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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..

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CHAPTER XIII.

CONTEMPLATION OF THE N. P. SURVEY, AND A SKIRMISH WITH THE SIOUX.

In June the Northern Pacific surveyors, with Col. Baker and three companies of troops from Fort Ellis, went down the Yellowstone, and taking up the survey where it had been left the previous year, went on down. They saw no Indians till they were about twenty miles below the mouth of Pryor's creek, where on a large bottom (now known as Baker's battle ground) they saw a few Indians in the hills. The camp was made near a heavily wooded slough, and among large cottonwoods; there were thirteen civilians along, who were camped about 150 yards from the main party; at about three the next morning the civilians were wakened by the tread of horses; they quickly and silently jumped up and seized their guns and cartridge belts. A party of Indians, unaware of their proximity to the whites, rode right into the camp, and as they came near, the civilians gave them a volley, which killed two Indians, one of them dropping from his horse, into one of the just vacated beds. This contretemps precipitated a fight before the Indians were quite prepared, for apparently, they were surrounding the camp. From the slough near by now came rapid firing. The soldiers without order returned a desultory fire, till a sergeant gathered his company in line. A few volleys were sent by it into the brush, but the bullets going high did no harm. The sergeant now climbed a tree, and from it directed the firing, which soon drove the Indians from the timber. The Sioux dodged around and firing a shot occasionally at camp, but at daylight drew off to the hills. Once in a while a young warrior would make a wave ride from one point to another; these were targets for many rifles and during the morning two of them were killed while at this; but one young warrior rode slowly back and forth for probably twenty times, all the time taunting the soldiers with language and actions. A thousand shots must have been fired at him, but he went through unscratched. The Sioux soon drew off and the command continued its march.

Two men, a sergeant and a civilian were killed, and another soldier wounded. The dead were buried in the corrall and mules were driven over the graves many times so that their resting place would not be found by the Sioux, who ghoul-like, will always open the graves of those they have killed, for scalps. A party of trappers, who were at the scene of this fight the next fall, found that, despite the precautions taken, the Indians had found and despoiled the graves, for the skulls and bones were lying on the ground near where they had been buried.

At the next night's camp that the command made, the surveyors concluded that the escort was not strong enough to protect them, so they went over to the Musleshell and surveyed a line up that river and across the Sweet Grass Hills to the Yellowstone, arriving at Ellis in September.

The Indians with the fierceness and craft of wolves, have the vagaries of children, and have to be dealt with in the same way. For instance: Charlie Hoffman was post trader at the Crow Agency, and was well liked by the Indians, yet was once put in a precarious position by them, without fault of his own. In the summer of this year (1872) an under chief of the Crows named Little Iron, killed for some private spite a Flathead who was visiting at the camp. Some Crow friends of the Flathead threatened to kill two Bannacks who were friends of Little Iron. The latter and his clique swore if the Bannacks were shot, to kill the trader, who, to save himself and settle the difficulty, had to talk nice and give presents right and left, and at last induced them to smoke a peace pipe together.

In July Prof. Hayden started from Fort Ellis on his second trip to the National Park. With him was Mr. William Blackmore, an English gentleman of means and a writer; he and his wife had been travelling together constantly for years, and were greatly attached to each other, and yet at Bozeman they had to separate, she to the cemetery on the hill and he to a restless wandering all the days of his life. Mr. N. P. Langford, who the next winter was made superintendent of the park, also went with the party. They traveled up the Yellowstone to the lake, and then across to the geysers. While lying here another branch of Hayden's party came in by way of Snake river, they reported having felt two distinct shocks of earthquake when near the head of Yellowstone lake. After a thorough examination of the geysers Prof. Hayden went down the Fire Hole river to the Madison and down this to Virginia City, the other party going down Snake river on a different fork than by which they came.

A few days after Hayden left the Mammoth Hot Springs, on his way up the river, Dwight Woodruff and E. S. Topping left the same place and went up the Gardiner river on a search for new wonders. The latter went up on Observation Mountain and stayed there all night; at daylight next morning he saw far to the south an immense column of steam arising through the still air. The two novelty hunters went through the intervening woods, and at noon of the second day found a geyser basin, heretofore unknown; this is now called the Norris Basin, and is situated on the Gibbon Fork of Fire Hole river. The two returned to the Mammoth Hot Springs and told of their discovery. A party from Bozeman were lying at the Springs, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Stone; the party expressed the wish that Topping would guide them to the Upper Geysers via the New Basin, and he did so, and they visited the three geyser basins and the lake and falls. It was a hard trip for the lady of the party, Mrs. Stone, but she now has the satisfaction of remembering that to her belongs the honor of being the first white woman to see the beauties of the National Park.

