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The Chronicles of the Yellowstone.

An Accurate Description of the Country; its Indians; the Early Settlers; Their Struggles with the Aborigines, and Interesting Reminiscences Gathered from The Early Pioneer..

[The copyright for the "CHRONICLES OF THE YELLOWSTONE" has been applied for and it will eventually appear in book form]

CHAPTER IX.

THREE MEN BURNED AT THE STAKE.—MONTANA MILITIA.

The killing of Bozeman stirred up quite a furore against the Indians and Gov. Meagher was authorized to and did raise a force of militia. Thos. Thoroughman had charge as colonel, and the three companies were commanded by Capts. Bob Hughes, Hart and Clifford, L. M. Black, of Bozeman, supplied many of the horses, and provisions were furnished by the traders from all parts of the territory, for which they received vouchers; none of these were paid for several years. In 1872 Gen. Hardee was sent to the territory to take evidence on these claims; after his report Congress took action, and paid the holders of the vouchers from ten to seventy per cent. of the sum called for.

The command when organized went to the Yellowstone and laid in camp on Shield's river for four months; occasionally a small party would go out prospecting, and once gave chase to a party of Sioux, but otherwise did nothing but grumble and quarrel among themselves. During one of these squabblings Captain Hart killed one of his soldiers with a pistol shot, for which he was not brought to account. In the latter part of September Hughes and the hard cases of the command, organized secretly, and when ready forcibly took horses and provisions and went across the country to Laramie; the rest scattered over the territory, and so ended the Montana militia, as tough and useless a crowd as was ever gathered together.

During August a man named Weston, his son (a boy of 13) and a deserter from Fort Ellis, went down the Yellowstone, intending upon reaching Clarke's Fork to go up and prospect that stream. A few days after they started, some Indians were seen near the militia camp by a hunter, and Capt. Hart, with forty men, took five day's rations and went after them. The Indians had discovered the presence of the militia and struck out down the river. The pursuers found their trail and followed them down; just below Boulder and near that creek, they found Weston's party all dead. The body of the boy was half a mile from the others, and had in it thirteen arrows. They had been killed about two days and had probably been surprised, for there were no indications of a severe fight. After burying the bodies the party went on; when about five miles from the Boulder they heard irregular firing ahead of them, and dashing on, soon came in sight of a party of forty Indians who had three men, deserters from Fort C. F. Smith, corralled. When the Sioux saw the approaching whites they fled; the militia chased them for three miles, but finding they could not be overtaken ceased the pursuit, and going back to the scene of the fight camped. The deserters had taken their horses from the fort as they left, and had come to their present camp without noticeable incident. Just as they were eating their breakfast the next morning the Indians dashed in and took away the picketed stock. The soldiers rushed to a point of a hill near by from which the crest of a sandstone ledge projected, behind which they fought. The Indians took possession of the adjacent points and held the white men in their position for two days and nights, during this time wounding two of them. Being feverish, the wounded men suffered greatly for water, and would soon have died if help had not come; one of them drank so much when he came to the spring that he became stupefied, and died the third day afterward, just after arriving at the militia camp. The militia concluded to remain one day at this camp, and a few of the party went down to the river to catch a mess of fish; here they found and despatched a wounded Indian who was soaking himself in the river. The next morning the party went up the river and arrived at the camp on Shield's river with no further adventure. The two surviving soldiers went to Fort Ellis and gave themselves up. The wounded man suffered greatly for a month, when he was relieved by death.

In the latter part of September a man named Maltby, with two companions, left the canyon in a boat and went down the river. Nothing more was heard of them till 1870, when by a Brule Sioux interpreter, came the report that that tribe had, in 1867, near the mouth of the river, captured three men who were going down in a boat, and burnt them at the stake.

Bozeman's first paper was stated in August of this year; 'twas called the *Pick and Plow*, and was owned and edited by H. N. Maguire.

Jeff Standifer and twelve other men started from Virginia City and went to and up the Yellowstone, and crossing the divide at the head of that stream, went down Wind river; with him was a hard case named Uhlen; he was very passionate, and vented most of his spleen on a man named Bridger. One day, when on the head of Wind river, Bridger resented this usage, and Uhlen shot him dead. The party gave the murderer a trial, and after much argument concluded to take from him his horses and arms and turn him loose. This sentence was executed, and it is supposed that he died in the mountains, for he was never seen or heard of again by any of the company. The party found some prospects of gold below this, but getting short of provisions had to leave the mountains.

