier and would take my place. As we were only playing for the cigars, Wardner and Laughton acquiesced.

“They went at it. Well, my Hoosier rescuer fared as badly as I did. He lost six games straight and quit, at the same time laughing his ill-luck off in magnificent style, so that he was pronounced by all of us to be a jolly good fellow. However, he and I were both ignorant of the decks of cards. It seems Wardner and Laughton had put up a job on me. They had got several decks of cards and taken the hearts out of them and fixed up a game for me. When the stranger came into the game they could not explain, and had to go on with the joke, and on one occasion the stranger got fifteen hearts—two more than there are in a deck. He seemed not to notice it, and quit the game chuckful of fun. He proved to be Clem Studebaker, of the celebrated wagon firm of Studebaker Brothers, of South Bend, Indiana. I never knew the facts until some months later, when Gov. Laughton told me of the joke.

“I shall have to stop writing at this time for the reason I fear I shall fill the entire book. Should there be a second edition, however, I shall be glad to add more anecdotes to the history of the life of this really unique man. One side of his nature I will, however, show by repeating a circumstance which occurred in San Francisco.

“I had noticed Wardner's arrival at the Lick House. I went down to call on him, and he seemed to be the same old Jim. In fact, no one can tell by his actions whether he is worth a million or is ‘broke.’ On this

occasion I asked him to walk out with me. It was raining, and I wanted to go up to Kearney street. On the corner of Kearney and Post was an old blind man grinding an organ. Jim said, 'Dunn, that's awful tough!' and taking from his pocket a dollar he threw it in the tin cup. We walked around on Kearney to Market and back to Montgomery street and the Lick House, when Jim said: 'Dunn, loan me a dollar. I expect a remittance to-morrow from a friend. I am plumb broke, having given my last dollar to the blind man.' Of course, Jim got the dollar.

"In him—notwithstanding many enemies, which every man has who leads an active life—I can see the loving father, the hospitable gentleman, the true friend, and one of nature's noblemen. Notwithstanding his eccentricities, Jim Wardner is a person no one who knows him well can fail to love.

"Yours respectfully,

"F. W. DUNN."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. NAPIER.

Well, we had all been having a joyous time, all making money and spending it—then came '93. This book shall not be a hard-luck story in any particular, so, after selling all my stock, coal mine, carriages and horses, and putting all this money into the banks that I created, to save them, I sailed for South Africa; and once on the broad ocean, away from "please remits," drafts, and over-due notes, the worry and trouble ceased, and in its place came the "peace that passeth all understanding."

Dear old "Lunnon," and Southampton, and the steamer *Scott!* On this steamer I met the funniest little man, with the plaidiest and checkiest of suits. His name was Napier. He told me that he and Finerty had for twenty years hunted elephants in Lobengula's domain, and that he had been to the Chicago Exposition and also Milwaukee—"beautiful Milwaukee!" I told him that I was born in Milwaukee, and leaning against the rail of that magnificent ocean acrobat, the steamship *Scott*, of the Union line, he said to me :

"Milwaukee? This is a beautiful day and an elegant ship."

"Yes, Mr. Napier; to me this trip means everything—a renewal of health, vitality, courage and ambition."

"Yes," mused he, "ambition, ambition! Willis, I think, wrote, 'How like a mountain devil in the heart rules this unreined Ambition. Let it once play the tyrant and its brow glows with a beauty which bewilders thought and unthrones peace forever.'" Then, after a short reverie, he said to me, "Milwaukee, old man, would you have a small bottle of fizz with me?"

He said this with an accent of doubt. You see, he hadn't known me long. I accepted, and he made it two bottles. I took this as a genuine omen of coming good

luck. Many times he asked me to join him in a cold bottle, with the same accent of doubt!

One day, after another invitation, I said: "Mr. Napier, we have not been long acquainted; you do not know me very well. I have noticed that when you ask me to join you in a cold bottle there has been, as it were, a doubt in your mind as to my acceptance. This has worried me, and I felt that you did not know me. Let us have a full understanding. Never overlook me."

He liked this, and we were "ever after friends." In fact, I was always his friend.

CHAPTER XXX.

AFRICA.

After fourteen days on the billowy sea, and after stopping at the beautiful Madeiras, waltzing through the Bay of Biscay, gazing at night upon the heavens, canopied at times east, west, north, and south with rainbows changeable as chameleons and with hues as distinct as the stripes on "Old Glory," bathing in the delicious waters of the tropics, and standing spellbound for hours wondering at the magnificence of an African sunset, we arrived at Cape Town, November 13, 1893.

Cape Town—beautiful white city of the southern seas, city of cabs, Kaffirs, and coffee, city of gorgeously attired Malay girls, with heads like a pin and bustles like a barrel, England's hospital for foundling officers, city where the sleepless customs officer carefully searches your luggage! Here is my experience:

Customs Officer—Read that notice.

Black Cat Rancher (after reading)—All right.

C. O.—Have you any of these contraband goods in your luggage?

B. C. R.—No, sir.

C. O.—Have you any extra suits of clothes, revolvers, watches, tobacco, jewelry of any kind, cigars, guns, extra underclothing, medicine, or extra smoking tobacco?

B. C. R.—No, sir.

C. O.—Well, well, what have you got in those valises?

B. C. R.—Nothing.

C. O.—Open them quick. (Looks in.) D——d if that ain't correct. Pass him.

When the great ship touched the African dock, the writer was the first ashore. He found himself amid the cries of Kaffirs, Malays, Abyssinians, who talked a mixed jargon not understandable, but not so bad indeed

after two weeks in the same room with a Dutchman, a Lancashire man and another Englishman. When old England teaches her sons to talk, and accepts the decimal system of coinage, and changes the present abominable system of railway carriages, she will have made another step toward those improvements which, I am prouder than ever to know, our own glorious and intelligent country is always taking the lead in.

Cape Town—progressive and prosperous, beautiful beyond anticipation, thermometer 90 degrees, breezy as a fan. In her parks a thousand Malay and Kaffir girls trundling a thousand richly dressed white babies. At three o'clock in the afternoon a brass band alternating with the bagpipes of twelve sturdy Highlanders furnished delightful music.

As Cape Town was not my final destination, and as I had to be somewhere on the unlucky 13th, this time thirteen goes for naught. Nine p. m., and we are off amidst the hurrahs of hundreds (the arrival and departure of the *Scott's* passengers is a marked occurrence) for Johannesburg. The first five hundred miles of country after leaving Cape Town resembles very closely the sage-brush lands of Nevada, and is equally monotonous. The latter part of the journey, however, carries you through ostrich farms, millions of goats, sheep and oxen, and past a thousand estates of surpassing beauty.

At five o'clock in the morning of the 16th we open our eyes at Elandfontein, ten miles from Johannesburg. What a sight in the clear cool African dawn to see from the pinnacle through the pure diamond-white atmosphere the dumps and stacks of hundreds of mines and mills; the passing panorama, as we sped to our destination, of thousands of naked Kaffirs going hither and thither, night shift and day shift; miles of ox teams with thousands of tons of merchandise for interior distribution; hundreds of mules in teams of from four to six spans, heavily laden; the engines, mills and machinery, whistling, roaring and grumbling, and withal, a matchless African morning, for on God's green earth you find it nowhere more perfect. Away in the distance were long buildings for chlorination and longer ones for the cyanide process, and big long trains of

oxen and mules, commencing at the initial point as a reality and ending like an animate black line ten miles away down the broad red road.

At six o'clock on the morning of November 16th Johannesburg was reached, and here comes a coincidence—the gentleman who registered before me at the Grand Central Hotel wrote his name as follows : “ E. S. Hincks, Whatcom, Wash., U. S. A.” Yes, Teddy left Whatcom on September 16th, took in Chicago, left New York on October 15th on the *Storm King*, and arrived in Johannesburg on the same train as the writer.

