

BIG DAY AT BONESTEEL

Great Excursion Into the South Dakota Town This Morning.

THREE TRAIN LOADS OF PEOPLE.

Visitors are Attracted by Lands Soon to be Opened.

BEING ROYALLY ENTERTAINED.

A Program of Indian and Cow Boy Sports Has Been Arranged and There is Something Doing all the Time—Town Taxed to Entertain.

Bonesteel, S. D., Sept. 12.—From a staff correspondent: Four hundred and sixteen thousand acres of choice land, and land which is this year producing the finest crops in the world, was enough of an attraction to bring over 2,500 persons up to Bonesteel very early this morning from all over Nebraska and to open their eyes with wonderment when they had taken a look.

The three immense excursion trains over the Chicago and Northwestern railway, which left Norfolk last night, drew into the terminal of the line in this direction about an hour apart, a bit behind the schedule but enthusiastic in its crowd notwithstanding. The town is simply flooded with humanity this morning and just how the visitors are to be taken care of is something of a puzzle. The citizens of the town have done and are doing everything in their power to royally entertain their guests, but it is an assembly which would put the beds of Norfolk or any other ordinarily large city out of business in mighty short order.

Five thousand eyes are opened wide at the things Bonesteel can show. Situated in the midst of an agricultural country which is teeming with the most magnificent kind of crops; edged with a vast tract of government land which is to be opened up, in all probability, very soon; and filled from end to end with business men of the wide awake, progressive type, Bonesteel, South Dakota, is a town to be envied and one with a future surely before it.

Despite the rain last night, which has put a damper on some of the program that had been arranged, the sight-seers are getting their money's worth. Camped just at the west edge of town, in perhaps a hundred scattered tepees, are a large number of Indians from the reservation, who are in town to give their various dances. They came in yesterday afternoon and pitched their camp. There may be trouble for some of the whites of the community as a number of them are said to have gotten firewater very soon after their arrival. Their raid this morning was unique to a degree and interested many spectators.

At 10 o'clock the Twenty-second infantry band, from Fort Crook, gave a delightful concert for an hour. Immediately afterward came the Indian parade, typical of early modes of travel. A mammoth Indian barbecue was started at noon and two hours later the schedule starts the train for the reservation, where visitors go to look over the land. A good list of street sports will follow.

As to the opening of the reservation, Bonesteel people are unanimous in the opinion that it will come next spring. The News reporter interviewed several of the business men and some of the Indians who attended Major McLaughlin's council down on Ponca creek. Thomas Cutchall, who was in the thick of the council, states that Major McLaughlin declared the land would be opened whether the treaty was signed or not. "It is too late to complain now," Thomas quotes the major, "and the land will be opened. You might, therefore, just as well sign and get recognition in Washington."

The new treaty offers \$2.75 an acre for the land and the Indians want \$5.00 in cash. They figure that this land adjacent to country selling at \$35.00, ought to be worth at least \$5.00. It is, of course, unimproved in any way and with no cultivation at all. Tom is one of the men who gets 160 acres of ground every time he has a new heir. His wife is a fine looking squaw and they have four handsome children, besides one dead. Just 800 acres is theirs because of their addition to the race and their blow at its decrease. The other day Tom was offered \$2,000.00 for the 160 acres which his dead boy left.

It is probable that the land will be given out by the means of the lottery system. This does not please the Indians who prefer the squatter's right method. "By lottery," said one, "a man in Chicago or New York has as good a chance at the land as we do."

How it Produces. Several cabbage heads, weighing 19 pounds each; four potatoes aggregating six pounds; a pumpkin easily

a foot and a half in diameter; a stalk of corn fourteen feet high; a blade of clover six feet tall; and oats weighing 57 pounds to a machine measured bushel—are samples of what Gregory county has put forth this season. Tobacco and sugar beets are also among the crops and they are first class. Pine has just returned from the state fair and the Nebraska state fair and his display of crop samples are of an immense size. Much of the corn is already ripe and three or four more weeks of warm weather will put it out in a big way. Corn is 35 to 60 bushels an acre; oats 35 to 110.

The business men of Bonesteel are progressive. They go into their pockets on all occasions to raise funds that will help the town and they are making it win.

Among the features of the place that are really worth while is the Gregory County Pilot, edited and managed by B. F. Wood, formerly of Madison. The Pilot is as pretty a paper as one could care to find in a day's journey and it contains more actual type than any other weekly paper in this section, with the exception of the Norfolk News-Journal. The Gregory County News is the only other paper here. The Pilot makes a specialty of county news and keeps land seekers in touch with every detail on the reservation.