In the fall of this year Wright was appointed agent for the Crows.

In the spring of 1873 Col. Stanley, with a thousand troops and a large wagon train, escorted Col. Hayden and his party of Northern Pacific engineers, from Bismark to where the lines had been run, from up the Yellowstone by Muhlenberg the year before, then went across to the Muscleshell, and surveyed from Muhlenberg's initial point on that stream, down and back to Bismarck. The Sioux tried several times to run stock away from the command, during the summer, but met with no success. At this place, know afterward as Peases' bottom, the Indians made some threatening maneuvers, but a few rounds of shell dispersed them.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXPLORATION OF THE NATIONAL PARK.—O'HARE AND HIS SCARE.—INDIAN WHISKY AND ITS RESULTS.

Capt. Jones, of the Engineer Corps, headed an exploring expedition to the National Park this season, with him were topographers, geologists and other scientists. The party took an escort from Camp Brown on Little Wind river, which consisted of thirty soldiers, of the Second Cavalry, forty Shoshone Indians and two Sheepeater guides. To transport his supplies he had a pack train of forty mules. His course lay along the wagon road made by the Big Horn expedition of 1870, till he arrived at the Stinking Water river. He went up the north fork of this stream for sixty miles on a large elk trail that leads through a pass in the high range between this river and the Yellowstone.

From the summit of this pass can be seen one of the most facinating views in America. The writer saw it first through the clear and yet hazy appearing air, one quiet morning in July, just as the sun was rising. At ten miles distance in an air line, and three thousand feet below lies the beautiful Yellowstone lake. It had the shape of a hand, with the palm turned up; the thumb was on the opposite side from me, and the fingers were outspread, near the middle of the palm were three islands covered with vegatation. On its shining surface were tiny, moving specks of white, which I afterward found to be pelicans. From its edge at several places the steam from the hot springs rose straight in the air; on the side nearest me, jets of steam from the Steamboat springs arose and fell. Over the lake and far to the west a heavy column of steam from the Fire Hole geysers, arose as a cloud. I could see the creeks as bright threads winding their way through the dense timber to the lake On each side were tall sharp cut peaks with their summits warmly tinged by the (to me) hidden sun, and in my rapture I thought, this is the grandest scene on earth.

The high range through which this trail runs and which extends to the extreme head of the Yellowstone, was appropriately named by Captain Jones, the Sierra Shoshone. From here the party went to the lake, falls and geysers, and when returning to camp Brown went up the Yellowstone to its head, and across to and down Wind river. The measurements of heights and depths and altitudes, taken in the park by Jones' party can be accepted as the most reliable given by any explorer, and the maps made by his topographers are substantially correct.

A few weeks before this expedition came to Stinking water; Nelson Yarnall and E. S. Topping started from Bozeman to prospect that stream for gold. They went up the Yellowstone to and by the Clarke's Fork mines, where they were joined by Pat O'Hare and the three went down Clarke's Fork to the prairie. At their first camp below the mountains on a stream, which ever since has been called O'Hare creek; Pat O'Hare, who was near sighted, thought he saw Indians; the other two had seen the same, and it was but a band of antelope, that were running swiftly along the brow of a hill, which hid all of them but their bobbing heads. O'Hare could not be persuaded 'twas antelope, even after he was shown the tracks made by them; at dark he saddled and packed up and took the back trail to the mines. Six days afterward he arrived at the miners cabins afoot, hungry and worn out. His story ran, that he had ridden into a large party of Indians, who commenced firing at him, and he left his horses, and running to a ravine near by, pulled off his boots and sneaked up it till he found a good hiding place, where he hid all the next day; that night he pursued his journey and had a hard time with hunger and his bare feet till the next evening, when he luckily shot and killed an elk. He wrapped his feet in pieces of its skin, and hobbled to his destination. He said also that he had heard heavy firing from where the other boys were camped, and that, probably, they were dead. Ten miners volunteered to go down and see, and bury them if necessary; they did so, guided by O'Hare, and found at the camp, just the relics of a fire, and no signs of Indians having been there. O'Hare's horses and the scattered pack and saddles were found and the relief party concluded that the scare came from a too highly excited imagination. The evidence forced O'Hare to believe the same, and he declared his intention, never more to go into an Indian country which resolution he has kept.