During my sojourn in Africa I made a trip to Pretoria, the beautiful capital city of the Boer Republic. It was my luck to meet President Krüger, with whom I had coffee. Oom Paul is very like the pictures we have seen of him. His face is stamped with lines of determination, but I found him very pleasant notwithstanding. He said to me :

“ You are an Englishman ? ”

“ No, Mr. President,” I replied, “ I came from a country that gained its independence a good deal the same way that your country has ; I am an American.”

“ Very glad to see you, sir,” he remarked, and reaching under the table he picked up a paper, and read to me that Baron Rothschild had said that the Americans were a “ Nation of Spendthrifts.”

I told him that I had kangarooed all over the world, and that I was not up on our national finances and internal affairs, but being aware of the fact that the salary of his Excellency, presiding over two millions of people, was the same as President Cleveland's, who presided over about seventy millions, I felt that the Baron's statement was not right.

He laughed, and, pointing to four gentlemen approaching, said that they were dynamiters coming to see him.

I “ pulled my freight,” and while passing the quartette I found that they were a committee from Johannesburg, on a mission regarding the tax rate on giant powder, or dynamite.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SOME PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS ON OUR SOUTH AFRICAN TRADE.

During my stay in Africa there was one thing that particularly attracted my attention, and that was the growing popularity in the Transvaal of Americans, American ways and manners, and especially of American goods. Indeed, I was so impressed with this fact that it has occurred to me that Great Britain's ambition for supremacy in South Africa may have for one of its causes a knowledge of the rapid increase of our South African trade, and jealousy of us on that account. In an address to the Congress of the United States, upon my return, I wrote as follows :

“ WASHINGTON, D. C., February 26, 1894.

“ TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES: Will you permit me, as an American citizen, interested in the welfare of my country, to call your attention to a few facts and figures in regard to the increasing trade between this country and South Africa? Having just returned from an extended trip through that prosperous country and noted with pleasure the interest taken in matters American and the British general fear and appreciation of our rapid innovations into their most profitable territory, I submit the following as tersely as possible :

“ The total British exports to South Africa for the first nine months of 1893 were six million four hundred and thirty-two thousand and thirty-eight pounds sterling, and for the year, over forty million dollars. The exports for October, 1893, were one hundred thousand pounds sterling, or five hundred thousand dollars, in excess of October, 1892. These exports cover every variety of manufactured goods. In return, Great Britain received from South Africa in gold, silver, diamonds,

ivory, wool, hides, ostrich feathers, etc., over thirty million dollars. Now, when we consider that over 75 per cent. of these exports and imports are to and from the South African Republic and Orange Free State, as republican and anti-British as we are, or should be, then certainly the inference is, we should cherish and encourage mutual trade relations.

I quote the following from the *British and South African Export Gazette*, a leading commercial paper :

“December 1, 1893.—The increased extent to which South African millers are using American wheat this year is shown in the fact that during the month of October five thousand and ninety pounds sterling, and during the nine months fifty-six thousand and sixty pounds sterling, were dispatched, as against only ninety-two pounds sterling for nine months of 1892.’

“Again, the same paper calls attention to the enormous increase in the receipts of American goods at Cape Town—flour, oil, beer, and all kinds of agricultural implements, cutlery, and manufactured cottons making up the bulk. Of the six million dollars’ worth of machinery used in the South African Republic, over one-half was manufactured in Chicago. In short, the commercial indications are great, and the United States should point with pride to her commercial relations with Africa.

“From the port of Mobile are now dispatched vessels laden with millions of feet of lumber for African use, and as American mining managers increase in Africa the demand for American goods increases.

“While at the Crown Reef Mine I saw an order sent to Philadelphia for eight miles of iron pipe, and I know of the Primrose Mine sending an order to Puget Sound for one million feet of mining timber.

“Two lines of steamers, forty ships in all, sail from Southampton to Cape Town. Hamburg also has a German line of eight boats. There has just started an American-African Line, and two ships have been dispatched. Another leaves March 8th. She was offered four thousand tons of freight more than she can carry, and the carrying capacity of the line will be increased.

“I refer to Hon. Watson C. Squire, Hon. Fred Dubois, Governor S. T. Hauser, Hon. Thomas Power, and Hon.

John L. Wilson, 'as to my responsibility, and a reference by you to the American Consuls at Cape Town and Johannesburg will verify my statement. I write this simply in the interest of American trade."

Later statistics have verified my expectations of the growth of our trade with South Africa.

In the years '96 and '97 exports from the United States to Africa amounted to over seven million dollars and in '98 to over eight million dollars. A significant item is the vast increase in the exportation of wheat. For the year '93, the exports of wheat amounted to a little over \$350,000. In '96 they had increased to nearly \$3,000,000, in '97 to over \$3,600,000, and in '98 to nearly \$6,000,000. These figures do not include manufactures of wheat, such as flour, which reaches a big sum, and other breadstuffs, barley, for instance, which in 1898 amounted to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars. Oils, agricultural implements, cars, passenger and freight, tobacco, cigars, wood and manufactures of wood, furniture, iron, leather, and hog and beef products are important exports and show a gratifying increase in amount and value. An English authority states that exports from the United States to South Africa have quadrupled in the past ten years.

Thus I have ever found that Americans "can't be beat."

CHAPTER XXXII.

ROSSLAND, B. C.

On my return from Africa in 1895 I went to Kennedy, Nevada, a place about seventy miles from Winnemucca, and there operated what at first promised to be a bonanza in gold. I caused to be built for the owners a twenty-stamp mill, operated it successfully, disposed of my interest, and went to California. A genius in Jackson, Amador County, named George G. Gates, had invented and was working successfully a machine for saving gold from low-grade tailings. His income with one plant at the Kennedy mine was over \$3,000 per month. I purchased of him certain rights, took large contracts from the Utica and Zeilla mines, and formed a company in Chicago, of which Mr. C. G. Betts and Samuel McPherrin were active members. I then sold my stock and struck out for Rossland, B.C. The following "Extra" from the Rossland *Miner* explains my first deal, on which I made money :

" ROSSLAND SOLD OUT.

" JIM WARDNER'S SYNDICATE BUYS EVERY UNSOLD LOT.

" THE PRICE IS \$176,000.

" Biggest Real Estate Deal in the History of Kootenay—Purchasers are Montreal Millionaires and C. P. Ry. Officials—Wardner goes East.

" In our issue of last week we stated that James F. Wardner had organized a wealthy syndicate of Montreal capitalists to invest in British Columbia mining properties. As soon as he returned to Rossland he began looking up a proposition for his people, and he soon came to the conclusion that the *Miner* has long held—

namely, that the town-site of Rossland is the biggest gold mine of them all.

"Having come to this conclusion Mr. Wardner set about securing an option on all the unsold lots on the town-site. To-day he holds an agreement, on which he has made the first payment, to deliver to him 842 lots for the lump sum of \$176,000.

"This is the biggest real estate deal ever made in Kootenay. Mr. Wardner leaves for Montreal to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock.

"As is well known, Mr. Wardner's syndicate includes several Montreal millionaires and some of the highest officers of the Canadian Pacific Railway."

Rossland is one of the most wonderful camps in the world. The mines of that district have been successfully productive and in most instances reliable and remunerative. Some wonderful sales at astounding prices have been made. The Leroy, Center Star, War Eagle and Josie have each brought to the owners millions upon millions.

The camp of Rossland is now largely in the hands of Canadian and English capitalists. Its railroad facilities are good, and taking into consideration the cheapness of the treatments and the freight I do not think there is another quartz camp on this hemisphere that has made such rapid and certain strides toward a great success.

