

you see it, and still there is a great deal of guess work about it, after all. As for me, I have never been afraid to back my judgment, and though I have made some mistakes, I have been, on the whole, right successful. I believe, you know, in plenty of money. I believe that a large circulating medium brings good times, and that the more you restrict the currency the greater the distress among both capitalists and laborers.

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

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

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

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

Nearly every man I meet here has some funny story to tell about Tabor. I was chatting the other day with a member of the Colorado legislature. He recalled the time when Tabor was buying votes right and left in order to be elected to the United States Senate. This was just at about the time that Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel was creating a sensation, and one of the politicians asked Tabor if he had yet seen "Robert Elsmere," referring of course, to the novel.

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

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

"Shakespeare," replied the artist. "Who is Shakspeer?" asked the future senator.

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

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

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

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

Tom Bowen euchered Tabor out of his long term in the Senate. He used Tabor's money and arranged it so that Tabor only got thirty days, while he got six years. Bowen came out of the Senate poor, and for a time after he got back to Colorado was almost on his uppers. Then he struck a good mine at Summitville, about twelve miles from Del Norte, in the southern part of the state. He sold this property for something like \$200,000. When he was paid his wife insisted that he put \$30,000 into a house in Pueblo and that this be left in her name. She also made him promise that he would settle enough on her to make them both comfortable for the balance of their days, and that he would not enter politics again until he had made a strike of at least half a million dollars. To all of

these conditions Bowen agreed. He has, I am told, built the house and made the settlement. He has still the senatorial bee in his bonnet and he makes no bones of his great desire to go back to Washington.

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

THE EARTH'S MAGNETISMS.

Boston Transcript: Professor Frank H. Bigelow, of the United States weather bureau, who has for several years been trying to discover how close is the correspondence between meteorological changes and certain fluctuations in the earth's magnetism, said before the British association at Toronto that certain simultaneous behavior of the magnets at widely scattered observatories suggests the possibility that the earth is immersed in what is called a magnetic field, in which there are variations of intensity, and which may proceed from the sun. These variations, Professor Bigelow says, show a tendency to fall into a typical curve. In March and September that curve stays right side up, but at the solstices it is upside down. The main object of this principal paper was to explain this reversal, which he did by showing that it apparently depends upon the earth's position in its path around the sun. He gave a brief description of a special watch which had been made in Munich in conformity with his ideas for experimental purposes. A small magnet was suspended on the balance wheel, and was apparently affected by the aforementioned changes in the intensity of the magnetic influence coming in from outer space. On some days the watch would gain 100 seconds or 200 seconds. On others it would lose as much. It seemed to tell the same story as the costly instruments in the special magnetic observatories. Unfortunately the "vertical force" magnets in the Washington and Toronto observatories have recently been rendered almost worthless by the disturbing influences of adjacent trolley lines.

A telegram received at San Francisco states that the schooner Christiana Steffens, Capt. Vogel of that city, has gone ashore on the rocks south of Timber Cove chute. The captain and crew reached the shore in safety.