

STRANGE STORY OF A FORTUNE

End of Famous Stratton Case.

The Old Man in the Story Was an Odd Dreamer in His Lifetime.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Col., April 21.—The famous Stratton will contest has been ended by compromise and closes the last chapter of the story of a strange fortune. Winfield Scott Stratton said during his lifetime that \$50,000 was enough for any man to live on. He had accumulated a fortune of many millions of dollars. Yet he cut off his son, Irving Harry Stratton, with a legacy of \$50,000.

On that provision of the will hung the romantic fight for a fortune. Young Stratton did not win. In fact, although the compromise will be given \$550,000, most of which sum must go for attorney's fees. The rest of the mining millionaire's fortune will go where he intended it should go, to charity.

A Dreamer of Truthful Dreams.

The suit was the last act, the wind-up, in the affairs of a dreamer whose dreams came true.

And in the background, behind the cloak of secrecy and legal finesse, were the forms of two mysterious women, who may yet fight for the fortune, as the elder Stratton's widow.

The life of Winfield Stratton was a romance from his boyhood to his death. That he succeeded near the close of his days in realizing all the dreams of his life is due to one of those remarkable coincidences which nature sometimes deals out to the visionary and impractical.

When the gold rush for California began in 1848, Winfield Stratton was in his babyhood. His father was a member of a family of nine children, which was in itself a handicap in many ways.

That boy won't amount to much, I reckon," said his employer, "he ain't trillin' or anything of that kind, but he's always pickin' up rocks and things. He's got the gold fever."

It was several years, however, before he had a chance to gratify his tastes. When he was twenty years old he went to Eddyville, where he clerked in a drug store for six months. Mixing drugs was not to his taste. He had dreams of the clear crystal skies, the wine-like winds and the snowy minarets of the Rocky Mountains.

His First View of the Rockies.—In speaking of his first view of the mountains Stratton once said: "There they were, high and white against the sky, spotless and fresh like the land of God, just as they had stood since the cooling of the world. I knew that in the very crumple of their birth veins of gold and silver had filtered and flowed from summit to base, and I believed that I could find them. Not that I wanted the money particularly, but I liked the work."

Herein lay the keynote of his life, a passion for discovery. In Colorado Springs the real romance of Stratton began. He had \$200 in his pocket and was possessed of a good trade, but he wanted \$3,000 to start prospecting with. Before he could accumulate it he met a Miss Stewart, and after a brief courtship was married. His wife was a most practical woman, and when Stratton had saved up his \$3,000 and proposed to go into the mining business with a woman's careful foresight, she opposed it bitterly.

Nevertheless the trade was his, and day by day, and finally he hoarded his money with some associates in the Yreka mine, near Silverton, Col., in the San Juan country. He went to that region on the tactics of a prospector, but the mine proved a failure. Mrs. Stratton, patient under the loss, said nothing.

Several years followed during which the dreamer of rocky dreams earned money as a carpenter during the winter and spent it in the summer wandering over the mountains in search of ore veins.

Gold His Only Thought.—Gold, gold, was the subject of his thoughts light and airy, and each day of tramping and prospecting over the foothills his companions were becoming more and more impatient.

When the prospecting proved was new to Mrs. Stratton, after smiling upon it as a healthful sort of thing for her husband, which might some day make her a rich man's wife. But as time went on and his adventures grew more frequent, she developed an aversion to gold-seeking.

The carpenter's trade was good enough for her, she said. It didn't yield a fortune, but it was safe and certain. Finally there came a time of waiting and watching for Stratton that lasted longer than any of his previous expeditions. Stratton returned, ragged, impetuous and huffed. Mrs. Stratton said that it was the last call for her. The next time he went away he needn't return with any expectation of finding her.

But Stratton donned his old ragged overcoat, shouldered his pick and his grub kit and again went forth. He trudged into the heart of the mountains and for a month or more nothing was heard from him. Twenty miles from the present site of the great Independence mine there were some prospectors' cabins.

