

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..

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CHAPTER XI. THE DISCOVERY OF THE CLARK'S FORK MINE—EVARIS LOST FOR THIRTY-NINE DAYS IN THE PARK.

In the spring of 1870, an expedition was organized at Cheyenne, Wyoming, to prospect the Big Horn range and probably the Black Hills. Just as it was ready to start an order came from the Secretary of War, instructing the commander at Fort Russell, to stop it; and not till its leaders had solemnly promised not to go to the places spoken of, was it allowed to move. Some of its members were backed out, but the remainder, in number, concluded to go on and prospect the country between the Big Horn and Rocky Mountain ranges. The expedition went up the Platte river, to the mouth of Sweetwater, and up that stream to Burnt Station; thence across the Sweetwater mines to Wind river. The day before this party came away from the mines, three men had left there with a team and wagon to go to the post on Little Wind river. Just after they crossed to the La Argo creek, they were attacked by Arapahoes and killed. They had turned up their wagon box for a cover to protect them, and had fought a long time for the ground near the wagon was strewn with cartridge shells. The expedition took their bodies to Camp Brown, where they were buried. One of the three was Harvey Morgan, an old timer from the Yellowstone.

The expedition crossed the Owl Creek range and prospected every stream from there to Stinking Water. Here it divided and part went back, but the greater number came on to the Yellowstone. This party brought with them a cannon that has become historic and bears the name of the Big Horn Gun. The expedition followed the river. Some of its members stayed in the country and took a hand in the expeditions of 1874-75. Comstock, the discoverer of the great Nevada mine, that bears his name, joined the expedition at Miner's Delight, Wyoming, and came through to Bozeman. He was at times despondent to the verge of lunacy. In one of these spells he committed suicide by a pistol shot, during the ensuing fall.

Early in this summer James Gourley, Ed. Hibbard, Henry Miller and Bart Henderson outfit and started from the Crow agency for a prospecting trip in the mountains. They went up the river to the mouth of Bear gulch and up that to its head. They prospected the divide on each side from here to the head of Soda Butte creek, finding in the latter place some flat galena ore, and small gold prospects in the granite of the creek. They went down Clark's fork a short distance and finding nothing on this stream went up to and crossed the divide near Pilot Knob and down to the east fork of the Yellowstone; crossing this they went up on Specimen ridge and over to where they could look into the lower end of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone; then back to the ridge, which they followed up for quite a distance, then across the east fork again and up a creek to a high mountain from which heads the north fork of Stinking Water, Crandall creek and the east fork of the Yellowstone. The party laid over here to examine the country. In the forenoon of the first day after their arrival a band of Indians dashed into camp and drove off all their horses. The party now cached their things and went up a creek to the mountains to the agency. They chose and went on a trail impassable for horses and arrived tired and willing to rest. The stream on which they cached their things now bears the name of Cache creek.

They told their tale at the agency and expressed their intention of going back. Some others concluded to go with them and Sam Shively, Pat O'Hara, Banks, Parker, Dutch Bill, with all the original party, and a few others, went up to the Boulder to the divide, and along that to where the ore had been found. They went to work at once and a vein of argenteiferous galena was soon found by Horn Miller. Several lodes were discovered and staked this fall, but the locality being very high (10,000 feet above the sea level), snow soon came and drove the prospectors out.

Rosenman's paper, the Fick and Flow gave the mines a glowing account, and people drawn by the prospecting accounts, came to the country the ensuing spring, the writer of this being one of the number. The placer mines proved of no value, but many good lodes of silver bearing ore was found, but this section being on the Crow reservation, capital could not be induced to invest and the mine owners just represented no more. In 1882 all of them went up to the reservation lying in the Rocky Mountains, was ceded to the government and several sales have been made in this district since.

