

W. A. CLARK'S COPPER

THE MONTANA SENATOR HAS A MOUNTAIN OF IT.

One of the Richest Mines in all the World, a Property That Brings its Owner Something Over \$12,000,000 Every Year.

One of the richest mines in all the world, a property which brings its owner an income of something over \$12,000,000 each year, is the United Verde, at Jerome, Ariz., which is owned by Senator William A. Clark. But two men, Senator Clark and his superintendent, have an adequate idea of the real value of the United Verde. It is the estimate of the best engineers of the country that it is one of the greatest mines ever known. The price of the principal metal (copper) may be reduced one-half, but still it would be a great mine, as about one-half of the value of the ore is in gold and silver, and as it carries \$75 per ton in all values the loss of one-fourth would still permit the mining of ore at a profit that would astound most men.

The mine, underground, is one of the few secret properties of the West. The underground workings are solely under the charge of the manager, and ingress is only on written order from the owner, Senator Clark himself. Few such orders have ever been written. The mine, so far as it has been developed, including the explorations of a diamond drill below the present workings, shows an immense ore chimney, 400 by 600 feet across, that has been explored by shafts, tunnels and drill holes, to the depth of 1,500 feet.

How far it will be possible to work the mine before reaching the heat limit it would be impossible to say, but a reasonable estimate is 3,000 feet; but without trespassing upon the future, the proved ore bodies contain values that almost stagger belief. The mine, to the depth of 1,400 feet, contains 336,000,000 cubic feet of ore, and estimating 11 cubic feet to the ton, which is a liberal allowance, there are 33,000,000 tons practically in sight. At \$75 a ton, a conservative estimate of value, the ore represents more than \$2,475,000,000, with more than half of the available ore body yet untouched.

There can be no doubt that the ore in sight represents but a small fraction of a percentage of the mineral still uncovered, and such a condition furnishes ample foundation for the report that Senator Clark recently refused the offer of an enormous sum from an Eastern syndicate for his property, which cost him a trifle over \$200,000 about ten years ago. In many respects the United Verde is the most wonderful mine on earth. It is a treasure of wealth that might pay the national debt. It has made its owner a copper king, a railroad magnate, a United States senator. It has made him richer than any monarch and perhaps may make him as powerful. The story of the career of the owner of this great mine is a unique one.

The story of the life of the stalwart Montana bonanza king has few parallels in the Rocky mountains or west of it. He is a Pennsylvanian, and at 23 years of age hammered a yoke of oxen across the plains to Denver. After he had dipped into the Pike's Peak excitement he went north to Butte. He worked in the mines for wages awhile and then peddled goods from camp to camp in a wagon. This led to his establishing a store, and having this and selling goods to the mines, as did Tabor of Colorado, he gradually acquired mining interests, some of which were taken for debts.

About this time he saw that great wealth was to be derived only from the mines, and he set out for Columbia College to study metallurgy. He stayed long enough to get a pretty good knowledge of it and then he went back and proceeded to develop his properties and secure others. From that day he speedily began to ascend the ladder. He devoted his attention closely to copper properties, and to Mr. Clark is due the credit of shipping the first copper from Montana to seaboard.

From a single mine he took out the

HELL-HOLE TUNNEL.



Before the New York State Railway commission Gen. Dan E. Sickles recently bitterly attacked the policy of the New York Central railroad, owned by the Vanderbilts, calling the tunnel, where the recent disaster occurred "Vanderbilt's Hell-hole."

stupendous amount of 30,000,000 pounds of copper in two years. He now owns large silver and copper mines and many other interests, besides a bank in Butte. He has also had ranch interests, and altogether there are few men in the country so well known as he. Mr. Clark is the largest individual owner of mining property in and around Butte. He owns and carries the controlling interest in fully 100 silver and copper-silver patented mines. He established the first electric light plant in Butte. Livestock interests are merely a side issue. He owns a few race horses, and he enters his horses in the Butte and on some of the Eastern tracks. Mr. Clark's bitter struggle for a seat in the United States senate is the result of the charges of bribery brought by rival Montana politicians are the history.—New York Times.