One snowy day there came to one of these cabins, occupied by Frank Ferguson, now an alderman of Chicago, a young, ragged figure, white-haired and feeble. It was Stratton. "Got anything to eat in here?" he asked. Ferguson told him there were bacon and potatoes in the corner, and to help himself. The two men were acquainted, and after Stratton got thawed out a little he cooked for himself a meal and talked over the prospects. Ferguson asked in the evening was getting ready that he wanted to go to Wilson creek.

"But I wish to goodness I had some shoes." Holding up his feet Ferguson could see where the soles were worn through and he had been walking with his bare feet on the snow.

"There's a pair of boots under the bunk too tight for me. You can have them if you want," said Ferguson. Stratton tried on the boots and they fitted perfectly. Then he once more went out into the snow and plodded away toward Battle Hill. A few months later, on the evening of July 2, 1891, he camped out at the head of Wilson creek, not far from Battle Hill.

On the following day he prospected all over the north side of the hill with his pick and shovel, but without success. Then he made his camp, and calling himself in his blankets went to sleep. He dreamed and found a fortune.

In his sleep he had a dream that proved prophetic. He dreamed that the entire southern slope of Battle Hill was covered with gold mines. When he awoke on the following morning he was so impressed with the dream that he hastily dressed and, after breakfast, set out for the south side of the hill. Ten hours later he had struck a vein worth \$12,000,000. He picked up a bit of rock on the hillside and examined it. It was heavy and quartz-like. He made a blowpipe test and found traces of gold.

Strange to say Stratton felt exultant, not for the sake of the gold, but for the triumph of his theories. He staked out a claim which he named Independence in honor of the day. He also staked out other claims in the immediate vicinity. Then he headed back for Colorado Springs, to his home. His wife had secured a divorce for "failure to provide." The divorce was granted a just one, as not one man in ten million can sit down and dream of finding money and then find it.

Returned to Illinois.—A son had been born and Mrs. Stratton had returned to Illinois with the child. So it was that the old white-haired man sat on his doorstep brooding bitterly. He was deeply hurt. He knew that the separation was effectual, and that there could be no reconciliation. He had been told that his mine was worth millions of dollars. Should he share his fortune with those whom he accused of deserting him?

"Fifty thousand dollars is enough for anybody," he said. In this humor he sent his wife, years afterward, a check for that amount, although it was said that she had married again.

He also interested himself in his son's education, and afterward the boy visited his father in the mining regions, but the bond between them was slight. The foundation of the Stratton wealth once laid, it began to roll up million by million. With the wealth the Independence mine furnished Mr. Stratton developed other properties, including the Washington, Professor Lamb, Hancock, Paecer, Corrigan, Chief, May, and Smoot, and the New York, New York, and the Plymouth Park group of five claims, on Globe Hill. The first year's output of the Independence mine, in 1892, was \$50,000. When it and the adjoining Battle Hill properties—sixteen in all—were sold to the Venture Corporation of London, in 1899, the mine was 900 feet deep, with four miles of levels. It was said to be the most thoroughly developed and best equipped mine in the world, as Mr. Stratton was the largest individual mine owner in this country, and the Independence was the largest individual mine.

Dividends of \$12,000 a Month.—Mr. Stratton was president of the Gold Crater Mining Company, of which he owned two-fifths of the stock, and he owned one-fifth of the stock in the Portland Company, which at one time paid him dividends of \$12,000 a month.

He finally sold out the Independence mine for \$10,000,000, but retained his interest in many other properties. But through all his increasing prosperity he never forgot his theory that "\$50,000 is enough for any man." This was the keynote of his later will.

Stratton was a kind-hearted, and never forgot his friends. Mr. Ferguson, who gave him the boots, tells this story of Stratton's gratitude: "After I had forgotten all about the boots and had gone up to Grassy to live, the Colorado Springs stage coach stopped in front of my house one day, and Stratton jumped out, and coming to the door, asked: 'Is Frank around?'"