The Forbes Locating Agency is another feature which does a good business and is eminently high grade. It is managed by B. W. Forbes, who has been in Omaha during the week and who accompanied the excursionists to Bonesteel this morning.

A neat program of the day's events has been issued by Rathman & Keller, a prominent real estate firm. Bonesteel itself is of course a typical frontier town. About 600 people live here already and it is expected that many more will come when the land is opened up.

The train gets people into the station at 5 in the evening and carries them away at 1:35 in the morning. And every train coming in is loaded.

Until midnight last night the store keepers and real estate dealers were busy getting ready for the influx of guests. Many temporary lunch counters were put up, and even this addition has been unable to feed everyone on time.

The day has been a good deal like the famous frontier day at Cheyenne, with shouting redskins wild cow boys and other features of a new and undeveloped territory.

Appreciate Daily News. Among the townsfolk, and especially with the enterprising classes, who appreciate a good thing, the fact that a special noon edition of The Norfolk Daily News is to be issued for Bonesteel made a hit. They universally realize that they can get telegraphic news in this paper about ten hours later each day than in any morning daily in the field anywhere. They also appreciate the fact that a special correspondent has been sent by the paper to do justice to the program that comes off this afternoon.

Charles Dougan of Norfolk was among the early arrivals.

CONGRESS CAN OPEN IT.

Decision of Supreme Court Gives Them Power—Report of Major McLaughlin's Recall Erroneous.

Sioux City, Sept. 12.—Special to The News: "The report that Major McLaughlin, Indian agent at Rosebud agency, was recalled to Washington, D.C.," said Ed Haakinson of Bonesteel, S. D., who formerly lived here, to a Tribune reporter, "is incorrect. The major is still on duty at the reservation. Bonesteel citizens returning from the agency tell me the major knows nothing of the story which was printed a week or more ago saying he had been recalled. The story intimated the move of the government had some bearing on the reservation question and shows its unwillingness to open up for settlement the 416,000 acres of land.

"Nothing more will be done until congress meets. That body has it in its power to open the land under the old treaty or under the new bill. Some years ago the reservation occupied by the Comanches was opened for settlement and less than one-third of the legal signers signed the treaty. Chief Lone Wolf opposed the treaty and began a suit against the government. The case was taken to the supreme court, which held that the government as guardian might do what it deemed best for its wards with or without their consent. The treaty to open the Rosebud reservation now has fully one-third of the legal signatures attached. It now rests with congress to see to the opening of those lands during the next session. We have every assurance from the delegation that the bill will pass. All Bonesteel enthusiastically believes this. The excursion over the Northwestern tonight is to show those who come to the town the fine topography of the land and its apparent agricultural qualities. It will be a gala day for Bonesteel. The Fort Crook military band will be there and a big athletic program has been arranged."

Whoever wins will have a beautiful outfit—this Mag and the rubber tired runabout. The vehicle may be seen at Sattler's.

PIERCE COUNTY PIONEERS.

Meet at Plainview Today for Second Annual Picnic.

ADDRESSES, MUSIC AND SPORTS.

Weather Was Uncertain, But the Gathering Lacked Nothing of Enthusiasm on that Account—Many Strangers in the Town.

Plainview, Neb., Sept. 12.—From a Staff Correspondent: The second annual reunion and picnic of the Pierce county old settlers is in progress here today. A large number of the old timers, with their families and friends, are here from all over the county, and that they are having a good time is very apparent. The rain of last night and this morning has not materially interfered with the program, although it made the grounds rather wet for the opening of the picnic and the threatening aspect of the weather has undoubtedly served to keep many of the more timid ones at home, but the ardor of those who came in has apparently not been in the least dampened.

Some of the old fellows from distant parts of the county have not seen each other for years, and when they get together there is something to say.

Well filled baskets may be seen in abundance, and when noon and dinner time comes there will be feast from which no one may depart hungry. That good, old-time Nebraska hospitality is present in great bunches and no stranger will be permitted to enter the gates but who is furnished substantial evidence of its inclusive qualities.

The Pierce County Old Settlers' association was organized last year and the first picnic held at Pierce, the county seat, on August 23.

The first officers of the association were R. Lucas, Foster, secretary and treasurer; August Huelner, Hadar, president; Hason Turner, Pierce, vice president. Officers this year are the same, with the exception of president, Wm. Alexander of Plainview being president this year.

