

am thankful to our heavenly Father for the kind friends that He has raised up to administer to our comforts.

We have lately made a tour through the southern part of this (De Kalb) county, where none of our Elders have been before; held three meetings, preached to full houses and had much private talk on the principles of the Gospel and distributed tracts, pamphlets, etc. While in that section we met a Campbellite preacher, who is the great leader of his sect in those parts. Since our meeting with him he has been lecturing on or against Mormonism, trying to show that we are deluded, deceived, etc., and that Joseph Smith was an imposter. We learned, however, through one of our friends, who attended one of his lectures, that he is injuring himself and that he cannot make his audiences believe everything he tells them bad about the Mormons. We propose in the near future to visit his neighborhood and see if the seeds of the truth cannot be induced to find lodgement in the hearts of some of the people.

Your brother,
A. B. THOMAS.

THE COPPER KING.

ANACONDA, MONT., April 28, 1893.—By all odds the most striking character in Montana today is Marcus Daly, the famed Anaconda millionaire, the celebrated horse owner and the chief of the copper kings of the United States. No one knows how much Daly is worth. He owns a bank or so, and electric railroad, a big hotel, something like a million dollars' worth of horses and lands, and he has, I am told, a one-fourth interest in the Anaconda copper mines, which are the biggest and best paying of any in the known universe. The army of employes who work under him is as large in number as that which Xenophon led in the famous retreat described in the Anabasis, and his payroll runs into the tens of thousands of dollars per day. Still, he came to the United States a poor boy, and when he landed at San Francisco at the age of thirteen he had not a cent in his pocket, and he trotted up and down the board walks for three or four days seeking a job. He looked in vain, until at about the end of the fourth day he saw an old farmer in a wagon driving through the streets. He stopped him and said, "Haven't you got something out at your place that I can do?"

"Well, I don't know, young man. What can you do?"

"I can do anything," replied young Daly.

"Can you dig taters?"

"Yes, I can," said Daly, and the man thereupon told him to get into the wagon and he took the boy home to his ranch. This was some place east of Oakland and Daly dug potatoes for the old rancher for three weeks. He said it nearly broke his back, but he stuck to it until he got a little money, and then, boy as he was, he started for the mines. He grew up surrounded by gold and silver and he soon developed a wonderful ability as an expert miner. When the Comstock lode was discovered he was in Nevada. He had by this time become acquainted with Mackey, Flood and O'Brien and they made him the foreman of that mine. After working here for some time he drifted to Salt

Lake and was engaged there by the Walker brothers, who have, you know, owned some of the most famous mines of our history. He served them as a mining expert, and it was about sixteen years ago that he was sent by them from Utah to Montana to expert the "Alice" mine.

HOW MARCUS DALY BOUGHT A MINE.

The Alice mine is one of the most famous in Montana. It has produced millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver. Its output for 1891 was nearly a million and it is still worked at a great profit. At the time that the Walker brothers thought of buying it the stock had fallen very low. They knew that it would rise at once if it was known that they wanted it and Daly was sent here to find out all about it. He came to Butte city as a miner. He was dressed in rough clothes and pretended that he was dead broke and wanted work. He went to the old Continental hotel and pretended to look for work for a week, but failed to get it, and told the landlord that he had no money to pay his board. This seemed strange to the landlord, as all miners were well paid and as there was a great demand for extra hands. The landlord said, "well I will see if I can't get you a job." He then went down to the Lexington mine and got a place for Daly, and told him about it. Mr. Daly said, "I am a little particular about my work, but I will go down and look at the job." He did so and came back the same day, and said that the mine was too wet, and that his lungs were not strong he feared to go to work in it. He then loafed around for another week, and the landlord, getting more desperate still about the payment of his board, went out and found him another job. Daly looked at it, worked in it for two days and then came back and said that the mine was not timbered properly, and that he would not work it. Now the board bill for three weeks was due, and the landlord got hot. He went up to Walkerville and got Daly a job in the Alice mine. He told the Walkerville owners that he had a man loafing around at his place for whom he wanted work long enough to pay his three weeks' board bill. They gave him the job and he came back to Daly. He swore at Daly upon his return, telling him he was too d—n particular about his work and too d—n easy about his eating. He said that he had got him another job and that he wanted him to take it and stick to it. As Daly heard him say that the work was in the Alice mine his heart must have jumped, but there was not a change in his features and he only said:

"Well, I will go and look at it."

It was the opportunity he had waited for and he took his place as an ordinary miner in the Alice. He worked for three weeks, inspecting the property as he dug and mined, and at the end of this time he threw up the job and left Butte City. Six weeks later he came to the surface as manager of the property. The Walkers, at his advice, bought the mine and they put him at its head.

MILLIONS IN COPPER.

While Mr. Daly was managing this he was looking about for other mines on his own account, and he invested in a number of silver mines. I asked him yesterday whether he had ever made any money in silver mines and he repli-

ed that he had, but he did not give me the figures. Among the mines he bought was the Anaconda mine, for which he paid, I think \$30,000. It was begun as a silver mine, but after running down 120 feet the lead developed into one of the biggest copper veins on record. Up to this time not much attention was paid to copper, but Daly organized a company and went to work in this mine. The company consisted of J. B. Haggin of California, the late Senator George Hearst, Marcus Daly and one or two others, and it has materially added to the millions of these well-known millionaires. I can't give you any adequate idea of the enormous extent of these great mines. Two thousand miners are employed in the mines day and night, and within the last ten years the enormous sum of \$40,000,000 has been spent by Daly in wages and in work for operating these mines. All of this money has come out of the mines and no one but the owners know how much more the mines have paid. The stock is not for sale and the Anaconda mines and smelters form a close corporation. The lumber which is used each month for operating the mine would make a board walk two feet wide from Washington to Philadelphia and 100 cords of wood are eaten up each day in the mine. Three thousand tons of ore are shipped out from the mines daily, and everything connected with them is done after the latest methods with the finest of improved machinery and on a gigantic scale.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SMELTER.

These mines are located at Butte city, but the ore is all brought about thirty-seven miles here to Anaconda to be smelted, and the biggest smelting works in the world are here. I went through them today. They wall the sides of the mountain, covering more than eighty acres of space with vast buildings packed full of machinery. Great brick chimneys one-third as high as the Washington monument pierce the sky as they stand on the tops of the mountains above them, and these are connected with the works by flues so large that you could drive a wagon load of hay through them without touching the walls. This is to give the proper draught. There are vast engines and great boilers and a wilderness of machinery. The fly wheels of the engines are as high as a three story house and the power is conducted by cables of steel which run from one elevation to another up the sides of the mountain. I cannot describe the machinery except to say that the ore producing rock, containing copper, gold and silver, is pounded into a mush with great stamps and then filtered and re-filtered, run through process after process, until at last it comes out in the shape of a metal sand, which is taken to other works and reduced to metal. I remember one room on which this sand ran over hundreds of great tables almost as big around as a small circus tent, and these were washed by a running stream of water in such a way that the refuse went off into pipes, while the copper ore remained on the tables. In other vast rooms covering acres were hundreds of grinding machines which made a noise like a sewing machine, and there were acres of settling vats and of almost every imaginable kind of machinery.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF HELL.

I drove from here to the smelting