

# FROM DAY LABORER TO MULTI-MILLIONAIRE AND UNITED STATES SENATOR

From the depths of a silver mine in which he wielded the pick as a day laborer, obscure and unknown, to a seat in the United States Senate, the possessor of millions in ready cash and mines—and all that within ten short years—has come to Thomas Kearns, a native of New York. The "Silver King" of stage fiction has abdicated in favor of the "Silver King" in real life, for the lurid drama with which Wilson Barrett roused us years ago has been outdone by the tale of "Tom" Kearns' life achievements.

The man who has been received into America's highest legislative body as a representative of the State of Utah has had a most extraordinary career. Brain, brawn and "backbone" brought him from the level of the "hired man," the plodding, drudging "Man with the Hoe" of Markham to the plane of the man of large affairs, the employer of many men and a maker of the nation's laws.

The rise of Thomas Kearns was sudden, and his career has been meteoric. He was born in New York in 1852, and consequently is but 39 years of age. From the Empire State early in his youth he journeyed out to the wilds of the Nebraska prairies, where he toiled as a farm laborer. Tiring of digging for potatoes and the like on the plains, he determined to dig for more valuable "treasures" in the Black Hills, where he remained for some time, and then went to Utah.

He had pluck and perseverance, and, though less than ten years ago he was



SENATOR THOMAS KEARNS.

working as a laborer for something like \$3 a day, those qualities, coupled with that elusive thing known as good luck, finally brought him to the position of the foremost mine owner in the State, a leading railroad director and Senator, with a fortune of \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000.

In his earlier years, according to a candidate for the place which went to Kearns, the new Senator was a master of the fist art, and the manner in which he applied his knuckles to the defeat of his late senatorial adversaries, skilled and determined as they were, would indicate exceptional fighting qualities.

Mr. Kearns bowled over Mr. Salisbury, a newspaper editor; Mr. McCormick, a banker; Mr. Brown, a lawyer, the leading candidate, and several lesser lights. The Democratic members gave their honorary support to A. W. McCane, the leading candidate when there was a deadlock in the Legislature two years previous.

The advancement of Thomas Kearns began with his connection with the Osmo mine and with David Keith, who is now his partner in the ownership of the most famous of Utah's producers, the Silver King group of mines at Park City. This property is worth more than \$10,000,000, it is estimated, and last year alone paid more than \$1,000,000 in dividends.

After working for seven years as a laborer in the Ontario mine, Mr. Kearns, with Mr. Keith and others, took a lease on the Mayflower, in the same camp. It was a good venture, and Mr. Kearns' great success as a mine owner. Later on other claims were acquired and the Mayflower group was extended and rechristened the Silver King, and Mr. Kearns is now known as the "Silver King" through this association.

## HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

### BIG RANSOM PAID A MEXICAN BRIGAND.

He Had Stolen the Tutor of a Rich Man's Children and the Sweetheart of His Son—A Romance of the Mountains.

From the mountains of Mexico comes a story that reads more like a romance of medieval times than a narration of occurrences in modern life. Indeed it hardly seems possible that even in Mexico such an event could occur. One hundred and twenty pounds of gold and alongside it 120 pounds of girl! The gold ransomed the girl and the son of the man who paid the ransom now is the husband of the girl.

Among the last lingering bandits of Mexico Luigi Cortina still holds place, his abode, if it may be so called, being the mountains of Western Chihuahua, where offshoots of the Sierra Madre cut away from the main range by the Gulf of California afford him a hiding place. The ruffians have not yet found him, nor is it likely they will, for Cortina has just retired from "business" with the proceeds of his new venture, estimated at \$40,000. It is an ideal bandit story.

Senior Poyerima, grown rich by his mines, realized, when no longer young, that his children's education was defective. His friend, La France, suggested that he send for Lorena Jarrett, his niece, and make her the tutor of his children. Lorena lived in Texas. She was sent for and came quickly. She became more than a tutor to the children. They became lovers. Frequently they rode out together into the mountains.

There was an agreement as to a place and time for meeting, and young Poyerima rode away with his own horse, leaving Miss Jarrett to wonder what fate had in store for her.