Accounts of the Yellowstone lake and falls and the Madison geysers were attracting much attention through the Territory, and a party led Helena in July of this year, 1870, to explore that country. Judge Lawrence and Messrs Gillette & Evans were in the party. They joined Gen. Washburn and Lieut. Doane's expedition at Mammoth Hot Springs, and together went up the Yellowstone to the head of the lake, where Evans was lost. He left the party to climb a hill that was about two miles to the left of the trail. In coming back he lost the way in the thick places with which this country is covered and missed his party. The trail was a few miles, and he did not come in camp. Men were sent back to hunt for him. They ranged the country for several days and built fire on every point in the vicinity, but it was of no use. After about ten days search the party gave him up for dead and went back to Helena. When going down the river they offered \$600 to any one who could find him. Jack Barreton and Geo. Pritchard went up and after a long search found him on Sheep mountain, just as he had given up and laid down to die. They took him down to a cabin near Gardner river, called the Turkey Pen. The boys who were stopping there did all in their power to bring the sufferer through, and in a week's time he was

THE BAD BOY.

Jack's Sun. "What you sitting there for half an hour, looking so vacant?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he sat on a stool by the stove one of those foggy mornings, when everybody feels like quarreling, with his fingers clasped around his knee, looking as though he did not know enough to last him to bed. "What are you thinking about now?"

"I was wondering where you would have been to-day if Noah had run his ark into such a fog as this, and there had been no fog-horn on Mount Ararat, and he had passed by with his excursion and not made a landing, and had floated around on the freshet until all the animals starved, and the ark had struck a tell you, we can all congratulate ourselves that Noah happened to blunder on to that high ground. If that ark had been lost, either by being foundered, or being blown up by Fenians cause Noah was an Englishman, it would have been cold trying to populate this world. In that case another Adam and Eve would have to be made out of dirt and water, and they might have gone wrong again, and failed to raise a family, and where would we have been. I tell you, when I think of the narrow escapes we have had, it is a wonder to me that we have got along as well as we have."

"Well, when did you get out of the asylum," said the grocery man, who had been standing back with open mouth looking at the boy like a cat looking at a mouse. "What you want to have your head soaked. You are getting so you reach out too far with that small mind of yours. In about another year you will want to run this world yourself. I don't think you are reforming very much. It is wicked for a boy of your size to argue about such things. Your folks better send you to college."

"What do I want to go to college for, and be heartless hater, and poor ball player. I can be had enough at home. The more I read, the more I think. I don't believe I can ever be good enough to go to heaven, anyway, and I guess I will go into the newspaper business, where they don't have to be good, and where they pass every where. Do you know, I think when I was built they left out a cog wheel or something in the machinery, and I think like some boys, I get to thinking about Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and of the dude with the crown hoof that flirted with Eve, and teased her and Adam to the dried apples, and I can't think of them as some boys do, with a fly leaf polonaise, and fly leaf vest. I imagine them dressed up in the latest style. I know it is wrong, but that is what a poor boy has to suffer who has an imagination, and where did I get the imagination? This confounded imagination of mine shows me Adam with a plug hat on, just like our minister wears, and a stand up collar and tight pants, and peaked-toe shoes, and Eve is pictured to me with a cruciate-angleworn-colored dress, and brown striped stockings, and newspapers in her hands, and she is expected to be a dandilion on, and a good natured, and a lace handkerchief, which she puts to her lips and winks with her left eye to the masher who is standing by the corner of the house, in an attitude, while the tail with the darton end is wound around the rain water barrel, so Eve would see it and get scared. Say, don't you think it is better for a boy to think of our first parents with clothes on, than to think of them almost naked, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, with nothing but fig leaves pinned on? I want to do better, as near as I can, but I had rather think of them dressed like our folks are to-day, than to think of them in a cyclone with leaves for wearing apparel. Say, it is wrong to fight, but don't you think if Adam had put on a pair of boxing gloves, when he found the devil was getting too fresh about the place, and knocked him out in a couple of rounds, and patted him in the nose, and fired him out of the summer garden, that would have been a big thing for this world. Now, honest?"

"Look here," said the grocery man, who had been looking at the boy in dismay, "You better go right home, and let your ma put up some warm drink for you, and fix you up to bed. You are all wrong in the head, and you are not attached to you will have brain fever. I tell you, boy, you are in danger. Come, I will go home with you."