KING EDWARD'S DEBT.

There is Not Enough Money in the World to Pay It.

New York Press.—There is owing to the Peruzzi family of Italy a just debt which there is not money enough in all the world to pay. It is a claim for \$12,000,000 with interest since 1340, in which year the money was borrowed from their ancestor, then a great banker in Florence. The debt is owed by the British government, and if the Peruzzi had their legal rights they would be able to reach the whole British empire and sell it out at auction. Every British man-of-war afloat, ever ounce of gold in the king's crown and every coat of arms in the Peruzzi's. The Peruzzi's compound the original loan annually and forward a dunning letter every year, calling his attention to their little bill and intimating that it would be appreciated. The debt now runs up into 26 figures. The bill has been sent in regularly for the last five centuries, but so far the English monarch did not happen to have the amount of money demanded about him and has told the collector to "call next week," or words to that effect. The Peruzzi hold the king responsible, as he is in law, and so Edward VII truly can be said to be the most heavily in debt of any man in the world.

In the middle ages Florence was the great banking center of the world, and one of the Peruzzi's was a great banker there. King Edward III professed a great friendship for the head of the Peruzzi family, for Edward was his pup and had an affection for anyone who could lend him money and would. He had obtained the resources of his country in his wars with the Scots, and when he went to war with France he had to borrow the funds for his campaign. The Florentine bankers lent him money liberally, and he fought Crecy and Poitiers, gaining much glory, but little cash. After the war the banker, Peruzzi, ventured to remind the king that he had borrowed \$12,000,000 of him—an enormous sum in those days, and a pretty comfortable one now. The king mentioned the subject again. But the banker did, and pressed for payment. It was his white while being a king in those days, and when the banker got impatient issued a proclamation saying that he had little money, and so, for the good of the kingdom, he had decided to postpone the payment of his debt indefinitely.

This proclamation was regarded as a very statesmanlike document in England, and other crowned heads gave much praise for his wisdom and greatness of public affairs. The king of Sicily was so charmed with the financial ability of his royal brother of England that he copied after him and repudiated a debt of \$1,000,000 or so which he owed to Florentine bankers. France was almost ruined financially, and matters worse, the city was ravaged by the plague, the next year. The Peruzzi respectable position in Italy, and never getting something out of the king of England eventually, though so far they never have received a cent. It is hard to say that, while making a claim for the full amount due them, they would be willing to compromise for a smaller sum.

Smoking Contest.

In Rhenish Westphalia a singular custom prevails. At stated intervals the veteran smokers in each district assemble in a large hall and compete for prizes which are awarded to those among them who can smoke the longest.

Each competitor is provided with a long pipe which has a colossal bowl. Exactly the same quantity of tobacco is put into each bowl, and after this operation is performed, matches are lit, and at a given signal the contest begins. Each competitor is allowed as much tobacco as he can consume, and the prize is awarded to the one who continues smoking after all the others have stopped.

In order to guard against suffocation all the windows in the hall are opened, yet even then the smoke is generally so dense that persons who are not used to tobacco are unable to endure it. Indeed, at a recent contest the smoke issued from the open windows in such volume that the local fire brigade thought the building was on fire and promptly deluged it and the unsuspecting smokers with water.

The Russians, who are supposed to be great tea drinkers, do not use as much tea per head of the population as do the people of the United States.

IS AFTER OUR BACON.

PRINCE HENRY IS COMING TO SEE HOW IT IS MADE.

His Emperor Brother is Fond of This Popular Breakfast Food—Rear Admiral Evans Taught the Kaiser How to Use the American Product.

There is one place above all others which Prince Henry of Prussia has been charged by his brother, Emperor William, to visit while in Chicago. This place is the stock yards.

