

Historical Sketch

Bozeman Weekly Chronicle.

VOL. I. NO. 24.

BOZEMAN, M. T., WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1883.

PRICE TEN CENTS

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 XV.
THE BARRIED EXPEDITION WHICH FIRST ATTRACTED ATTENTION TO THE BEAUTIFUL OF THE FERTILE VALLEYS OF THE LOWER COUNTRY—THE BATTLE AND HANDSOME DEEDS OF THE TRIP.

A man named J. L. Vernon came to Bozeman in the fall of 1873. He had been with Gen. Stanley on his trip up the Yellowstone and claimed that he had found gold in paying quantities at Rosebud creek and being very smooth talker he had convinced a great many of the truth of his story and quite a large number agreed to go to that country in the spring. Another expedition was formed at Bozeman to open up the lower country for settlement, for which purpose many merchants and prominent men of this place contributed horses and supplies.

The two parties concluded to join forces and doing so, met at Ed. Quinn's cabin on O'Brien creek in February of 1874 and elected Frank Grounds captain, William Wright as lieutenant and E. B. Way as adjutant. All told, the party numbered 140 and was composed of the best material in the country; many old Indian fighters and trappers from the Yellowstone and Bozeman and adventurous miners who would face anything for the chance of diggings, from all over the Territory, were with it. The party had two pieces of artillery, the old Big Horn gun and a twelve pound Howitzer from Fort Ellis. William Cameron (who had been in the artillery service during the civil war) was made chief gunner. Some of the party used pack animals but the greater number had their baggage and provisions transported in wagons of which there were twenty-four.

Starting on the 18th of February, the command moved slowly down on the north side of the river. The grass was very poor and the horses could not be worked hard and no more than ten miles a day was averaged through the whole trip. These were the only interesting happenings to the party till about the last of February. The men did not want to dig rifle pits and the older hands in the party thought that it would be necessary to have a scare; so two men were to fire their rifles in the hills and come in crying Indians. This they did well and they had the desired effect, and trenches were dug at every camp. The advance guard went on a bench about 400 yards from the creek. Just above the camp was a fresh Indian trail thirty feet wide. This rather stirred the boys up and even the dead-heads and coffee coolers of the party dug rifle pits with vigor.

No Indians showed themselves during the day, but just after dark groups of them could be seen in every direction. One of these were fired into by some pickets, who only succeeded in breaking a horse leg.

During the afternoon of the second day from this the expedition came to Rosebud and crossed made their camp on a bench about 400 yards from the creek. Just above the camp was a fresh Indian trail thirty feet wide. This rather stirred the boys up and even the dead-heads and coffee coolers of the party dug rifle pits with vigor.

No Indians showed themselves during the day, but just after dark groups of them could be seen in every direction. One of these were fired into by some pickets, who only succeeded in breaking a horse leg.

During the afternoon of the second day from this the expedition came to Rosebud and crossed made their camp on a bench about 400 yards from the creek. Just above the camp was a fresh Indian trail thirty feet wide. This rather stirred the boys up and even the dead-heads and coffee coolers of the party dug rifle pits with vigor.

No Indians showed themselves during the day, but just after dark groups of them could be seen in every direction. One of these were fired into by some pickets, who only succeeded in breaking a horse leg.

During the afternoon of the second day from this the expedition came to Rosebud and crossed made their camp on a bench about 400 yards from the creek. Just above the camp was a fresh Indian trail thirty feet wide. This rather stirred the boys up and even the dead-heads and coffee coolers of the party dug rifle pits with vigor.

THE BAD BOY.

Peck's Sun.

"I see your pa wheeling the baby around a good deal lately," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store one evening to buy a stick of striped peppermint candy for the baby, while his pa stopped the baby wagon out on the sidewalk and waited for the boy, with an expression of resignation on his face.

"What's got into your pa to be a nurse girl this hot weather?" "O, we have had a circus at our house," said the boy, as he came in after putting the candy in the baby's hand. "You see, uncle Ezra came back from Chicago, where he had been to sell some cheese, and he stopped over a couple of days with us, and he said we must play one more joke on pa before he went home. We played it, and it is a wonder I am alive, because I never saw pa so mad in all my life. Now this is the last time I go into any joke on shares. If I play any more jokes I don't want any old uncle in to give me away."