Rossland is noted everywhere as being one of the most peaceful mining camps. Now, would you have a glimpse of how law and order were maintained in Rossland in 1896, then a town of six thousand inhabitants, brought together from wide areas, differing in their dispositions and free from the restraints of orderly relations? The *Montreal Gazette* says:

"Did you never hear tell of Jack Kirkup? He stands six-feet-two in his stockings. He is built in proportion. He has a resolute eye and a voice which there is no denying. Jack Kirkup is the whole machinery of the law in his own proper person. He is a constable, recorder and judge, and I don't know what else besides. He walks the street with a quiet air of authority which every man respects. If any miner should misbehave, Jack takes a look at him and utters one word—'Get!'

"That man crosses the boundary at once. Jack will

stand no fooling. He is tolerant, you know, as all big men are, and he does not mind a little thing. Thus, if two miners have a little quarrel and are disposed to fight it out, he will referee the fight. That is to say he will see fair play. And at a given moment he will say, 'Stop!' 'You,' pointing to one of the fighters, 'have got licked. Now, be friends, and go to your work.'

"A great character is Jack. No nonsense. It is true he has a constable to help a little, but the power lies with him and his word is law. He allows no thugs or ruffians to stay in the district. We had trouble once with a lot of fellows who came from Cœur d'Alene and who wanted our miners to form a combine against the owners, with the object of getting higher pay and shorter hours. They were scalawags, in short, and the respectable people were afraid of them, so a deputation called on Jack one day and explained the circumstances. 'I tell you what you do,' said Jack. 'Manage to put a chalk-mark on the backs of the men you want out of this, and in twenty-four hours there will not be one in the district.'

"The mark was put on the backs of the most obnoxious characters, and Jack was as good as his word. He cleared them out. I don't know how he did it. I know they left. One fellow talked about its being a free country, and such like nonsense.

"'You can have Kamloops (the jail, you know), or you can have freedom in the United States. Choose quick.' He chose the land of liberty."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THAT RAILROAD PASS.

It was in connection with my promotion of the big real-estate deal in Rossland that the following incident occurred. Mr. George McL. Brown, of Vancouver, B. C., executive agent of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, will vouch for its accuracy. This is the way the story has been told:

Jim Wardner, of Far Western mining fame—one of those mortals of such intense activity of mind and body that the best conditions of the present are naught by comparison with the possibilities of the future, and who are, therefore, in mining parlance, “up to-day and down to-morrow”—was a Milwaukee boy born and bred, and as a consequence was a young-man acquaintance of Hon. Thomas G. Shaughnessey, now president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who was also a Milwaukeean. Some time ago Wardner returned from a mining trip to South Africa, and drifted up into the Rossland district in British Columbia. There he struck a proposition which he believed he could promote to advantage, provided he could reach Montreal. But Jim was “broke.” However, he managed to reach Vancouver, and, walking into the headquarters’ offices of the Canadian Pacific, said to the manager in charge: “I am Jim Wardner, and I am an old friend of Tom Shaughnessey’s. Will you please wire him, and tell him that I am here ‘broke,’ and want transportation to Montreal?”

The manager, somewhat impressed with Wardner’s peculiar presence and address, telegraphed Mr. Shaughnessey:

“Man named Jim Wardner, who says he is an old friend of yours, wants transportation to Montreal. Shall I give it to him?”

Back came the reply: “Don’t let Jim walk.”

Wardner at once obtained transportation and left on the first train for the East. Arriving at Montreal, he

called at the general offices of the company to see Mr. Shaughnessey, to renew old acquaintance and thank him for the favor granted. A number of prominent Canadian gentlemen were present when Mr. Wardner entered Mr. Shaughnessey's office with a hearty greeting of his old friend, which was as heartily returned.

"Hello, Mr. President; so glad to see you and thank you."

"Well, well, Jim, is this really you?" Then, with the real Shaughnessey twinkle of the eye: "How under the heavens did you get here so soon if you were 'broke'?"

"Why, Mr. President, thanks to your telegram, 'Don't let Jim walk,' of course I was at once furnished transportation; and here I am."

"Confound those operators!"—with apparent severity. "It is strange they cannot get my messages through correctly!"

"Didn't you telegraph, 'Don't let Jim walk'?" interrupted Wardner.

"Certainly not. My answer was: '*Don't!* Let Jim walk!!'"

But the later hospitalities heaped upon Jim thoroughly assuaged his griefs, if he had any.

It is with mingled feelings of amusement and dismay that I recall another instance of where a telegraphic message went wrong, for it did not afford me as much satisfaction as did my previous experience.

I was just back from Cape Nome and had made up my mind that the gold find there was all that it was reported to be. It was really wonderful! I do not suppose that I ought to tell this story on myself, but it is too good to keep.

We had quite a time of it coming down on a boat from Alaska and we kept it up at Vancouver, so that I found myself overdue at home and I felt that some explanation was due. I went into a telegraph office and wrote out the following dispatch: "Have been indisposed; full particulars by letter."

My hand, I will confess, was a trifle shaky, and in some way I ran the pencil through the word *indisposed*, so that the message went with that word left out. It was productive of a domestic upheaval, which is painful for me even now to dwell upon.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ONE ON THE DOCTOR.

Speaking about railroad men, I never knew a railroad conductor or brakeman who was a mean man. Most of them have a joke up their sleeve, and the way they spring it on you makes your previous efforts to produce a joke look like thirty cents. The particular railroad conductor I have in mind is Mr. Charles Morrow, of Seattle.

Now, Mr. Morrow has a big wen on his forehead, and of this he seems to be proud. It happened that while running over the top of a long freight train one dark night he struck something—and when he woke up he was lying on a clean white cot in the Providence Hospital, Seattle, terribly bruised and covered with bandages and splints, but still alive. Feeling himself, to see if he was all there, his hand moved to his head, and a smile passed over his poor black-and-blue countenance. Seeing the doctor approaching, he asked :

“See here, doctor ! come here. Am I badly hurt ?”

“Yes, seriously. Now keep quiet, my boy.”

“But, doctor, where am I hurt the worst ?”

“Your head,” the medico answered. “Serious contusions ; much swollen.”

“But, doctor, is it where you’ve got this big wad of plaster, linen and bandages ?” (laying his well hand thereon).

“Yes, my boy.”

“Well, doc, you might just as well let that d——d old wen alone. You can’t reduce him ; I’ve tried it for twenty years.”

Charles is now well again, and it gives him intense pleasure to make the old doctor “set ’em up” all around.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WARDNER, B. C.

After my venture in town-sites I again turned to mining, and, in company with Gen: George Pfunder and several notable Montreal capitalists, got hold of the Colona mine, near Rossland. Accepting a favorable offer I sold out all my holdings in Rossland, and started for the Pacific Coast again. I met Capt. F. P. Armstrong on the Canadian Pacific train, and at once joined him in an enterprise which, but for the cold hand of fate, would have realized us both a great fortune. It was a big scheme. A new town was to be started in East Kootenay. It was to be called Wardner. The site selected was where the Crows' Nest Railroad would cross the Kootenay River. Armstrong and myself were to be the principal owners ; in fact, I was to have nine-tenths.

We organized the International Transportation Company ; I was elected president ; and we ran a line of steamers between Jennings, Montana, and Wardner, B. C. We got our town-site crown-granted, added to our line the beautiful new passenger steamer *Ruth*, and when navigation opened business commenced in good earnest.

The Kootenay River is a torrential stream, navigation is extremely hazardous, and most careful pilotage is necessary. In fact, only three men live that dare run that river, namely, Capts. Sanborn, Miller, and Armstrong. Our boats would make the passage up in three days, and come down in eight hours.

To resume. Navigation opened late in April ; the boats were loaded to the guards with freight and passengers ; Wardner, B. C., was booming. Three clerks were employed making out contracts and deeds for town lots. Two hundred thousand dollars would not have purchased my big interest in the boats and the town. Both boats left Wardner May 7th, at nine o'clock in the

forenoon. I remained in Wardner, to look after the real-estate end, let grading contracts, and so forth.