During July Captain LaMott came out with a force of troops, and on the East Gallatin, three miles above Bozeman, commenced building a military post, which was called Fort Ellis.

In November, Col. Chesnut discovered and located a vein of coal in Rocky Canyon, about eight miles from Bozeman. This was the first found in this section of the country; since then many veins have been opened, and as there is no other Bituminous coal on the Northern Pacific road, except near its western terminus, coal mining will doubtless become a great industry here.

Early in the spring of 1868 a freighter named Hart was camped near to Fort Ellis. One morning he went out to get his stock, which were running loose, and when but about half a mile from the post he was shot dead by a war party of Indians who were hidden in a patch of cherry brush, near which he passed.

Soon after a party of Crows made a raid on Emigrant; two women and a child were living in an exposed cabin, just below the mouth of the canyon; when the alarm came they fled up the gulch, and just in time, for the Indians came right after and took what they wanted and destroyed the household furniture, then gathered up a little band of cattle and drove them down the river. Some miners who were working up the gulch soon heard the news, mounted and started after them, luckily they had taken their horses to the claims with them that morning, or they would have been taken. The party overtook the Crows at Giesdorf creek, and driving them off, took back the cattle, four of which had been killed and others had arrows sticking in them. Later in the day the same war party killed some cattle belonging to Hubbard, just below the Yellowstone canyon.

At Little Timber creek, Captain LaMott disbursed the first annuities ever received by the Crow tribe. This was in July; a short time afterward, Major Camp of the U. S. army, was appointed their agent, and he at once commenced building an agency on Mission creek.

Billy Lee built a ferry boat for the government and put everything in running order at that poin, now known as Benson's Landing.

Buckskin Williams built a cabin for a saloon and trading post on the north side of the river at the same place.

CHAPTER X.

THE MURDER OF MCADOW'S HERDERS.

Jeff Standifer, with a party of seven, took again his trail of last year to the head of and down Wind river. One day when camped a little above where he had found prospects the year before, and just as they were eating supper, a band of Arapahoes dashed into camp and killed four of the party outright. One of the survivors reached the brush and fought the Indians from it for quite a while. He at last received a shot through the thigh and fainted away. The Arapahoes must have supposed him dead, and Standifer and the man with him having a good position among some rocks near by, made it so warm for them that they took the horses and left. When the wounded man came to it was dark, and though all was silent he thought that the Indians might be around and he dragged himself slowly away from camp. He luckily had a fish line and hooks, and some matches in his pockets and he concluded to try to get to the Shoshone camp on Little Wind river. He made a rough crutch of a willow fork and throwing away his gun started. He struggled and suffered, living solely on fish for eight days, then just at the mouth of the canyon on Wind river, he met a hunting party of Shoshones, and was taken by them to the main camp, where he was kindly treated until he recovered. Standifer and comrade stayed near camp till morning, then taking a little stock of provisions went across the mountains to the Big Sandy river, and down this to a cattle ranch, not knowing till a long time afterward that any but themselves of the party was alive.

In the fall of 1868 the McAdow Bros., of Bozeman, drove their work cattle over to Shield's river. The drivers, twelve in number, herded and attended to them all winter. Early in March two of the herders took pack animals and went to Bozeman for supplies. During the forenoon of the fourth day after their departure, Frank Leonard, Horace Newell, Sam Moore and Jack McDowell went out to look after the stock; about an hour afterward the boys in camp heard rapid firing and saw such a host of Indians coming that they all ran to the brush. The Indians took possession of the cabin and feasted all day. Just at dark the boys in the brush heard some one coming along the trail singing, who proved to be one of the men that had gone to town, they stopped him and all went to Bozeman together, reaching there the next evening. Capt. Cliff, with a company of soldiers and some civilians went over next day to look after the missing men. At O'Rear creek they met a man named Crowell, who that morning had been at the herder's cabin on Shield's river, and finding it deserted, had started for Bozeman afoot. Getting tired of carrying his gun, he had cached it, and would not take a pistol that Jack Mendenhall offered him. He accepted something to eat and the party went on, leaving him sitting on the ground eating a lunch. Two of the missing men were found dead the next day. The party, without finding any traces of the others came back. The day following this Wm. McAdow raised a party and went out again to Shield's river; the two missing men were found lying dead on the opposite side of the river from where the others were. The cattle, though badly scattered, were all right, and the party after burying the bodies returned to town. Crowell had not come in and many wondered what had become of him.