Young Poyerima lost no time in hurrying home. He speedily acquainted his father with the facts. Ordering the pack animals to the front of the hacienda, he loaded two of them with sacks of gold, partly in bars and partly in coin, and the son leading the way, the party set out to the hills to keep Cortina's appointment. Reaching there, they found that a scale had been made by balancing a pole over the bough of a tree, and at one end a hoop of leather things showed where the young woman, who was to be the weight, should sit. At the other an open-mouthed sack hung ready to receive Poyerima's gold.

Miss Jarrett was brought from the woods and placed in the seat. She almost fainted with fear, for she knew nothing of the strange ceremony in which she was taking part, although the presence of the Poyerimas, father and son, reassured her. But she realized her position when the poons began pouring the gold into the sack. Just as the pole tipped Cortina stepped forward.

"Not another peso!" he called out, grandly, "I said her weight in gold, and that is enough."

Then she was given into the care of Poyerima, while Cortina, with many doleful bows and adios, followed his men back into the woods.

There was a wedding soon after, as might be expected. Mrs. Poyerima lives with her young husband at the marble quarry in Texas, just across the line, and tells the story only when the neighbors press her to. But the Mexicans call her "La esposa del oro"—the wife of gold.

## THOSE TERRIBLE EYES.

### Senator Cass Could Annihilate a Man with a Look.

Giant heads, bodies and brains were Webster and Cass. All the strength of New Hampshire granite was concentrated in those two sons. To look upon them made the ordinary man feel

from the epoch when the Spaniards, at the zenith of their glory, made the conquest of America.

These Panama pearls rival the most beautiful pearls of the orient. Quite recently, in the spring of 1899, a lad of 15 years found an oyster containing a pearl which was sold at Paris for 50,000 francs. For his portion he received 20,000 francs.

A considerable quantity of pearls procured at Panama are sent to New York, where they do not lack purchasers, says the Jeweler's Weekly. One consignment exceeded in value 750,000 francs. The island pearls are thus denominated on account of the archipelago in which the oyster fisheries are carried on. It is opposite the Bay of Panama. The archipelago is composed of sixteen islets, in which are thirty or forty small villages of negroes and Indians. The soil is fertile, but the principal occupation is that of the fisheries. The largest isle, called Rey, alone embraces half of the population. San Miguel is the chief place of the fisheries, and there is a very fine church. The inhabitants are nearly all blacks. They are descended from the Spaniards learned from whom the negro population, from whom the pearls could derive from the island riches. In certain of the islands there must have been diamond beds. Some fine rough diamonds were formerly procured.

There are two systems for carrying on pearl fishing in the Bay of Panama. In certain spots, where the yield is the most abundant, it is necessary to pay the government a very high tax. At other points the tax is small, but a percentage on the pearls discovered is added to it. Generally these pearls are rather small. They usually bring from 5 to 50 francs each. Those which reach 150 to 300 francs are already much less in number.

## CHILDREN OF THE SOIL.

The Cape of Good Hope was discovered by Diaz, the Portuguese navigator, six years before Columbus saw San Salvador. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Dutch East India Company formed a permanent settlement at the foot of Table mountain.

The first settlers were French Huguenots, Dutch Protestants and German Lutherans. As immigration increased the hardy pioneers moved north from Table bay on the great prairies called veldts. Here as pastoral shepherds they began that lonely life which has developed in its followers courage, self-reliance, love of independence and of solitude, the leading traits of the boer of today. They were called "boer," which is the Dutch word for farmer.

## ODD WAY OF DIVIDING WEALTH.

A wealthy Greek who recently died in Corfu hit upon a novel way of disposing of his wealth. According to his will he has left in trust his money to the archbishop of the island, who is to hand over the interest of it to one poor Cretan every year, who will be selected by lot. Each year the names of claimants will be sent in to the archbishop, who is required to make full investigation into the merits of the case. Those thus chosen will then ballot for the coveted charity.

When a young man has a hole in his glove all the girls in town are very solicitous, which makes their fathers, who have amended holes in their clothes, marvel.

No difference how short a woman's skirts are, she will hold them up in going over a crossing.