"No," replied my wife, "he is in the hills some place." "Well, here is something for you; you understand, it is for Frank. Mrs. Ferguson stood holding the envelope in her hand while the old man mounted the stage and drove off. When she opened the envelope there was \$2,000."

In 1896 Harry Stratton, the son, called at the offices of the Independence mine, telling the superintendent that he was Stratton's son. The management showed the young man some courtesies, and, meeting an intimate friend of Stratton's, told him about the young man.

"You're getting taken in. I've known Stratton for years, and he hasn't any son. It'll come down to the Springs in the young chap in the morning and keep an eye on him until he gets away," said the man.

In Colorado Springs they saw Stratton. The man told Stratton how the boy had said he was his son, and how the mine managers had done "the proper thing" by him.

"Proper thing," said Stratton, "young man, you have been meddling with something that is none of your business. You got out of here now, and don't let this thing occur again."

"There," said the friend, "I told them you had no son."

"Oh, as to that," said Stratton, "I guess he is my son all right."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not the Same Man.—Judge Anderson of Philadelphia was hearing a case, the proceeding in which brought to the front a man named Gesler. A German lawyer represented one of the litigants and he persisted in pronouncing Gesler's name, calling him Jesler. Finally the judge said: "The gentleman's name is Gesler, not Jesler. You surely remember the tyrant at the bottom of the apple tree who said from his own son's head? 'Sure I do,' said the German heartily. 'Is dis de man?'"

Reason For It.—"What do you think of the nomination for Mayor?" "I don't think. All I do is vote the straight ticket on election day."—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Illuminating Confession.—"This tree," the trembling flower'et said "That grew out in the wet. 'Would make a fine umbrella, but It isn't open yet."—Washington Star.

An Unappreciated Effort.—"What's the matter?" asked the lawyer's friend. "Been in a railroad accident?" "No. I had a jury case the other day and in arguing it I bore strongly upon the theory that my client was a fool rather than a criminal." "Yes."

Fled From Office.—"Instead of staying at home and becoming a candidate for Congress 'Steve' Cave of Haskell County, Kan., skipped into Missouri. 'I decided after a close personal inspection,' he says 'that I was not extremely good Congressional timber and figured out that if I got in the race I would spend a lot of money and get what the little boy shot at. The question I saw to escape my friends was to get out of their reach. I ducked."

MILLIONAIRE TO WED THE ONE HE SUED

Will Marry Mrs. Talbot-Smith-Thompson.

A Millionaire Shoe Manufacturer Treats His Friends to a Prodigious Surprise.

SOME OF J. H. HANAN'S SUITS. January, 1898.—John H. Hanan was sued for \$100,000 by Mrs. Beulah M. Dutton of Chicago on breach of promise being one of the charges.

January 11, 1898.—Mr. Hanan went to law to compel Mrs. James E. Thompson of Newport to return gifts valued at \$105,000.

Later in January—Both suits compromised.—1900.—Mr. Hanan sues his wife for divorce. Loses.

1901.—Sues again. Loses. January 16, 1902.—Mr. Hanan and Mrs. Thompson, now Mrs. Charles Talbot Smith of Narragansett, will wed.

NEW YORK, April 18.—John H. Hanan, the millionaire shoe manufacturer of Brooklyn, has won the heart of Mrs. Charles Talbot Smith, the pretty owner of "Shore Acres" at Narragansett Pier.

Mrs. Smith will become Mrs. Hanan on Wednesday next. The Narragansett woman has figured conspicuously in the strange marital fortunes and misfortunes of the shoe man, and the announcement of their approaching marriage surprised their friends.

Mr. Hanan's former wife, Henrietta, obtained a divorce from him several months ago in this state. He had tried twice without success to get a decree against her.

Mrs. Beulah H. Dutton of Chicago first brought Mr. Hanan's affairs into public view by a suit she brought five years ago for \$100,000.