The next summer a part of the Crow tribe were camped on Pass creek, just above O'Rear, and one day Billy Lee, while on his road to Bozeman, stopped at Iron Bull's lodge to get dinner; soon after he arrived one of the chief's daughters came in and told her father that she had found the bones of a man lying in the brush; upon inspection 'twas found to be Crowell's body; he had been shot in the forehead and was but about six hundred yards distant from where he had last been seen the spring before.

A short time after the killing of the herders, a stealing party of twelve Blackfeet came afoot through Flathead Pass and stole a horse and killed an ox, in the lower end of Gallatin Valley. Lieut. Thompson and thirty soldiers from Fort Ellis with about thirty civilians from the lower valley, went after and overtook them at the foot of the divide, on the head of the north fork of Sixteen Mile creek. As the whites came up an Indian mounted on the stolen horse and escaped. The war party fortified with loose rock, on the top of a sharp ridge, having one perpendicular side. The whites surrounded and killed several of them from long range; then made a charge and bayoneted and shot them down in their trenches; one ran to the brush on the creek; he was hunted for, but could not be found, but the body of an Indian was discovered two weeks afterward just below this, and it is supposed that he was wounded as he ran and soon died. The murder of the herders on Shield's river was fresh in the minds of the whites and they scalped and mutilated the bodies of the Blackfeet. As the soldiers were coming home, rode through Bozeman, they carried on their ramroads a piece of a scalp or some trophy of the victory. One soldier was killed in this fight and two were wounded; three civilians were also slightly wounded.

Early in March the Botteler Bros. located a place at what is now known as Pease's ranch, and commenced breaking ground, but seeing Indians around went higher up the river and located and now hold a ranch just above and opposite the mouth of Emigrant. Several places had been taken before and left, but this was the first permanent location made on the river.

Crandall and Finley mined in Crevice gulch the summers of 1867-68 and '69. In the fall of the latter year they concluded to prospect for new diggings, as their ground was not paying very well; so they went up Slough creek to the divide and over to Clarke's Fork, and down it to the first large creek that comes into that river from the right. A party that went down Clarke's Fork about a week afterward, found their dead bodies lying near camp and buried them. The signs left indicated, what was afterward proven, that this murderous deed was commited by Arapahoes.

During the fall of 1871 Jim Gurley and Bill Cameron found their bones exposed and buried them deeper, also making the grave. The stream on which they made their last camp has been known ever since as Crandall creek.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Irate Husband.

From the Pioneer Press.

On Wednesday last a gentleman who registered as A. H. Anderson, wife and sister, arrived at the Windsor hotel, St. Paul. Yesterday Mrs. Anderson informed her husband that she had been insulted by the head waiter, S. A. Tomlinson, and, becoming excited over the account given him by his wife, Mr. Anderson sought out Mr. Tomlinson, whom he happened to meet in the office of the hotel. He at once proceeded to administer what he considered a proper punishment. He struck Mr. Tomlinson once or twice, knocking him down and inflicting two or three scalp wounds. Mr. Anderson was at once arrested and taken before the municipal court, where he admitted the assault and stated the circumstance from his standpoint, and further stated that he would again act as he had done in a similar case. He did not ask any leniency from the court for the assault, which he admitted. Mr. Tomlinson denied in toto that he insulted the lady, or that he had intended to do so. He admitted that he offered the lady a card, but claimed that it was only a wine card, and was blank. The court desired to hear the lady's version, and a subpœna was issued for her appearance as a witness. She was very nervous, and upon her appearance in the court room fainted and fell to the floor. Restoratives were applied and she recovered sufficiently to tell her story to the judge in a voice too feeble for any other ear to hear, and at its close fainted again and would have fallen to the floor once more but for the timely aid of Bailiff Clouse, who was standing beside her. The court evidently took into account the provocation of the husband and fined him only $10, which he paid, and husband and wife left the court room. Mr. Anderson is a conductor on the Montana division of the Northern Pacific road and has been in the city only two days. Mr. Tomlinson has been in the employ of the Windsor hotel for some six months past and Mr. Summers, one of the proprietors, gives him an excellent character. It is but charitable to all the parties to suppose that it was a case of misunderstanding.

Cold First, Then Diphtheria.