The association members now number about seventy-five, most of them heads of families, so that the entire families are counted in for all picnic and similar purposes, making a good crowd which has been swelled by non-members, who are welcome to participate, and enjoy the events of the day, open to all. It is expected that a large number of new members will be taken in today. The requisites for membership are an admission fee of twenty-five cents, and that the applicant shall have been a resident of Pierce county for ten years or more. Both men and women are on the rolls. The object of the association is to have a picnic every year, whereat the old pioneers and their families can get together, talk over old times, exchange reminiscences of the early days when the wolves howled at night and houses were few and far between and not much at that.

Thousands of people throughout the county and in neighboring counties had planned to attend this second meeting of the association, but of course the crowd has been considerably reduced by the storm of last night and the threatening character of the weather this morning, especially on the part of those who are compelled to drive.

A beautiful grove in the town limits has been chosen and fitted up for the event, but if the weather will not admit of an outdoor meeting adjournment will be taken to the opera house or some other building that will accommodate the people attending to the best advantage.

Ex-Senator William V. Allen of Madison and Hon. W. M. Robertson of Norfolk, who are to deliver the principal addresses of the day, are here, and the program promises to be carried out without a hitch. Rev. J. J. Parker, pastor of the Congregational church is to deliver the address of welcome, and five-minute talks are to be made by Rev. Mr. Lelley, Rev. Mr. Hilgry, G. P. Watson, O. J. Frost and Robert Lucas. Music will intersperse the program and furnish an entertainment of merit and decidedly worth listening to.

The program of sports to be given at 3 o'clock this afternoon, will occupy the balance of the day. Good prizes are offered and many are here for the sole purpose of entering the contests. The present prospects are that the weather will clear in time to leave the grounds in excellent condition for the events.

ESCAPE THREATENED FROST.

Weather Man Said One Was Possible, But it Didn't Come—Last Year it Froze Plenty.

[From Saturday's Daily.] One year ago last night all growing vegetation was emphatically and successfully retired from activity by a freeze that left a scum of ice on still water and sent a chill through the hearts of the people who were confident that a corn crop and other crops had been ruined. It developed later, however, that there was plenty of corn, and that none but tender veg-

etables were ruined, although the value of other crops suffered depreciation in value.

The weather man yesterday feared that there would be a frost last night and his prediction of a possible frost in the north portion were borne out by the inky black clouds that gathered in the north early in the evening. The south wind braced itself for a contest with Boreas, however, and the battle was a pretty one, the south wind coming out triumphant and driving back the storm that threatened to be followed by freezing temperature, and instead it was almost uncomfortably warm, the minimum temperature being 65 degrees, the warmest it has been for about a week.

The showers that resulted from the contest of the elements was not desired, but it was so light that it did little more than lay the dust which has been bothering for several days.

The escape of the country from frost visitation again last night gives the optimists renewed courage in the belief that the corn is rapidly hardening and another week without frost will develop a yield that will be a record-breaker beyond a doubt.

THE BONESTEEL EXCURSION.

Three Heavy Trains Carried the Visitors Through Norfolk Last Night to the South Dakota Town.

[From Saturday's Daily.] It was a great excursion that passed through Norfolk last night over the Northwestern for Bonesteel. The excursionists were gathered here during the early hours of the evening by the regular trains and sent by specials to their destination. The News' special from Bonesteel gives the number who arrived there at 2.50, but it is probable that the correct number is 1,200 to 1,800.

The regular No. 3 from the east last night on the Northwestern brought about 200 excursionists, and this was followed by a second section given over entirely to Bonesteel people, bringing between 500 and 800. About 150 came from the west on the Northwestern and nearly as many more were picked up by the trains between here and Bonesteel. Quite a number went from here.

The excursion was sent out in three trains. The first left at 9:30 with eight coaches, the second at 10:10 with thirteen coaches, and the third at 1:15 this morning. The first train arrived in Bonesteel at 5:30 this morning on schedule time, and the others followed about an hour apart.

A big time has been laid out for the entertainment of the visitors at Bonesteel and it will be an experience long to be remembered.

COLLEGE FOLK LEAVE HOME.

Many Norfolk People Left the City for Their Several Campus Homes.

[From Monday's Daily.] College doors are open again for another term of class work and the trains going out of Norfolk in every direction today bore living evidence of the fact. Dozens of young men and women left the city or passed through today enroute to their college halls. Many of them are just entering their freshman year and will have lots to learn. They will be the servants of seniors and the subjects for jests for many months to come and within three weeks their letters will look blue for fair; some, too, are going for their last time, preparing to enter this week their final year's work at college and planning to get started into the world immediately after. There were many touching farewells at the railroad stations as the trains drew away—many wavings of handkerchiefs just at the last moment before the wheels began to turn.