In the packing plants the kaiser is interested more than in any other industry in the United States and it became known here yesterday that the prince will go through all of the larger ones under instructions from the emperor.

Nearly one-half of all of the smoked meats which are shipped from the United States into Germany are treated, cured and made ready for market in Chicago. Emperor William, being aware of this fact, is especially anxious that one so near himself should secure, if possible, an intimate knowledge of all of the processes through which the meat passes from the time it is bundled into a stock car out at some lonely way station until it leaves a great packing plant as savory hams and juicy sides of bacon.

The emperor is extremely fond of American bacon. In fact, since he learned to eat it several years ago he will have on his table nothing else but that which is packed in this country. It is said that he even insists upon eating only that which comes from Chicago. It is true, at least, that he eats the pieces bearing the Chicago trademark with more satisfaction than he does the meats coming from any other city.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans was the man who taught the kaiser how to eat American ham and bacon, or at least it was he who first served his majesty with the smoked meats from Yankee land.

This was during the time that Rear Admiral Evans was in command of the cruiser New York, which was then in German waters awaiting the opening of the great German canal at Kiel. Evans and the emperor became fast friends. The two dined together, talked a great deal together and sailed together.

Rear Admiral Evans had served one morning for breakfast some bacon and it is reported that this was Chicago bacon. The emperor ate long and heartily and the next morning he dined again on the cruiser. He said that at his own palace he got no such bacon and complimented Evans repeatedly on what he termed an excellent dish.

He secured permission from Evans to send one of his own cooks aboard the New York to learn how to prepare the meat. The cook remained there for several days and then returned to his own kitchens.

He prepared the bacon for the emperor as he had learned to prepare it on the New York, but it did not taste the same and Emperor William was dissatisfied. The bacon was German and not American. The cook tried again and again, but with no better success, and finally, this being brought to the notice of the American naval officer, he asked permission to send a piece of bacon from the cruiser.

This was done and from that day to this Germany's monarch has not used bacon prepared in his own country. Prince Henry has learned to like it as well and because of his own desire and the emperor's, too, he will be well acquainted with American pork packing in all its phases before he leaves Chicago. If he remains here two days, and it seems probable now that he will, one of these days will be spent at the stock yards.—Chicago Chronicle, Jan. 24.

In the course of a speech in the senate last week Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts took a fling at the Green mountain state by saying: "No man in Vermont is allowed to vote until he has made \$5,000 trading horses with Massachusetts people." A ripple of laughter caused by this remark was turned to a roar when Senator Proctor of Vermont said in his deep bass: "Yes, and we all vote."

Andrew Carnegie, who has given dozens of libraries away, has determined to buy himself one. He will purchase about 8,000 volumes in London for his Scotch residence, Skibo castle. The initial outlay is said to be \$50,000.

NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CLUB.



Louis Stern has been elected president of the New York Republican club, the well known organization of the Empire state.

VERMONT'S NEXT GOVERNOR.



Dr. H. Seward Webb will probably be the next governor of Vermont. Though he claims to have been always a Republican, Dr. Webb has never been a politician.

TIGER! TIGER!

BY ELIAS LISLE. (Copyright, 1902, by E. S. McClure Co.)

"JUST one more," pleaded Squab O'Neill, leaning persuasively over McArdele's bar.

"No, sir," said McArdele emphatically. "You've had one too many already."

This was well within the truth. Since leaving the winter quarters of the Grand Panjandrum Menagerie early that morning the erring Squab had augmented the raging flame of thirst that burned within him by many an onpouring of oil, the usual oil that comes in five cent whisky. Now his exhilarant soul had risen above that brand. It yearned for the kind that comes at 15 cents a throw. The trouble was that he didn't have the 15 cents.

"Put it on the slate, Mac," he begged. "It's terrible thirsty work, tiger chasin'."

"Tiger?" There was a contemptuous tone to the query, and it was with some heat as well as triumph that Squab retorted:

"Salamander—that's wot tiger."