Yarnall and Topping had gone across the divide to Stinging water; near the forks of that stream they were chased by a war party of Arrapahoes for two miles; the boys found a good position and stopped; the Arrapahoes also stopped and went back. From here the gold hunters traveled up the north fork, prospecting as they went, to the pass across the Sierra Shoshone, then came back; when about half of the way down to the forks, and while in camp they saw Captain Jones' Shoshones coming, and thinking them Arrapahoes, prepared for a fight; having a good position they had no fears as to the result, still were relieved when the soldiers came in sight. After a month's prospecting on the south fork of Stinking water without finding pay; the two went over to the Yellowstone lake and down to settlements.

Amos Benson and Dan Naileigh built, during the summer of this year, a log house for a liquor saloon near the ferry boat landing, and from that time the place has been called Benson's Landing.

In October Charley Norris, an old prospector and Jose a Mexican, were in the employ of Frost, then just appointed Crow agent; they went from the agency to Benson's and stayed there two days; on the morning of the third day they started back. They had left their rifles at the agency, and with the exception of a pistol carried by Jose, were entirely unarmed. When within one half mile of the agency buildings a party of fifteen Sioux darted from a coulee and gave chase to them; they put their horses at full speed, and would have escaped from this party but were headed off by a squad of ten others, who killed and scalped them within six hundred yards of the stockade. Jose emptied his pistol at them and killed a horse, and it is thought; wounded an Indian. The Crows were all away on a hunt and there were but few men at the agency; they heard the firing and saw the Sioux, but did not dare to sally out for fear of the stockade being taken. Bill Hamilton, an old frontiersman and the best Indian sign talker in the west, tried to induce them to go, and when they would not, mounted his horse and made a dash alone, but the Sioux had left right after killing Norris and Jose and were half a mile away.

Early in the spring of this year Joseph Lee and George Ackerly, had put their traps, blankets and cooking outfit in a boat and trapped down the Yellowstone to Pompey's Pillar; here they cached their furs and then walked back to Benson's, and getting horses went down and packed their things up the river, getting back all right, though they saw a war party of Sioux, and had traveled all of one night to get away from them. In the fall they outfitted at the Crow agency and went down the country towards the Big Horn for the winter's wolfing. They were never seen again alive, but the finding of their camp will be spoken of later on.

In April of this year (1873) the very first steamboat to navigate the Yellowstone, came up the river with a load of supplies for Gen. Stanley; this boat was named the "Key West," and was commanded by Capt. Grant Marsh. The spring raise had not come down and the boat was forced to stop at the Buffalo Rapids, just below the mouth of Powder river. Several volleys were fired by Indians at the steamer on her trip; in one of these volleys, which was received while going up, a ball cut hair from the pilot's head, and another man, a deck hand, was slightly wounded.

All Indians are fond of whisky, and after the first taste will give anything they may have for more, and though against the law there were many men in the west who would take the chances of being caught by the United States Marshal and of the greater danger of being killed by the savages, when their latent hostility to the whites comes to the surface, as it does when they are excited by liquor.

The Nez Perces were the only Indians in the west that were allowed to buy whisky openly, they having a special clause to that effect in their treaty with the Government; they did not drink to excess while in the settlement, but in this case we have to speak of, they had been away from it so long that they apparently could not restrain themselves. Late in the fall of 1873 about two hundred of these people and the same number of Crows went down to the Musleshell river on a buffalo hunt and had accumulated many robes and packs of dried meat. Early in the next February George Town and Billy Casto started from Benson's Landing for this Indian camp with fifty gallons of whisky, and found it at the Big Bend of the Musselshell; they came upon the camp unexpectedly, and had no time to cache part of their stock of liquor, as they had intended to do. The Nez Perces were eager to trade and gave readily a horse for a gallon of whisky. After ten gallons had been traded for at this rate the young warriors became uncontrolable and took possession of the entire outfit, and they would have killed the traders but for the intercession of the Nez Perces. Charley (afterward killed at the Big Hole fight) who talked to the warriors while the whites fled to the brush, and after night started afoot for Bensons, which place they reached a few days afterward worn out and sick of whisky trading.

The drunken warriors began to fight among themselves, and the Crows and older Nez Perces packed up quickly and went to the Yellowstone, and did not stop traveling for twenty-four hours. Ninety young bucks stayed and drank and fought till nine of their number were killed and seven others wounded, then one of them, more sensible than the rest, spilt the remainder of the whisky. These traders had unconsciously done a good deed, for afterward none of the different Nez Perce or Crow chiefs would allow whisky to be brought into their camps.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rules of Beauty.