"What was it?" said the grocery man, as he took a stool and sat out by the front door beside the boy who was trying to eat a box of red raspberries on the sidewalk. "Well, uncle Ezra and me bribed the nurse girl to dress the baby up one evening in some old, dirty baby clothes, belonging to our wash woman's baby, and we put it in a basket and placed the basket on the front doorstep, and put a note in the basket and addressed it to pa. We had the nurse girl stay out in front, by the basement stairs, so the baby couldn't get away, and she must have been busy by the time the old man came home, by lightning I should say. The speckled calf didn't test-a-teat with his mother and strawberries are like a bald headed man's brow—they come high, but we can't get along without them."

"I never was more tickled to greet gentle spring than I am now. It stirs up my drug-store remains and warms the general current of life considerably. I followed around in the grass this afternoon and filled my pockets full of 1,000 legged worms and other little mementoes of the season. The little bare-foot boy now comes forth and walks with a cautious tread at first, like a blind horse; but toward the golden autumn the backs of his feet will look like a warty toad and there will be big cracks in them and one toe will be wrapped up in a part of the quilt and he will show it with pride to crowded houses."

Last night I lay awake for several hours thinking about Mr. Sherrod and how long we had been separated, and I was wondering how many weary days would have to elapse before we would again look into each other's eyes and see each other by the hand, when the loud and violent concussion of a revolver shot near West Main street and Cascade avenue rent the sable robe of night. I rose and lit the gas to see if I had been robbed of my lead pencil and season pass. I found that I had not.

This morning I learned that a young doctor who had been watching his own house from a distance during the evening, had discovered that, taking advantage of the husband's absence, a blonde girl goods clerk had called to see the crooked but lonely wife. The doctor waited until the young man had been in the house long enough to get pretty well acquainted and then he went in making himself perfectly comfortable.

There was a wild dash toward the window, made by a blonde man with his pantaloons in his hand, the spatter of a bullet in the wall over the young man's head and then all was still for a moment save the low sob of a woman with her head covered by the bed clothes. Then the young man came in, and he said he had been shot in the chest and he was dying.

Some men seem almost like brutes in their treatment of their wives. They come home at some eccentric hour of the night and because they are tired and they are drunk, they try to shoot holes in the lambrquin and speak to their wives in a harsh, rude tone of voice. I tell you its tough.

For the Family Scrap Book.
Never let tea boil.
For rough hands use lemon juice.
Strong lye cleans tainted pork barrels.
Peppermint and water cleans oil cloth without soap.
Peppermint is good for Sunday nights with milk for drink.
Sprinkle sawdust bark among dried fruit to keep out worms.
To make a carpet look fresh, wipe with a damp cloth after sweeping.

FROM JAIL TO WEAITH.

The Remarkable Career of a Burglar, Lawyer and Speculator.

Wayne County, Pennsylvania, has a character who casts Victor Hugo's "Jean Valjean" into the shade, for while one reformed in good earnest, the Wayne County man fluctuates between deeds of chivalry and acts of baseness. His name is George Avery, and at present he is living in one of the Western states. In 1870, when Avery was only twenty-one years old, he was charged with the murder of John Haynes, of Roldans, Pike County. He was arrested, and an officer detailed to bring him to Milford. Evidence of the murder was said to be so conclusive that he could not possibly escape hanging.

On their way to Milford, where the county prison was located, the officer imbued freely of liquor and became helplessly drunk. Avery secured the keys which unlocked the handcuffs and shackles by which he was bound, and removed the manacles, placing them in the bottom of the wagon. He took the reins from the stupidly drunken officer's hands, and drove to the nearest hotel, where he arrived with the officer in charge at a late hour. He put the drunken man to bed, roused him the next morning, got him in the wagon, and drove on to Milford, when, after he had put the officer in bed at the hotel, he walked up to the jail and delivered himself up to the keeper, telling him about his experience with the constable.

He was confined till September—this was in June—when he was tried for murder, and, in spite of overwhelming proof, was acquitted, to the surprise of everybody, the court most of all. The day after he was discharged from custody he was arrested, charged with burglary, convicted and sent to State Prison for a year and a half. He served the full term, reading law during his confinement. When the time of his Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia, he returned home, opened a law office, arrested several citizens who had testified against him when he was on trial for burglary, charging them with perjury. Failing to make out his case, he was sentenced to pay the costs. He had no money, so he went to jail again, where he remained until his friends could scrape up enough money to get him out.