On May 9th a courier dashed into Wardner with a letter from Capt. Armstrong. Great heavens! my boats were both gone, and with my boats had perished a thousand hopes and resolutions. I had said, "On Christmas day I will not owe a man a dollar." Home was to be adorned, and the wants of those near and dear to me were to be filled. Reader, I have lost and won thousands of dollars, but I was stunned and dazed. However, I soon recuperated, for I philosophized: "Have you not still your eyes, ears, legs, and appetite, and——" Patience, dear reader. In company with Thomas Crahan and Mr. Stevens I jumped into a small boat and shot down that roaring, rising, wicked stream. We made 150 miles, and before dark were at the cañon. I found Capt. Armstrong in good spirits, but Capt. Sanborn was feeling badly. He is the best swift-water man in the world to-day. He could not live on smooth water. He had run steamers on all the most rapid streams in Washington, and is the only man that ever steamed up the treacherous Cœur d'Alene. This was his first accident.

We organized another company and built another boat, but too late—the water had fallen, the boom in Wardner lots was over. I sacrificed my stock and my town, and started for the Klondike.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMBOATS.

From the Spokane *Spokesman-Review* is taken the following account of the loss of the steamers *Ruth* and *Gwendolyne*, just referred to, and the bravery exhibited at the time by the wife of Captain Sanborn of the *Ruth*. The account says :

“The Transportation Company lose from \$40,000 to \$50,000, with no insurance. They were literally swamped with business. The double wreck leaves them without a boat.

“J. F. Wardner, who is president of the company, has been notified of the loss by courier.

“A hundred passengers were in waiting at Jennings, and over fifty carloads of merchandise must be diverted elsewhere.

“The particulars of the wrecking of the steamers *Ruth* and *Gwendolyne*, on the Kootenay, bring to light the coolness and courage of the wife of Captain Sanborn, of the *Ruth*; and her part in the memorable event is told in the following graphic description of the sinking of the steamers, given by J. F. Harris, one of those on board the *Ruth* :

““We left Fort Steele, at five o'clock in the morning, with twenty-two persons aboard, passengers and crew. We had a beautiful run down the river, and took on eighty tons of North Star ore at Tobacco Plains. We ran into the cañon, five miles from Jennings, about 5:30 last evening, and were running down with the swift current and backing water. The river was rising, and carried much driftwood. When the steamer was in one of the worst places in the cañon a long log drifted under the wheel and caught in the rudder. It was simply impossible for Captain Sanborn to handle the boat, and she quickly drifted on a rocky point in midstream.

The river at that point is about 250 feet wide, and runs like a mill-race. It all happened quickly, and Captain Sanborn, though wonderfully cool, level-headed and courageous, was powerless to avert the disaster.

“When the steamer struck, the bow swung around and sank. Mrs. Sanborn was one of the coolest persons aboard. She called out for every one to keep cool, as there was no danger, and her courage and confident bearing had a fine effect on the passengers and crew. There was no excitement, and all behaved admirably.

“The passengers and crew crowded upon the little rock in the wild water. There was not enough dry surface for all, and some of us had to stand on a flat rock a few inches under water. The water rushed through the wreck, and in five minutes had torn the boat to pieces. Almost nothing was saved. Two or three saved their valises, but that was all. I did not have time even to take the money from my till. The company, however, saved its books and papers.

“We saved one of the lifeboats, and with that the passengers and crew were ferried ashore. Mrs. Sanborn was the last person to leave the rock, positively refusing to leave until all others were taken ashore.

“Before all the passengers and crew of the *Ruth* were taken ashore, the steamer *Gwendolyne*, commanded by Captain Armstrong, came around the bend unexpectedly. Captain Armstrong took in the situation at a glance, and realized his danger. He was in the course for the regular channel, but that was obstructed by the wreck of the *Ruth*. He tried to make the other channel, but could not do it. The *Gwendolyne* swung against the *Ruth*, and soon broke in two. About twenty persons were aboard. They clambered to the wreck of the *Ruth*, and from that to the rock upon which we had been saved. The fate of the *Ruth* was quickly repeated by that of the *Gwendolyne*. Both steamers are total wrecks, and the river is strewn with wreckage as far down as Bonner's Ferry—furniture, mattresses, and pieces of broken boat. I did not save a thing.

“Four of us walked into Jennings last night. The others, crews and passengers of both boats, built a big bonfire on the bank and remained there until this morning, having nothing to eat and no bedding. They strag-

gled into Jennings this morning, some coming down the river in boats and some walking.

“There was no excitement at any time, and the two captains behaved with admirable presence of mind, coolness and courage. They did everything that man could do to save their boats; but it was an impossibility.”

CHAPTER XXXVII.

KLONDIKE.

While the trip to the Klondike is not always enjoyable and is at times perilous, yet the hardships have been much exaggerated and are now lessened to a great extent. However, it all depends upon conditions, *i. e.*, whether you carry your own load or whether somebody else carries it for you.

I left Lake Bennett on the Queen's birthday with four barge-loads of goods, many passengers, and my own private boat. The trip was hazardous and extremely unfortunate, as I lost one barge with its entire contents in Miles' Cañon, the other one had its contents ruined in White Horse Rapids, and my own boat met with a series of mishaps and had many narrow escapes from floating ice and hidden rocks. I was indeed glad to reach Dawson with the rest of my outfit, which barely got me out even.

The market at that time was extremely good in Dawson. For instance, I sold 135 boxes of oranges and lemons for \$100 per box; 10,000 cigars at \$350 per 1,000; and whiskey sold for \$100 per gallon, and I had with me 100 gallons. These fortunate sales saved me from heavy losses. The Dawson market is strictly a market of supply. The demand is always good, but the supply regulates the price.

I then turned my attention to gold mining; got hold of a splendid claim on the Old Channel, and left for the States to solve the problem of economical melting of frozen ground in the Klondike. I had scarcely reached civilization when the gold fever broke out in Atlin, B. C., with renewed vigor. In the midwinter of 1898 I again left Bennett, traveling over the ice 200 miles to Atlin. About this time the British Columbian Government passed an alien law, a law both disagreeable and unprofitable to me. In the early spring I took to my boat

again, and floated through the chain of lakes and down the mighty Yukon some 700 miles, arriving without mishap in Dawson in July. Here I found my son, Jackson Hadley Wardner, with his young wife and little daughter—who is the first white girl born in Dawson, of which fact we all are very proud.

I had hardly time to pay my respects to Col. Steele, when, from 1,760 miles to the westward, on the 22d of July, 1899, came the news that gold had been discovered on the beach at Cape Nome by W. C. Slade and Wm. Thornwaite.

When I received private information of the authenticity of the great gold strike at Cape Nome (of which I shall say more hereafter in this book) I was off like a shot. In fact, no power on earth could have stopped me. This information came to me about noon, and that evening I took the *C. J. Hamilton* and arrived in St. Michael's, a distance of over 2,000 miles down-stream, nine days afterward. That evening all my hopes, wishes, and desires in regard to this great gold country were verified by many old friends and acquaintances, and not having a moment to spare that night I took the steamer *Discovery*. A tempestuous gale turned into a howling hurricane, but when we arrived off Cape Nome the sea had subsided, yet the swells were enormous. Capt. Hall informed me that until the sea went down passengers could not be landed safely—indeed, he did not think he would land any passengers that day. The fact is, there was a big swell on, but from the deck of the steamboat this rising and falling with the swell did not appear to me to be very serious, and I did not realize the danger of the surf. I determined to land at the first opportunity.