SANITARIUM TO BE REOPENED.

The Hospital Established by Drs. Salter & Salter Will be Started October 1.

[From Monday's Daily.] The sanitarium which was established in Norfolk several years ago and which was so successfully conducted for several seasons by Drs. Salter & Salter, is to be reopened in Norfolk October 1. For some time the need of a hospital in this city has been felt and especially now, since the Bonesteel country has been so well opened up and since the section is directly tributary to Norfolk. Plans have just been completed for the re-establishment of the institution and within two weeks the ill and injured will be well taken care of here.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

Eight Persons Injured by the Falling of the Stone Coping From the Flat Iron Building.

New York, Sept. 15.—Special to The News: The coping on the big Flat Iron building fell this morning, without the slightest warning. The street was full of traffic at the time and as the flying stones came down they crashed into a passing street car, which was totally wrecked. Eight of the passengers were badly injured but none fatally. It is considered miraculous that none were killed.

TRIP THROUGH COLORADO

Pueblo, Denver, Manitou, and Other Places Visited.

PEN PICTURE OF THE ROUTE.

Mrs. Musselman of this City Tells of the Beauties of Nature on a Tour of Central Colorado—The Silver Plume Mine.

[From Saturday's Daily.] We left Columbus at 7:30 a. m. on the Plyer over the Union Pacific railroad for a trip to Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Denver. Reached Denver at 9 o'clock in the morning on Tuesday, August 25, waited until 11:15 then boarded our train on the Colorado Southern for Pueblo.

The scenery between Denver and Palmer lake (7,000 feet above sea level) was, to our unaccustomed eyes, very beautiful, but from there to Pueblo the country is almost barren. It was a long, tedious ride and we were relieved when we reached the end of our journey for the day at 4:20 in the afternoon. We were taken to the home of my brother, where, after a clean-up and rest, we were greatly refreshed and anxious to "see" Pueblo, which might truly be named the "City of the Desert." I heard one lady remark, "Well, there are no 'haysacks' here; every one lives in town," which was true, as we saw very few farms.

Pueblo has for its leading industry the great steel works which employ many hundreds of men, and is dubbed the "backbone" of Pueblo. No one is allowed to enter these works except the management and employees, because of the great and constant danger to life and limb. I was told that but few days passed that did not see one or more fatal accidents, one or more men being killed or badly hurt, so we contented ourselves with a look from a high viaduct into the yards. It was a very wonderful sight. Rows of tall, black smokestacks, belching inky clouds of smoke; reports spitting out lurid flames; boilers and engines puffing away, while every little while explosions, "blowouts" were heard, and above and around us for miles the night was brightened by these lights. Altogether it was a sight which might be likened to the description of that old fashioned place we were taught when a child to believe was a real place.

We spent two hours in the company's hospital, were taken by a very courteous guide through each department, shown the main operating room with all its greswome appliances. There are no steps, nor do they use elevators, the distance from one floor to another being covered by inclined planes. All floors are made from a certain kind of cement and all cooking is done by steam. It is said that this is one of the best equipped hospitals there is.

We left Pueblo for Colorado Springs Monday morning, reaching our destination at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. We took a carriage and a guide and were driven through that wonderful creation, "The Garden of the Gods." All formations are of a kind of red sandstone. We stood in awe before the Balanced Rock, a rock of many tons weight resting upon a very slight pedestal, looking as though a very slight wind or movement would throw it upon us, and we felt like stepping back. Then the Washerwoman, a perfect imitation of a woman bending over the tub, perfectly natural, you need not use imagination to get her picture. Then the Kissing Camels, showing the heads of two camels in close proximity, giving the rock the name. The Three Graces are three flat (perpendicular) slabs standing many feet high, with openings between in which a man can walk upright, and many more curious formations which I saw which impressed me with feelings of awe and wonder. We returned to and passed through the Gateway, then were driven along one of the most perfect country roads I ever saw, to Glen Eyrie, which is the property and where is the palatial home of General Palmer. At its entrance stands that wonderful Major Domo, apparently guarding that beautiful domain which this good man calls home. Ever; turn of our carriage gave us some more beautiful sight, which must be seen to be understood and appreciated. After being unloaded at the hack stand, our place of starting, we took a car for Manitou and Pike's peak, and spent the rest of the day there viewing the beautiful little city lying snuggled up among the mountains.