A woman's social power depends upon her power to please, and this she can do in many ways. She can please the ear by studying the art of graceful elocution, not hard to any of us, for by nature we speak with finer articulation than you. She can please the mind by cultivating her own—so far, at least, as to make her a good listener; and as much further as she will she can please the fancy by ladies' wit, of which all of us have a share. She can please the heart by amiability, for beauty of person is only one feature of true beauty. Indeed, though a plain woman can never be pretty, she can always be fascinating if she chooses. I well remember a man who was a great admirer of the sex telling me that one of the most fascinating women he had ever known was not only not pretty, but as to her face decidedly plain—ugly, only the word is rude. I asked my friend, "How, then, did she fascinate?" I well remember his reply "Her figure," said he, "was neat, her dressing was faultless, her every movement was graceful, her conservation was clever and animated, and she always tried to please. It was not I alone who called her fascinating; she was one of the most acceptable women in society I ever knew. She married brilliantly, and her husband a barrister in large practice, was devoted to her—more than if she had been a queen of beauties." Now here was a woman who, excepting a fairly neat figure, had not a single natural gift of appearance. Is this worth our thinking about—those among women who care to please and are not beauties born.

THE BAD BOY.

The Bay Boy in Mourning for Thirty Days.

Peck's Sun.

"Why don't you take an ice pick and clean the dirt out from under your finger nails," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store and stroked the cat the wrong way, as she lay in the sun on the counter, on a quire of manilla paper.

"Can't remove the dirt for thirty days. It is an emblem of mourning. Had a funeral at our house yesterday," and the boy took a pickle out of a tub and put it in the cat's mouth, and shut her teeth together on it, and then went to the show case, while the grocery man, whose back had been turned during the pickle exercise, thought by the way the cat jumped into the dried apple barrel and began to paw and scratch with all of her feet, and yowl, that she was going to have a fit.

"I hadn't heard about it," said the grocery man, as he took the cat by the neck and tossed her out in the back shed into an old oyster box full of sawdust, with a parting injunction that if she was going to have fits she better go out where there was plenty of fresh air. "Death is always a sad thing to contemplate. One day we are full of health, and joy, and cold victuals, and the next we are screwed down in a box, a few words are said over our remains, a few tears are shed, and there is a race to see who shall get back from the cemetery first, and though we may think we are an important factor in the world's progress, and sometimes feel as though we would be unable to put up margins and have to stop the deal, the world goes right along, and it must annoy people who die, to realize that they don't count for game. The greatest man in the world is only a nine-spot when he is dead, because somebody else takes the tricks the dead man ought to have taken. But, say, who is dead at your house?"

