

TORPEDO BOATS MAKE DARING TRIP

They Have Good Record for Trip Through Patagonian Passages.

San Diego, April 15.—The voyage of the great battleship fleet around South America is hardly to be compared with the daring feat of the six torpedo boat destroyers which followed it, although the chief public interest has been centered in the larger vessels.

The destroyers reached Magdalena Bay shortly before 7 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, April 4. In the gathering darkness, the low-lying black hills were not visible from where the fleet lay at anchor. As they came on into the bay, steaming at a rapid speed, their identity was soon disclosed. Immediately two bright signal lights on the mainmast of each battleship betokened the approach of men of war.

By 8 o'clock they were at anchor, lying here and there under the lee of the big battleships. Commander Cone went aboard the flagship Minnesota at once to make his report to Admiral Thomas. Tall and thin and bronzed with the heat of the tropical sun, he looked fully the part of the daring destroyer fighter. Admiral Thomas greeted him in his cabin.

Cone Promoted on the Way.
"Young man, why are you not in proper uniform?" was one of the first questions the admiral propounded, as he surveyed good naturedly the tall officer as the latter stood, cap in hand.

Cone was dressed in the service uniform of a lieutenant. He had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant commander since leaving Hampton Roads.

"I haven't had a chance to put on the other stripes, admiral," he said in reply.

"I congratulate you upon your promotion," concluded the admiral, as he grasped the officer's hand and shook it warmly.

Commander Cone then began the recounting of some of the features of his voyage. The destroyers had had no glimpse of the battleships since shortly after leaving Punta Arenas, when they separated, the destroyers taking the inner course, through the narrow island channels, the battleships sweeping far out to sea. The trip of the six small craft through the Patagonian passages was filled with adventures.

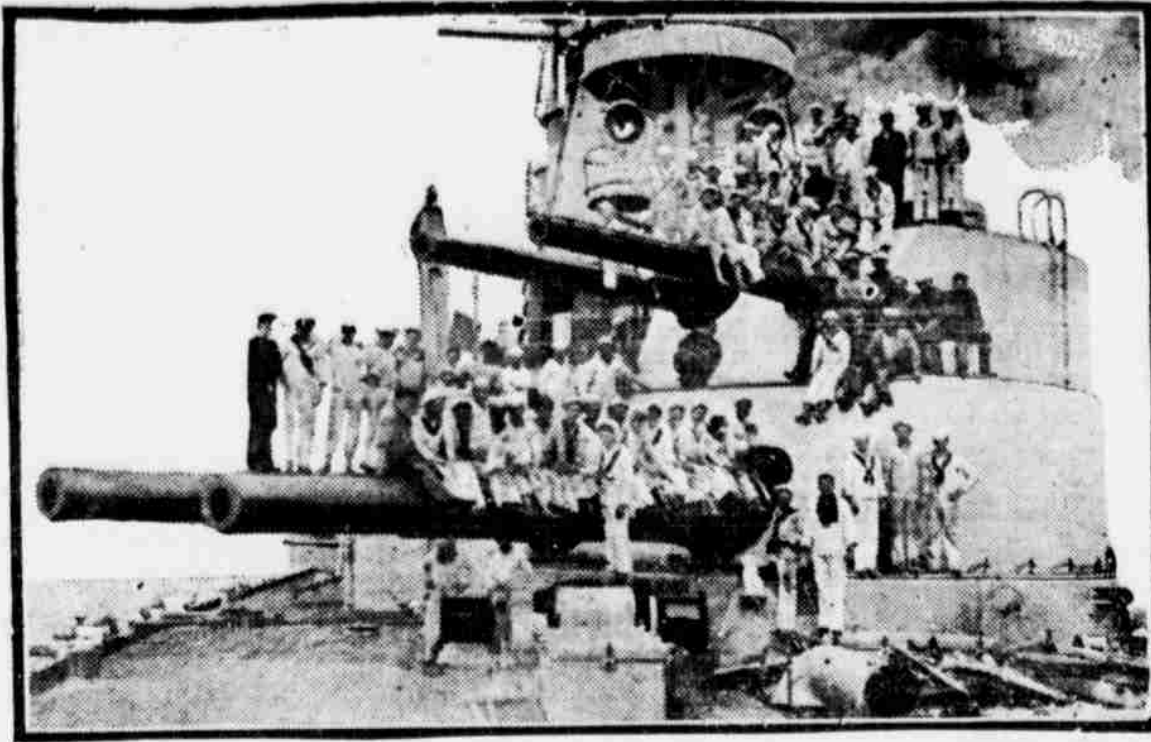
Through the Patagonian Isles.
"We steamed for days through the narrow channels, a thousand miles long," said Commander Cone, "the passages being barely wide enough to let us through. The waters were cold from the jutting glaciers and filled with broken cakes of ice. The boats took on all the ice we needed for days from over the side.

