

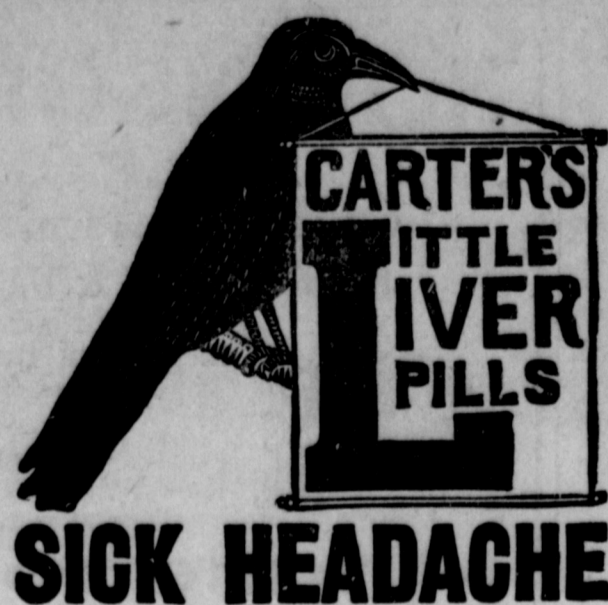
Some New Bonanza Tales.

There are some newly made millionaires out in Los Angeles, Cal., who are nowadays the talk of every mining camp of the territories and the Pacific coast and whose achievement of riches in the last few years are illustrations of the wonderful change that the whirligig of fortune brings to men where wealth is dug from the earth. The recent extraordinary rise in the value of copper is making half a dozen men into Arizona millionaires, and twice so many more men who were struggling with mortgage debts and a slow demand for copper at low prices a few years ago are getting into the several-hundred-thousand-dollar column. There has never been such activity in mining operations in the West as during the past year, and never before has there been anything like the number of men prowling over mountains, searching across desert wastes, in lonely gulches, through desolate canyons and among remote foothills for ledges and deposits of wealth in ore. The way some men have leaped from comparative poverty to large wealth in five or six years is one of the wonders even in a land of quickly made fortunes.

For instance there is Jacob Kliner, who is a copper and gold king of Arizona and Sonora, Mexico. After twenty four years of all manner of adversity, patient, plodding search for luck in prospects and after a tremendous amount of endurance in heat and cold, he is enjoying an income of about \$8,000 a month and owns property that he can sell almost any day for almost \$1,200,000. He was born in Laban, Prussia, forty six years ago, and came to America with \$17 in his pocket. He was employed in a New York brewery for two years at seventy cents a day. Having a friend in Tucson, Ariz., he came west in 1875 to do anything he could to keep alive. He has been a hostler for the Arizona Stage Company, a guard for Wells, Fargo & Co. and a railroad brakeman. In a mining region one naturally takes an interest in mines. The fact that the mountains contain millions of mineral wealth that is yet to be claimed and developed by any one smart enough to make the right location is as great an allurements as the capital prize in a lottery. So along with thousands of other men Jake Kliner became a mining prospector.

To be a mining prospector in the strict sense of the words one must have supreme patience, abnormal hope and confidence, unflagging zeal and a wealth of enthusiasm. Ninety-five per cent. of the men who try prospecting for minerals are lacking in one or all of these qualities and abandon the effect in a few weeks or months, only to renew it for a time when news comes of someone who has struck it rich. Jake Kliner stuck to prospecting year in and out. "It was three years before I even knew what sort of rock I had to look for," said he recently. He tramped over every mountain in the Territory seeking for any indication of the presence of a profitable ledge of ore, across mountains, through God-forsaken valleys and gulches, all the way from El Paso to Colorado, from Raton, N. M., back to Albuquerque, from Tombstone to Yuma, from Mexico to Chiricahua. The wild, hard life he led for fourteen years would fill a book with thrilling narratives. He located dozens of mines and worked on some of them for months at a time, only to find that the ore was too poor or too small in quantity to be worked at a profit. Jake Kliner and his half-starved jackass were known all over Arizona, and Kliner's perennial belief that he was soon going to strike it rich became one of the jests of miner's camps.

