

trouble. He knew that I was acquainted with Mr. Stratton and he thought that I could succeed."

"I don't wonder that you made the trial," said I.

"No, of course not," replied Mr. Colbrand. "You can't pick up \$50,000 every day, even here in Colorado. I was very anxious to make the sale and I saw Mr. Stratton at once. The mine had already paid considerable. It had good prospects, though there was not anything like millions of dollars yet in sight. I told Mr. Stratton that I had some eastern parties who wanted to buy his mine, and that they would pay a big price. I did everything I could to induce him to sell. I said:

"Now, Mr. Stratton, here is a chance to make yourself independent from now on. You have been a poor man all your life, and you can now assure yourself of riches beyond the shadow of a doubt. Your mine, it is true, promises well, but it may play out. These men will give you the cash. You can put it in government bonds and have more money than you can spend for the rest of your life. What could you have better than that?"

"I think the mine is better than that," replied Mr. Stratton; "at least these capitalists seem to think so."

"Yes," said I, "but you have got to work it to get the money out. It is not a sure thing, and if it were mining gold is, you know, full of annoyances. Now, why don't you travel? You have never been out of this country. Why don't you take a trip around the world? You can go to Paris or London and live like a lord on the interest of the money that this sale will bring you."

"I don't know," replied Stratton. "I don't think I care much for travel. I like to stay at home."

"But stop a moment, Mr. Stratton," said I, "and think what you could do with all that money. You could cultivate any hobby you pleased. There is a little island for sale off the coast of California which is said to be a second paradise. You could purchase this island and build a palace on it and live like a king. Your life has been one of hard work; why not take it easy now? This money will make almost anything possible. Haven't you some ambition that you want to gratify?"

"To tell you the truth," replied Mr. Stratton, "I have only one ambition, and that is to own the richest mine in the world and work it. I think I have it here. Your people cannot appreciate how I feel about it. Even if I wished to sell the mine I should ask at least \$10,000,000 for it. I know it is worth that, but I also know that your people would laugh at the idea. I know, too, that if you made me an offer as large as that I would not sell. I would deal with you just as quickly as with any one, but I have determined not to sell the Independence for any price."

"This," negotiated Mr. Colbrand, "ended my negotiations, and I failed to get my \$50,000."

And still, as I have said, Stratton offered to sell out a number of times during the earlier days of the Independence, but at this time there were none who had faith enough to buy. Now it is said that he is making such improvements that he will in time be able to take a million dollars' worth of gold out of the mine in a single day, and that one of his boasts is that he will soon ship a

car load of ore which will be worth at least \$100,000. He has already shipped \$50,000 worth of ore in a day, and he is doing all he can to keep from allowing the mine to pay more than \$120,000 a month. The Portland mine, of which I have already written, was once offered to New York parties for \$200,000. But the experts who were sent here reported that there was only \$37,000 worth of ore in sight. The next month the owners of the Portland took out \$40,000, and since then it has produced more than \$2,000,000. It now pays \$60,000 a month in dividends, and I am told that it will, notwithstanding its enormous expenses, pay 36 per cent this year. The Victor mine, which was sold to French parties for more than a million dollars, brought as I have told you, the original finders only \$50,000, and was refused by Wall street brokers at \$270,000. This mine pays 2 per cent a month dividends on a capitalization of a million.

Similar stories might be told as to other mines, and all about me I see the funeral processions of those who are mourning the "gold they did not get." During my ride to Cripple Creek I traveled with a very intelligent doctor named McDonald, who is getting fat off of the "one lung" brigade who are marching through different parts of Utah in search of health. He told me how he was offered only two years ago a one-eighth interest in the Anchoria Leland mine for \$500, but had not the nerve to buy. This is the mine out of which Irving Howbart and others have made a fortune. Its stock is very valuable, and there is practically none of it upon the market. It was leased a little over a year ago to T. J. Maloney, but the lease has now expired. Maloney struck "pay dirt" as soon as he began working. He found one body of ore of 1,900 pounds which yielded him \$36,000, and he has taken out, I am told, more than \$300,000 worth of gold. Had Dr. McDonald invested in the mine his \$500 would have made him independent of drug stores and patients for the rest of his life.