"The precipitous cliffs of the snow-covered mountains rose beside us to a height of thousands of feet, seeming sometimes to almost close over us. We threaded our way through these islands, the other destroyers following the lead of the Whipple as we came along in single column.

"We had as a pilot a lieutenant commander of the Chilean navy. He steered us through the narrow defiles and over the perilous places without the slightest mishap. Frequently at night we would come to anchor on a narrow shelf of rock where there would be barely room enough for all the boats to crowd together. This shelf would be but a slender ledge, outside of which the bottom dropped sheer hundreds of fathoms, beyond all possible anchorage.

Natives Made in Cold Weather.
"We went ashore in various places and mingled with the natives. Although the weather seemed cool to us

VICTORIOUS TARGET CREW PERCHED ON GUNS



SAN DIEGO HARBOR

the costumes of the natives were scant enough. Sometimes they wore nothing at all. Now and then we had good hunting on the shore, where hundreds of wild ducks collected. We finally shot away all of our ammunition, but until that happened we had all of the fresh meat we required."

Not an untoward incident marred the long trip of the destroyers from Hampton Roads. Their supply ship, the Arctusa, or "mother of the destroyers," as she was called, was not able to keep up the fast pace set by the black craft, and this held them

Each destroyer, in addition to torpedo tubes, carries 2-inch guns and six-pounders. They usually have two 2-inch guns and half a dozen six-pounders. Each battleship contributed a quota of target ammunition for the destroyers and they were preparing to go on the ranges and commence firing today. The targets were upon one of the ranges used by the battleships and another is to be laid out in Man-of-War cove, where the ships are at anchor.

The destroyers had some torpedo practice at Callao, where Commander

ONE DRUNK COST MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

Discoverer of Cripple Creek Sold His Find for \$500 and Then Told Everybody.

Denver, April 15.—The man who discovered Cripple Creek and its countless millions in gold is poor and probably a hopeless invalid. There are few visitors at a cottage at 419 North Nevada avenue, Colorado Springs. But there, impatient under the restraint of his affliction, "Bob" Womack waits for the day that he believes he shall be made whole again and shall be able to shoulder a miner's pick and go into the hills to discover a new Cripple Creek. Womack confidently believes he will be able to leave his cot and tap another stream of yellow metal that will equal Cripple Creek. He declares that he knows where there is a gold camp that will do all this and more. But no one blames "Bob" for being secretive about it. He was deprived by a strange freak of fortune of that which was rightfully his; he made millions out of many poor men and brought luxury to hundreds of other homes; for years he endured the taunts of his friends who called him "Crazy Bob" for his persistent effort to transform an ordinary cow pasture into the greatest gold mining camp in America, an effort which was successful, but from which "Crazy Bob" reaped only poverty and affliction.

Womack's father came to Colorado in the early '60s and went into mining. The father and sons, William and Robert, engaged in the cattle raising business. After a time they transferred their stock to the fertile range on the present site of Cripple Creek. Early in the '80s they disposed of their stock and land in that district, "Bob" believing that that region possessed mining possibilities remaining and did prospecting for mineral on his own account.

When He Found the Gold.
One day, after a few years of unrewarded search, while "riding the range" with his brother-in-law, Theodore Lewis, "Bob" found traces of gold in "that rock." He sent his companion with a piece of the "stuff" to a Denver assayer. The assay returned \$250 in gold to the tin.

On receipt of this news, Womack built a log cabin in what is now known as Poverty gulch and devoted his time to development work. In January, 1891, he dug a hole in the El Paso lode of the Gold King property, now one of the best paying mines in the great gold camp. Womack filed a location certificate on three or four contiguous claims, and a few days later fired a blast into a bonanza vein.

But "Bob" could not stand prosperity in those days. He had led a reckless life, "Bob" could punch any amount of bad whiskey, so the old-timers say, and it was while in Colorado Springs one day to interest friends in his new discovery that he "ranked up" and disposed of his bonanza to strangers for \$500 cash. Of course the secret was out, and even on the night of the transaction hundreds of men were making their way across the Pike's Peak range to the scene of the new find. "Bob," crazed by drink, had ridden through the streets as fast as his bronco could carry him, waving his six-shooter and shouting the facts of his discovery to all he met. He said to his credit that he has not touched a drop of liquor since those days, and that his subsequent life was exemplary even be-

fore he was forced to take to his bed probably for the rest of his days.