Many minutes had not elapsed before, striking out through the surf, came a little white dory. At intervals it could be seen, now on the highest billow and then plunged down out of sight. As the boat neared our steamer I saw only one man at the oars. It was with great difficulty that he threw on the lower deck a package of valuable papers for an officer of the Alaska Commercial Company. As he came down in his little boat on one of those billows, I exclaimed, "How much to take me ashore?" From 'way down in the depths a

voice answered, "Five dollars." I said, "All right," and regardless of my baggage, which was not much, as that little boat came rising up to the lower deck I made a jump, and in a moment I was soaring far above. Away we went, now on the crest of the highest billow and again down where a wall of sea was almost upon us. She rode it like a duck, and he, with that consummate skill inborn in a Danish boatman, watching his opportunity, entered the surf and put that little boat on the crest of a beach comber that seemed 100 feet high, and there we held our position. He rowed for dear life, and had we lost our position we should certainly have been engulfed. On, on we went, he battling to maintain the speed of that wave, and never ceasing his skillful efforts, until we landed with our boat within fifteen feet of Dick Dawson's "Cabinet Saloon," safe and dry. After hustling quickly out of the boat I was surrounded by numerous friends and acquaintances. So great were the stories they told of Cape Nome that, even with my proverbial aptitude to disbelieve nothing in the gold line, I stood and listened in wonder. But there it was, and there was my old friend, "Tough-Nut Jack," with a poke of gold worth \$6,000, and there were Dawson, Walters, Capt. Slade, Linderberg, and all the Swedish population, "Cherokee Bob," Chas. Simpson, Tom Nestor, Billy Nestor, Billy Chappell, Briggs, Hyde, Strout, Billy Walton, and fifteen hundred others with money to burn, and all told me they were making from \$50 to \$100 a day off that golden beach.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GOOD-BYE.

And now, with all the glowing aspirations and ambitions of twenty-five years ago, I will bid you good-bye. I am off to Cape Nome again, where I expect to pile up a colossal fortune, the foundations of which have already been laid by my partner, "Tough-Nut Jack." This is, indeed, my last venture; and when, dear reader, you are perusing this book, surrounded by comforts and all the luxuries of life, think kindly of the writer, whose trail has been covered with hardships, and who, if successful in this last and biggest struggle, will return to his own dear ones, there to remain until the book of life is closed and he joins the great stampede to the Golden City of the New Jerusalem, there to meet the kindred mining spirits and talk over the prospects in our heavenly camp.

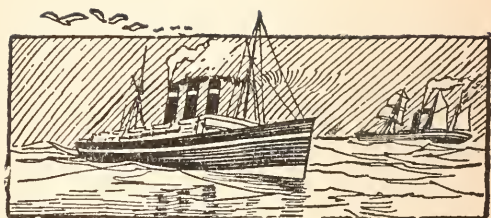
Now, in closing, with love to all and malice toward none, I ask merely this: That the little marble marker at my head bear only the sweet tribute of "Barbarian" Brown:

"Oh, where, and oh, where has Jim Wardner gone?

Oh, where, and oh, where is he?

With his tales of gold and his anecdotes old,

And his new discover-ee!"



APPENDIX.

EUREKA—NOME !

We are told on unimpeachable authority that "Heaven is paved with gold." Cape Nome, on the Behring Sea, Alaska, is not heavenly from an atmospheric or climatic point of view all the year round, but for Nature's gold paving it is a heaven on earth. The very sands on the seashore are yellow with the precious metal and the under stratum is dotted with nuggets of more than ordinary size.

This new miners' Mecca is about two hundred and twenty-five miles north and west of the mouth of the Yukon River, and one hundred and thirty-five miles from Healy, St. Michael's Island. I have seen most of the gold-mining regions on this mundane sphere and can truthfully say that none compare with Nome. It is the most remarkable gold-mining region at present in the world, if not in the entire history of gold-mining.

Regarding the description of the Cape Nome mining country I have no hesitation in saying that as far as discovered the sands of the seashore carry more or less gold from a point two hundred and fifty feet out to sea and beyond low tide, thence inland to the tundra, or Siberian marsh, a distance of about five hundred feet. I have prospected these sands at intervals on the beach for thirty-five miles ; the values, I found, were exceedingly uniform. The tundra will probably average about eight feet higher than the beach, that is, above high tide. The tundra is a mossy, tufty morass, containing water on the surface in summer and ice to an indefinite depth. It has not been prospected to any great extent, but a number of thawing machines were sent up there recently, and undoubtedly before this time they have gone deep into the frozen depths of the tundra.

My theory is that the tundra contains more or less

gold, which will be gotten at when the sand is reached, and will probably be from eight to ten feet below the surface of the tundra. This, when found, will be in places on the ancient beach of Behring Sea, where gold was deposited in vast quantities previous to the receding of the sea. This tundra runs from high tide back to the foothills with a very gradual slope. Reaching the foothills, I found the unmistakable evidences that once the tides reached this point. Again, regarding the tundra, I found evidences of the old creek and river beds of ancient days. These creeks are now named Penny, Snake, and Nome, and there are numberless unnamed swales and gullies, now dry, whose waters have been diverted into other channels. The gold in the tundra unquestionably came from the various gulches, which are now being worked for placer, in the foothills and mountains, from seven to fourteen miles from the beach.

Now, again, regarding the beach, I might add that the gold taken from it up to date has been extracted from the sand by means of the rocking process. In no place have the lower-grade sands been worked, miners preferring to work nothing that paid less than \$25 per day. As the work of a rocker and two men does not exceed, in ten hours, the washing of over two good-sized washtubs of sand, it is easy to imagine how little of the country has been disturbed. I panned, many times, the tailings of the miners, and in no instance was the result less than \$20 to the ton. I made these deductions by weighing the gold and allowing thirty pounds of sand to the miner's pan. By the rocking process I am certain it is impossible to extract more than fifty per cent. of the gold values.

Mr. D. O'Hara says: "I went down the river from Dawson about July 1st, arriving at Nome about the time of the beach strike. I bought out the right of William Whittlesey to a bit of the beach and went to work with my partner. In just eight days we rocked out \$1,000. In the claim adjoining ours, at the mouth of a small gulch running out of the tundra, two men took out \$600 the first day, \$1,200 the second day, and three men on the third day took out \$1,500."

I saw pretty good evidence that the gold was not

deposited there by the action of the sea, for I found four nuggets right at the edge of the tundra, the largest worth \$1.67 and the next \$1.10. I don't think there is any doubt that every inch of the tundra for a distance of eight miles back from the coast contains pay. Mr. Ringstaff, formerly a well-known shoe dealer of Seattle, and Noble Wallingford, took a large number of pans at least a mile back from the tundra on the edge of Cripple River bottom. They never failed to get from forty to fifty colors, and found as high as 20 cents to the pan. John Grindle has a claim on the bank of Cripple River for which he has refused \$5,000. I have located eight claims in the region and consider it the richest belt of placer in the world. I have been about 50 miles up the coast and over about 200 miles of territory. It all looks just alike and gold can be found everywhere over it.

I was all through Norton Sound in a sloop, but saw little until we got to Topock, about twenty miles below Galovin Bay, where the Bonanza district begins. This district extends up to Cape Nome, and the Cape Nome district extends from the cape about twenty miles to a point four miles below Penny River. Here the Sinrock district joins on and runs about forty miles further up the coast.

I saw a man who had been over on the Siberian shore. He asserted that diggings could be found there as valuable as at Nome. I also saw several men from Cape York. That locality has been surface-prospected only, but it is said to be a country similar to Nome, except that plenty of wood is to be found there.

I tested the ground at Nome in many places. Dry Creek is rich, but there is no water to work with. Dexter is good, and Millionaire Chas. D. Lane is putting in a pumping plant to work with. I took out of one of Wallingford's claims on Quartz Creek as high as \$1.85 to the pan, on the bed-rock of the rim. I don't think there is any of the beach sand that is not worth at least \$5 a yard. Where rockers were worked it was possible to put about two and one-half yards through each day, and this averaged from \$16 to \$25 a yard where the top was shoveled away and the pay-streaks followed. As high as \$50 a yard was found. Now, by operating sluice-boxes, a man can shovel in about twenty

yards a day of that kind of soil, which is exceedingly easy to handle. Where sluicing is used it will pay to handle over every bit of the ground which was worked last summer. Pumping plants will be used largely next season.

