

SILVER KING AND ITS LUCKY OWEER

How Senator Kearns Got His Start on the Road to Wealth.

When I was in Park City, Utah, the other day a gentleman said to me: "You surely ought to go through the Silver King. It is the richest silver mine in the world."

"The richest silver mine in the world?" I repeated.

"Yes sir. Last year they took out over 50,000 tons of rich ore! The mine paid in dividends last December \$10,000 a day. She is stocked for 250,000 shares, which can not be bought at all. It pays big interest at the rate of \$80 a share. The King is a dry mine. It is a nice one for you to go through."

In company with a friend I started in a carriage up a steep, dusty two mile road which led to the mine. We had not gone far when we overtook two old miners going to work. "Jump in boys and ride up," said our driver.

"Shure," said one of them in a rich Irish brogue.

I was not wrong in judging that from these two old timers I could get the best possible information about this famous mine, so I led them into talking.

"The King is an old mine, is it no?" I asked.

"No," said the miner, whom his Irish friend called Pete. "She was struck in the '90s. She's just beginning to show what she is."

"And a good stroike it was," said Pat.

"Who first discovered the mine?" I asked.

"Well, it was kinder like this," began Pete. "There was a claim up here they called the Mayflower. Tom Kearns who was working in the Ontario for his little \$3.50 a day, and Dave Keith, who was running the big pump in the Ontario, went in cahoots. Dave come here back in '83 from Nevada. He used to work in the old Comstock in Virginia City. It wan't many a man could work the pump in the Ontario. It pumped 10,000 gallons a minute. So Dave gets \$6 a day. He goes in with Tom Kearns."

"And ye mustn't forget the little horse—it was 'Waisel' they called the brute that Tom used to ride over the hills when he went around picking up old hammers and drills," spoke up Pat.

"No, bet your life," said Pete. "They needed all they could get them days."

"Well, sir," went on Pete, "Kearns and Keith took a lease on the old Mayflower claim. They was to give 40 cents a ton royalty to the owner for every ton of ore they got out. Nobody else could do nothing with the Mayflower, but before long Tom, who was a big husky chap, works along with his partners, and in a jiffy they salted down \$225,000 in the bank. Long come the Northland company what was digging the other side of the hill the Mayflower was on and run an injunction against Kearns and Keith. But Tom said: 'Fer hell with the injunction. He put up a bond, and him and his men kept digging away.'

"Tom was pretty cute. While his lawyers was chewin' the rag, he

thinks maybe he'd lose the case. So while he was under the ground he scrambles around to see if he could find something doin'. He shot off a tunnel and run it clean off of the Mayflower claim. But he keeps mum about this—him and his trusties. He won out in his suit all right, and bought six new claims. On one of these he sunk a shaft right down and struck the tunnel he had made on the quiet. Right here was the richest silver ore in the world, and that's how he got hold of the King."

"Well, he must be a pretty smart fellow," said I.

"They's lots of us they'd call smart if we was only loocky," said Pat.

"But they's others besides Tom Kearns and Dave Keith that was in on the ground floor of the Silver King," went on the miner. "You see, Tom, he didn't have nothing to go on with except Dave's wages; so when they commenced to show good and want money they goes to Jimmy Ivers, who was working in the Daly blacksmith shop, and he puts up \$2,500. John Judge, foreman then in the Daly; Al Emery, bookkeeper for the Anchor, and Bill Dodge, that run a saloon, chipped in, too."

"And they're all roidin' in chaises now," said Pat.

"Yes," said Pete, taking up the thread. "Jimmy Ivers for his \$2,500 that he put in in '94 is worth over a million."

"Shure," said Pat. "And he laid a chick for \$50,000 on his dairter's widdin' breakfast plate when she got married last year to Moiles Finlan's b'y."

"And John Judge," continued the miner, not interrupted by the remark, "left his widow a big fortune."

"And a foine lidy she is," said Pat. "She's building for the b'ys that slung picks and made her rich a nice home in Salt Lake when they get ould."

"Emery," went on Pat's friend, "made a good stake, too, but Dodge kinder got into a squeeze, and McCornick, the big banker down in Salt Lake, put up a couple of hundred thousand and scooped in his share."

Thomas Kearns, who is now the junior senator from Utah and the next youngest man in the senate, is one of the interesting figures in the mining world. Now he is only 42 years of age. Born in Canada, he came when a youth to Nebraska, where he rode bronchos on a cattle range. In '83, going west, he came to Utah. He was making his way to Park City, which in those days was a flush mining camp, when a peddler who had trade among the miners picked him up and carried him in on his wagon. In order to get Kearns a job he introduced him as his brother, and for two or three years the miners kept on calling Kearns "Tommie Williams." This has not been more than twenty years. Kearns now has in Salt Lake City a marble palace, one of the finest homes in America. Scarcely more than a dozen years ago he bunked with other miners in a little one room shack, "baching it," as the miners say, and frying his own bacon. —G. N. Crewdson in Spokesman-Review.

The Single Standard.

Work at the Single Standard mine, near Sparta, has been resumed by Captain E. Storer Tice, of Baker City. A 20 stamp mill will be installed, according to official announcement.

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