But He Returned Too Late.

Filled with remorse and chagrin at his folly, Womack returned in a few days to camp only to find that the best mining property had been located by others. In a camp which by that time was literally swarming with men, "Bob" was compelled to go to work at day wages in order to make a living. He never complained, however, and many times after saving a few hundred dollars, went alone again into other districts in the Pike's Peak region, intent upon opening up another great mineral-bearing district.

One day three years ago, just as success seemed for the second time to be within his grasp, "Bob" was returning from the hills when stricken, sitting alone in a seat in a Colorado Midland passenger coach, he raised the window and leaned against the sill. In a few minutes he tried to lift an arm, but there was no sign of life in it. He had been stricken with paralysis.

Since that time Womack, together with his aged father, has been dependent upon the kindness and ministrations of a sister, Miss Elizabeth Womack, who keeps a boarding house to make a living for her father and brother. Meanwhile others are enjoying the fruits of the 250 million dollars that has already come from the hills of the Cripple Creek district.

"Salted" Near Great Wealth.
There is an interesting sidelight on "Bob" Womack's discovery of gold in the Cripple Creek district. Search in that region for the precious metal dates back almost to the arrival of the first white man. Repeated trials were made prior to 1891 to find "pay rock," but so cunningly had the great storehouse been concealed that even the most expert miners were deceived. There are thousands of Colorado men who remember the mad rush to Mount Pisgah, at the foot of which the city of Cripple Creek is now situated. This was in April, 1885. It is true that a rich, deep deposit of gold was found at that time, but it was not the work of nature. No, it had been placed there for speculative purposes; in other words, the ground had been "salted."

But there was gold in untold quantities within a stone's throw of the place where this piece of knavery had been practiced. It seems almost miraculous that the great camp was not discovered at that time, for many who rushed there during the Mount Pisgah excitement pitched their tents on the very sites of what are now some of the most lucrative mines in the world. Many an old prospector examined the outcroppings and one was confident enough to run a tunnel into the hill directly under the spot where one of the richest deposits in the district has since been opened up, but none succeeded in finding gold in paying quantities.

It is a rather significant coincidence that Mount Pisgah, where the first without mining scheme in that region was practiced, is now used as a graveyard for Cripple Creek, and a number of nearby towns in the great camp.

He Got What He Needed.

"Nine years ago it looked as if my time had come," says Mr. C. Farthing of Mt. Creek, Ind. Ter. "I was so run down that I was hung on a very slender thread. It was then my druggist recommended Electric Bitters. I bought a bottle and I got what I needed—strength. I had one foot in the grave, but Electric Bitters put it back on the turf again, and I've been well ever since." Sold under guarantee at all dealers at all dealers. 50c.



Key to city of San Diego, presented to Evans. The key is of California gold, and set with Lower California pearls and precious stones. An unusually beautiful pearl is set in the end. The key is intended as a brooch for Mrs. Evans.

back. The destroyers are built to make a speed of 25 knots an hour and easily go from 22 to 20. They carry only about 150 tons of coal each and require frequent replenishing from the coaler.

Needed Coal at Once.
"I want some coal," was one of the first things Commander Cone said to Admiral Thomas. "We just did get in with what we took from the Arctusa at Acapulco. Three of 'em, including the Whipple, have less than four tons in their bunkers tonight."

Now for the Target Practice.
The destroyers will spend ten days or two weeks in target practice, and then follow the fleet up the coast, rejoining it as soon as possible.



Silver-mounted Olive wood casket containing key of freedom of the city of San Diego. On the cover of the casket in silver miniature is the Caravel of Cabral, the first European ship to enter San Diego bay. The front of the casket bears in a silver design of anchor and life buoy, Evans' initials.

Cone remarked: "We got three bull's eyes." This meant that the torpedoes which had been fired had three times pierced the center of the targets at which they were aimed. The crews are looking forward to the practice at Magdalena with keen anticipation.

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T. A. Barnhart, retired, living at 914 South Broadway, Albuquerque, N. M., says: "For years I have been more or less troubled with kidney complaint, the ailment becoming more pronounced than ever about two years ago. Besides having pain in my back and a general weakness extending from my hips down my condition, was so that any little exertion would tire me. There was also a too frequent action of the kidney, sometimes disturbing my rest as often as ten times a night. About a year ago I had the good fortune to learn of Doan's Kidney Pills and procured a box. I can say that no medicine ever afforded me the benefit derived from them. They have spared me a great deal of annoyance and inconvenience and they not only give strength and tone to the kidneys, but invigorate them." For sale by all dealers. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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