It is going to be a great country for quartz. I regard it as highly probable that the gold comes out of ledges in the hills back of the coast. These hills average about 1,600 feet high near the coast, while the main range, from sixteen to eighteen miles inland, is about 3,000 to 4,000 feet high. The formation is largely granite, slate, limestone, some porphyry, and much quartz. I have never seen any other region where there is so much quartz, and there is certainly mineral in it. Any of the miners can tell you of the many lumps of solid sulphurets of iron to be found on the beach. Back a little way I have picked up many specimens, as large as a man's hand, of the same sulphurets. The country is full of graphite, too. I saw several beds. One at Dexter, on Galovin Bay, was eight to ten feet wide.

But for the scarcity of wood it would be a very easy country to prospect, much easier to get about in with pack animals than the Klondike region; but the mosquitoes are frightful, worse than any place I have been on the Yukon or anywhere else.

Mr. J. H. McPherson, of Sioux City, Iowa, made the banner record of the beach for forty-two days. A verbatim copy of the forty-two days' work, at \$16 per ounce, is as follows: July 28, \$185; July 29, \$64; July 30, \$84.10; July 31, \$152.65; Aug. 1, \$143; Aug. 2, \$145.52; Aug. 3, \$179; Aug. 4, \$98.71; Aug. 5, \$102; Aug. 6, \$113.85; Aug. 7, \$188.40; Aug. 8, \$245; Aug. 9, \$318; Aug. 10, \$187; Aug. 11, \$370; Aug. 16, \$447; Aug. 17, \$415; Aug. 18, \$512.75; Aug. 19, \$530; Aug. 20, \$295; Aug. 21, \$165.40; Aug. 22, \$106; Aug. 23, \$313.60; Aug. 24, \$244.40; Aug. 25, \$272; Aug. 26, \$456; Aug. 27, \$401.40; Aug. 28, \$56; Aug. 29, \$74; Aug. 30, \$128; Aug. 31, \$128; Sept. 2, \$170.40; Sept. 3, \$92; Sept. 4, \$50; Sept. 5, \$188; Sept. 7, \$140.80; Sept. 8, \$124; Sept. 9, \$68; Sept. 10, \$81; Sept. 11, \$100. Total for the forty-two days, \$8,403.10.

The gold-fields of this part of Alaska are not restricted to the vicinity of Cape Nome, as glowing reports have

come from Clarence Sound, Cape York and Cape Prince of Wales. Galovin Bay has made a record, and the placers that will be discovered in the interior of the peninsula, with the developments up to date, certainly warrant the expected rush.

Dr. Kittleson, Recorder, says in reply to a question as to Cape Nome's richness: "The gold is there and in great quantities. It is a rich district. The creeks alone produced about \$1,500,000 worth of dust this season, and the beach-diggings perhaps as much more. It is hard to tell just what the beaches did yield, but I think the total output of the district the past season was not far short of \$3,000,000. The beaches are much more extensive than people suppose. They have been prospected and found to pay for a distance of forty miles above and below Nome City. For that matter, I think the whole section from Norton Bay to Cape Prince of Wales, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, contains gold, and in some places the ground is very rich. It would be hard to say how far back from the sea it extends, but colors have been found as far to the interior as the prospector has worked."

James M. Wilson, president of the Alaska Commercial Company, says in regard to Cape Nome: "The beaches, I think it is safe to say, yield an average of \$20 or \$25 per day to the men, and that is a big thing. They are also finding more or less gold in the tundra. In truth, there seems to be gold all over that section, which is in reality so large that it has not even been prospected yet. What is my opinion as to the source of gold on the beaches? Well, I don't think it comes from the sea. That is all fable. To my notion it was washed down from the mountains through the medium of the Snake and Nome rivers. When it reached the sea it was washed and churned about—scattered all over the beach, in fact." The foregoing testimony corroborates mine.

A town was naturally located between the Snake and Nome rivers, and was called Anvil City. Later in the season, however, it was incorporated and the name changed to Nome City, which is now the metropolis of the Nome district. It is a full-fledged city, and has municipal officers as follows: T. D. Cashel,

Mayor ; Alonzo Rawson, Judge ; James P. Rudd, Treasurer ; D. P. Harrison, Clerk ; Dr. Gregg, Health Officer ; Key Pitman, City Attorney ; D. K. B. Glenn, Surveyor ; W. M. Eddy, Chief of Police ; W. J. Allen, Chief of Fire Department ; Geo. N. Wright, W. Robertson, C. P. Dam, A. J. Lowe, Charles Pennington, and W. J. Donovan, Councilmen.

The town is building up rapidly, and this spring it will probably be a metropolis of many thousands. Three great commercial companies, viz., the North American Trading and Transportation Company, the Alaska Commercial Company, and the Alaska Exploration Company, have large establishments, carrying every conceivable class of merchandise ; but there will be hotels, breweries, steam laundries and every conceivable business represented later on. Money will be made by the cartload by thousands who are intelligent and fortunate ; steamships will come in fleets, and sailing vessels by hundreds, laden with coal, lumber, machinery, and beer to this Eldorado of the North. Vessels should leave Seattle as early as May 15th, and it is advisable to secure passage at the earliest convenience.

Among the many new establishments to be erected at Cape Nome we notice the following :

“ The Hotel Nunivak,
 “ Nome City, Cape Nome District, Alaska,
 “ Operated by the Nunivak Hotel Co.,
 “ T. C. Healy, Gen. Mgr.,

“ Will open about June 15th. One hundred rooms. Ladies' and Gentlemen's grill room. American and European plan. Electrically lighted throughout. Telephone service connecting rooms with office. Rooms single and en suite, with bath. Also the best of service.”

Mr. T. C. Healy formerly ran the Regina Club Hotel at Dawson, and was very successful. This immense new hotel will be designed at Seattle, lumber will be cut and fitted, and every article of household and kitchen furniture will be purchased in Seattle. A large vessel will be exclusively loaded with the material and furniture for this hotel, and Mr. Healy confidently expects to be ready for guests and have everything in first-class

working order two weeks after the arrival of the building material.

Among the many big projects for Nome are an electric light plant, telephone connection, and a street railway. Chas. E. Rosner, a Nome City attorney, interested with Dr. H. C. Wilkinson in various enterprises pertaining to the celebrated district, intends, with Chicago and San Francisco capitalists who have been granted a franchise by the Nome City council, to construct a street railway and an electric light and telephone system for the metropolis of the new district. It is their purpose to ship north the necessary material for all three concerns just as soon as navigation will permit. They have undertaken to build about nine miles of electric road. Beginning in the heart of Nome City, which is at the mouth of Snake River, it will extend along the auriferous beach five miles to the mouth of Nome River. Another branch is to be extended four miles to the mines on Anvil Creek. The lighting system will be only for the town proper, but the telephone will be extended over the municipal section and also to the principal creeks of the district.

I have been asked hundreds of times these questions :

“How do you prepare for the gold-fields of the North-west, and which is the best way to get there?”

To the first query I cannot give you a better answer than that given by the MacDougall & Southwick Company, of Seattle, Wash., which is :

“Many who fail in their search for gold can directly attribute their failure to their carelessness at the time of outfitting. They do not seem to realize that their success, their health, and perhaps their lives, depend upon securing a sufficient outfit of the very best quality especially designed for the Arctic climate, and having their outfit packed so that no matter what hardship it passes through the contents will be uninjured.