"I want to say right here that no healthy child can possibly catch diphtheria; the child it attacks must first have what is commonly called a cold or a catarrh. A small piece of diphtheritic poison may be placed on a man's eye, and, unless there is an abrasion of the epidermis, he will not be affected. I am promulgating very advanced ideas, I am aware; but I insist that neither diphtheria, measles, or scarlet fever can be acquired unless the conditions I have named exist. I believe that cholera might be traced in its infection to improper diet. In the Sixth ward, where I live, diphtheria is very prevalent, and three cases have terminated fatally within one hundred yards of my residence, and just before coming here, I read the statistics of a physician, whose ability for observation cannot be questioned, that, out of 568 cases of diphtheria, 508 had ended fatally. These 568 cases were taken from epidemics of various severities. In the northern part of the city some of the children died within twenty-four hours of the development of the disease. There is one thing which it is due to ourselves and friends that we make understood; many physicians call diphtheria what is simply some other throat disease; and, having cured the throat disease, they claim to have cured diphtheria, and the result is that Mrs. Brown says to Dr, Blank: 'Dr. Dash cured Smith's child of diphtheria, but my child died on your hands.' It's an advanced idea; but it should be known that a throat disease which was cured was no diphtheria."

Florence Marryat says that when Dickens was writing "David Copperfield," and at a time when its publication in a serial form was about half completed, an American firm procured somebody to write a conclusion, and thus put a bogus book on the market. The version of the story married David to Agnes rather abruptly. Dickens had intended the same thing, but when the news of this audacious piracy reached him he forthwith introduced Dora and made her David's wife with as little delay as possible.

THE BAD BOY.

He is Visited by his Uncle From the Country.

Peck's Sun.

"I hear your Uncle Ezra is here on a visit," said the grocery man to the bad boy. "I suppose you have been having a high old time. There is nothing that does a boy more good than to have a nice visit with a good uncle, and hear him tell about old times when he and the boy's father were boys together."

"Well, I don't know about it," said the boy, as he took a stick of macaroni and began to blow paper wads through it at a woodsawyer who was filing a saw out side the door. "When a boy who has been tough has got his pins all set to reform, I don't think it does him any good to have a real nice uncle come to the house visiting. Anyway, that's my experience. I have backslid the worst way and it is going to take me a month, after Uncle Ezra goes away, to climb up to the grace that I have fallen from. It is darn discouraging," said the boy as he looked up at the ceiling in an innocent sort of a way, and hid the macaroni under his coat, when the woodsawyer, who had been hit in the neck, dropped his saw and got up mad.

"What's the trouble? Your uncle has the reputation where he lives of being one of the pillars of society. But you can't tell about these fellows when they get away from home. Does he drink?"