At 6:30 we took the train for Denver, reaching that most beautiful city and were safely housed by 11 in the evening. At 7:30 Tuesday morning we boarded the train to go over the celebrated Georgetown Loop, at a distance of something over 10,000 feet above sea level. You may read of and hear this part of Colorado discussed by those who have seen it, but no one can realize what Clear Creek canon is without you actually see it for yourself. The train—narrow gauge—enters the canon several miles out from the city. Tumbling and sporting over the rocks and down steep is the stream from which the

canon gets its name, Clear creek, but is anything but what its name implies as you first see it, emerging from its rough journey down the mountain side. Its waters here are of a dirty white color, caused by the washing of quantities of ore in the different mines, but as we follow its windings up the mountain, our little engine puffing and throwing back upon us clouds of smoke dust and cinders, the water becomes beautifully clear, tinged with a delicate green, bubbling and rolling, lashing itself into clouds of foam; falling over great heights to throw up clouds of rainbow colored spray; then again placid and tranquil, it makes its way onward and downward. This stream was one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw. Arriving at Georgetown we went over the loop, and could see as we looked back the little city nestling in the valley, surrounded on every side by high rugged mountains, which of themselves, were a scene never to be forgotten. Then on up the mountainside to Silver Plume mine, named for the knight of the silver plume; spent three hours, dabbling in the clear, cold mountain stream, going ever so little way up the narrow paths made by the burro, many of our crowd, ladies and gentlemen, hiring one of those patient, gentle, four-footed animals for a ride; climbed to the dump at the mouth of the mine, gathering beautiful specimens of ore, rocks and flowers, growing; it seemed to me, from out of the rocks. Then, when the signal came, "all aboard" boarding our train for the trip down the mountains to Denver, reaching that place at 6:30 in the evening, oh so dirty, worn and weary, but carrying with us delightful memories of the day spent at Silver Plume mine.

On Thursday I "saw Denver" from a three-seated automobile filled with sightseers like myself; was taken in this wonderful horseless carriage through all the beautiful streets, among the beautiful homes, through the capitol grounds, the city park and into every part of the city that was to be seen.

Left Denver at 10:30 at night, home at 10:30 p. m., Friday, very worn and weary, but so glad to have had opportunity to see the sights I did see. I could tell of much more that I saw, had I space.

Anna Musselman.

BONESTEEL TRAIN DITCHED.

Two Cars on a Freight Were Derailed and the Passenger was Six Hours Late.

[From Monday's Daily.] The train from Bonesteel, S. D., due here at 6 o'clock this morning, did not arrive until noon, the delay being occasioned by the ditching of two cars of stock between Anoka and Fairfax. The softness of the track bed owing to recent rains was accountable for the accident. Fortunately none of the derailed cars were overturned, none of cattle injured and little damage done.

Early Settler of Madison County.

[From Monday's Daily.] Walter Mead, aged seventy years, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Wm. Whitla, at Anoka, Boyd county, Saturday night at 10 o'clock and the body was brought down from there on the Bonesteel passenger, reaching Norfolk at noon today, and was here transferred to the train for Madison, the former home of the deceased, where interment will take place. Mrs. Mead and Mr. and Mrs. Whitla accompanied the remains. Arrangements for the funeral have not yet been completed, but it will be held, probably, tomorrow afternoon, or possibly Wednesday, depending on the arrival of other relatives and friends.

The deceased was an early settler of Madison county. He was born in New York and came to Madison county thirty-two years ago, settling on a farm southeast of Madison, where he lived until fifteen years ago, when he moved to Madison. He has been feeble for a number of years, but felt better since going to Anoka with his wife in July than he had for a long time past. He seemed to be feeling particularly well Saturday afternoon and evening, but at 10 o'clock he suddenly turned over in his bed, gasped and expired.

His wife and two daughters survive him. The other daughter is Mrs. C. H. Swallow, whose husband is editor of the Democrat at that place. She has been in St. Louis with a little son who has been taking treatment, but is expected to arrive in Madison tonight.

Mrs. Agnes Whitla and Miss Mabel Whitla, mother and sister of Mr. Whitla, joined the funeral party here and will accompany them to Madison.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON STRICKEN.

Suffers Attack of Appendicitis in Chicago.

Chicago, Sept. 15.—Special to The News: Sir Thomas Lipton, the yachting cup challenger, was stricken with a severe attack of appendicitis at the Auditorium annex this morning, and has since been suffering intensely. It is probable that an operation will be required before he can recover his health.

The Meadow Grove hotel for sale or trade. Inquire of Mrs. M. Storey, Meadow Grove.