“Many starting for the Alaska gold-fields make the mistake of shopping around, asking numerous merchants for quotations on flour, bacon, coffee, baking powder, tea, etc. The reliable merchant who is familiar with the demands of the country will quote you prices on the very best grades of everything; while the unprincipled merchant handles the very cheapest flour

made, bacon unfit for use even in this country, cheap adulterated coffee, trashy baking powder, and so on throughout the entire list, quoting prices that reliable goods cannot be sold at. The unprincipled dealer, knowing that not one in a thousand inspects the goods as they are packed, or checks the weights, will quote you prices a trifle lower than the reputable dealer; and you feel that you have saved \$8 or \$10 on your provisions, when, in fact, you have jeopardized the success of your trip, endangered your health and life by securing provisions which are of the poorest quality, and which will probably be totally unfit for use when on the trail a couple of weeks.

"The same error is made in the selection of clothing. For instance, the reliable dealer quotes you a genuine Mackinaw suit at \$9.50; the unreliable fellow offers you a suit at \$3.50; which is the worst shoddy. The \$9.50 suit will be worth every cent of the price asked, the other perhaps not worth a cent. After you are once on the trail, your opportunities for buying are past; you must make the trip with the outfit you have or turn back.

"You naturally ask: 'How shall I decide and guard against such fatal errors?' Our advice is, when you arrive in Seattle, visit some old-established house, examine the goods offered, insist upon having the very best of everything, go into the packing room and see your goods weighed. Any reputable house will be glad to allow you to do this. Most important of all, see that your outfit is correctly packed, for, no matter how good an outfit you buy, it will be absolutely worthless before it has been on the trail a week if not properly packed. It is absolutely necessary that every package should be waterproof, as it will be exposed to all sorts of weather and usage, and the chances are that more than once before your outfit reaches the gold-fields it will be completely submerged. If improperly packed the entire outfit will be ruined, but if properly packed the contents of each package will reach their destination in as good condition as when they started."

The means of getting to Nome City are various. Of course, reaching Seattle from any point south or east is plain sailing, but from Seattle north the best way is by either the North American Transportation and

Trading Company's elegant steamer *Roanoke* or any of the steamers of the Pacific Clipper Line, which will manage the splendid steamers *Chas. Nelson*, *Geo. W. Dickinson* and the *Cleveland*. The Pacific Steam Whaling Company will also run the AI steamers *Valencia*, *Jeannie*, *Excelsior* and *Thrasher*, and the Seattle Steamship Company will send a flyer every ten days. The Canadian Pacific Railway will have its usual fine equipment. The Seattle-Yukon Transportation Company will have the new steamer *Santa Ana* and also the steamer *Lakme*. The Empire Line will also operate some very fine ships.

With the ceasing of hostilities in the Philippines we may expect the return of the *Athenian*, *Tartar* and *Garonne*, and many more of these splendid passenger boats, to aid in carrying the vast crowd from Seattle to Nome.

Passengers leaving San Francisco for Cape Nome will find fine accommodations on the boats of the Alaska Exploration Company.

Not only is it possible to make money by taking gold out of Cape Nome, but money may also be made by taking commodities in. Here is an instance of the possibilities in the latter line:

At a point on the Yukon, about 750 miles from Cape Nome and about thirty miles above Rampart, possessing all the facilities for the cheapest kind of mining, there is located a coal mine, owned and operated by Mr. Thomas Drew, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It is located on the river, and has every facility for the raising and developing of the coal in the cheapest manner imaginable. So far the product of this mine has been sold to the various companies operating steamboats on the Yukon River, and much of it has been brought into Dawson. In the present condition of affairs and taking into consideration the fact that the coal from this mine can be taken by an all-water route, and down-hill at that, to all the new discoveries in Alaska, its value will at once be seen. The new and wonderful gold-bearing area now called Cape Nome is absolutely without fuel of any kind. The little driftwood that lay on the beach, which floated from the Yukon across Norton Sound into Behring Sea, and has lodged on the points and capes,

will all be exhausted this winter. The incoming population of 50,000 people will cry for fuel.

As the distance from Seattle to Cape Nome is about 2,400 miles by water, and from Drew's mine to Cape Nome is only 750 miles, the value of that property, it will be seen, is enormous. Certain expenditures are necessary, such as a new equipment of machinery, more developments, and the maintenance of barges and tugs. The present price of coal in Cape Nome is \$150 per ton. Mr. Drew, like myself in the case of the Blue Cañon coal mine, owns and operates his mine alone, and has sold enough to the transportation companies to develop his property and leave him a handsome money balance.

SAILING FOR CAPE NOME

ABOUT MAY 10TH, 1900,

Large and Magnificent Steamship,

CENTENNIAL.

Consider carefully the advantages in comfort and conveniences in traveling, in a ship of this class as compared with steam-schooners and smaller vessels. Reservations for passengers and freight made now.

Apply to

NORTHWESTERN COMMERCIAL CO.,

201-202 PIONEER BUILDING,

SEATTLE, WASH.

MITCHELL, LEWIS AND
STAVAR CO.,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

MINING MACHINERY
AND SUPPLIES.

Klondike Prospector, for Prospecting Under
Water.

Engine Boilers of all Sizes and Styles.

Mechanical Gold Washer—Takes the place
of ten men with rockers.

308-310 FIRST AVENUE, SOUTH,
SEATTLE, WASH.

JIM WARDNER'S CAREER.

He struck it Rich in Idaho and is now Fairhaven's most
Enterprising Citizen.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. Wardner registered at the Rainier yesterday. "Jim" Wardner, as he is familiarly known, has had a remarkable career, having made and lost several fortunes, until he now stalks on the top of the heap as a leading Bellingham Bay banker, and the owner of half a dozen paying mines. Jim made his last great stake up in Idaho, where he fathered a town near some mines that he owned, and the town is on the map still as "Wardner." The town appears to better advantage on the map—cuts more of a figure than it does up in Idaho. But Jim sold out long before the mines petered and ere the boom died, and now he lives in the finest residence in Fairhaven, on a terraced hill, and his house is surrounded by a handsome park, designed by an expert gardener, decked out with rare flowers and shrubs. Then he owns the speediest horses in Fairhaven and has a finger in almost every enterprise the town supports.

—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer* (1899).

PACIFIC STEAM WHALING CO.

FOR

CAPE
NOME

SAILING FROM SEATTLE AND CARRYING
U. S. MAILS,

AT STEAMERS:

“JEANIE,” April 25th, “EXCELSIOR,” April 30th,
“VALENCIA,” May 30th.

The P. S. W. Co.'s steamers are sheeted with iron bark, and specially constructed to break ice, and will be the first steamers to reach Cape Nome. For freight or passage apply

PACIFIC STEAM WHALING CO.,

313 FIRST AVENUE SOUTH, SEATTLE, WASH.

30 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT CAPE NOME

Write us and we will gladly answer your questions, giving you only the latest and such information as we know to be reliable.

WHEN YOU START FOR NOME,

Have your mail addressed in our care. You will receive it promptly while you are in Seattle, and it will be forwarded to you promptly after you start for the gold fields.

ONLY ONE.

There is only one Alaska supply house that is older than any other; whose knowledge of the needs of the Alaska prospector has been gained by supplying his needs for the past twenty-two years.

It appears that our experience can be of use to you. It's yours for the asking. Write us freely for any information you may desire.

WHEN YOU ARRIVE IN SEATTLE

You will find us just a block from Union Depot. Make your headquarters with us; you'll be welcome. We will cheerfully furnish you with all information you desire, and consider you under no obligations to trade with us.

The MacDougall & Southwick Co.,

717-19-21-23 FIRST AVENUE, SEATTLE, WASH.

487 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

BACK FROM ROSSLAND.