"No, he don't drink, but as near as I can figure it he and pa were about the worst pills in the box when they were young. I don't want you to repeat it, but when pa and ma were married they eloped. Yes, sir, actually ran away, and defied their parents, and they had to hide about a week for fear ma's father would fill pa so full of cold lead that he would sink if he fell in the water. Pa has been kicked over the fence, and chased down alleys dozens of times, by my grandfather when he was sparking ma, and ma was a terror too, cause her mother couldn't do anything with her, though she is awful precise now, and wants everybody to be good. Why, ma's mother used to warm her ears, and shake the daylights out of her, but it didn't do any good. She was mashed on pa, and there was no cure for her except to have pa prescribed for her as a husband, and they ran away. Uncle Ezra told me all about it. Ma haint got any patience with girls now days that have minds of their own about fellows, and she thinks their parents ought to have all the say. Well, maybe she thinks she knows all about it. But when people get in love it is the same now as it was when ma and pa were trying to keep out of the reach of my grandfather's shot gun. But pa and Uncle Ezra and ma are good friends, and they talk over old times and have a big laugh. I guess Uncle Ezra was too much for pa in joking when they were boys, cause pa told me that all rules against joking were suspended while Uncle Ezra was here, and for me to play anything on him I could. I told pa I was trying to lead a different life, but he said what I wanted to do was to make Uncle Ezra think of old times, and the only way was to keep him on the ragged edge. I thought if there was anything I could do to make it pleasant for my uncle it was my duty to do it, so I fixed the bed slats on the spare bed so they would fall down at 2 a. m., the first night, and then I retired. At two o'clock I heard the awfulest noise in the spare room, and a howling and screaming, and I went down and met Uncle Ezra in the hall, and he asked me what was the matter in there, and I asked him if he didn't sleep in the spare room, and he said no, that pa and ma was in there, and he slept in their room. Then we went in the spare room, and you'd a dide to see pa. Ma had jumped out when the slats first fell, and was putting her hair up in curl papers when we got in, but pa wass all tangled up in the springs and things. His head had gone down first, and the mattress and quilts rolled over on him, and he was almost smothered, and we had to take the bedstead down to get him out, the way you have to unharness a horse when he runs and falls down, before you can get him up. Pa was mad, but Uncle Ezea laughed at him, and told him he was only foundered, and all he wanted was a bran mash and some horse liniment and he would come out all right. Uncle Ezra went out in the hall to get a pale of water to throw on pa, 'cause he said pa was afire, when pa asked me why in blazes I didn't fix the other bed slats, and I told him I didn't know they were going to change beds, and then pa said dont let it occur again. Pa lays everything to me. He is the most changeable man I ever saw. He told me to do everything Uncle Ezra wanted me to do, and then, when I helped Uncle Ezra to play a joke on pa, he was mad. Say, I don't think this world is run right, do you? I haven't got much time to talk to you to day, cause Uncle Ezra and me are going fishing, but don't it strike you that it is queer that parents trounce boys for doing just what they did themselves. Now, I have got a friend whose father is a lawyer. That lawyer would warm his boy if he should tell a lie, or associate with anybody that was bad, and yet the lawyer will defend a man he knows is guilty of stealing and take the money he got from the thief, who stole it, to buy the same boy a new coat to wear to church, and he will defend a man who committed murder, and make an argument to the jury that will bring tears to their eyes, and thep will clear the murderer. Queer, aint it? And say, how is it that we send missionaries to Burmah, to convert them from heathenism, and the same vessel that takes the missionaries there carries from Boston a cargo of tin gods to sell to the heathen? Why wouldn't it be better to send the missionaries to Boston? I think the more a boy learns the more he gets mixed."

"Well, how's your theatre? Have any of the great actors supported you lately?" said the grocery man, to change the subject.

"No, we are all off on vacations. Booth and Barrett, and lots of the stars, are gone to Europe, and the rest work down to less high-toned places. Some of the theatre girls are waiters at summer resorts, and lots are visiting relatives on farms. I tell you, it makes a difference whether the relatives are visiting you or you are visiting them. Actors and actresses feel awfully when an old granger comes to the town where they are playing, and wants to see them. They are ashamed of his homespun clothes, and cowhide boots, and they want to meet him out in an alley somewhere, or in the basement of the theatre, so the other actors will not laugh at their rough relatives, but when the season is over, an actor who can remember a relative out on a farm, is tickled to death, and the granger is all right enough there, and the actors do not think of the rough, nutmeg grater hands, and the blistered nose, as long as the granger relative will put up fried pork and things, and "support" the actor. My Uncle Ezra is pretty rough, and it makes me tired some times when I am down town with him to have him go into a store where there are girl clerks and ask what things are for, that I know he don't want, and make the girls blush, but he is a good-hearted old man, and he and me are going to make a mint of money during vacation. He lives near a summer resort hotel, and has a stream that is full of minnows, and we are going to catch minnows and sell them to the dudes for fish bait. He says some of the fools will pay ten cents apiece for minnows, so if we sell a million minnows, we make a fortune. I am coming back in September and will buy out your grocery. Say, let me have a pound of raisins, and I'll pay you when I sell my uncle's minnows."

About Boys Having Fun.

From Peck's Sun.

There are about five papers in this country, edited by dyspeptic men, who were dudes in their boyhood days, and never enjoyed any fun, which are claiming that the "Bad Boy" articles in the *Sun* are ruining the youth of the land, and that they are bad reading matter because they occasionally allude to ministers or deacons. The *Sun* would not knowingly do an injury to religion, and its editor has the greatest respect for religious people, those who are truly good. There are shams in religion, as in everything else, and it is to the interest of the good cause that shams be shown up, that those who use the cloak of religion for vile purposes may repent. Ministers are not above having a little fun, and some of the ablest preachers of this country enjoy the Bad Boy articles immensely. The same papers that are feeling so badly for fear the *Sun* will bring ruin upon boys, have in the last week published two articles relating the tricks of students who are studying for the ministry, that discount anything the Bad Boy has ever done. One of the articles was a trick played on the good Bishop Peck, who recently died, twenty years ago by students in a Methodist college, who are now preachers. It seems that Bishop Peck, who was then president of the college, went as a delegate to a Methodist conference at Staunton, Va. There is a lunatic asylum there, and the students of Divinity wrote to the superintendent of the asylum that a crazy man, who imagined he was Bishop Peck, had escaped, and it was expected he would appear at the conference, and requesting the superintendent to confine him in the asylum until friends could send for him. A description of the good bishop was sent, and when he arrived at Staunton he found a carriage waiting for him, and he was driven to the asylum, where he remained twenty-four hours before the other ministers could get him out. This was done by men who are now preaching the word of God all over the country, and yet nobody was particularly injured, and no boy was ruined. The Bishop always laughed about his experience in the asylum.