At last Jake Kliner found a copper prospect in Gila county that looked well. He had about \$70 that he had made by doing day labor in the copper mines at Bisbee, and, settling down in a \$3 tent with all his earthly possessions, consisting of a frying pan, a kettle, a coffee pot, two blankets and a few mining tools, he went to work to open his copper claim. He worked alone on it for eleven weeks in 1898 when copper was at its lowest market value and capital was a scarce article in the Territories. After months of vain seeking for someone to come and look at his copper ledge, Kliner trudged over the mountains and alkali desert across the Superstition and San Rita mountains, down into Sonora, Mexico, where he got work at day wages in a silver mine. He still owned the copper property and had done enough work on it to hold the claim for a year. After he had saved \$100 he went prospecting again. He travelled along with his jackass some 300 miles altogether, sleeping out of doors, eating vile food and watching out for hostile Yaquis. And now his luck was due. He found two claims in five months. One was a base ore mine—



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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Insist and demand

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a combination of lead and silver—and the other was gold ore that ran about \$14 to the ton. He met at Hermosillo, Mexico, a man who bought the base ore property for \$4,000. That was Jake Kliner's first real capital after his years of poverty and hardship. With that sum he began the development of his gold mine, and in a year he got out and shipped ore that brought him \$600 clear profit. Then the Mexicans who owned the reduction mill where he sent his ore became interested and offered \$50,000 for a half interest in the gold mine. Kliner was tempted to take the offer, but he says he knew he had a good thing and that it was worth more money. A week later he sold half the mine for \$80,000. That was in March, 1895.

Kliner's fortune has grown rapidly from that time. The Armando mine has paid some \$120,000 in profits since then, and it is still yielding from \$3,000 to \$4,000 a month. Four years ago Kliner returned with ample means to his copper mine in Gila county, Ariz. He put in the best machinery he could buy, sunk shafts and drifted and crosscut into the ledge. Copper was not profitable then and many copper mines were idle. It took much hope and confidence to put \$18,000 into machinery to get out copper ore that had no buyers at living prices. In 1897, however, copper rose from 8 cents to 12 cents. The Kliner mine began to make more money. Extra laborers were hired and the mine was deepened and explored the more. In 1898 the price of copper advanced to 14, 15, and even 17 cents a pound. Last winter it touched 19 cents. It has since varied from 17 to 19, and the copper miners all over the west have prospered more than ever before Kliner had steadily declined to sell his mine in Gila county. He had an offer of \$100,000 for it in a May, 1898. Last December he declined six offers of \$400,000 and within thirty days he could have sold out for \$650,000.

He lives well nowadays but he clings to his old clothes and his clay pipe. He smiles when he speaks of the fact that he sleeps in a \$100 brass bed now instead of a blanket on the ground, but he still lives in a cabin and seldom goes away from home. A few months ago he gave an old man in Yavapai county, who was crippled and diseased from living alone on poor food in the mountains, \$5,000 with which to go to San Francisco and live in a hospital. The old man nursed Jacob Kliner through typhoid fever in Yuma a dozen years ago and had never expected a dime for his kindness.

The recent acquirement of fortunes of millions of dollars by the three miners who discovered the gold-bearing ledges at Randsburg, Cal. are narrated again and again by hopeful miners who gather in the saloons, in the mining camps in this part of California. Indeed, there are no parallels, in Southern California at least, to the great fortune that Frederick M. Mooers, Chester A. Burcham and John Singleton simply went out and claimed as theirs in April, 1895. Last summer a Utah mining company offered \$4,500,000 for these mines. They have paid monthly dividends varying from \$18,000 to \$29,000 for nearly three years, and it is an undisputed statement among miners in and about Los Angeles that the Rand Group has now over \$18,000,000 worth of ore blocked out in them.

Five years ago Frederick M. Mooers was a reporter on the Los Angeles Express. He had been connected with the Brooklyn

Eagle, and he came West to find a gold or silver mine. He had all the ups and downs of a reporter and his several attempts at gold mining were so decidedly down that he returned periodically to Los Angeles to take up newspaper work at a small salary.

Five years ago John Singleton was a clerk in a little store at the railroad station of Mojave on the Mojave Desert in Southern California, and Chester A. Burcham was working in a butcher shop in San Bernardino, Cal. The three met in the little desert mining camp at Goler, where dry washing for golden particles in the sands was carried on. For weeks the trio, in company with thirty or forty other men, eked out a living at Goler. Mr. Mooers, who had been a student of geology, and had read much about the formation of ledges and deposits of precious ores, began to wonder where the ledge was from which the tiny pieces in the sand had come. Day after day while he worked at the dry washer he pondered over the subject. He told his theory to Singleton and finally they agreed to go and prospect. Days were spent in the search across the desert under a burning sun where nothing grows and not even birds are found. Singleton soon scouted Mooers's theory and returned to his dry washing. Suddenly Mooers saw evidences that the Goler camp was in the centre of an enormous extinct volcanic crater, and he evolved the theory that if the outer rim of the volcano might be found there might be located tee ledges from which the gold had been washed ages ago. Singleton was appealed to again, and at last he agreed to make another trip out on the desert to hunt for the rim of the volcano. It was about seventy miles to the region where Mooers had chosen to search. Walking that distance in the burning waste under a fierce sky was out of the question. There were only three horses in the camp, and Burcham, who had come over from San Bernardino with his butcher wagon and horse was asked to furnish his rig, a bale of hay and a barrel of water to the prospectors, and he was to share equally in the result of the prospecting trip. He finally agreed to the speculation.