## FACTORY BEGINS DAILY TOIL WITH RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

L. H. Creager, who operates a stove and heating factory in Washington, Ind., employed the Rev. Mr. Gorby, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, to deliver fifteen-minute sermons to the factory hands every morning. The idea proved such a success and had such a wonderful influence upon the workmen that Mr. Creager placed the choir of the First Baptist Church upon the payroll. The choir now assists the Rev. Mr. Gorby in the daily religious services at the factory. Before the fifty workmen about the place begin the day's toil they assemble in the factory for a short religious service. This novel idea originated with L. H. Creager. The Rev. Mr. Gorby, who is a local Presbyterian minister, says that the plan has been a big success, and he expects to see it spread to other factories and to other cities. Mr. Gorby's name appears on

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**An Interloper.**  
Old Gentleman—Here, sir, how is it I catch you kissing my daughter?  
The Lover—By sneaking in on us, sir.  
—Philadelphia Press.

**He Couldn't Lose.**  
Jones—Do you object to your boy playing football?  
Smith—No, indeed; the policy is made out in my favor.

**Greatest Force.**  
Tommy—Pop, what is the greatest force in local politics?  
Tommy's Pop—The police force, my son.  
—Philadelphia Record.

**Just Wiggled.**  
"How did Eleanor announce her engagement?"  
"Just wiggled the finger that wore the diamond ring."  
—Puck.

**Other Side.**  
"I suppose your experience is that a good many tenants find it cheaper to keep moving than to pay rent?" remarked the inquisitive man.  
"No doubt," replied the candid real estate agent, "and we frequently find it cheaper to keep them moving than to make the repairs they require."  
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"Yes," replied the fox, languidly.  
"Yes. A spring opening was the death of my first wife. She put her foot in it, and it closed on her."  
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"Didn't you feel yourself a stranger in your literary club after being absent so long, Mrs. Jinks?"  
"No, one of the other members snubbed me the minute I opened my mouth."  
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**La Pompadour.**  
"What's the matter with your hair?" asked Cawker of his wife, when she appeared at the breakfast table.  
"What seems to be the matter?"  
"It has an unshoveled appearance."  
—Puck.

**Lots of Time.**  
Jack Newlywed—Time you were getting married, old man.  
Billy Bachelor—O, I don't know; the century is young yet.  
—Ohio State Journal.

**The Height of Ingenuity.**  
Jaggles—What do you think is the most wonderful machine ever invented?  
Waggles—The one that puts the folds in time-tables.  
—Judy.

**Not Alex's Earth.**  
Alex Smart—The earth is merely a speck in the universe.  
Prof. Squelcher—While your statement is true, young man, that does not justify your apparent theory that you own it.  
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**An Artistic Distinction.**  
Mr. Sappleg—Mr. Woosen seems badly smitten on that young lady pianist. "Music hath charms," you know.  
Miss Gebbeh—Yes, and in this case it must be the music which hath the charms.  
—Baltimore American.

**A Reformer Rebuked.**  
German Child—I don't believe in emperors, mamma.  
German Mother (shocked)—Oh, you little infidel!—Puck.

**The "Jolly-er."**  
I'm allus kind o' glad to see the "jolly-er" come along;  
The feller that kin tell a joke or mebbe sing a song;  
The man that puts up lightnin' rods you really didn't need  
Or sells you ground that isn't wuth the paper in the deed,  
He has a way o' shakin' hands an' sayin' "How-dy do!"  
That jes' convinces you he thinks the world an' all o' you.  
He doesn't keer for money; he is sech a generous elf!  
An' purty soon he has you feelin' jes' that way yourself!

**Kind Lady.**  
You say you have such a hard time supporting your three daughters. What do they do?  
Hush Brown—Two is havin' der voices cultivated and de odder is in Europe studyin' art.

**Light.**  
"You used to say," she bitterly complained, "that I was the light of your existence."  
"I know it," he replied with almost brutal frankness, "but that was before I had to pay for the gas you consume by sitting up till midnight reading fool love stories."  
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**Foxy Youth.**  
Elderly—I saw you with the charming Miss Hedstrom to-day. I know her parents very well.  
Youngman—Do you wish you'd put in a bad word for me with them.  
Elderly—You mean a "good" word, of course.  
Youngman—No, I don't. If I can only get her parents to oppose me I'll land the girl sure.—Philadelphia Press.

**He Knew Better.**  
"Oh, John," she cried, "baby's cut a tooth."  
"Aw, go 'way!" broke in little Willie, who was playing on the floor. "You can't cut a tooth! You may break it, but you can't cut it."  
—Chicago Post.

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