

DENVER MILLIONAIRES.

DENVER, June 17, 1893.—Denver is growing like a green bay tree. The city is fast climbing up the hill on which the capitol is built, and a score of big business blocks have been built within a year. New residences and fine ones have covered the hill, and this golden city of the Rockies has more rich men than ever. Fortunes are made and lost here quicker than in any other place of this size in the Union. Nearly every one of Denver's bloated bondholders began life here, and on every other street corner you may meet a man out at the elbows who a few years ago was rolling in wealth. I saw ex-Senator Tabor today. He had on a new suit of clothes, and he looks younger by five years than he did six months ago. This last winter has been a hard one to him. He was for a time loaded with debt. His investments made in flush time did not turn out well, and the income of his Denver property and his mines was scarcely sufficient to keep down the interest. He closed his residence here and went into his opera house block to live, and the people began to speak of him as poor Tabor. Just when the skies were darkest, however, he sold one of his Mexican mines to a Scotch syndicate for several million dollars. This has, I am told, enabled him to release all his property from debt, and he is now on a sound financial basis again. He is going to refurnish his opera house, and he will live in as good style as ever. Tabor's career would make a good sensational novel. From the time he drove a wagon across the plains and sold flour and bacon and frying pans to miners till now it has been full of adventures, and he has made and lost many millions. His divorce is still remembered here, and I am told that society has forever shut its doors against him and his wife. Mrs. Tabor No. 1 has grown rich, and she is worth very nearly a million. The property which Tabor gave her at the demands of the courts has greatly increased in value. She has invested her income well and she is rich and respected. Tabor's son Maxcey is a successful business man, and he is fast accumulating a fortune. He manages the Brown Palace hotel here, and his wife is considered the most beautiful woman in Denver.

HOW A CARPENTER MADE A FORTUNE.

This hotel is one of the finest buildings in the Union, and the story of its construction gives some idea of the ups and downs of this western country. It was built by a man named Henry C. Brown, who began life here as a carpenter and who worked for years at regular day's wages. He managed to save enough money to buy a tract of 160 acres of land on the cactus hill near the village of Denver, and he paid the government for this \$1.25 per acre. The land had no water and the people all laughed at his folly, too. Denver gradually grew and Brown's land became valuable. For years it was all he could do to pay the taxes, and he was advised to sell. He preferred to starve and hold on. Then the Leadville boom came and money flowed into Colorado. Denver prospered, and it soon surrounded his farm. Ten acres of it was bought for the capitol building and the rest was cut up into town lots, and upon these the finest houses of Denver are built. The result was that Brown made a fortune,

and he put something like a million dollars of it into this hotel. It has been finished only about a year, but I am told that his managers are already making a profit of \$20,000 a month out of it.

MOFFAT AND HIS MILLIONS.

David H. Moffat is another Denver millionaire who has had a varied career. He began life as a messenger boy in the New York Exchange Bank, and he now has a bank of his own here in Denver and owns mines and stocks and gold galore. He is one of the chief owners of the Creed mine and he took hold of the property which Creed discovered and built a railroad to it. He developed the mines so thoroughly that Creed is today one of the largest shipping ports in the United States, and it is said that the opening of this camp saved the Denver and Rio Grande road from bankruptcy; Moffat made his first money in mining speculations in "The Little Pittsburgh," which netted him a large sum. His first capital here was made in banking. He came from New York to Iowa to take a place as teller in a Bank in Des Moines. Here he attracted the attention of a capitalist who wanted to start a bank in Omaha, and young Moffat was made the cashier of that bank. He was in Omaha when the Pike's Peak excitement came on and at that time he came west. He speculated here in groceries and other staples which were needed for shipment to the mines and he soon got into banking. He is now president of the First National Bank of Denver, and he was acting as such when the famous bank robbery of a few years ago occurred. Every one remembers the story. A man came into Moffat's private room at the bank and holding up a bottle which he said contained nitro glycerine said he would blow Moffat, the bank and himself into eternity if Moffat would not write out for him a check for \$20,000 and give him the money for it. Moffat looked into the man's eye and he thought he was desperate, and to make a long story short, he walked with him to the cashier's desk and gave him the money.

The man took it and reshed out, and though the police were immediately put on his track he escaped. I am told that in seeking him they found the bottle which had terrified Moffat, and this on being analyzed was found to contain nothing but water. Not long ago a man stepped into Moffat's private room at the bank and said:

"Mr. Moffat, there comes a time in every man's life when if assistance is given him he becomes a wealthy man and if refused he becomes a beggar. I am in just that situation."

"I have been in that situation myself," replied Moffat, "and Mr. Chaffee made me what I am. What is your proposition? If I can help you I will."

The man sold his story and the result was that Moffat staked him and made him a fortune.

THE KOUNTZ BROTHERS.

Among the richest bankers in the United States are the Kountz Brothers. They have banks in New York, Omaha and here, and their operations extend to all parts of the United States. They come, I think, from eastern Ohio originally, and they were brought up on a farm, where their father had located when he landed in this country from Saxony. After a time the father opened a store, I think, in Canton, Ohio. The

boys were given a good education; they were taken into partnership, and soon as they were grown up were given a small capital and allowed to start out for themselves. They began their banking business in Omaha some time prior to the war, and they opened a bank here in 1862 as a branch of the Omaha house. Charley Kountz is now the head of the Denver Bank, and he is one of the richest men in Colorado. He has a beautiful home on Capitol Hill, and he has some of the most beautiful paintings you will find in the west. The four Kountz brothers have always worked together, and I am told that they have shared here alike in all profits. Luther, the third son, who first started the bank here, died not long ago, but the firm continues the same and it grows richer and stronger every year.

TWO PUEBLO NABOBS.

Speaking of brothers working together makes me think of two millionaires of Pueblo. These men are not widely known, but they are, I am told, worth somewhere between ten and fifty million dollars, and they do all their business together. They are known throughout the west as the Thatcher brothers of Pueblo, and they are among the rare birds in the aviary of western millionaires. Mahlon D. Thatcher, the younger of the two, is as near a human automaton as a man generally gets; his soul is wrapped up in money making, and he is said to have no more interest in other matters than the proverbial hog has in the Sabbath day. He reads only railroad reports, the stock markets and financial journals, and his life is made up in eating, working and sleeping. He writes all his own letters himself and he knows every detail of his vast business and attends to most of them personally. He is a man of few warm friendships and no amusements. Still he is considered one of the ablest financiers of the West. He owns bank stock all over the country, and he is, I am told, a director in a dozen different banks. John Thatcher, the elder, is a more companionable fellow, and though he is said to be a good business man, it is Mahlon who manages the property. These two men came to Colorado poor. John Thatcher drove an ox team load of supplies from Denver to Pueblo before the civil war and opened a store there. He had his own way of doing business. His goods were never placed on shelves, but they were in a heap on the floor and about the room, and customers went in and picked out what they wanted and asked John the price. He always put it high enough, but he never changed it. If the customer objected the goods were simply tossed back into the heap until some other customer came along. This went on for some time, and then Mahlon came out to help his brother. He brought order out of the chaos, and under him the store began to make money. From merchandising they drifted into banking, and the store was turned into a hardware shop, which still belongs to the brothers, and which makes money. They have, during their career, been very careful as to investments, avoiding mines and speculations of that nature. Pueblo has grown from a village to a big city, and their property is accumulating with startling rapidity.

TWO RICH CATTLEMEN.

The cattle kings of the west are found