Mr. James Wardner is back from Rossland, and is stopping at the Windsor Hotel. Mr. Wardner, or "Jim," as he is affectionately called along the Pacific Coast, has had a wonderful experience in mining during the past thirty years. If he had a half hour to spare, he could tell more mining stories than would fill this paper. And these stories would be full of dramatic interest. There would be humor in them; now and then there would be a dash of tragedy. Chiefly they would be brimming over with human nature. He knows all the celebrated characters who have given piquancy to mining life in California or British Columbia. It was his good fortune to make friends with all classes of character he encountered, and he is regarded with the greatest affection by the miner and the prospector. "Jim" conforms to the uses of civilization with great gravity when he comes East. Out West he is one of the boys. He has been used to roughing it and rather likes it. Withal he has an eye like an eagle, and a judgment that is seldom at fault, and if Jim pronounces a favorable judgment on a property, you may invest your money. He is interested in several properties in British Columbia, and it is to further these that he comes East so frequently.

—*From Montreal Newspaper (1893).*

PABST
MILWAUKEE
BEER

Excels all others—
Up to date.

The Only Milwaukee Beer Sold
in .

CAPE NOME.

PACIFIC CLIPPER LINE.

E. E. CAINE, PRESIDENT.

STEAMSHIPS :

HUMBOLDT,	CHAS. NELSON,
CLEVELAND,	GEO. W. DICKINSON,
CZARINA,	RESOLUTE.

Steamers every Five Days during May and June,
1900, for

CAPE NOME AND ST. MICHAELS.

Reservations being made now. Secure your space.

REGULAR SAILINGS FOR SKAGWAY AND SAN FRANCISCO.

GENERAL OFFICES: ARLINGTON DOCK, SEATTLE.

CITY OFFICE: 622 FIRST AVENUE, SEATTLE.

James F. Wardner, or "Jim" Wardner, as he is known to mining men all over America, arrived from the South last evening and is a guest at the Hotel Driard. His last mining investments have been in the Atlin country, from which he came recently to recuperate his health in California, and of which he predicts great things. He is usually a good prophet, too, in mining matters, as witness the Kootenay of to-day, of which he was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic pioneers. Besides being a good miner, operator and maker of new cities, "Jim" Wardner with his nerve has furnished material for many famous stories. The tale of Shaughnessy, Wardner and the pass has now been published in practically every paper of America, Hawaii, Australia, and the English press of the Orient, and at last advice it had been put into German and was doing duty in the Fatherland.

—*Victoria Colonist* (March, 1899).

A
GOLD-SAVING MACHINE.

IF you intend to mine you know that the loss entailed under the ordinary process of working placer deposits of gold varies from 20 to 50 per cent. *Most of this can be SAVED.*

SWAIN'S IMPROVED
GOLD AMALGAMATOR

will do it. This fact has been demonstrated without a doubt.

A dollar saved is a dollar earned.

The machine will be sold outright to those who intend to work the beach or tundra sands of Alaska.

Compact and portable.

Investigate for yourself, or write to

The Nome Gold Mining and
Development Co.,

211-212 MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASH.

EMPIRE LINE

—TO—

ST. MICHAEL,
CAPE NOME,

—AND—

YUKON RIVER
POINTS.

Largest and Best Steamships Sailing North.

	Tons.	Passenger Capacity.	
S. S. OHIO.....	3,500	325 1st class	475 2d class
S. S. PENNSYLVANIA.....	3,500	325 1st class	475 2d class
S. S. INDIANA	3,500	325 1st class	475 2d class
S. S. CONEMAUGH.....	2,500	50 1st class	400 2d class

First Sailing from Seattle
Direct for Cape Nome
On or About May 25,

S. S. OHIO.

Empire Transportation Co.,

607 FIRST AVE., SEATTLE, WASH.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,
or any of its sub-agents in the United States,
Canada or Europe.

James F. Wardner and family go out this morning to remain permanently. Jim is one of the pioneers of the Hills, has always been in business and has always made friends. He is every inch a rustler and has done as much for the development of this country as any man in it. He has been prominently identified with many enterprises that have brought great wealth to the country, and will return in the Spring without his family and organize and put in successful operation others.

—*Wardner (Idaho) News.*

THE
“HOTEL NUNIVAK,”

NOME CITY, CAPE NOME DISTRICT,
ALASKA.

OPERATED BY THE NUNIVAK HOTEL Co.

T. C. HEALY, General Manager.

WILL OPEN ABOUT JUNE 15TH.
ONE HUNDRED ROOMS.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S GRILL ROOM,
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLAN.

Electrically lighted throughout; telephone service
connecting rooms with office.

ROOMS SINGLE AND EN-SUITE, WITH BATH.

Also the Best of Service.

*Hotel Marlborough, N. Y.,
February 1st, 1900.*

*MR. STEVE BAILEY,
Proprietor Hotel Northern,
Headquarters for Cape Nome,
Seattle, Wash.:*

*Please reserve me room 125 for the month
preceding the sailing of Sam Barber's slick steam-
ship "ALPHA," which will leave Vancouver on
April 10th, 1900.*

J. F. WARDNER.

James F. Wardner again comes to the front in the big chloride mining deal, placing him in the front rank of the enterprising men of the period. That he is one of the most successful mining operators of the West, goes without saying. He has done much to further the interests of this great country, and his name will live in the history of Washington.

—*Helena Independent* (1887).

CAPE NOME FLYER LINE.

Ocean-going Steamers every ten days
for

CAPE NOME AND ST. MICHAEL DIRECT.

First Sailing Date on or about APRIL 10th,
1900.

For Freight and Passenger Rates apply to

Seattle Steamship Co.,
WHITE STAR DOCK, - - FOOT OF SPRING STREET,
SEATTLE.

TELEPHONE, MAIN 528.

S. S. ABERDEEN

(BUILT IN 1899.)

Capacity, 1,000 tons. Passenger accommodations, 220.

All modern conveniences for comfort.

POSITIVELY SAILING FROM TACOMA DIRECT
FOR CAPE NOME

10TH MAY, 1900.

This Company will have its own complete equipment
for the safe and expeditious landing of passengers
and cargo on arrival.

For Freight and Passage apply to

Alaska Transport Co.,

114 NINTH STREET, . . . TACOMA.

Men unacquainted with Jim Wardner regard Col. Sellers as the typical American romancer ; but they who have been fortunate enough to brush up against Wardner's brilliant imagination know that Sellers was quite ordinary in his line. Sellers soared in the clouds. Wardner rises above the fleeciest cirrus, transcends the airy cushion of the earth, and boldly floats in the ether of the Universe, and all this time, paradoxical as it may seem, he is down in the depths of the earth, shoveling out gold by the carload.

—*New York World.*

S.-Y. T. CO. ESTABLISHED 1897.

TO CAPE NOME AND ST. MICHAEL

New Steamer

SANTA ANA

Will Sail About MAY 20th, 1900.

The Santa Ana is a fine, brand-new steamer, with first-class passenger accommodations. Capacity, 1,200 tons freight, and a speed of 12 knots an hour.

Str. LAKME

Will Sail On or About MAY 15th, 1900,

With Passengers and Freight. Both steamers connect at St. Michael with our river fleet, SEATTLE No. 1, SEATTLE No. 2, SEATTLE No. 3, ROCK ISLAND, for all Yukon River points.

Reservations may now be made at the offices of

Seattle-Yukon Transportation Co.,

90-92 COLUMBIA STREET,

OR SANDER & HAYNES, PIONEER SQUARE,

SEATTLE.

HO!

FOR

CAPE NOME.

We will send the very first steamer from Seattle to Cape Nome in the Spring, and will have the first steamer reaching Cape Nome. We will make you a low rate on tickets and freight. Don't buy or contract before calling on or writing us. Reservations now being made.

SEATTLE & CAPE NOME
TRANSPORTATION CO.,

ROOM 61, SULLIVAN BLOCK,

SEATTLE.

D. G. GRAMMAN,

General Manager.

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