"Our rooster. Take care, don't you hit me with that canvassed ham," said the boy as the grocery man looked mad to learn that there was nobody dead but a rooster, when he had preached such a sermon on the subject. "Yes, how soon we are forgotten when we are gone. Now, you would have thought that rooster's hen would have remained faithful to him for a week at least. I have watched them all the spring, and I never saw a more perfect picture of devotion than that between the bantam rooster and his hen. They were constantly together, and there was nothing too good for her. He would dig up angle worms and call her, and when she came up on a gallop and saw the great big worm on the ground, she would look so proud of her rooster, and he would straighten up and look as though he was saying to her, "I'm a daisy," and then she would look at him as if she would like to bite him, and just as she was going to pick up the worm he would snatch it and swallow it himself, and chuckle and walk around and be full of business, as though wondering why she didn't take the worm after he had dug it for her, and then the hen would look disappointed at first, and then she would look resigned, as much as to say, 'Worms are too rich for my blood anyway, and the poor dear rooster needs them more than I do, because he has to do all the crowing,' and she would go off and find a grasshopper and eat it on the sly for fear he would see her and complain because she didn't divide. O, I have never seen anything that seemed to me so human as the relation between that rooster and hen. He seemed to try to do everything for her. He would make her stop cackling when she laid an egg, and he would try to cackle, and crow over it as though he had laid it, and she would get off in a corner and cluck in a modest, retiring manner, as though she wished to convey the idea to the servant girls in the kitchen that the rooster had to do all the hard work, and she was only a useless appendage, fit only for society and company for him. But I was disgusted with him when the poor hen was setting. The first week that she sat on the eggs he seemed to get along first rate, because he had a couple of flower beds to dig up, which a press of business had caused him to neglect before, and a couple of neighbor's gardens to destroy, so he seemed to be glad to have his hen retire to her boudoir and set, but after he had been shooed out of the gardens and flower beds he seemed to be nervous, and evidently wanted to be petted, and he would go near the hen and she would seem to tell him to go and take a walk around the block, because she hadn't time to leave her business, and if she didn't attend to it they would have a lot of spoiled eggs on their hands, and no family to bring up. He would scold, and seem to tell her it was all foolishness, that for his part he didn't want to hear a lot of chickens squawking around. He would seem to argue with her that a brood of chickens would be a dead give-away on them both, and they would at once be classed as old folks, while if they were alone in the world they would be spring chickens, and could go in young society, but the hen would scold back, and tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself to talk that way, and he would go off mad, and sulk around a spell, and then go to a neighbor's henhouse and sometimes he wouldn't come back till the next day. The hen would be sorry she had spoken so cross, and would seem pained at his going away and would look anxiously for his return, and when he came back after being out in the rain all night, she would be solicitious after his health, and tell him he ought to wrap something around him, but he acted as though he didn't care for his health, and he would go out again and get chilled through. Finally the hen come off the nest with ten chickens, and the rooster seemed very proud, and when anybody came out to look at them he would crow, and seem to say they were all his own chickens, though the hen was a long time hatching them, and if it had been him that was setting on them he could have hatched them out in a week, or died a trying. But the exposure told on him, and he went into a decline, and one morning we found him dead. Do you know, I never see a hen that seemed to realize a calamity as she did. She looked pale, and her eyes looked red, and she seemed to be utterly crushed. If the chickens, which were so young they could not realize that they were little orphans, became noisy, and got to pulling and hauling over a worm, and conducted themselves in an unseemly manner, she would talk to them in hen language, with tears in her eyes, and it was a picture of woe. But the next day a neighboring rooster got to looking through the fence from the alley, and trying to flirt with her. At first she was indignant, and seemed to tell him he ought to go about his business, and leave her alone, but the dude kept clucking, and pretty soon the widowed hen edged up towards the fence, and asked him to come in, but the hole in the fence was too small for him, and the chickens went out in the alley, and the hen followed them out. I shall always think she told the chickens to go out, so she would have an excuse to go after them, and flirt with the rooster, and I think it is a perfect shame. She is out in the alley half the time, and I could cuff her. It seems to me wrong to so soon forget a deceased rooster, but I suppose a hen can't be any more than human. Say, you don't want to buy a good dead rooster do you? You could pick it and sell it to somebody that owes you, for a spring chicken."

"No, I don't want any deceased poultry, that died of grief, and you better go home and watch your hen, or you will be bereaved some more," and the grocery man went out in the shed to see if the cat was over its fit, and when he came back the boy was gone, and after a while the grocery man saw a crowd in front of the store and he went out and found the dead rooster lying on the vegetable stand, with a paper pinned on its' breast on which was a sign, "This ruster dide of of colix. For sale cheep to boarding house only." He took the dead rooster and threw it out in the street, and looked up and down the street for the bad boy, and went in and hid a raw hide where he could reach it handy.

A Fanciled Symposium Between Dr. Tyndall and A Monothiest.

Even the grand old Plato could break forth into the exulting exclamation that light is the shadow of God, but it seems our modern philosophers have manipulated the shadow in preference to the substance, while Dr. Tyndall possess unlimited faith in the sun as the infinite source of all life, he uses and summons forth his bitter bile and cutting sarcasm, and ridicules the God of the Monotheist.

Tyndall: Molecular forces determine the form which the solar energy assumes in the separation of carbon and oxygen. This energy may be so conditioned as to result in one case in the formation of a cabbage, and in another the formation of an oak. So, also, as regards the reunion of the carbon and the oxygen, the molecular machinery through which the combinding energy acts, may, in one case, weave the texture of a frog, while in another it may weave the texture of a man.

Monotheist: Wonderful machinery this, O man of science, to turn out frogs and apes and monkeys, and finally men. If such marvellous achievements as these were to be attributes to a personal intelligent and omipotent being they would be like Spencer's fairy tales, or the lamp of Aladdin, but because they are wrought by the lifeless sun they are easy to digest. Hence Dr. Tyndall sees this molecular machinery turning out cabbages and cucumbers and men. It seems that pumpkin heads containing the brains of gorillas would produce more intelligent and rational thought than this. But whence this wonderful machine itself—whence the loom which with infinite case weaves the organic textures of frogs and philosophers. Did it weave itself? or was it woven in some precedent loom, and can a loom weave with a weaver? This protoplasmic force which is unintelligent and impersonal must possess infinite wisdom in the arrangements, contrivances and unrolling of our race from inorganic mucilaginous substances. Force drives a vessel over the ocean, but intelligent and regulating power is required in conducting it to land. Force must be intelligent or unintelligent, personal or impersonal, and there can be no intelligence, without a living, thinking, vital organic entity in which such inheres. So, after all, Dr. Tyndall your wonderful machine must have been woven in the loom of your kindled imagination, and the molecular machinery to which you refer must be its ebullient sparks and flashes.

