

E. W. HOWE, HUNTER.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN" GOES SHOOTING.

Rocky Mountain Sheep and Their Ways. A Popularly Accepted Horn Story Explained—Some Good Elk Shooting—A Magnificent Set of Antlers.

(Special Correspondence.)

ATCHISON, Kan., Feb. 4.—During a recent hunting trip in the Rocky mountains I went one day with my friend Brooks to visit a certain famous canyon. We were seated on the brink talking about its beauties when Brooks suggested that we roll rocks down the gorge to see them plow their way through the trees below. We tried off a very big one, and were watching it tearing along when suddenly Brooks cried out: "Mountain sheep!"

We had scared out thirty or forty which had gone into the canyon after water. We fired at them as fast as we could—and you can fire very rapidly with a repeating rifle—and the firing created so many reverberations and echoes in the canyon that it sounded like a battle.

Finally Brooks jumped on his horse and told me to follow, as we might catch the sheep in an open country as they crossed into their favorite haunts. Then followed a wide ride, in which we became separated and it happened that I found the sheep.

They were standing still when I came up to them, but they ran away when I went to get off the horse to shoot. I had eleven cartridges in my gun, and made ten fair misses, with the eleventh bullet I stopped one just before the sheep went over the side of the mountain. Brooks came up a few moments later, and said I was jumping up and down, yelling and waving my hat, when he came in sight. Mountain sheep are very scarce and very hard to kill. I have known old hunters who have never seen one, and I suppose I was rejoicing over my good luck.

There is a popular impression that a mountain sheep will jump from crag to crag and land on his horns, but there is nothing in the story. The sheep live in the widest part of the mountains and disappear with great suddenness when disturbed in their natural feeding ground, but if a hunter happens to run upon them in open country they are apt to stand and look at him for a moment in amazement.

The mountain sheep only resembles the domestic animal in the particular that it has horns which distinguish the ewes as well as the bucks, although the horns of the female are quite small. The hair and color of the mountain sheep are that of the deer, but the legs are shorter and the body longer and much heavier. The flesh is regarded as a greater delicacy than that of elk, which outranks venison, and there is nothing of the mutton taste about it. An antelope resembles a huge jack rabbit after it has been skinned, and there is something common looking about the meat, but the flesh of the mountain sheep is of that deep carmine color which distinguishes all really good meat. The carcass of the buck from which the illustration accompanying this article was made certainly weighed 400 pounds, and the meat was larded with fat.

Amateur hunters are apt to give exaggerated accounts of the great distances their rifles will shoot.

A hundred yards is a long distance to shoot accurately. In shooting long distances you are supposed to raise your sight, but in the presence of game this is apt to be forgotten, and then you must aim over your object, and there is so much guessing about this that you might as well not shoot at all. I have repeatedly seen deer jump out of the way of a bullet at 300 or 400 yards. The smoke from the gun frightens them, and they jump the bullet striking where they stood when the gun was fired. A deer is curious, and will nearly always stop and look at the hunter after a short run. The hunter knows this and fixes himself to fire as soon as the animal stops. Many hunters whistle to deer as boys do to rabbits.

After the first shot the deer will run away and usually stop again but at very long range. An elk or an antelope makes a bee line for safety when disturbed.

A female deer or antelope when wounded so seriously that it cannot get away will cry in the most pitiful manner when the hunter approaches. This is particularly true of antelope. I have seen an antelope doe, when fatally wounded, turn and run toward the hunter, as though seeking his mercy. The tender, timid, frightened eyes of a female deer or antelope, when badly wounded, is a sight a hunter never forgets. The bucks are always game to the last.

The prettiest sound in the mountains is supposed to be the whistle of a bull elk, as the prettiest sight is said to be the elk itself. No one can imitate this whistle, though I have heard many try it. I believe it is only heard during the mating season, and when a bull whistles he is usually alone, he has been whipped out of a herd and is looking for more possible companions.

Elk are quite scarce in the mountains now, and I have never seen more than thirty in a bunch; but Brooks says that

twelve years ago he saw 5,000 in one band. They were passing his cabin all day going from the mountains to the valley on account of a heavy snowstorm. When a big bunch is found it is easy to kill them, as they usually become excited and run around and around. Brooks, the man with whom I hunted, once drove an elk from the mountains down to his ranch in the valley. He had lately been married and wanted his wife to see one. Some years before, with the assistance of his hired man, he rounded up twelve and drove them into a corral at his ranch, where he kept them for an hour, but finally they became frightened at something, surged against the corral in a body and broke through.