"Yes; that's likely," sneered the saloon man. In truth, nothing seemed less likely than that the undersized, shambling, irresponsible doer of odd jobs about the winter quarters should be engaged in any chase to which Salamander was the other party, for Salamander, once the prize performer of the Grand Panjandrum, had "gone bad" a few weeks before and had gathered to himself (and their fathers) a trainer, his assistant and sundry loose ends of other persons engaged about his cage, such as an ear, finger and once the better part of a forearm. "I guess it's one of your pipes, Squab," continued McArdele.

"You'd never win no spellin' bees by guessin'," returned Squab. "I'm on the job, I am. The boss give it to me special. 'O'Neill,' says he to me, 'you're the only man I'd trust to git him,' he says. 'Say nothin' to nobody,' he says, 'but git him an' bring him back quiet, 'says he to me, 'an' your pay check'll be twins at the end of the week,' he says."

"Oh, cut it out!" said McArdele good naturedly. "Salamander's home in his cage, where he belongs. You'd better get home to yours."

"That's where your brain's softenin'," remarked O'Neill. "But he will be before night. I'm after him, I am."

He marched proudly to the door, opened it and held it open to fling back a parting word.

"When I come back with me tiger under me arm, maybe you'll set up that drink."

Two men who crouched up close to the outer wall looked after him, as he disappeared in the gathering darkness. "Wot's that he said about a loose tiger?" growled one of them under his breath.

"One of the show's beasts escaped prob'ly," answered his companion. "Good thing we got our pops ready," he added, feeling for the handle of a revolver in his pocket.

"Lot of good that'd be ag'in a tiger," said the first, peering fearfully over his shoulder. "Well, he hadn't oughter bother us. We're on the hunt ourselves."

For some minutes they examined the brightly lighted interior of the saloon from the windows. Then they walked in and ordered drinks. Before McArdele and his assistant could fill the order they were looking down the barrels of two revolvers.

"All the cash in the register an' drawer an' a quart of the best!" said the spokesman.

"Well, I'm hanged!" mourned the discomfited McArdele. "This is worse than wanderin' tigers."

"Shut up an' hustle!" snarled the robber, casting an uneasy glance at the swinging doors.

A few rods outside was a spectacle which would have deeply interested him could he have but seen down the now dark street—Squab O'Neill and a coney, whom he had picked up in a saloon, energetically escorting Salamander homeward. There seemed to be some unwillingness on the part of the great, striped beast, for the two men breathed hard as they pushed and hauled. But where was the ferocity that had made his name a terror to the whole show? Never a snarl, never a growl, never the unsheathing of a claw, as the two half-drunken guardians led their charge almost to the door of the saloon. There they halted, and O'Neill spoke:

"You hold him, Aleck, while I take a look."

Tiptoeing to the nearest window, Squab peered in, then clapped a hasty hand over his mouth to hold a shout of amazement. He had surprised the

holdup in full swing, the two robbers covering McArdele and his assistant while they heaped up money on the bar. In two jumps the tiger, his teeth chattering with excitement.

"Wh-wh-whisper, Aleck!" he twittered. "Can you roar?"

"Can I roar?" repeated Aleck, who pulse that had led him to that false hope of escape and prayed forgiveness for his profanity with the fervor of a man who momentarily expects a tiger to reach down and bite his head off.

Above the din of battle he could hear Tim, his assistant, reciting in a series of frenzied howls a catalogue of horrors to freeze the blood. Tim's voice seemed to come from up stairs, but McArdele couldn't be sure because of the noise of the fight. Would the unequal conflict ever end? It seemed impossible that human strength could so long hold out. And now the clamor began to mitigate, then died away until nothing could be heard but a hoarse panting.

"He's getting his wind before he eats poor Squab!" thought the imprisoned with a convivial soul. "With one more good drink in me I couldn't help but roar."