Tyndall: Long thinking and experimenting, have led philosophers to conclude that matter is composed of atoms from which whether separate or combined, the whole material world is built up.

Monotheist: But, O man of science, hast thou not read of the philosophers of antiquity, whose names sparkle with immortal splendor upon the scroll of fame; how these arrived at the same conclusion long before the birth of a Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin and a Spencer. Are not your experiments in philosphy like those in Acoustics, based upon the theories of Grecian and Roman men? and why claim the praise and immortal honors of bringing to light a truth when it was discovered thousands of years ago. Hast thou not gleaned from the pages of oriental history how that Thales, Diogenes, Appollonius, and Anaxagoras, taught this doctrine? and hast thou not understood that while these atomical philosophers maintained that the material world is built up of atoms, they never violated the principles of common sense so unblushingly as to say it was built without a builder, that the world with all its symmetrical beauty and rythmical order enabled them to arrive at the safe conclusion that a Supreme Mind was the Builder, and hast thou not furthermore learned that, that sect of philosophers opposed to the atomic school such as Epicuras, Democritus, Lucretius and Leucippus have been held in dishonorable repute and everlasting contempt, for their perversion and debasement of of the atomic hypotheisis. Dr. Tyndall can espouse faithfully and tenaciously the pernicious principles of the wave theory of sound, and still reject the limpid streams of substantiatism while they are parting at his side. One thing is too small the other is too large, hence he is difficult to please. Know, O most advanced philosopher, that this reservoir of life from which all life proceeds is God, and that nothing is great or small with him. The jeweled arches of the planetary system, the phosphorescent gems of the sidereal heavens are nothing in his grasp, yet the indivisible molecule receives its share of light and glory, his mercy springing forth from the uncreated throne, inspires the feathered chorister with gladness, and thrills the nature of men and angels with unutterable joy. He gives its lustre to the insects wing and wheel his throne upon the rolling worlds.

MONOTHEIST.

THE DAYS OF '63.

The First Coach Robbed Between Virginia and Bannack—"Bummer Dan" and Other Passengers Held Up.

From Helena Independent.

The stage robbery Wednesday between Helena and Boulder City has, as a matter of course, renewed the talk about early day road agents. A reporter who yesterday met Wm. A. Rumsay, a resident of this city but at one time of Alder gulch gulch, obtained from him some interesting reminiscences, the most interesting of which is an account of the first stage robbery on the line between Virginia City and Bannack. The heaviest loser among the robbed passengers was Dan McFadden (familiarly known as "Bummer Dan,") who, like all prominent early-day characters, had seen many ups and downs. He was one of the most familiar characters of Alder gulch in the golden days of '63. He had accumulated and lost several small fortunes with the indifference which characterized the majority of the early prospectors, who regarded small "raises" as only "prospects" leading to the main deposit which they must eventually strike. Dan was happy when the claims were rich and the whisky plenty. Somehow he was always in the vanguard of a stampede, and had followed the old excitements hither and thither through the mountains to Bannack, and then drifted along in the wake of Bill Fairweather and party to Alder. In Virginia City Dan's fortunes had settled down to their lowest ebb. And at last, even the easy-going, good natured pioneer awoke to the necessity of making another attempt to replenish the purse that had been filled and emptied so often.

One morning the dwellers in the gulch were electrified by the news that "Bummer Dan" had struck it rich again. Sure enough he had, for "Bummer Dan's Bar," almost opposite Virginia City, proved to be one of the richest in Alder. Dan steadied down, worked hard, sluiced out a golden harvest from bed rock, sold out his claim, and started for Salt Lake and the States to enjoy a quiet life.

