

the remains of great frame hotels and livery barns, relics of the mushroom town that sprang up in response to the magic touch of the section-hand's heavy wand. But before this there was a Kearney City, of which today not a vestige remains. It lay on the south side of the Platte, on the western boundary-line of the military reservation, which was ten miles square and covered land on both sides of the river. Within this tract a military post was established in 1848, which was called Fort Childs, the name being changed by the war department, on December 30th. of that year, to Fort Kearney, in memory of General Stephen W. Kearney, who had died in October. This was the same officer who in the spring of 1838 selected the site of Nebraska City as suitable for an army post, and the fort that had a brief existence there likewise bore his name.

Neither settlement nor camping being permitted on the reservation, there grew up a halting-place on either edge of it for the accommodation of travelers; for it was at this point that all roads to the West, save that which ran from Kansas City by way of the Arkansas, converged; here met the streams of Pike's Peak and freighters from every town from Leavenworth to Florence. Eight miles east of the fort stood Dogtown, which had no importance; but Dobytown, two miles west of the fort, was for a time one of the swiftest towns on the globe. It had its name from the adobe of which its buildings were chiefly made; but it soon assumed the title of Kearney City, and became county-seat of Kearney county, which covered three others besides the present county of that name. Some say furthermore that Dobytown and Dirty Woman's Ranch were one and the same; but the better opinion seems to be that the euphonious ranch was a few miles further west.

Here then was an organized county and a busy trading-town, wicked and thriving; when the railroad appeared across the river, and town and county vanished in air. There was no transfer from the old town to the new; the inhabitants merely scattered to the four winds, the adobe houses lapsed into the soil they came from, and the all-devouring farmer planted his corn on street, corner-lot and overland trail. The county officers joined in the mad dance; they and their records were whisked away like autumn leaves. Only one book is known to be in existence showing the transactions of that busy time. In May, 1871, the United States abandoned Fort Kearney, and the slate was wiped clean. In that same year the Burlington road reached out this way; in 1872 the inhabitants moved for the organization of a new Kearney county; and a fresh chapter was opened.

The freighting lasted only a few years, the railroad has already endured

thrice as long; still it is not of the railroad that the traveler thinks as he looks out of the car-window. His eyes seek landmarks on the opposite bank, and the names that he meets suggest the earliest days. Here is Brady's Island, where the bones of the hunter Brady lay, just as the wolves had left them, when Fremont came by in 1842. Here we see O'Fallon's Bluffs, which present a steep yellow face to the river, just as when the prairie-schooners had to circumnavigate them; a farmer's windmill now shows its head from behind them, and a well-graded country road comes down through the middle of them.

It is strange how the name of Captain J. C. Fremont has impressed itself upon the geography of this western country. There is the city of Fremont, whose site he passed through on one of his ten or twelve journeys across the plains. There, on the old trail, was Fremont's Orchard, above, below and around which there was "awful sand;" there were Fremont's Springs and Fremont Station. And there is Fremont's Butte, which is visible from the B. & M. trains on the south, where the conductor will tell you how the intrepid explorer was "treed" for three days and nights on its summit by Indians. As a matter of fact, Fremont probably never saw that butte. He only came this way twice, namely, out and back on his first expedition; both times, so far as his journal shows, he confined himself to the Platte bottoms; and the butte is not in sight from the river at all. Furthermore, Fremont never had any trouble with Indians in this part of the country.

Here now we come to a town with a history—Julesburg, Colorado. This is not, however, the real Julesburg, nor its immediate successor, but the third of that name. It is little more than a junction-point, where the lines to Denver and Ogden divide, as the stage-lines and overland trails did before them from old Julesburg. The main crossing of the Platte was near by, called Beauvais' Ford, after an early settler, a Swiss by birth; there traffic for Fort Laramie and the South Pass crossed the river and went northwest, while the Pike's Peak business continued up the south bank of the South Fork. The first Julesburg had its brief season of glory in the winter of 1866, when the railroad rested there; it had the renown, for the time being, of "the wickedest town in America"—which many other frontier places, before and since, have temporarily borne. It was one of the soap-bubble towns, appropriately so called, for the brevity of their life and the brilliancy of their coloring; when the railroad moved on, it was whiffed

into the air, as Old Kearney had been before it.

Why the town was called Julesburg was long a source of trouble to the writer, who harassed the old-timers of his acquaintance for information on that head in vain. An old book in the public library says it was named in honor of one Dirty Julia who once inhabited the place; but this was known to be wrong, since all hands remembered Old Jules himself, the founder of the town. What was his other name then? Of this they could tell nothing, though each one was familiar with the tragic fate that befell Jules and his ears at the hands of Slade, the stage-agent. One of the publications of the Union Pacific passenger department here came in with the information that Julesburg was named for "one Jules Burg, a desperado who died with his boots on." This too had an appearance of inaccuracy. It is easy to invent a Jules; the name was surprisingly common among the early hunters and traders, and, as pronounced, rhymes exactly with mules. The matter was therefore in a state of doubt, when the beautiful book of Colonel Henry Inman, of Topeka, on "The Great Salt Lake Trail" appeared, and put it at rest with almost irritating fullness of detail. It was very simple, after all; the man's name was Jules Bernard. In order to leave no doubt whatever, Colonel Inman prints a letter from Jules' wife, giving the particulars, so far as she knew them, of the Slade affair. The moral of which is that you can find out anything, if you can come across the right man.

WHAT AILS THE LETTER?

The popocratic organs are all declaring as with one voice that Mr. Bryan's old letter to J. Sterling Morton avowing that he wanted office for the money that was in it and not the honor, is perfectly straightforward, proper and creditable to the great wearer of the Jeffersonian mantle. Then why did Bryan deny it and why did the popocratic organs denounce Mr. Morton fiercely as a liar and a libeller because he said that Mr. Bryan had once made a statement to that purport to a friend?

Morton doesn't appear to have set any great store by the letter but merely alluded to it because of Mr. Bryan's violent and theatrical attacks on people who, according to his pure mind were in politics for the money and whose greed for wealth was undoing the country. And Bryan and his friends evidently saw the point and vociferously denied it and challenged Morton to his proof. That is what is the matter with that letter.—Nebraska State Journal.

Professor John Fiske's "History of the United States" is thought not to be fit to be used in Virginia schools.