I was riding along a dry canyon one day, with a view of heading it, and watching the quaking asp thickets for deer. The wind was blowing briskly toward me, when suddenly at the bottom of the canyon I saw the broad back of a cow elk. I sprang off my horse, taking my gun with me, but by this time the cow had disappeared. As I



MAGNIFICENT TROPHIES.

stood trembling on the bank a huge bull stepped out of the brush. He was not more than 200 feet away, and I remember thinking that one careful shot would get exactly the set of horns I had been longing for. Then I braced my nerves and fired. The cows in the brush tore up the canyon with a great noise and were soon being fired at by Brooks, but the bull turned the other way and could not get out of a walk. I had shot him through the lights and a stream of blood was flowing from his side.

He slowly climbed the hill opposite me, but I was excited by this time and missed him at every shot until he came on a level with me, then I hit him in the backbone, when he cringed toward me and fell over on his side dead. It was a very tame performance, and when I went over to him I almost felt ashamed of myself. He was as big as a cow, and had a great spread of horns, over four feet from tip to tip. Three mules were required the next day to carry his carcass to the ranch, where the meat was salted for winter use. I spent an entire day skinning the head for preservation, as every particle of meat had to be removed from the skull, which became the framework of the head when it was set up.

Elk and deer shed their horns every year, but antelope and mountain sheep do not. Wherever you go in the game district you find bleaching elk and deer horns. In the spring when the huge antlers of the elk are in the velvet, they rub them against trees, and I have seen acres of trees barked in this way.

Elk are frequently roped when young and tamed, although they are very ugly in disposition and have often been known to kill men. Cowboys will throw their ropes over anything; I came across four cowboys one day who had roped the largest silver tip bear ever killed in the Rattlesnake range of the Rocky mountains.

E. W. HOWE.

Squaw Men in California.

EDGEWOOD, Cal., Jan. 30.—The traveler who pokes about in out of the way places in this Pacific coast region gets accustomed, after a time, to what is at first the repulsive anomaly of white men with Indian wives.

It is apt to be rather a low type of man that does this. But I have found them at times to be men of considerable shrewd intelligence and uprightness of character.

One such is Morgan Clarke, who has a ranch, an Indian wife and a large family of children near this place. He is a man of middle age who has been in the west ever since his youth. He has been trapper, hunter, guide, miner, government scout, farmer, trader, spy, army messenger—anything that came to his hand to do he has done. And I should judge that he has usually done it well.

A dozen or more years ago he married in regular manner the daughter of an Indian chief, bought a ranch and settled down. Since then he has cultivated his land, making it one of the most valuable ranches in this region, has served as guide to camping and hunting parties, and has striven to bring up his half breed family into as much civilization as it has had capacity and as he has still had taste for. With his own people, who live in Ohio, he broke off all connection of his own accord when he married his Indian wife. If he receives a letter from any of them he throws it into the fire unopened. If they wish to know occasionally if he is still alive and well they write to the postmaster of Edgewood.

Over in Humboldt county there is a man of good family and thorough education, of more than average culture, capacity and refinement, who has an Indian wife. He was a traveler, pushing through out of the way places. He fell sick unto death. A young squaw saw him, pitied and loved and nursed him through his illness—saved his life, the doctor said. He got well, thanked her and said goodby. She looked at him with dumb despair in her eyes. He knew what the look meant, his heart gave way and he married her and has stayed by her side ever since. I have often wondered if George Eliot herself could have untangled and described the complexity of motives which must have moved this man when he decided to hold in his own hand of a Digger Squaw for all the rest of his life.

FLORENCE FISCH-KELLY.

UNPUBLISHED HISTORY

AN IMPORTANT INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

An Extraordinary Illustration of One Method in Which Newspaper Fiction is Made to Pass for Truth—How Near Mr. Lincoln Came to Death in 1861.

Nearly all the late President Lincoln's biographers, writing of his journey from Springfield, Ills., to Washington, have surrounded that trip with many details which had an existence only in their imaginations. While the trip was undoubtedly eventful, and of very great moment to the nation, it lacked many of the elements of sensationalism that have been ascribed to it, as I have reason to know from my personal experience.