The basis of that suit was never fully explained, but it was stated by Mr. Hanan's lawyer at the time that Mrs. Dutton could never hope to recover damages for breach of promise. The case was settled out of court.

He Meets Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Dutton formerly lived at No. 39 St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn, within a short distance of the family residence of the Hanans.

While her suit was pending one of the lawyers made the assertion that the shoe man had given \$25,000 to her on condition that she leave Brooklyn. She sold the house in St. Mark's avenue and moved.

Shortly before this litigation began Mr. Hanan had given a party aboard his yacht, the Saginaw. Among the guests was Mrs. Charles Talbot Smith, a young woman who had once been a governess. Mrs. Smith was very charming woman for her place in society. At the time of the yachting party she was a widow.

She met Mr. Hanan that day and he confessed that she was his affinity. She lost her heart to him the moment they met. Mrs. Dutton left Brooklyn shortly after this incident and Mrs. Smith received many rich gifts of jewels, houses and horses and other things.

The affair was stoutly maintained that by the marriage of Mrs. Smith on January 13, 1898, to Lawyer Thompson. They went to Newport on their honeymoon and almost immediately after their arrival there, the cottage they occupied was surrounded by deputy sheriffs and process servers.

Newport was treated to the strange spectacle of a Summer residence in a state of siege.

The revelation of Mrs. Hanan's existence came about in an embarrassing manner. Several parties were seated in adjoining boxes at the Horse Show, and suddenly Mrs. Thompson, flushed and angry, arose and denounced Mr. Hanan who occupied a box with Mrs. Hanan and friends.

She afterwards said that as soon as she found that she could not legally become the wife of the man who admired her so much, she asked him to cease calling on her, and her marriage to Thompson followed.

A Farmer's Daughter. All these strange developments including a deep interest in the early career of Mrs. Smith. Thompson, husband and she was a desirable guest at many homes. She is still young and as charming as of old.

The announcement from Narragansett that the wedding will be on Wednesday evening in the presence of only a few close friends and relatives.

Not the Same Man. Judge Anderson of Philadelphia was hearing a case, the proceeding in which brought to the front a man named Gesler. A German lawyer represented one of the litigants and he persisted in pronouncing Gesler's name, calling him Jesler. Finally the judge said: "The gentleman's name is Gesler, not Jesler. You surely remember the tyrant at the bottom of the apple tree who said from his own son's head? 'Sure I do,' said the German heartily. 'Is dis de man?'"

Reason For It. "What do you think of the nomination for Mayor?" "I don't think. All I do is vote the straight ticket on election day."—Chicago Record-Herald.

QUEER SPRIGS OF GENILITY

Gossip From Many of the European Courts.

Grown tired of cooing about in a accented automobile and leaving a cloud of eau de cologne in his wake, the Marquis of Anglessey has sought another diversion. He is up to his eyes in theatricals. Anglessey Castle boasts a charming little theatre, known as the Gaiety, which was built by the present lord of the castle. It is a fine play that the marquis and his company, a very strong one and composed mainly of professionals, are producing a series of pantomimes which are today the talk of all England. Not only is the acting far above the average, but his lordship's long wallet has enabled him to procure such scenic decorations and costumes as are to be found on no other stage in the world. He frowns on parts. Actresses must either provide themselves with real gems or else go without. Of course, knowing the Marquis of Anglessey's well-filled caskets (for he is continually purchasing jewels and at a great price) many an Indian maharajah's this law does not strike its auster hard. In some of the pantomimes he appears simply smothered in diamond chains and gold lace, while in the legend of the Red and Blue and studs to match. He has a set of cabochon emeralds, another of cabochon sapphires, of rubies and several sets of white and black pearls.