"Say, do you know what I think is the most beautiful thing in the Bible?" "No, I don't," said the grocery man, "and if you want to tell it will listen just five minutes, and then I am going to shut up the store and go to breakfast. You ask me that?" "Well, I think the finest thing is that story about the prodigal son, where the boy took all the money he could scrape up and went out west to paint the towns red. He spent his money in riotous living, and saw everything that was going on, and got full of benzine, and struck all the gangs of toughs, both male and female, and his stomach went back on him and he had malaria, and finally he got to be a cow-boy, heing long, and had to eat husks that the hogs didn't want, and got pretty low down. Then he thought it was a pretty good scheme to be getting around home, where they had three meals a day, and spring mattresses, and he started home, beating his way on the trains, and he didn't know whether the old man would receive him with open arms or painted boards, but the old man came down to the depot to meet him, and right there before the passengers, and the conductor and brakemen, he wasn't ashamed of his boy, though he had been on the war path, and the old man fell on his neck and wept, and took him home in a hack and had a veal pot for dinner. That's what I call sense. A good many out in now days would have put the police on the train and had him ordered out of town. Well, I will see you later. I want to talk with you about something that is weighing on my mind," and the boy got out just in time to save his coat tail from being caught in the door, and when the grocery man came back from breakfast he found a sign in front, "This store is closed till further notice.—SHEPHERD."

French boots and shoes show a marked tendency to pointed toes. Mrs. Alma Tadema, Mrs. E. W. Gosse, and a third sister, are the daughters of Epps, of cocoa fava, and are known as "Nutritious," "Grateful," and "Comforting."

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A Fancied Symposium Between Dr. Tyndall and a Monothelst.

On subjects of physical science there is scarcely found a more beautiful writer than Dr. Tyndall. The subjects which he handles in a masterly manner, are characterized throughout for their originality of conception and splendor of diction; but as a writer on Monothelst and moral philosophy he is futile and very uninteresting. His more equanimous sense is to be displaced, hence he is in a state of vacillation. Sometimes he speaks of an unoriginated cause in such commendable and magnanimous terms as excites admiration of a superlative type, while others he regards as doctrines as mythical fables, and seems to discard the imperial centre and living reality of the universe who embodies in his nature all excellence and possible existence.

Thus he says: "Transferring thought from our little sand-grain of an earth to the immeasurable heavens, where countless worlds, with their freights of life, probably revolve unseen, the very sun which warm them being barely seen by us across abyssal space, reflecting that beyond these sparks of solar fire stars innumerable may lie, whose light can never stir the optic nerve at all, and bringing this conception face to face with the idea that the builder and sustainer of it should contract himself into a burning bush, or behave in any other familiar way ascribed to him—it is easy to understand how astounding the incongruity must appear to men of science."

Monothelst. But who, O man of science! O colossal grandeur of strength; ever imagined for a moment that the Great God, the unmoved mover of the megalom, whom the unlimited realms of "abyssal space" cannot contain, condensed or contracted himself into a burning bush. Did not this conception originate in thine own mind, O thou man of science? Is this the conception of Monothelst? O no. The idea of this great cause is that while he manifested his glory to Moses in the burning bush, he was shining in myriads of worlds besides. Think, O man of science, that he scans the primeval wonders of all life, the indivisible molecule and the grandest star simultaneously—the immeasurable heights and depths of the ethereal blue diffusing his unending splendor everywhere, and that he thinks of your idea of contraction as never born from the brain of Monothelst, but only cropped out from thine own cranium. Look again, O man of science and see every drop of water replete with unutterable wonders, and insist with life; look upon the leaves of the trees, and witness with thy microscopic powers the attenuated forms of life, exquisitely formed, skillfully arranged, and beautifully painted, and see there the fostering hand of a universal parent. See him in the shining sun, the dropping rain, the tongueless silence of gravitation and the mysterious corpuscles of magnetism; yet these does not contain him.

Tyndall: "Within the last twenty years our ideas of vital processes have undergone profound modifications, and these the fostering hand of a universal parent. See him in the shining sun, the dropping rain, the tongueless silence of gravitation and the mysterious corpuscles of magnetism; yet these does not contain him."