In the winter of 1861 I was in business in Philadelphia, and one cold stormy morning in February was startled by a knock at the office door. Calls at 6 a. m. were not frequent, and this was quickly attended to by the night clerk, who found a stout, able looking man standing there, who inquired for me. As he entered I recognized the voice of Allan Pinkerton, the famous detective and founder of the agency named after him. Mr. Pinkerton, in his usual decisive way, said: "I have business of importance on hand. I want you to assist me in a very grave and important matter—one in which there must be no mistake." As I had been interested with and subordinate to Mr. Pinkerton in another case of some magnitude, which was brought to a satisfactory conclusion, I quickly understood why he desired my services.

He further said: "I want you to take a small package of papers to my assistant in Baltimore without delay, remain with him until they are read and copied, then return to this city by the afternoon train, wait in the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore station until you see Mrs. Blank, of the female part of my staff, and to whom you will hand the papers; she will give you further instructions from me on a matter of the gravest importance, an affair that will require the most prompt and cautious attention from you."

Mr. Pinkerton then left the office, and all arrangements were quickly made to do my part in having his instructions faithfully carried out, and the trip to Baltimore was properly attended to.

On my return the same evening I found Mrs. Blank waiting for me in the ladies' room of the station. The papers were handed to her without delay, and I was ready for such further instructions as had been given to her for me. She then said that Mr. Pinkerton was going through to Washington that night with the newly elected president, Mr. Lincoln, and his friend, Mr. Lamson, and that she expected to accompany them on the trip. It had been arranged that I was to purchase the necessary passage and sleeping berth tickets, place Mrs. Blank in the car, then keep a sharp lookout for Mr. Pinkerton and his party and see that they were conducted to their sleeping berths as quickly, quietly and safely as possible.

The daily papers at that time were full of the possibilities of danger to the president elect on his journey through Baltimore to Washington, and the public mind was in a state of grave apprehension and excitement regarding Mr. Lincoln's personal safety. Under these circumstances I naturally felt that the greatest care on my part should be exercised, and as the ticket office was not yet open I went to the train for the purpose of examination and looking through it, first going to the sleeper. On entering the car I was somewhat surprised at being confronted by a group of six or eight men. Their appearance and speech gave very decided indications of their being southerners.

Instinctively I realized that this party would bear looking after closely; they eyed me keenly, and it took fully a minute to push my way through them. On getting past I walked slowly down the aisle to the rear end of the car; after pausing a few moments for reflection I retraced my steps and found almost the same difficulty in getting by them and out of the car as I had in getting into it.

After a short walk up and down the platform my mind was made up to a plan of operation, which I trusted would circumvent any evil act of the party then in the front end of the sleeper, for I felt as certain as that I was a living man that they had no good purpose toward the newly elected president and the persons who were making this journey with him for his protection.

This sleeping car was the last car in the train, and my plan was if possible to get a key to the rear door of the sleeper, which was always kept locked. To get a key was, in my mind, to make me master of the situation. After some difficulty I succeeded in obtaining a key to this car, and with this important factor in my possession I returned to Mrs. Blank and related the circumstances to her, on my assurance that the plan of operation as devised by me was the only one possible by which Mr. Pinkerton's wishes as to the safety of himself and party could be carried out. To this she acquiesced, saying she was perfectly satisfied that my arrangements would prove correct.

The ticket office then being open, I purchased the necessary tickets, taking care to engage the two rear sections of the car for Mr. Lincoln and his party. Mrs. Blank and myself then started for the front end of the sleeper car; the same group of men still remained at their posts, but as a lady was with me they did not scrutinize us closely, but moved to one side for us to pass, so with but small trouble we walked to the rear end, and Mrs. Blank took possession of her berth.

After quietly wishing her a safe journey I walked out on the rear platform, relocking the door after me in the same quiet fashion. Owing to the dim candle light in the car, my motions were not visible to the group of men in the front end of it, so my plan was nicely carried out.

