A REMARKABLE EXHIBITION.

The Case of Stuffed Mining Experts Now to be Seen in Denver.

DENVER, Aug. 27.—The exposition now going on here has, in one particular, been fraudulently advertised. During the summer it was reported in the mining camps that a case of stuffed mining experts was to occupy a prominent position in the exposition building. This report was widespread, and was very generally believed by the miners. The number of the stuffed ones to be exhibited steadily grew as the rumor travelled from camp to camp. First only one expert was to be stuffed. This one was to be shown as a sample of a Colorado product, as an outgrowth of the mineral belt, and as such justly figuring in the exposition. Then it was credibly reported that several of the most distinguished mining experts in Colorado had volunteered to sacrifice themselves for the good of the State and submit to the disagreeable process of stuffing and subsequent exhibition. This report was generally disbelieved; but being repeated, and not appearing as mining news in the Colorado newspapers, it gradually became an article of faith among the miners. The subject was thoroughly discussed by the miners gathered around barroom stoves in the evening, and the plan was commended for its wisdom.

An obscure miner, an honest man, who prospected for leads, arrived in Hyacinth, my mining town in the Medicine Bow Range, one night in early July with a peck of argentiferous galena from a new find. He, leaning on the bar slowly drinking hot Scotch whiskey, listened attentively to the news of two months as related by the barkeeper. He listened unmoved, being of a stoical nature; but when the skillful compounder of punches said, as he handed the third hot Scotch over the bar, "Oh! I had almost forgotten. There is to be a case of stuffed mining experts exhibited at the Denver Exposition," the hand of the prospector that was extended graspingly for the inviting liquor instantly clenched and was raised high above his head; then it came down on the rude bar with a resounding whack that caused the poker players in the far corner to look up eagerly as though they expected a fight, and he exclaimed loudly, "That's nice! Let us stuff 'em all!" This was a new proposition. It met with universal favor in the mountains. In one step this man emerged from obscurity. He was looked upon as a public benefactor. The next day when walking in the streets of Hyacinth he was pointed out as the originator of the idea of stuffing all the mining experts in Colorado and exhibiting them at the Exposition. Many times he was asked to drink by grateful miners. He never declined. He became slightly intoxicated, and his speech was thick but exceedingly funny. That night, mounted on an old pigeonhole table that stood in the corner of a saloon, he made a little oration. Feelingly he spoke of the mysterious disappearance in the Eastern States of worthy citizens. He dwelt on the unaccountable disappearance of a butcher, a carpenter, and a dry goods clerk from his native town. He appealed to the miners gathered around him, asking if they did not know of similar instances in their native towns, and if recent events were not suspected of having murdered these missing persons. Swaying to and fro on the pigeonhole table, his clenched right hand striking rapid blows into the open palm of his left hand, he earnestly said: "Gentlemen, without any exception, those men who were supposed to be murdered, are coming to Denver to-day as mining experts in these mountains. It is a duty we owe to humanity to stuff 'em all, and send word to the world to come to the Denver Exposition and identify the long-missing men. By adopting this course we will disperse the dark clouds of suspicion hanging ominously over hundreds of worthy gentlemen, and relieve ourselves from a growing evil." Uproariously the miners applauded. The joyful news went forth from Hyacinth, as from a centre of original thought, that all the mining experts in Colorado were to be stuffed and exhibited in glass cases at the Denver Exposition. Throughout the highlands the miners began to economize. They drank sparingly. They looked with suspicion on full hands. In one well-known instance a young placer miner refused to open a jack pot on four lives, saying: "It is risky. If I get in I will stay in. I might get cinched, and then I would not go to Denver. I hope to find my long-missing grandfather in that case of stuffed experts, and so clear my father of the unjust suspicion of having stuck a scythe into his parent." As the opening day of the Exposition drew near, there was a noticeable decline in mining experts in the mountain camps. One by one they had disappeared. The few unbelievers in the stuffing scheme, the ravens of the mining camps, gradually became firm in their belief that these men had been lured to Denver and there prepared for exhibition. Nothing was said about it in the Denver newspapers, and this strengthened the belief of the happy miners.

I did not really believe that the experts were to be stuffed; but if they were, I thought I would go to Denver and see if a certain silver-tongued chicken and turkey peddler, who, taking advantage of my absence, carried off a load of turkeys from my barnyard, falsely telling my wife that he had met me in town and paid me for the fowls, was there. I knew that this dishonest peddler had gone to the Rocky Mountains, and knowing this, I knew that one of my neighbors was but in his kind when he spoke merry words to me at the time, looked knowingly at me, and tapping his red nose with his index finger, asked significantly, "Frank, where is the chicken peddler?" and then thrusting his horny thumb between my ribs, causing me to jump briskly, he winked deceitfully at me and said in tones meant to be reassuring, "I am mum, my boy, mum;" and staggered off nodding his head sagely leaving me dumfounded. Still I should have been pleased to have seen the peddler and in the stuffed condition.