Two days later, April 23, 1895, Mooers, Singleton and Burcham reached the place where Mooers had expected to find the rim of the volcano. He had been looking ahead for hours, studying the situation from every side. The horse was slowly driven up what is now known as Fiddler's Gulch, and Mooers said when to stop.

"Boys, I'm sure we have it," said he, as the wagon and its occupants moved up the barren gash in the mountain. Then, while Singleton and Burcham attended to the unharnessing of the horse and to getting the camp outfit, Mooers seized a prospector's hammer and said: "Now I'll introduce you to your fortune." He went about half a mile up the mountain side. He broke away thirty or forty bits of the exposed rock, and examined each bit critically under a magnifying glass. Suddenly he called back to his comrades at the camp.

"Come on, boys. Here we are. I've got it! I've got it!" In a few minutes Burcham and Singleton came scrambling over the boulders to where Mooers sat gazing at specimens of rock all about him.

"Look at that Burch, what do you think of it?" said Mooers, excitedly. Burcham and Singleton scrutinized the specimens through the glass.

"We were speechless when we saw the rock all full of gold specks," said Burcham in telling of it afterward. "When I could get my tongue I looked about me and said, 'How much do you think there is of such rock?' The whole damn mountain looks full of it, replied Mooers. Then he continued: "All we've got to do is to shovel it into a reduction mill and be Vanderbilts." Well, we've been shoveling the mountain into a mill for several years, and we've only scratched into it so far. I believe Mooers is dead right about the whole mountain being full of gold."

The town of Randsburg has grown there since. For two years there was not a more active, rollicking wide open camp in America. Thousands of claims were soon made by the great crowds of miners who flocked there from all parts of the West, but less than a dozen mines outside of the Rand group have ever been developed. The firm of Mooers, Burcham & Singleton has expended over \$450,000 in developing the property and now has a payroll of about \$3,300 a week. Mr. Mooers lives in a house in Los Angeles that has cost him over \$60,000, and Burcham and Singleton are putting \$100,000 in a home that they will own jointly in the suburbs. The Rand Mining Company frequently has bank deposits of upward of \$300,000, and now that the mines are in good working order and are well opened the money rolls in faster than ever. Five years ago the three partners had altogether not over \$200.

Women's Ailments.



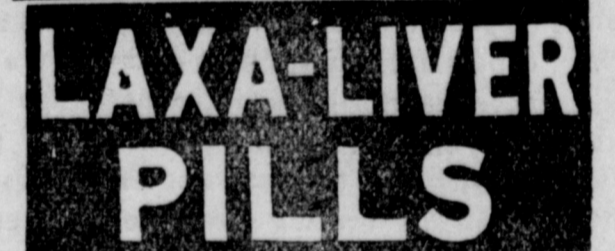
Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired Feelings and Weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys.

The poisons that ought to be carried off are sent back into the blood, taking with them a multitude of pains and aches.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

drive away pains and aches, make women healthy and happy—able to enjoy life. Mrs. C. H. Gillespie, 204 Britain Street, St. John, N.B., says:

"Some time ago I had a violent attack of La Grippe. From this, severe kidney trouble arose, for which I doctored with a number of the best physicians in St. John, but received little relief. Hearing Doan's Kidney Pills highly spoken of, I began their use and in a short time found them to be a perfect cure. Before taking these pills I suffered such torture that I could not turn over in bed without assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills have rescued me from this terrible condition, and have removed every pain and ache."



Work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and Constipation and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

James D. Finigan, who recently sold the Duncan copper mine in Coconino county, Ariz., for \$200,000, and who is operating his own two larger mines in the same county, has changed from a brakeman on the Southern Pacific Railroad in Arizona to a millionaire in six years. He is 37, and until he was 32, he never earned more than \$60, and seldom over \$45, a month. His income is nowadays variously estimated from \$5,000 to \$11,000 a month. He is now in Europe, and will sail around the world before he sees his big copper properties again. He was born in Brooklyn, and was a bootblack and newsboy there for several years. He went to Texas when he was 20 and became a brakeman on a freight train when he was 22. For several seasons he was a cowboy on a range near Benson, Ariz., and there he learned many facts about ores, and how to know them at sight. He located several base ore mines, but never got further than the location of them. One day in 1890, he went to see a miner who was ill in a shanty on a copper claim. The man was anxious to sell at any price, but Finigan would not buy at even \$50. Finigan took a sample chunk of the ore to Benson, eighty miles away.

There he met a man from Tucson who knew good ore at once and was at once zealous to buy the claim. But Finigan kept him in the dark as to the location of the property. Then he went back to the miner and got a written option to sell for \$500. The man from Tucson closed the deal a few days later for \$2,000. That gave young Finigan a knowledge of what copper mines were worth. He abandoned railroading and cow punching and began looking for men who had copper claims for sale.