Monothelst: Now, pray tell us, O man of science, of this singular source of power, which advanced philosophers have brought to light, relate the aboriginal source from which all vitality emanates, be a little more lucid and less ambiguous. Is it the God of the Monothelst. No. Is it an active, personal, all pervading ubiquitous power? No.

Tyndall: "The disquieting circumstance is that this source is not the flat of a supernatural agent, but a reservoir of what, if we do not accept the creed of Zoroaster, must be regarded as inorganic force. In short, it is considered as proved, that all the energy which we derive from plants and animals is drawn from the sun."

Monothelst: Then organic life emanates from inorganic force, but are there any insuperable difficulties here? Is there not a bridgless chasm between the organic and inorganic? This proplasmic or mucilaginous substance which is the primeval parent of other organisms could not emerge from the inorganic by the radiating influence of the sun. Does not life consist in mysterious corpuscles and heterogeneous parts which could not proceed from an homogeneous substance? If the sun embodies in its form all force and life by which generation is secured; then does this not interfere with the laws of procreation and reproduction which are the primal factors in the peopling of our earth? The life which moves the tendons, the arteries, the muscular fibres and osseous system? Must there be a substantial contact in order to put in operation the curious and grandly-constructed organism the outer man, the visible counterparts of the invisible and intangible? If the automatic and dynamic forces which away the mechanism of mind inhere in the sun? Then are we not the offspring of the sun? If so, then the glowing metaphor of Lord Byron, inspecting the sun is the first and last act in the career of most advanced philosophers. But, O man of science, is this a new discovery? Centuries before supernal light flashed upon the shepherd hills of Bethlehem, and the turrets, towers, spires and domes of oriental lands (especially at Jerusalem) gleamed in the splendor of this sun which is the object of thy adoration. Did the Chaldean shepherds and the philosophers of Egypt sing of this material God and devoutly worshipped him?"

Hence Byron has arranged it in poetic strain: "Most glorious orb that warrs a worship, Thy mystery of Thy making was revealed: Thou earliest minister of the Almighty Which gladdened on their mountain tops, The Oracles shepherds till they poured themselves in orisons, thou material God; And representative of the unknown Who chose for thee his shadow!"

QUAKERISM.

The Firm, Honest, Little Old Sect Dying at the Roots—The Quakers' Children Refuse to Join It.

From the New York Tribune. The Friends this week are holding their great yearly meeting in Philadelphia. A Quaker meeting is always earnest and practical, and there is no want of earnestness and practical sacred common sense in this congress of keen-faced, middle-aged men, and placid, middle-aged women. There are some things lacking, however—the enthusiasm, force, and energy which belong to the growing bodies, physical or social; a want which is explained by the simple fact that the members of this and all the other biennially meetings are almost invariably middle-aged or venerable old people. Most of the time this week was occupied in discussing the causes of the universal decline in attendance at First Day meetings and the general decadence of the society, a decadence reluctantly acknowledged, but too apparent to be longer ignored. The cause is evident; the sect is literally dying out for the want of young blood. All over the country the sons of daughters of Friends, even of the most eminent preachers, have assumed the world's garb. They are seen in the theatre and ball-room, they hang pictures on their walls, are musicians, artists, good or bad, and either remain outside of any religious body or slip quietly into some Protestant sect; usually those whose ritual appeals most strongly to the senses and imagination. Even in the stronghold of Quakerism, Philadelphia, where it once held absolute possession, a young man or woman in the plain dress is now so rare a sight on the street as to attract remark.

Not only in this country are the children of Friends deserting the Meeting, but in England this desertion is so marked that a revision of the large volumes of doctrine, practice, and discipline of the society has been ordered for this year. In this revision the nonconformity with backsliders are energetic with a note of despair. Friends are urged "not to seek help in forms or modes of worship inconsistent with their own;" to "call the months and days by Scripture and not heathen names;" to adhere to "plainness in speech, dress and behavior;" and to abandon the "pursuit of music, dancing, vain sports, and theatrical entertainments." The rules of the society are relaxed in regard to the report which was enacted of the individual condition of each member, the ceremonies preceding marriage, etc.