I came just back from my first visit to the Exposition. Never been disappointed. There are no stuffed mining experts on exhibition. They are all alive. They are all in Denver. They walk up and down the streets, with bits of ore wrapped in old newspapers in their hands. The only stuffing they have undergone is that produced by the free lunch counters.

This evening while smoking an after-supper pipe and talking complainingly to my host of the fraud that had been practised on the miners in regard to the promised stuffing of these experts, my arm was lightly grasped. Turning, I saw a merry-looking Dutchman standing by my side. He smiled pleasantly when our eyes met, and extended his hand in the most friendly manner. Seeing that he expected me to shake hands, I arose and did so. He called me by name, and inquired almost tenderly into the condition of my health. I could not remember this Dutchman's name. Puzzled, I looked at him, and as I looked the broadcloth disappeared. It was replaced by a white apron. The peculiar smell of oil stoves was wafted to me. The vision of a dingy room, papered with cheap brown paper, arose before me. I could see and hear a howling blizzard sweeping through the streets of a dirty frontier town, and my gentlemanly acquaintance, astride of a beer keg, was behind the only barred of shell oysters I ever saw in western Kansas dexterously twirling an oyster knife, and with manners acquired at the University of Geneva pressing me to wash down the oysters with the lights of Milwaukee beer out of a huge earthenware pitcher. I could not help smiling. Taking a seat by my side, my acquaintance said: "I have quit shucking oysters for Kansas Grangers. I am a mining expert."

Hearing a long talk that followed, he explained to the other brass-and-down merchants, saloon keepers, and politicians became mining experts. He said they acquired a slight knowledge of chemistry, including a course of fire assaying. They attended a course of lectures on geology. They learned the names of the different ores and ordinary rocks. Then, going to a mining camp, they opened an assay office and claimed to be mining experts; this when they had never been in a mine. I expressed my astonishment and asked if an actual expert would not be apt to expose them. Shaking his head negatively, he replied: "No. No one knows anything about the formation of ore in fissures. These mountains are full of geological contradictions. You cannot safely dispute any statement a miner may make. Or the permanence of leads, or the probabilities of the continuance of a pay streak, of the worth of an inclined vein. Some one can possibly know anything. Given a fair knowledge of geology, a smattering of chemistry, unfounded assurance, and an accurate knowledge of the output and working of famous mines, and any one can safely mood these high-priced experts. The truth is that none of them know anything, and they are all afraid that the man they meet coming to may be the one man in the mountains who thoroughly understands his business and actually knows what the export pretends to know. I assure you that none of us really know anything. When a valuable mine is discovered, we talk wildly about it. But why the ore in that particular portion of the fissure is rich, and why the extensions on the vein are generally worthless, and why the pay peters out, no living man knows. We are all humbugs. Although all in one for sale from the examiner of the Little Pittsburgh to the puffer of the Maxwell Silver Mountain and the salesman of the cheap puffer is just as valuable as that of the high-priced examiner; and neither of them is worth any more than that of the silent Cincinnatian who twists a drill in the face of the sixty-fathom level."

The old friend acquaintances arose. Laughingly he bade me good night, and, lighting a fresh cigar, he walked out of the hotel. He had given voice to my own opinion about mining experts. It is a great pity that they are not all stuffed and cased.

FRANK WILKESON.

Flies and Bugs.

Flies, roaches, ants, bedbugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.—Adv.

FROM A POLICEMAN'S PISTOL.

Shots that were Scattered in Bleecker Street Early Yesterday Morning.

The sharp cracking of a pistol and the whistle of bullets startled the residents of Bleecker and Sullivan streets at 1½ o'clock yesterday morning. The bullets came from the revolver of Detective Sergeant Archibald Hamilton of Inspector Byrne's command, fired while the policeman was under the influence of liquor. The shooting occurred in an affray in front of a liquor saloon at Bleecker and Sullivan streets, and Hamilton afterward said that he was obliged to fire in self-defence.

Charles Chambers, a waiter out of employment, who ran across the street from a stoop opposite, received one of the bullets in his leg just above the ankle. He limped away, and fell into the arms of his friends.