"Roar, then, like a thousand devils!" hissed Squab. "Salamander an' me is goin' inside. Gimme a hand with him. Now let 'er go!"

In flew the doors, and through them burst a tangled mass of tiger stripes and struggling man. Down to the floor they went with a thunderous crash. There, close locked amid a tornado of flying sawdust, they whirled and thrashed and wrestled, while the air rang hideously with mad roarings, snarlings, howlings, shriekings and yellings.

For one frozen second the quartet in the game of holdup stood like statues. Then a pistol shot perforated a far corner of the ceiling, there was a strangled bellow of terror, and a dark figure dove headforemost through the window, with a mighty crash of glass.

"Wait fer me, Mike!" another voice implored.

There was a second rush, and the glass of another window shattered. Across adjacent fields two gashed faces dripped blood at such intervals as a man may cover in mighty leaps. The holdup was over.

But what did McArdele care? Wedged half way down his dumb waiter, he alternately cursed his girth and the saloon keeper. "Then he'll come after me!" a forecast followed by so paralyzing an excess of terror that he lost consciousness for a moment. The voice of Tim brought him back.

"Mr. McArdele! Oh, Mr. McArdele! Where are you?"

"In the dumb waiter shaft."

"Come up. He's dead."

"Of course he's dead. Did you think the tiger was pettin' him, you fool?"

"Of course nothin'. It's the tiger that's dead."

Sheer amazement at the prowess of Squab O'Neill choked McArdele for the moment. Then he called:

"Help me out of this. I'm stuck fast—er'n a prize onion in a goat's gullet. Get me out, I say."

By dint of much hauling and struggling McArdele emerged. His first glance fell upon the corpse of Salamander, stretched on the floor. On it sat Squab O'Neill. He was breathing very hard. All about was scattered the money dropped by the robbers in their haste, and Tim was doing the jig of jubilation among it. McArdele staggered over and laid a hand on the striped body of the tiger.

"Squab O'Neill," said he, "speak truth to a man that's feared for his reason. Is that Salamander?"

"It sure is," said Squab.

"Is he dead?"

"Deader'n the ant Noah's elephant stepped on."

"And you're alive?"

"An' dry."

McArdele wobbled over the bar and took the biggest drink of whisky he had swallowed in ten years.

"Hold hard," said Squab resentfully. "I need that worse'n you do."

"Need nothin'," said McArdele—"man that can lick a tiger hand to hand. How'd you ever do it?"

"Well, he didn't fight back much."

"Didn't fight back?"

"No," explained Squab. "He couldn't. You see, he's stuffed?"

"I did the roarin'," explained the convivial Aleck, thrusting his head in at the door. "It's thirsty work, but for a long drink I could roar s'more."

"An' I put in the snarl'n' an' growl'n'," added Squab. "I didn't go fer to fool you at first, Mac," he added earnestly. "I told you I was sent to get Salamander, though I didn't tell that he died last week and has been at the taxidermer's ever since. So I come back to show you, an' Aleck come along to help, an' when we run into the holdup we done our little act, Salamander an' me, an'," he concluded judicially, "I think it was a sensation. Do we get a drink, the three of us?"

Very late that night they left a disreputable Salamander on the head trainer's doorstep. His fur was flecked with sawdust and exuded an unmistakable flavor of revelry. Cocked over one eye was a wreath made of greens and the gold fell from champagne bottles. Each fore paw clasped a whisky bottle, each hind paw a magnum of champagne. The end of his tail flaunted a corkscrew. On his massive forehead was a placard for all to read:

"Treat him kind, for he done his best."

It was signed with four names, that of Squab O'Neill conspicuous among them. Next day Squab lost his job, but he doesn't care. McArdele is going to set him up for himself as a tiger trainer one of these days.

Anyone who desires an audience with President Roosevelt will be sure to obtain it if he tells Secretary Cortelyou that he has some recent experience in hunting big game to report.