There is something pathetic in the sight of this old falling church, composed almost wholly of old and failing people who watch their children go from them and awake feeble, unable efforts to save them in the face of that strength and comforted themselves. If they would face the issue with the keen hand sense that they bring to secular affairs, they would see why it is impossible that the young man and woman of the present day should remain in the society, as it is, and also the concessions which if made by it would probably keep them. Quakerism consists of two parts—the spirit and the letter. The spirit is the devotion to the simplicity, the brotherly charity, the truth of Christ; but the body of it is an adherence to a certain costume and prejudice against music, art, and all the softness, courtesies and beauty of manner or surroundings which refine and gentle everyday life.

A Visit to the Sage of Greystone. Hon. Henry Watterson, who has been spending some days with Mr. Tilden, has written the following account of his visit for the Courier-Journal. I have been spending a few days at Greystone with Governor Tilden, and not merely because his old friends in the West and South have ever present a personal interest in him, but because his name is at this moment upon the lips of politicians of every class all over the country. I propose to give the readers of the Courier-Journal some particular account of him. When I parted from him a year ago I never did expect to see him again. Indeed, I was also so skeptical of stories concerning his restoration to health as to feel a delicacy about intruding on his privacy. He was good enough to send for me, and I went over to Gramercy Park in a somewhat sorrowful sympathetic state of mind. My surprise almost exceeded my gratification. The old house is undergoing reconstruction and enlargement on a magnificent scale, but the old library is still the same, being held from the hand of despoiling splendor to the last. Take it as a tribute of affectionate remembrance of old times and old friends and old books. There I found Governor Tilden. If an apparition had stood before me I could not have been more astonished. The days of 1875-76 seemed to have come back. His low voice was found again; his eyes were bright and his cheeks rosy; his intellect is sinewy and clear, and his wit as incisive as they were when he made nothing of riling Blackstone to Harlem and back, or driving his Kentucky boys from Gramercy Park to Greystone. He took me all over his new house, pointing out the various changes, explaining his general design, and discussing architecture and architects with characteristic intelligence. He quite fired me out—a favorite and malevolent trait he has of punishing his friends, in climbing long stairs and meandering through labyrinths of decorative art and threading twisted and frescoed mazes of corridor and chamber. On current affairs he talked with his usual pungency and candor. Endurance had ceased to be a virtue. I said: "Governor, don't you think we have had enough of this?" He smiled and in his dry, half-pitying half-sarcastic way, and replied: "If you are tired we will go downstairs."

At Greystone his life is of the simplest and best. He has a farm hard by, and a end of pigs, poultry and blooded stock. Of course, I had to be dragged over his farm, and the devices which the old gentleman put slyly forth to trap me into, some unmarked lesson to buttler and eggs of my Blue Grass county, were many and ingenious. I stood my ground like a hero, but it must be owned that the Governor's farming is like everything he undertakes, thoroughly well done. I asked him whether he tried to make any money out of it. "Oh, no," he said, "it is easier made some other way." While I was at Grey-

stone, not so much as a shadow or a ghost of a politician crossed the threshold or appeared upon the grounds. Surrounded by his nieces and his books the old statesman and philosopher was unreserved in his conversation as he was, and always in simple and cordial in his hospitality. One of the young ladies told me that the little household had got through over two hundred volumes last winter. The Governor is a voracious and versatile reader, no less than an attentive and wise observer of affairs, and we talked of everything from Thomas A. Kempis to Thomas A. Hendricks. He playfully observed that the chief objection he had heard to the election of Mr. Carlisle to the speakership, was, that in some volumes recently published by one Mr. Frode, there was a suspicion that he had mistreated his wife. Here I must stop. I know the public is most curious to know what are Mr. Tilden's views of political affairs, current and prospective. I have little doubt that if I had a right to speak I could, by faithfully reporting him, make myself at once entertaining and instructive; but opinions of every man are his own and his house is sacred.