Policeman John K. O'Keefe of Capt. Brogan's command heard the noise of the fight and a pistol shot. He ran up just as another shot was fired. The man who held the pistol shouted: "I'm one of Inspector Byrne's detectives, and I have been assaulted." The man then fired again. The policeman closed with him, but Hamilton broke away, and his revolver, which was self-cocking, and carried a 32-calibre ball, was discharged a fourth time. The policeman disarmed him with difficulty. He appeared like a man whose senses had left him, and who was wild with liquor. He was taken to the Fifteenth Precinct station house, whither Chambers had been previously carried.

Hamilton's clothes were covered with mud, his forehead was cut and bleeding, and blood ran from his cut lip. His left cheek was bruised and greatly swollen. He appeared dazed and unconscious of what he had done, and asked what he had been arrested for. His pistol was taken from him, and he was locked up in a cell. Policeman O'Keefe gave to Sergeant Kelleher the following memorandum of the arrest, which was entered on the station blotter:

At 1 o'clock A. M. John M. O'Keefe brought to this station Charles Chambers, 28 years of age, 159 Bleecker street, whom he found at Bleecker and Sullivan streets, suffering from a pistol shot wound in left leg, above ankle. Prisoner said he was injured by Detective Sergeant Archibald Hamilton, who was intoxicated and discharging his pistol at random in the vicinity.

Chambers was taken to the New York Hospital. Hamilton was brought before Justice Bixby at Jefferson Market yesterday afternoon. He is of stout build, about five feet 5 inches in height. He was dressed in a neat suit of navy blue, and a tiny gold shield glittered in his scarf. His face still bore marks of the affray. His eyes became suffused with tears at times, and he seemed grief stricken at his situation. He was represented by Lawyer Bishop, and Brooks, Inspector Byrne was present, and manifested much interest in the disposition of the case. Chambers was at the hospital, and Policeman O'Keefe made an affidavit that the complainant was unable to appear, but not dangerously injured, and prayed that the prisoner be held for examination. Lawyer Brooks called Alexander V. Davidson of 759 Greenwich street, who gave security for Hamilton's appearance. Hamilton was released, and he retired with Inspector Byrne.

Hamilton said to the reporter afterward that he had not intended to shoot any one. "I sent in my resignation as a detective on Tuesday," he added, "intending to go into the butcher business with Daniel E. Finn of Washington Market. I celebrated the event with my friends last night, but cannot say how much I drank. I left these friends at Broadway and Bleecker street some time after 1 o'clock, and walked through Bleecker street, intending to take a car home to 20 Harrison street. I saw men scuffling at the corner of Sullivan street, and asked what the trouble was. Some one struck me on the mouth and knocked me down. I drew my revolver to protect myself, and fired about indiscriminately to frighten the assailants, but not to hurt anybody.

Chambers said at the hospital: "I was sitting opposite a saloon with my cousin, my doctor, with Michael Coffee and William Nelson, and saw a fight in which six or seven men were engaged. A man, whom I afterward found out was a detective, got up on his feet and, pulling out a revolver, fired. I had run across the street to see what the matter was, and one of the bullets struck me in the leg. The men about the detective turned and ran.

Hamilton was made a detective Sergeant at the time of the organization of that body. He was appointed on the force in November, 1874, when he was 27 years old. His record, as contained in the police books, shows that he was twice fined for number 1 small losses from discipline in 1875 and 1876. Inspector Byrne, when he saw Hamilton at the prisoners' bar in court, exclaimed: "How easy it is for a man to get into trouble!" He said that he had never known Hamilton to drink and that he regarded him as a good detective.

FIVE DAYS OR THREE MONTHS.

Mr. Stern Learns How Widely Private and Public Methods Differ.

The Park Commissioners met yesterday morning. Commissioners Lane, McLean, and Wales being present. Mr. Meyer Stern, President of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum at 1024 street, applied for a permit to construct a temporary sewer from the premises to Brook avenue, 200 feet away. Engineer Van Winkle objected to this. Private parties could not put the street pavement back just as they found it, and it would be irregular to take the matter out of the hands of the engineer. Mr. Stern said it must be done at once. The 138 children in the asylum were threatened with typhoid fever, and many would be down sick unless the drainage was peripatetic. He was in fear it would take the engineer, and was told that it would take about three months to advertise the work, open the bids, make the survey, and superintend the work.

"But, my dear sir," excitedly returned Mr. Stern. "I can put that sewer down in five days. I am willing to do it at my own expense."

The engineer shrugged his shoulders. Commissioner McLean introduced a resolution authorizing the completion of the Third avenue sewer to 165th street, so that the connection with the orphan asylum might be made. The resolution was duly adopted, and Commissioner Wales introduced a resolution allowing Mr. Stern to construct the temporary sewer to Brook avenue at his own expense, and to take the same up at his own expense, and to take the same up at his own expense, and to take the same up