

MOUNTAIN OUTING.

A Party of Sedalians Enjoying Themselves in the Far West.

Camp Life on Soda Creek—Snow and Flower Gardens.

Pleasures of the Hunt—Killing Elk and Deer—Abundance of Mountain Trout—George Menifee's Big Buck.

Steamboat Springs, Colo., July 24. [Special Correspondence]—A party of Sedalians, Charles J. Taylor, Geo. Menifee, Charles Wesson and your correspondent has spent a week in this vicinity, fishing and hunting. To your readers, who are sweltering in the heat and dust of mid-summer, a breeze from the mountains may be pleasant. Our party were tenderfoots, with little idea of practical mountain work, and as we looked from our hotel to the main range where we proposed to hunt, none of us thought the distance or the ride more than a short pleasant trip.

A TRIP UP THE MOUNTAIN. Monday afternoon we made the mount, presenting a starting scene which to the older inhabitants must have appeared ridiculous. In the lead, with the pack, was Jno. D. Crawford, Jr., a born mountain boy, all of life and vigor, with muscles of iron and who never knows anything about being tired. Next came Chas. Wesson, with a winchester, blue flannel shirt, an old worn Prince Albert hat or suit and on a prancing horse, pose saddle and harness, ill fitted dressy appearance of his rider. Then Chas. Taylor, who had done his best to dress in the style prevalent here. A brown broad sombrero with hanging cord and tassel, flannel shirt with long flowing yellow cravat, belt four inches wide in which were between 45 and 70 cartridges, an ivory-handled revolver and on the opposite side a huge bowie, top boots, duroy pants, etc. etc. He was our hunter and he proposed to empty shots from his Winchester, six from revolver and then to finish the bear with a hand to land wrestle with the bear. He was thirsting for gore, and we were proud of him as long as he kept his hat on. Close behind him under his immediate protection was darling of the crowd and your correspondent followed close behind, that when we, George might be safe in a bear, mountain lion and mountain-girl. His slender, delicate form bridged a small pony and her colt close up. George felt safe and comfortable and over the mountains through the valleys his clear voice rang out continuously, and the melody of the birds and beasts and the red us when tired and hungry.

CAMPING OUT ON SODA CREEK. Our first camp was on Soda Creek, several miles out and we had good trout for supper and breakfast. Early in the morning we commenced ascent. Before noon we were up the main range where the snow lies perpetually. At three in the afternoon we pitched our tent in a grove of pines on a small meadow looking a beautiful lake. On each side of our camp in the little ravines were two immense bunks, or drifts of snow. Having arranged camp, we started to hunt. Taylor and myself together and the others with John Ford, in different directions—Taylor and myself went around the front of the camp, crossed and hunted down the opposite mountain side.

A HERD OF ELKS. From this mountain, looking across the valley and a small lake, we discovered a herd of Elks. With the glass we made out that there were seven cow elks, five calves and a bull. They were feeding quietly at being our first elk, we were very excited. We mapped out a plan of approach, and carefully and made our way towards them. About 200 yards from them, we crawled down on our knees and crawling some distance, then stretched ourselves flat on the ground and dragged our way to within 150 feet of the game. The bull elk was down chewing his cud, the cows were close around, some lying and some feeding. Having good positions to shoot from, we watched them for half an hour. The calves looked as large as two-year old steers, graceful and playful. The cows were large and more resembling Jersey cattle, though with slender limbs and more slender bodies. The bull looked old and when he finally

got up and stretched himself and yawned and straightened himself up, he looked a veritable king of the deer tribe.

This was our opportunity. The rest had quieted our nerves, and with many directions to Charley Taylor to draw a fine sight, to aim just back of the shoulders &c., he laid his gun down on the log and drew a long aim. The elk was standing full broadside 150 steps from us and at the crack of the gun he leaped into the air, ran a few yards and came down.

SHOT THROUGH AND THROUGH, just at the right place. We went over to him and Charlie waived his long knife in the air and nearly severed his head from the trunk. It was a splendid animal, about four years old and we guessed weighed between 700 and 800 pounds. We dressed him with much labor, leaving blood marks all over our new hunting suits, carried his horns into the camp and awaited the return of the others. They soon came in looking tired and hungry. They reported seeing no elk but Wesson had a good shot at a buck deer. He could undoubtedly have killed him, they said, but during the trip in some way the front sight was lost off his gun and they had replaced it with a wooden one, which got all out of line and his shooting was like a cross-eyed man's seeing. The deer ran away and Charlie tied on his sight more securely. We remained in the camp the next day and finding game scarce, came back on Friday morning to Soda Creek. Of all places we have ever hunted this is the most delightful. The air was cool and invigorating, not cold or damp but more like our bright frosty spring mornings. It is only early spring way up there. The trees grow in clumps and long rows, and the country looks like an immense park dotted here and there with patches of snow. From the elevation we could see twenty-mile park way over south of the Yampoe and Elk river valleys, whose waters all flow west. On the east, North park and the valley of North Platt river. From a small lake on the summit we traced the waters from the melting snow, trickling from openings on each side of the lake, one going finally into the Atlantic and the other into the Pacific ocean.

A WILD FLOWER GARDEN. The flowers greatly surprised us. They grow in greater variety and with more brilliant color than in the valleys. Hyacinth beds, most delicately scented and colored, Tulips, Violets, Lillies, Clematis, Rose of Sharon and many others, all beautiful and fragrant. We thought no exotics ever looked or smelled so sweetly. The water flowing from the snow drifts and innumerable springs is cold as ice, pure as light. Oh, it is a grand place and nothing but the zeal of our hunters for game induced us to leave. But Wesson was disgusted. His gun shot crooked, hit his back with him and sent him bumping head over heels down a mountain, the deer flies brought blood from his sun burnt hands and neck. The first day's tramp had converted his nose into a lobster like protuberance and when a black fly struck the skinless spot it was such tender pastirage they loved it and stayed with him. So, weary, hungry, sore, and sun burnt, he insisted in coming back Thursday night that he might get the Friday morning stage. With much regret we gave him up, for he was a genial camp fellow, and made the very best of adventures.