Finally, he became a free man again, he returned to his old home at Rowlands. From that time forward burglaries were numerous about there, but never could evidence sufficient to convict Avery be obtained. A year or so later he went to Oil City, Pa., where he hung out his sign as a lawyer. Clients were plenty and fees large. Avery was convicted of forgery and sent to the Western Penitentiary for four years and eleven months. While there he fell in love with one of the keeper's daughters, and she offered to assist him to escape, but he refused to leave until his time was out. At the end of the term he went back to Rowlands, soon afterward professed religion, began preaching a little, and visited a higher one of \$100, and was induced by the neighbor, who enforced argument with a big shot-gun, to refund the money.

Avery then left for Luzerne County, where he got into difficulty and was sent to the Eastern Penitentiary for a short term. Upon his release he stole enough money to take him to the mining regions of the West, where under an assumed name he opened a law office and speculated in stocks. In 1882 he "struck it rich," cleared \$750,000, gave up stocks at once, invested his money in Government bonds, sent for his fiancée, the prison keeper's daughter, who joined him in Chicago, where they were married.

Avery is only thirty-four years old. He never touched liquor, never gambled, never used tobacco, and no claims to have been the "victim of circumstances." He writes to friends near here that he is leading an honest, upright life, and that when he comes East it will be as a United States Senator from one of the Western States.

Opening the National Park.
Extensive preparations are being made for the opening of the Yellowstone Park hotel on or about August 1st. It is expected this event will take place about the time of the driving of the last spike in the Northern Pacific railroad. It is understood that both occasions will be graced by the presence of a number of distinguished people, both from abroad and in this country. President Arthur and party will undoubtedly be present. He has already made his arrangements to visit the National park about that time. He will arrive at or before that time in New York a party of about thirty Englishmen, including Sir John Rose and Sir John Pender, and their ladies. This party will be joined by about the same number of Americans, and the whole party will proceed in a special car to the Northern Pacific, and over that road to the National park.

It is expected that the park will be in readiness for the distinguished guests by that time. A branch road to the border of the park will be constructed by the Northern Pacific company, and roads, bridges and telegraph facilities completed within the next month. It is understood that the Secretary of war has authorized the military commander of the division of the Missouri to detail an engineer to proceed to the park and superintend the construction of roads and bridges. There seems to be some difficulty about the disposition of the superintendent of the park and assistants recently appointed by the secretary of the interior under the act of last winter. A letter has just been received by Secretary Teller from P. H. Conger, the superintendent, asking whether there is any provision for the subsistence, or compensation in lieu of subsistence for these men, and whether he will be justified or not in providing necessary quarters and in maintaining them. He says their usefulness will be greatly impaired if such provision is not made for their maintenance. It appears that the act omitted to make such provision; it appropriates \$40,000, of which \$2,000 was to be paid to a superintendent and \$900 to each of ten assistants for the year, leaving a balance of \$29,000 to be expended in the construction of roads and bridges under the direction of an engineer to be appointed by the secretary of war. Now these ten assistant superintendents are to be placed under the law at different points in the park, but the only quarters are

GO TO

TELEGRAPHIC FACILITIES. The president yesterday sent an inquiry to the chief signal officer asking him what facilities could be arranged to secure telegraphic communication with the Yellowstone park during the presidential visit. The reply was that the signal corps could put a wire in there at the rate of one hundred miles a week. The wire can be connected with the nearest present telegraphic point, Fort Ellis or Fort Washakie, and be completed into the park before August 1st, the time now fixed for the president to start on the trip. The field telegraph can follow him from place to place in the park, if it should be thought best, with much greater rapidity.

WILLSON'S!

FOR

CLOTHING,

BOOTS & SHOES,

DRY GOODS,

CARPETS,

Suits, and Cloaks for Ladies

And in fact everything in wearing apparel for man, woman and child. Also a full line of

OIL CLOTHS.

THIS SPACE

RESERVED FOR

A. Lamme

& CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

General

Merchandise

Turpentine spilled to a cut is a preventive of lockjaw.