Another advantage which this moneyed actor has over his colleagues is the diversity of costume. The same dress rarely does duty more than a dozen times, and the Marquis is continually having something really and striking assembled at the castle. One of the last batch which has just arrived at the castle shows a most original automobile costume. It is of brownish yellow velvet, richly trimmed with chinchilla. Of course it is not to be expected that His Lordship could get along without a few glimmering jewels, even on a sporting suit, and nobody is surprised to see immense diamond brooches or buckles sparkling on each side of the knee breeches. Around the waist is a gold chain, from which hangs one of the largest gold bags ever seen. It bears the Anglessey crest and coronet in rubies and diamonds.

All these elaborate entertainments the Marquis gives absolutely free of charge. To show their appreciation of this kindness 480 of his admirers the other day assembled at the castle and presented him with a very handsome ring. It is richly set with diamonds, emeralds and rubies. This gift was housed in a silver box, bearing on its lid the inscription: "Presented to the Most Noble the Marquis of Anglessey by Freeholders of the Gaiety Theatre, Anglessey Castle."

Before closing the season at Plas Newydd Lord Anglessey talks of hiring a large theatre in London and giving there one of his performances in the interests of charity. He will then go to France. Of late years he has always spent Easter in Dinard, where his lavish entertainments and dazzling jewels cause him to be regarded as a sort of Monte Cristo. Everybody knows him there as "Le Lord," an appellation which is continually causing amusing misunderstandings. He goes nearly every year to hear the Easter music. Music is her one great passion. During the opera season she rarely misses a night and is always to be seen in her box, wearing some simple but most becoming gown. Her chief beauty is her Dresden-china complexion and wealth of hair, which is Titian red. She accentuates its rich coloring by wearing either a Bacchante-like wreath of foliage or an emerald tiara. Emeralds are her favorite stones. Of these she has some of the finest parures existing, several of them having been given her by Lord Anglessey as a wedding gift. The Marchioness neither hunts, shoots nor rides much, and of late has done but a small stroke at entertaining. Report has it, however, that immediately on her return from Italy she plans to give a series of entertainments. This is hailed as good news in social circles, and that for two reasons. First, because Lady Anglessey is a capital hostess and holds the record for original entertainments; secondly, because the London season is so extremely dull that the functions of any kind are most welcome.

BAPTIST WOMEN IN SESSION. (Journal Special Service.) MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 21.—The thirty-second annual convention of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West opened with a responsive service today, music and prayer, followed by the address of the president, Mrs. Edw. J. Scott, of Chicago. Mrs. William Lindsay extended greetings on behalf of the state and city, and responses were made by several of the visitors. The reports of the officers show the society in a most prosperous condition, numerically and financially. During the past thirty years 220 schools have been established in foreign fields, over 100 active women missionaries have been sent out and 100,000 people in medical departments, two hospitals and two dispensaries are being supported. In addition to this, there is a home for missionaries' children supported by the society at Morgan Park, Ill.

About 300 delegates have arrived for the convention, and more are expected to put in an appearance before the real business of the gathering is taken up tomorrow. The visitors represent nearly every state from Ohio to California.

An Arboreal Faculty. "This tree," the trembling flower'et said "That grew out in the wet. 'Would make a fine umbrella, but It isn't open yet."—Washington Star.

Shanahan's "GENUINE" BARGAINS in Boys' and Girls' Wear. Little Girls' Dresses, Children's Hose, Boys' Pants, Boys' Button Waists, Boys' "Fauntleroy" Waists, SHANAHAN'S. 144-146 Third Street.

A DIVORCE FROM THREE HUSBANDS. Strange Experience of a Beautiful Woman. Legal Tangle of Unusual Sort Develops in a Little Indiana Town. Globe-Wernicke Vertical File. Vertical filing is simply the filing of letters, papers, bills, etc., on edge in folders, instead of flat in the ordinary letter file.

MACHINISTS WANTED. Reliable men to work on eleven-hour shifts five nights per week. Pay on nine-hour basis, according to ability. WILLAMETTE IRON & STEEL WORKS, Portland, Oregon, U. S. A.

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