

to go quickly. I went to where he was. He was very low and appeared to be dying. He could not speak. In company with some of the brethren, I administered to him, and I felt powerfully impressed to ask the Lord to spare his life. After we had administered to him, I stood at the foot of his bed, and said, "Abraham, you will live; do you believe me?" He could not speak, but he moved his eyelids as much as to say, "Yes, I believe you." And he did live, until a few weeks ago. He was an indefatigable worker, and I have tried to restrain him; but he seemed to be impelled to do everything he could. I do not know that he could restrain himself. I have thought about it since, and I am satisfied that he felt that his time was short—that the Lord had granted unto him a respite in answer to prayer and his life would only be prolonged a short time. I am satisfied that it was the Lord's will that Abraham H. Cannon should go. As has been said by President Joseph F. Smith, the reasons for it we do not understand. We do not understand why the Prophet Joseph, a young man only thirty-eight years of age, should so early in life have been slain. There are a great many things we do not understand. In one of the revelations to the Prophet Joseph, the Lord, speaking of Himself and His power, says, "Who willeth to take even them whom He will take, and preserveth in life them whom He will preserve; who buildeth up at His own will and pleasure." We are in His hands, and He takes those of us who will suit His purposes, just as we select men who are suitable to go upon missions. The Lord taketh whom He will. I feel thankful that these two sons of mine were preserved to us as long as they were. Of course, if we had been asked when they were apparently dead and dying, Would we rather let them go now or have them live for a few years longer? we should have said, "If it is Thy will, O Lord, let them live until Thou seest fit to take them." He did permit them to live; He has now seen fit to take them. I thank God for the faith and the prayers and the sympathy of the Latter-day Saints in this sad bereavement. I have wondered myself how I have been able to stand up as well as I have under it, and I have given the thanks to God and to the Latter-day Saints; for I know we have had the faith and the prayers of the whole Church.

I pray God that the Latter-day Saints may always feel to mourn with those who mourn, rejoice with those who rejoice, and have sympathy one for another. From every habitation in this land of ours where faithful Saints dwell, the prayers of the righteous ascend to God for each other. I myself pray for every Latter-day Saint. I crave no blessing that I do not want my brethren and sisters to have. I pray for the families of my brethren and sisters, and I know that they do the same for all of us. And in thus praying for each other we will be able to build each other up, we will strengthen each other, and we will be a mighty power in the earth in accomplishing the purposes of our God. I pray God that we all may be kept faithful to the truth; that we may never allow any influence or power to divert us from the truth; that we may never seek to carry out our own will, but seek to do the will of God our Eternal Father, until we shall be brought

back to dwell eternally in His presence, which I humbly ask for us all, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Written for this Paper.

GOLD I DID NOT GET.

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CRIPPLE CREEK, August 25th, 1896.



HERE ARE 12,000 men in Cripple Creek, and fully 10,000 of them are mourning over the fortunes they have lost. You meet every day miners

who will tell you how near they came to owning the Portland, the Independence, the Victor or other big mines which are now turning out tens of thousands of dollars a month. Some will whisper how they sold mines for a song which are now worth millions, and others will curse their luck as they describe the fortunes which have slipped through their fingers.

I saw a man hauling logs at the town of Victor, near Cripple Creek, who sold a half-million-dollar mine to pay a grocery bill of \$40. He was earning \$3 a day, and he was working for the men who bought his mine. His name is Jerry Winchell. Four years ago he owned a number of the best locations in the Cripple Creek district, but now he is not worth a cent. The mine which went for grub is famous here. It is known as "The Last Dollar." Winchell located it in 1891, and not long after that, when he found himself in debt to the amount of \$40 to H. H. Mills, a groceryman, he gave him the mine to square the bill. Mills was not satisfied with the settlement. He objected, but Winchell had no money and he had to take it. Three years later, however, he sold the mine for \$75,000, and the purchaser re-sold it a month or so after that to Senator Wolcott and others for \$100,000. Now it is producing quantities of gold, and no one knows what it will bring in the future.

I sat at dinner in Brown's hotel in Denver the other day beside a florid-faced, long-bearded man from Colorado Springs. We soon began to talk of the mines of Cripple Creek. The subject of the Isabella Company came up, and I asked him if he knew anything as to the Cripple Creek mines owned by it.

"Yes," said he, "I should say I do. Their best mine, you know, is the Buena Vista. It pays almost all the profits of the Isabella company. Its vein has been traced for three thousand feet, and it has already produced more than \$400,000 worth of gold. I had a chance to buy half of that mine for \$100, and did not take it. A man in my employ discovered it. He was one of those fellows who are always hard up, and one day he came to me and told me that his family were out of provisions, and that he must have money. He spoke of the Buena Vista prospect and offered me a half interest in it for \$100. I told him that I would give him the provisions, but I did not want the mine. I said I did not believe there was any gold in the Cripple Creek region. The result was that he went away and sold the interest to other parties. Within two

weeks those parties sold their half interest for \$20,000, and a month later my man got \$40,000 for his share. The Isabella mining stock at its present selling value is worth more than a million. It has paid \$100,000 within a month in dividends, and I could have gotten one-half of it for \$100. Oh, Lord! it makes me sick when I think of it."

The Independence gold mine is said to be the richest in the world. It has, it is said, from five to seven million dollars' worth of gold in sight, and its owner, who was working at his trade as a carpenter five years ago, would not now sell it for \$10,000,000 cash. And still the Independence has several times been offered for sale and the offer refused. This was in the first days of its history. One of Dave Moffat's experts told me the other night how near he came to buying it. Said he:

"It was several years ago, before the Cripple Creek region was much developed that I came here from Leadville to see what I could find for Moffat. Eben Smith was with me, and we bought the Victor mine for \$65,000, and have, as you know, made about a million out of it. Well, one day I was walking about Stratton's mine, when I saw a miner whom I knew shoveling out ore and rock. I asked him whether the mine was worth anything. He said that he did not think that it was worth much, and that Stratton would never get anything out of it. I went into the building, however, and chipped off a bit of the ore and put it in my pocket. That night I had it assayed. It ran \$200 to the ton. I sounded Stratton and found I could get the mine for \$10,000 cash at an option of \$75,000. I replied that I could not make an offer until I could go through the mine and make a number of assays, and that while the first ore might run good, that which I got later might not be worth mining. This was agreed to, and I was just about to wire Eben Smith that we had better buy the mine, when I got a letter from him, saying that the panic had struck Denver. He said that everything was flat, and that Moffat had written him to go slow, and not to buy anything for a time. He told me to break off any negotiations I might have and go off fishing until the trouble blew over. I thought the matter would keep for a month, so I went fishing. Thirty days later I came back, only to find that Stratton had struck good ore, and that he would not sell at any price. He took out several thousand dollars that month, and now—well, now every one knows that the Independence mine is worth millions."

Mr. Colbrand, the manager of the Midland railroad, told me the other day how he tried to buy the Independence and failed. I had asked him if there was any danger of Stratton losing his property. He replied:

"Not a bit of it. Stratton has had to fight hard to make a fortune, and he is not going to let it slip through his fingers. I know that he has refused some big offers for the Independence. I once tried to buy it myself and failed. The offer came to me from New York parties. Mr. Schley of the big banking firm of Moore & Schley wanted the mine, and Schley wrote me that he had parties who were willing to pay anything for it up to three million dollars. He wrote that if I could bring about a sale, no matter at what price or on what conditions, he would give me \$50,000 for my