I never knew a man more entirely frank in his intercourse with his friends than this Sage of Greystone; but I am not his mouthpiece, and it is not for me to come all the way from Kentucky to New York to do that which he is so much better able to do for himself. I can say, however, for myself, that nothing passed which leads me to modify the opinion I have often expressed, that power on earth could induce him to accept the presidency.

FOUR HASTY MARRIAGES.

A New Woodstock, Madison County, correspondent of the Ohio Herald says: "We gave last week a notice of the marriage of Miss Fanny Aurt, of Paris, to Mr. McGee, of New York. They were married Saturday evening, at the residence of her uncle, John Burkey. They remained there until Monday, leaving on the noon train for Syracuse, arriving here they tarried at the Canada House until Wednesday morning after breakfast, when he remarked to his wife that he would go and procure a lively horse and take a ride. She has seen or heard nothing from him since. After he had left her, she found \$5 missing from her portmanteau, which was nearly all she had. Her aunt, Mrs. Burkey went for her Saturday morning to Syracuse, arriving home on the evening train, bringing Fanny with her. Fanny's brother, who resides in town, received a letter from him on Saturday, post marked New York stating that he was obliged to cross the ocean to visit his father, who was very sick, but would return for his wife in about six weeks. It is a sad affair, and has caused considerable excitement in town. Who the villain is we know not, but trust he will meet his just deserts. They are both Germans."

A Verona correspondent of the Onondaga Union says: "Last fall Miss Miriam Cole, a daughter of Mrs. Frederick Doh, by a former marriage, was, against the advice of her parents, united in marriage to a worthless fellow by the name of Walter Booth, the service being performed by Rev. Mr. James, of Verona. The young woman possessed some property in her own name, and through her stepfather Fanny went her. Fanny at Union Corners, in the town of Lenox. The faithless husband, failing to get a title to the property in his own name, fled for parts unknown with a gypsy girl a few days ago, leaving his young wife in a delicate condition. If Booth could be caught by the people of this vicinity he would probably be treated to a coat of tar and feathers before being handed over to the officers of the law."

Miss Florence Burton, a belle of Concord, N. H., a daughter of J. L. Burton, a well-known banker and railroad man, disappeared from home a month ago with a young commercial traveler, whom she married at a city's notice. The father and mother, after a lively pursuit from city to city, found the deluded girl in Milwaukee, where she had been abandoned by her companion, whose name is Fred L. Bixby. She has gone home with her parents, and Mr. Burton threatens to shoot Bixby on sight. Emma Wilson, daughter of Charles Wilson, of Colt's Neck, N. J., started for Galveston, Texas, on Saturday last, to become the bride of a man she had never seen. The courtship was carried on solely by correspondence.

The Latest About Webster. When Webster was at the zenith of his career, one day a gentleman waited upon him to engage him for the defense in an important case of law, the amount at stake in the suit being eighty thousand dollars. The gentleman asked Mr. Webster what the retaining fee would be. "A thousand dollars!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Yes. Only think, for a moment, what I engage to do, sir. I do not only hold myself at your service in the matter, perhaps for a month or more, but I declare myself from accepting any offer, no matter how large, from the plaintiff." The applicant was satisfied with this explanation, wrote out a check for the amount and gave it to the great expounder, who, after he had put it into his pocket, said: "I will now give you a bit of advice, gratis. If you can compromise this business upon fair terms with the plaintiff you had better do so." The client acknowledged his thanks and took his leave. In a few days after the gentleman called upon Mr. Webster again and told him that a compromise had been effected, and the matter was satisfactorily settled. Mr. Webster duly congratulated his visitor on the result, and would have turned to other business but the visitor seemed to have something further on his mind. "Of course," he ventured, after a pause, "I shall not require your service, Mr. Webster." "Certainly not, sir." "And—how about the one thousand dollars I paid you?" faintly asked the gentleman, who was not quiet reconciled to paying such a sum for services which were never to be rendered. "Oh, sir," responded Daniel, with a bland smile; "you don't seem to understand. It is very simple. That was a retaining fee—called in law a retainer. By virtue of the contract I also became a retainer. What should I retain if not my fee?" Leather belts are worn with jerseys.

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