Nearly every man who gets a mine at Cripple Creek has to fight for it. Stratton has had a number of lawsuits. The Portland mine was for a long time in the courts, and nearly every good claim is contested. One of the queerest stories I hear is that of the Deer Horn mine, which now belongs to Stratton and others. It was located by an old carpenter named Sterritt. Sterritt had heard of Stratton's success, and he knew that Stratton was a carpenter, so he thought if the luck was running with the carpenter trade he would drop his saw and plane and go to mining. He was about sixty years of age, and he knew nothing about ore or prospecting. He simply wandered about the hills in an aimless manner, breaking up a piece of stone here and chipping off a bit of rock there. At last one day on Globe Hill, back of Cripple Creek, he saw lying on the ground a deer's horn. He was a rather superstitious fellow, and he thought that this was an omen that he was to dig there for gold. He at once named his claim "The Deer Horn," and set out the stakes which made it his own. He had no money, and he was compelled to do all the work himself. He dug a ten-foot hole, and then making a rude ladder, he went down with a bucket and laboriously carried the rock to the top. After a time he rigged up a windlass and thus hauled it out. After

some weeks he sent some of the rock to Pueblo to be assayed, a friend advancing him the cash to pay for the assay. The report was that the best ore contained 80 cents worth of gold to the ton. In reading it, however, old Sterritt mistook the figures for \$8 instead of 80 cents. "That isn't at all bad," said he, and he went on mining. At last, however, he came to the end of his "grub," and he walked off to his home, thirty miles away, to work at his trade as carpenter for a week or so in order to save enough money to go on with his mine. While he was away the owners of one of the stamp mills examined the mine, and when he came back they offered him a dollar a ton for all the rock on the surface of his claim for a distance of 100 feet in length, 25 feet in width and 6 feet in depth. This Sterritt accepted, and he was soon making from \$10 to \$15 a day. In the meantime a speculator jumped his mine, and he had to fight for it in the courts.

The other miners, however, saw the injustice of the jumper's claim and they burned him in effigy and scared him so that he did not dare to appear at the trial. While the suit was pending Sterritt shipped more than \$12,000 worth of precious rock, and when he was offered \$40,000 for his mine he took it and left for his old home in Indiana. During the same year that he sold it the Deer Horn shipped \$126,000 worth of ore. Within the past few months it has been resold and it is now to be operated in connection with the Summit mine, which adjoins it on the north. Its new owners intend to put in the finest of machinery and they claim that the mine contains a fortune in its immense bodies of low grade ore.

It is sad to know that those who do the most for the world often reap the least reward. Marshall, who discovered gold in California, died a pauper. The man who laid bare the riches of the oil fields of Pennsylvania was in his last days dependent on charity, and Bob Womack, the prospector who first showed up the riches of this Cripple Creek gold camp, is now living in a little log cabin in sight of mines worth millions and struggling hard to get more than a living. His story is that of many miners. For twenty years he has been prospecting, and now, at forty-three, having found millions, he is worth nothing. He came to this region ten years in advance of any one else and staked out a number of claims, among others what is now known as the El Paso mine, which is said to be worth half a million. He owned this prospect for some time, but could not get others to believe in its riches. He had no money to develop it and he finally sold it for \$300. A few months after he made the sale one-third of the El Paso was sold for \$35,000, and it is now considered a very valuable property. It was Womack who first had faith in the Cripple Creek gold region. He held the El Paso for a long time before he sold it and he worked on the cattle farm of Bennett and Meyers upon which have since been located some of the best Cripple Creek mines, in order to get the money to continue his prospecting. He dug holes all over this farm in his search for gold. The owners of the farm laughed at him and told him that he must cover up his holes, as their cattle fell into them. He did this and went on. From time to time he took rock