This was in October, 1863. The driver of the coach on which Bummer Dan took passage was Mr. Rumsey, mentioned above, who had consented to drive one trip to Bannack to relieve Mr. Caldwell (one of the owners of the line) who had been driving steadily for several trips (drivers being scarce), and was played out. Three passengers were in the coach as it pulled out from Virginia, and at Bob Dempsey's ranch, "Bummer Dan" got on board. He had several sacks of gold dust (his whole "pile") strapped to his body, underneath his clothes. The coach went along at a rattling pace over the wide-swept table land to Rattlesnake creek. Arriving at Rattlesnake ranch (which became so notorious in the following months) they discovered that the stock had strayed, and they were compelled to remain over night. About 9 o'clock next morning one of the herders brought in the same team they had driven the day before, and Rumsey had to mount the box and head the tired horses for the divide and Bannack. The horses trotted heavily along until they reached the foot hills, when they settled down to a walk from which no whipping could urge them. As they came opposite a little dry gulch two blanketted horsemen with shotguns upon their shoulders galloped out. The moment Rumsey saw them, he called to his passengers. "Boys, they are coming; get out your revolvers!" But the warning was too late, and was answered by the road agent's demand: "Throw up your hands!" With a shotgun leveled upon him Rumsey pulled up the horses and was ordered down from the box. He refused to leave his team. The road agent again ordered him down and told Bill Bunton to mount the box and hold the team. Bill kept crying out that he had no arms, and continually begged the road agents not to shoot him. Rumsey was ordered to disarm the passengers and search them. He took the arms from the passengers and piled them up. "Bummer Dan" had a navy strapped on each side. After taking the arms Rumsey went to the passengers and received their purses. Dan handed him two small purses. Rumsey piled them up and started for the coach. "Did you get all?" asked an agent. "Yes," replied Rumsey, who had left purses in several of the passengers' pockets. One of the passengers was asked if he had any more money. With his hands still above his head he answered "Yes," Rumsey was ordered to search him again. After throwing another purse down, Rumsey started for the coach, saying he had got all the money. "Get that big sack from Bummer Dan, unbuckle the straps; he is the man we want to pan out." Dan's face lengthened, and he began to unbuckle the straps. He had hoped to escape with the bulk of his gold dust. Rumsey went to help him, but seeing that Dan had another sack still hidden, he stepped back, and turning to the road agents, told them that Dan could get along faster alone. Dan finally got the sacks loose and handed them to Rumsey, who tossed them upon the pile. The passengers were ordered aboard, with the threat that if they breathed a word about the robbery, they would be killed. Dan saved one sack of dust and lost about $7,000, and remarked that he had less fun with the money he had just parted with, than any raise that has slipped through his fingers since he had been in the mountains. George Ives and Frank Parish were the road agents and were afterwards hung. When the coach arrived at Bannack, Henry Plummer, the chief of the band, remarked to Dan, in a jocular manner: "Never mind, Dan, when I get my division, I will give you your money back." Dan looked at him, and, although he was aware of who the men were, and Plummer's connection with them, it would be death to tell what he knew. Afterward, in Virginia City, George Ives went to Andy O'Connell, now of Helena, and told him that he understood "Bummer Dan" had said to him that he (Ives) was one of the agents. O'Connell, aware of the fatal result to Dan if Ives thought he knew who robbed him, said he had a long talk with Dan, and that he was utterly ignorant as to who the men were who robbed him. Dan never recovered from his loss, and soon after left Virginia. When last heard from he was in Colorado, but had never "struck it rich" again.

Mrs. Barber, mother of the men who were recently hanged at Waverly, Iowa, was a resident of Glendive.

OUR SPORTING COLUMN.

Something for Lovers of Amusement to Read.

The following whitewashes have occurred thus far in the league contest. May 2, Buffalo 3, Cleveland 0; May 7, Detroit 7, Chicago 0; May 24, Cleveland 1, New York 0; May 31, Buffalo 4, Philadelphia 0; June 4, Boston 2, Cleveland 0; June 9, Chicago 11, Providence 0; June 11, Cleveland 7, Philadelphia 0.

The following league ball games are to be played during the coming week: June 18, Chicago at Boston, Detroit at Providence, Cleveland at New York, Buffalo at Philadelphia. Chicago at Buffalo, June 20, 21, 22; Chicago at Cleveland, June 23. Detroit at Cleveland, June 20, 31, 22; Detroit at Buffalo, June 23. New York at Providence, June 10,20, 23; New York at Boston, 21, 22. Philadelphia at Boston, June 19, 20, 23; Philadelphia at Providence, June 21, 22.