When on the rear platform, I stood in

the dark shadows until Mr. Pinkerton and his party arrived, which they did shortly after 11 p. m. It took but a moment for my quiet signal to catch Mr. Pinkerton's watchful eyes, and he quickly turned toward me, the president elect and Mr. Lamson following closely behind him; the leader looked at me very sharply as he saw the key applied to unlock the rear door. To usher the little party into their proper places in the sleeper, then turn and go out, relocking the door after me, was the work of but a few seconds, there was neither time nor place for any explanations, as the moment I stepped off that rear platform the train moved forward into the outer darkness of a stormy winter night.

Other descriptions to the contrary, I must say here that Mr. Lincoln was dressed with exceeding plainness; an old felt hat somewhat the worse for wear and an ordinary sackcoat of some dark color, with a dark gray shawl thrown very carelessly about his neck and shoulders, completed his attire; there was neither "Scotch cap" nor "military cloak" on any of the party, but they all looked like tired travelers.

That this memorable party arrived safely at their journey's end is a well known fact, but nevertheless this remarkable trip must have been one that caused each and all of them many misgivings and very anxious moments.

In a letter received some time since from Mr. Ward H. Lamson, Mr. Lincoln's special friend and companion on that journey, he writes that "he has a very distinct recollection of the hurried and cautious manner in which they were hustled into the rear end of the rear car." I give his letter in full as an appendix to this. Mr. Lamson and myself, I fully believe, are the only men now living who were actively engaged in carrying this remarkable event to a successful ending.

Some weeks after this journey—and after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration—Mr. Pinkerton called on me in person, as he himself said, "to give me his best thanks for the practical and successful manner in which this affair of the sleeping car had been arranged and carried out, and the great good to the whole country that had come of it, for with that collection of unknown men in the front end of the sleeper he did not dare to think of the possible results to his little party had they been compelled to use the door at the front end of the car."

GEORGE R. DUNNE.

WARD LAMSON'S LETTER.

(Copied.)
1020 17TH N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.,
April 3d, 1888.

Geo. R. Dunne, Esq., New York:
DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 27th ult. is at hand, and in reply to your inquiry as to whether Mr. Lincoln and party, en route from Philadelphia to Washington City on the memorable occasion of his trip to the Capitol to assume the reins of government, rode in the rear of the hindmost car of the train that night, my recollection is very distinct on that subject. You are undoubtedly correct in your statements in relation thereto.

I shall never forget the hurried and cautious manner in which we were hustled into the rear end of the rear car, where berths had been secured by Mr. Pinkerton and his assistants.

Mr. Lincoln wearing a soft white felt hat and an old pepper and salt shawl (which had done much service as a wrap on the Illinois prairies)—these were the only parts of his clothing he pretended to take off. Throwing these back in the berth, he rolled into the inner side of the lower sleeper; I took off nothing of my clothing and lay in on the outside, next to the aisle.

Pinkerton and one of his assistants occupied the corresponding sleeper on the other side of the car, and so we proceeded to Washington—and I acknowledge to a sleepless journey by the whole party—not entirely free from apprehension. Yours truly,
WARD H. LAMSON.

The Last Dread Scene.

The president had been shot a few minutes past 10. The wound would have brought instant death to most men, but his vital tenacity was extraordinary.



STANTON AT LINCOLN'S DEATHBED.

He was of course unconscious from the first moment, but he breathed with slow and regular respiration throughout the night. As the dawn came and the lamplight grew pale in the fresher beams, his pulse began to fail; but his face even then was scarcely more haggard than those of the sorrowing group of statesmen and generals around him. His automatic moaning, which had continued through the night, ceased; a look of unexpressed peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after 7 he died. Stanton broke the silence by saying, "Now he belongs to the ages." Dr. Gurley knelt by the bedside and prayed fervently. The widow came in from the adjoining room, supported by her son, and cast herself with loud outcry on the dead body.—Nicolay & Hay's History.

The Public Press.

With public sentiment nothing can fail; without it nothing can succeed. Consequently, he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed.—Lincoln in Joint Debate with Douglas, Ottawa, Ills., Aug. 21, 1858

N. B. See Adv. "Courier Premiums" page 2.

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS

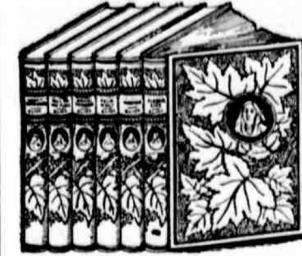
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