Another article in these same papers last Saturday was headed, "Riotous Students—A cow driven into the apartments of the President of the Ohio Wesleyan University." The boys who are studying for the ministry there were having a high old time, but these papers which publish the particulars do not seem to think those embryo preachers are ruining the youth of the land, though they feel that our Bad Boy is a terror. We have heard dozens of good ministers tell stories of what they did when they were boys, that were worse than anything the Bad Boy has ever done yet. Our "Hennery" may hook a few melons this summer, but we will guarantee he will not stack the vines, nor poison the farmer's dog, as did, once, a man who is now a most successful preacher in Wisconsin, and whose name we will give to these papers who abuse our Bad Boy, if the minister will consent. Boys will be boys, and nobody can help it, and trying to make angels of them before the time comes will never work. These dyspeptic, horror stricken editors, who find fault with boys who have a little fun, are bloodless bachelors who are afraid some boy will play a joke on them, and we hope the boys will, and the *Sun* hereby gives its boys all over the land permission to play innocent pranks on all such editorial dudes who hate boys. If these editors will mind their own business, and let Hennery alone, we will bring him through all right, and after he has had his fun, though we may not make an angel of him, we will make a better business man of him than any ninespot editor who don't believe boys ought to have any fun, and we will pension the families of all boys who are ruined reading the *Sun*.

"Where do the wicked men go who drink liquor?" asked a temperance lecturer of a small boy at an Austin Sunday school. "Well, some of them go to Bornefeld's saloon and some go to the Iron Front, but the wickedest ones—the legislators—always go to the nearest saloon. If you ask pa he will show you where you can get the best beer."

John W. Young, the eldest son of Brigham, the Mormon, being disappointed at the failure of the church to elect him his father's successor, left Utah and became an exile in Arizona with three of his wives. Young has had a very valuable construction contract on the Atlantic and Pacific Road, and made a large sum of money.

John Losee, of Queens, L. I., got out of bed a few nights ago to get some medicine from a closet for one of his children. He felt his way, as he thought, to the closet, but, instead, opened the door at the head of the stairs and fell to the bottom, receiving injuries that it is feared will prove fatal.

Rev. Mr. Stein opposed dancing by members of the German Lutheran church at Norwich, N. Y., and was oompelled to resign. Rev. Mr. Geschward was asked to preach on trial, and after filling the pulpit several weeks he was told to go without pay. He has sued and attached the whole church.

Turpentine, it is said, is an infallible cure for lockjaw, but the disappointed son-in-law doesn't want any cure. It's the lockjaw he's after.

JACK HAVERLY'S RIFFLE.

His Luck Going Down in a Flooded Mine and Scatterbrained Investments.

The financial embarrassment of J. H. Haverly, the theatrical manager, is found to be the result of wildcat investments and gambling. His troubles began three years ago, when he bought a silver mine in Colorado. The tract was somewhere in Wertern Colorado, and contained some ore, but not as much as was represented. He planted mills and all the necessary appliances for working it, and when he finally struck a "lead" came in contact at the same time with a stream of water which flooded him out and ruined all of his apparatus. He paid $65,000 for this worthless concern, $10,000 in cash and $10,000 a month, and when the flood struck him he hadn't money enough left to buy machinery and pump the water out. This mine was called the Invincible, and it remains to-day as Haverly left it, with ore in it, but not enough to pay for the immense expense of drying and getting at it.