The following railroads have issued orders to carry bicycles free, at owners' risk, in baggage cars, when accompanied by owners, and upon presentation of first-class tickets: Baltimore and Ohio, Grand Trunk, Chicago and Grand Trunk, Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific, Illionis Central, Chicago, Alton and St. Louis, Wheeling and Lake Erie, Cleveland and Marietta, Ohio and Central, New York, Chicago and St. Louis, Lake Erie and Western, Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee.

Hanlan's purse and other winnings from rowing amount to over $60,000.

Forty-four feet and nine inches, covered by a hop, step and a jump by Porter at Port Denver, Ontario, beats the biggest amateur record in America.

Riflemen from the states of Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and New York will engage in a contest at Bradford, Pa., on the 20th and 21st to determine the rifle championship of the United States.

K. A. Skinner, of Boston, won a two-mile roller-skating race, for a gold medal at the Casino, Boston, Mass., on Decoration day. Time, 8:29 3-5. His opponents were W. T. Allison and D. F. O'Rourke.

At the National rod and reel association meetinr in New York in October there will be exhibitions of fly bait casting as practiced for trout, salmon and striped bass. Prizes for amateurs and professionals will be awarded.

A roller-skating race, one mile, for the championship and a silver cup, was decided May 14th at Federal hall rink, Liecester, England, J. Rollestone winning the final heat in 4:18; J. Ramsay second and W. Richards third.

In the annual field day sports of the Syracuse university, Syracuse, New York, June 1st, Harry M. Marvin, class of '83, made the best score on record in the high kick. He scored eight feet two inches. His height is six feet two inches.

A. B. Sprague, the pedestrian, is not at peace with the Brooklyn bridge trustees. He made a wager of $50 that he could walk across the big structure in nine minutes, but when he appeared dressed in white tights to perform the feat he was taken for Donaldson, the jumper (?) and hustled off the bridge. Sprague's love of notoriety will eventually get him into trouble.

Champion Jacob Schaefer was defeated Tuesday evening, at New York, by Maurice Vignaux in a balk-line game of billiards of 800 points, for a stake of $1,000. The score was: Vignaux, 800; Schaefer, 644, and time of the game two hours and fifty-five minutes. The highest runs were: Vignaux, 100; Schaefer, 90. Averages: Vignaux, 22 2 9; Schaefer, 17 8 9. There were thirty-six innings.

The open season for pike and pickerel may be summarized as follows: Connecticut, no general close season; Iowa, June 1st to April 1st; Maine, no close season Michigan no close season; New Hampshire, June 1st to April 1st; Pennsylvania, June 1st to January 1st; Rhode Island, April 15th to July 15th; Vermont, May 20th to April 20th; West Virginia, June 15th to May 1st; Province Ontario, May 15th to April 15th; Province Quebec, May 15th to April 15th.

Say no longer that women have no physical vigor, when some of the Wellesley college girls walk four miles a day, row boats like professional oarsmen (minus the betting, swearing and drinking), turn double sommersaults like acrobats, and jump over bars four feet high as though setting all the animals of Wall street at defiance. They not only do this but revel in Greek and German and logic and physics and political economy and housework like mermaids in the surf.

Who Take "T."

People of all classes take tea. Dead people take eterni T; gay people festivi T; free people liber T; fashionable folks socie T; good people pie T; successful candidates majori T; unsuccessful dito minori T; editors hones T; solemn citizens gravi T; funny roosters levi T; orthodox citizens Dei T; polite people suavi T; bashful fellows modes T; kind ones chari T; bachelors and old maids singulari T; short people brevi T; cunning folks rascali T; romantic simpleton novel T; respectable people Christian T; artistic people bean T; strong people responsibili T; criminals penal T, etc. [The T pot cracked at this juncture.]

Bozeman.

During a recent visit to Bozeman we were greatly surprised with the beauty and solidity of the city. It is most beautifully situated, watered by fine mountain streams, and surrounded by mountains, whose verdant sides and snow capped peaks—appearing quite near but in reality many miles distant—lend an enchanting view, of which the oldest inhabitant never tires. Substantial brick blocks and elegant private residences abound and there is every indication of the wealth which this city so long cut off from the outside world is reputed to enjoy. The sidewalks are, however execrable, a fault which no doubt the recent city organization will speedily correct. A good hotel would also be found to give visitors a better impression of the place. The two excellent newspapers which the city supports, exhibit signs of prosperity. Complaints were made of dull times by the merchants, but we should, if a resident of Bozeman, be disposed to stand by her, with an abiding faith in her permanent prosperity. As we, of course have our home in a better city, we can only say that if we couldn't live in Billings we would take Bozeman.—*Billings Post.*

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