TROUT FISHING. At the camp Friday night Charley Taylor and Geo. Menifee tried themselves on trout fishing. That afternoon and next morning they had caught enough to feed all the guests at Siche's for a whole day. In the afternoon we moved camp over on Cow Creek and early next morning we were out on the mountain after deer. We agreed to keep count, and Saturday night we had seen and counted one hundred and three deer, one antelope and two elk; no bear. Chas Taylor will never cease regretting this. If he could have only opened his magazine on a grizzly and punched him with his big knife, his greatest ambition would have been gratified. We were back early and in camp, Charley and I having a big buck deer, duly dressed and dressed. After awhile Mr. Crawford and George came in. We knew by the blood on their clothes that they had game. George asked what we had done; we replied, nothing. "Oh," he said, "I got a buck, the biggest that ever ran in these mountains, with a splendid head of horns with two points!" After dinner they brought in a nice two-year old buck and reported that George had brought him down nicely. We were returning down the valley and Charley was a little off, because he had failed to get a decent shot, and he was boasting that he could knock a buck 500 yards and he only wanted just one chance. Just then, down the mountain came

AN IMMENSE BUCK, crossing the valley not 50 yards in front of us. Up went his Winchester and I was wond ring where we could possibly carry the third deer, but shot followed shot, in rapid succession and the deer finally disappeared in the quaking aspen, unharmed. He put his gun in the wagon and said he would walk home.

The next day was Sunday, we went to church, sang a trio and had a solo from George, heard a good sermon and went to Mr. Crawford's to dinner. The best is always reserved for the last. Away out in these mountains, hospitality is a common trait, but probably because Mr. Crawford's family are pioneers, their exceeds all the others. Such a dinner; elk roast, venison steak, fried trout. Well, I was thoroughly ashamed of Charley. He is a small man but has wonderful capacity. It was only because, as Mr. Crawford privately explained afterwards, they were accustomed to feed tramps and hungry hunters that we did not feel disgraced. George was hardly up to the standard but when we had gathered around the piano and Miss Lulu's deft fingers made sweet accompaniment, his rich tenor voice filled up the full measure of our enjoyment. After a long tiresome hunt, nothing makes life so pleasant as the entry to a home of hospitable, refined family who really enjoy your company and whose only aim seems to be to please you. J. M. JR.

AN AGED LOTHARIO.

Arrested for Wife Desertion While Having a Gay Time.

Syracuse, N. Y., July 28.—Guests at the Hotel Candee in this city have been struck with the loving appearance of a loving couple who have been staying here for the last week. The woman is about 35 years old, and her blonde hair and complexion make a showy contrast with her black eyes. She wears diamonds, and her large and fashionable wardrobe has been generally admired. She is Mrs. Ida U. Golding, of Bridgeport, Conn., the daughter of highly-connected parents, socially, in the Connecticut city, and the divorced wife of a Mr. Coapman, deceased, a New Yorker, who was a prominent figure in Wall street. Her companion and alleged husband is Nelson Lewis, an insurance adjuster. Lewis is now under arrest at the police station, charged with deserting a wife and two children in Elmira, and the charming widow is being detained at the Hotel Candee under police surveillance. A few days ago Chief of Police Wright was asked by the Elmira police authorities to look out for Lewis, and it was said that he had eloped with a good-looking widow. A description and photograph accompanied the request. Yesterday the charming couple were located at their hotel, and the arrest followed. At the police station Lewis at first took his arrest calmly and refused to talk, but afterwards unbosomed himself and talked to the Chief. From appearances one would think that Lewis had passed the age of boyish infatuation, but after a few words with him he impresses one with the fact that his heart is completely in the keeping of his pretty companion. "You may write anything you want to about me," he said to the reporter, "but I entreat you to say nothing about the lady." Here the loveliest man turned his face away and talked to himself "She is an ideal woman and the dream of my life. Would that I were single again so that I should spend the rest of my days in the society of this lovely creature, for I would then feel as though I did enjoy a little of this world's happiness, which seems to have been denied me." Turning to the reporter he said: "To connect her with this case would be to ruin her social standing, for she comes from a highly respectable family at Bridgeport, and was formerly one of the bon ton of New York. Her deceased husband was a Wall street broker. She has acted the part of a lady, and I would not for the world have her thus rudely exposed to the curiosity of the public. My God? I beseech you not to reveal her name." Lewis intimated that his life with his wife was not a happy one, and he regretted that he had married so young. He said that he could prove that he has not deserted his family, and had no idea of doing so. Furthermore, he said that he had been sending about \$60 a month to his family.

"If my wife presses matters too hard," he continued, "I shall back right up, for I'm stubborn as a mule when crossed. I would rather die in prison than submit." Lewis had engaged a suit of rooms in a fashionable flat here, and was about to furnish them for the use of himself and his new love. A detective is expected to arrive here from Elmira to-night to take

Lewis back to his wife. Mrs. Golding will be allowed to go. She says that Lewis misrepresented himself to her, claiming that he was not married. They had arranged to be married here quietly. Mrs. Golding has telegraphed to her mother at Long Island to come to her assistance. She is almost prostrated at the present turn of affairs, and says she congratulates herself that she was not married to Lewis. Her brother is captain of a steamer running between New York and Boston.



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