In addition to this disaster the manager met other reverses in other mines in which he owned interests; and altogether his losses in this branch of speculation alone footed up to nearly $250,000. Beside this he bought two cattle ranches in Colorado, and while looking after his Western interests fell into bad company, and, on the authority of an intimate friend, sustained additional losses at cards. During his preoccupation with these matters, which claimed nearly all of his attention, his theatrical enterprises were taking care of themselves. His Mastodon minstrels were meeting with great success, it is true, but some of his many theatres were not doing as well as they would have done if they had given them more direct care and attention. One of his old ventures, which is better known here even than his mining speculations, was his purchase of the Chicago race track. He bought a controlling interest in the course from Lawrence & Martin and paid them $24,000 for it. The greater part of the money was given in cash, and in a short time that Haverly run it, he lost $16,000 clear. These facts are well known in Chicago. The results of this reckless and indiscrimate financiering became manifest in 1882. In that year Haverly found his affairs were beginning to look blue, and he gave everything into the hands of C. H. McConnell, president of the National Printing company of Chicago, to superintend, while he took a trip to Europe. He left here in March, and was gone five or six months. In his absence McConnell steered his business for him with great success. He found it no easy task, however, to get matters in shape, and to do so he paid a considerable sum of money out of his own pocket. When Haverly returned in the fall he found himself a debtor to a no small amount to Charley McConnell, but business had picked up and the crisis had been tided over. Since that time his affairs have taken a more unfavorable turn. He was obliged to dispose of his Chestnut Street theater, Philadelphia, some months ago, to Nixon & Zimmerman of the Chestnut Street opera house, to raise money he was in need of, and to further increase his embarrassment his opera company had but a very meager business during the season just completed. His other principal combinations are the Mastodon and the New minstrels, and while the former have kept up their houses very well, the latter have done very poorly.

These are the principal causes leading to Haverly's present trouble. Whether or not he will get out of the difficulty ultimately, as he has got out of similar embarrassments, is purely a matter of conjecture. While he has integrity, an indomitable perseverance, and wonderful resources to aid him, he has the drawback of very limited assets. It is stated on good authority that his only moneyed resources are the leaseholds—which are free of incumbrances—on his three theaters in New York, Brooklyn and San Francisco. These only are approachable—the Chicago house, although Haverly has the lease, being so tied up that he cannot get at it. To these may be added his two Colorado ranches, for one of which he received and refused an offer of $18,000, and the remnant of his mines.

His first appearance in Chicago as a manager was as lessee of Hooley's theater, which he succeeded in getting hold of through a sharp maneuver. He changed the name of it to Haverly's theater and ran it for about a year, when it passed out of his hands. He next secured the Adelphi, which stood on the site of the First National bank, corner of Monroe and Dearborn streets. The building was originally the custom house the walls of which were left standing after the fire. It was fitted up as a first-class variety theater by John Allen, and was afterward run by Len Grover. Haverly succeeded in getting possession of it, rechristened it with his name, and converted it into a first-class place of amusement. When the property was bought by the First National Bank, Haverly began hunting around for some man to back him in building another theater, and found John M. Carson, a capitalist of Quincy. They built Haverly's theater across the street from the old Adelphi. Haverly and Carson disagreed in regard to the management, and finally the latter let the theater to Haverly under an iron-clad lease, which is still in operation, the weekly rent being $542.

Barking up the Wrong Tree.

From the Pioneer Press.