With \$1,500 in his pockets he went all over New Mexico and Arizona. Copper went down in value, but Finigan had faith that with the advance of electricity the demand for copper would grow. He bought two prospects for \$600 each and the sellers went away laughing in their sleeves. He sold one claim for \$8,000 and bought another for \$4,000. Meanwhile, copper began to go up, and he borrowed money to develop his own two mines. He found that he had even bigger things in copper than he had bargained for, and he organized a company to develop the ore bodies. When copper went booming in 1897 young Finigan had over four hundred men employed, and he bought out his partners. He built a smelter to care for the ore from his two mines and with the profits of four months ago he worked day and night and went to Europe with friends to enjoy his fortune.

Itching, Burning, Creeping, Crawling Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Agnew's Ointment. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blotches, and all Eruptions of the Skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all Baby Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or rashes during teething time. 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Lumbago.

Lumbago is a painful affection of the muscles of the lower part of the back. Physicians are not agreed as to its nature, some holding it to be a form of muscular rheumatism, others believing that it is neuralgia—that is to say, an affection of the nerves supplying the muscles in this part. Very probably both opinions are right at different times, lumbago being

sometimes rheumatic and sometimes neuralgic in its character.

The pain may come on suddenly or gradually, and it may vary from a dull ache to a sharp 'jumping' pain. Usually it is felt across the entire back, but it is sometimes confined to one side. Movements increase the pain, but firm pressure upon the loins often affords more or less relief.

There is never any redness or heat of the skin, or other sign of inflammation, except what may have been produced by hot or peppery applications.

Some persons are greatly subject to lumbago, being seldom free from a little aching in the back, while others may never have a second attack—or even a first attack, for that matter.

Those who suffer frequently from the trouble are usually persons of the so-called 'uric-acid' diathesis who often have little twinges of pain in one or other of the joints, or inflamed eyes, or repeated colds, or headache, or any other of the troubles known as rheumatic or gouty.

The immediate exciting cause of lumbago is usually a strain produced by lifting a heavy weight, stooping for a long time, horseback-riding, and so forth; or the pain may be brought on by a draught of cold air playing on the back, as sometimes happens when the bedclothes slip off.

Lumbago is often more distressing on account of the apprehension it excites of disease of the kidneys or other internal organs, than because of the severity of the pain. But the physician can readily make the distinction by the employment of modern methods of examination.

Among the remedies are heat, electricity, liniments of various kinds and plasters. The most satisfactory home treatment of an ordinary case is by rest in bed and an application of hot cloths or turpentine liniment to the back.

Some Devil

Is Inside of me, tickling my throat with a feather," said a good deacon with a sad cough. "Well, this is the holy water that will cast the devil out," said his wife, as she produced a bottle of Adams's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all druggists.

For Using his Brains.

A young brakeman on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, who lives near Cumberland, Maryland, recently received from the railroad company a check for fifty dollars. It was a gift, and accompanying it was this memorandum: "For using his brains."

The story which explains this gift is a very simple one, and yet is well worth telling. It illustrates a fact which business men and employers are well aware of, that the man of brains is ready to act in an emergency on his own initiative, while the less intelligent person waits to be instructed, and loses the one opportunity for successful action.

This young man was a brakeman on a long freight train which one day was coming down the grade between Cranberry Summit and Rowlesburg, West Virginia. He was on the front of the train, a long distance from the conductor—in the caboose in the rear,—from whom he received his orders.

The train stopped with great suddenness. The brakeman did not know why it had stopped; he only knew that the cars were bumping together with noise and violence, and that something was wrong.

He also knew that the west bound Chicago express passed about that time. He had not stopped to think this out; he was simply instantly aware of it, and was also aware that if he went back for orders, which should have been the natural and possibly, in a technical way, the proper thing for him to do, it might be too late to stop the express. Therefore, he rushed forward without orders and flagged the express—which sure enough was booming along upon them.

He arrived in the nick of time. A few seconds later would have been too late. As a matter of fact four or five cars on the freight train were derailed, and they would have thrown the express into the river.

The acknowledgement from the railroad company of his good judgement not only took the form of the check for fifty dollars, but the announcement of it was posted on a bulletin in the stations and shops.

CAUTION.—Beware of substitutes for Pain-Killer. There is nothing 'just as good.' Unequalled for cuts, sprains and bruises. Internally for all bowel disorders. Avoid substitutes; there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

The Bicycle in War.

The campaign in South Africa is the first in which bicycles have been used by regular troops. Bicycle-riders have already done good service there, especially in conveying 'dispatches from besieged towns like Mafeking. Sir Redvers Buller, the commander-in-chief of the British forces, has given departmental officers at bases of operations the option of using their bicycles instead of horses, and receiving an allowance in lieu of nations.

THE D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are 'all run down.' Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.