An anonymous letter from St. Paul to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* tries to make out that the marvelous influx of population and the extension of cultivation along the lines of the Manitoba and Northern Pacific is simply the result of the systematic and persistent newspaper exaggeration of the merits of the country by those corporations. All the newspapers of this region, and all the people who have settled in Northwestern Minnesota and Northern Dakota, have, it appears, been engaged in a huge conspiracy to deceive the rest of the world in regard to that country, and to conceal the deception which it has now been discovered for the first time by this Cincinnati chap has been practiced upon them by the aforesaid corporations. There is only one element of truth in the Cincinnati chap's arraignment of this Northwestern region. It is true that last year in some parts of the Red River valley the wheat crop, for the first time since its settlement, was a comparative failure—in some places a decided failure. This has made the farmers and merchants in that section feel pretty poor for the time being. Upon this simple fact of a crop failure for a single season—which has been the subject of appropriate comment from time to time in the *Pioneer Press*, but which the Cincinnati chap imagines to have been brought to light for the first time by him—he builds up the broad generalization that the whole country is a sterile desert, unfit for settlement, and that people have been running wild over it ever since it was reached by railroads only as the result of a system of fraud and deception which has been practiced on the unsuspecting public for years by the great railroad corporations whose lines traverse that region. Years ago, in the days when Jay Cooke was running the Northern Pacific scheme, the Cincinnati *Commercial* sent a correspondent out here to write down the country along the line of the Northern Pacific. He obeyed instructions; filled the *Commercial* with lies about the Northern Pacific region; helped, with the assistance of its editor, to break the back of the Northern Pacific company—and years after the mischief had been done the *Commercial*, as the result of more accurate observation, confessed that it had been deceived; took back all it had said against the Northern Pacific country, and added its own endorsement to that of the American press generally. It is too late now for any American newspaper to repeat the warfare which that paper waged ten or eleven years ago against the Northern Pacific. Then the country was almost wholly unknown, except to a very few persons who had traversed it. Now it is penetrated by numerous lines of railroad; is the preferred home of tens of thousands of as intelligent people as are to be found on the continent; has been visited by tens of thousands of others, including the representatives of every journal of consequence in America—and there is, perhaps, no region of North America better known to the world at large than the Red river valley and beyond. Any attempt, after the ample demonstration which experience has given of its superiority as a wheat-producing district, to cry it down would be as absurd and as futile as to attempt to make it appear that corn will not grow in Iowa or Illinois because there has been an occasional failure of the staple crop of those States.

CHRONICLE CULLINGS.

When the farmer cuts his corns he goes over his acres.

Can a goat be relied upon in court as an evidence in rebuttal?

Can any one improve his condition by whining. If not, whine not.

A promising young man—The fellow who always says "I'll see you later."

The gossip is like a bicycle, in that she is exceedingly liable to run a person down.

A young lady resembles ammunition, because the powder is needed before the ball.

Eating onions not only prevents the lips from chapping, but usually keeps the chaps from lipping.

The tramp is not, as a general thing, wealthy, but he can afford to spend his Summer in the country.

The most difficult arithmetic that a man has to face is when he tries to reconcile a $20 salary with a $30 wife.

Latin has now become virtually a dead language, being chiefly used by physicians in writing their prescriptions.

George H. Corliss, at whose works, in Rhode Island, the big Centennial engine was built, is building the engines for the first cotton mills to be erected in China.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the Southern novelist, takes much pride in a dairy and some Jersey cows, and makes jellies and wines which her guests praise highly.

W. L. Wicks, of California, has offered $5,000 and twenty acres of land if the Odd Fellows of that state will raise $15,000 more and locate the Odd Fellows' College and Home at Pomona, Los Angeles.

"Did you know" said a cunning Gentile to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland!" "Indeed," retorted Solomon, "den it ish vell dat you and I ish not dare."

"My dear," said an anxious matron to her daughter, "It is very wrong for young people to be throwing kisses at each other." "Why so, mamma? I'm sure they don't hurt, even if they do hit."

The French have recently constructed a gun that will put a ball through fifteen inches of armor. It weighs five tons, but is yet about ten tons too light to shatter the cheek of an American book agent.

Cyclones are becoming very frequent in the States, and when a young chap takes his girl out riding she softly murmurs: "Hold me tight, Charley. A cyclone might come along and blow me away from you." Even cyclones have their advantages.

"Are your domestic relations agreeable?" asked a judge of a colored witness. "What's dat conjunction, boss?" "I ask, are your family ties pleasant?" "Wall, no, sah. When a 'owan ties a man when he's drunk an' whips him till he's sober, I doan' think it's pleasant, sah."

"Oh! why art thou not near me? Oh! my love?" sang a serenader in Glasgow, the other night; and yet when the girl, who was leaning too far out of the window, lost her balance and dropped right on him, the fellow acted as confused as could be. Some men can not stand success.

First dude, with an embarrassed smile—"Say, Augustus, I really believe I've broken a corset lacing. Have you an extra one with you?" Second dude, with an expression of horror—"Really! why Algernon, where could you fix it if I had one? The gyurls are all looking at us, ye know."

Bridget—"And how much the pale young lady that sat nixt the military gintleman resimbled her father." Dennis—"Indade it's meself that remarked that same to Mary! I should have known she was his daughter if I'd niver laid eyes on him."

Sarah Bernhardt has been getting her life insured for the benefit of her son Maurice, but the managers of the insurance company demanded the separate opinions of five physicians before issuing a policy. The doctors all agreed that the frail Sarah possessed remarkable physical strength.

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