

1874, and the Park has been inhabited continuously since the spring of 1875, when the Mac Gregors, the James, the Spragues and the Fergusons moved in; nor are there lacking settlers who were there before that time, though they are not so easy to find. The writer even knows where the remains of his cabin are to be seen, but will guard the knowledge as jealously as he would the secret of his mushroom patch, because he wishes to secure a dornick from Jim's fire-place for his own collection the next time he goes out.

The stories of Jim differ, as may be expected, but they all agree that he was not such a bad man as he persuaded Miss Bird. Ask the natives whether he was not a desperate murderer and you will get a good natured laugh. He might have killed somebody before he came out there, they say, but he never gained any right to that reputation in that neighborhood. There was no harm to be approached from old Jim, by their account, unless his pistol went off by accident when he was drunk and got to swinging it around and blowing, as was his custom. "I've told him to his face he was a thief," says one informant, "when I had no gun and Jim was armed. I didn't consider there was any more risk in telling him what I thought of him than in talking to you now."

It would appear, however, that all his neighbors did not take him so philosophically. There is a tradition that he forbade anyone but himself to settle in *Muggins Gulch*, where he had his pastoral dwelling. *Muggins Gulch* is some five miles in length, and now contains a half-dozen ranches. One individual, wandering over the mountains with a Winchester, in search of "rabbits," considers this a strange state of affairs; "didn't nobody have a gun besides Jim?"

One of those who took him seriously was the Welshman, Evans, the same who finally shot him. Their disagreements were numerous, as many, perhaps, over cards and liquor as over weightier matters, and it is said that Jim had Evans completely terrorized. An eye-witness describes a quarrel between them in Longmont, when Jim forbade Evans to go home; told him he couldn't go through *Muggin's Gulch* alive. "Some way or other old Jim had managed to get Griff scared, and he was nearly afraid to go home. I said to Jim, you old duffer, you want to quit your bluffing, because some day somebody'll call you; they'll make meat of you."

This informant considers Evans' own terrors to have been ample grounds for the final catastrophe, but there were other stories told. It was said, for instance, that Jim had offered or threatened to carry off a daughter of Evans'—and all agree that the Welshman was extremely fond of his family.

Then there is the mysterious Englishman, who should likewise have become "scared" of Jim and hired Griff to put him out of the way. The sum even is mentioned—it was \$10,000. There was an Englishman staying at Griff's ranch, and he and Jim were "at outs." This much is certain. And there is talk of a witness to the transaction, who was spirited out of the way. Miss Bird mentions the Englishman's story in one of her foot notes, and with her usual frankness mentions his name; he was a Mr. Fodder, whom she had met on her travels and didn't like. Another Park story says that it was Lord Hague, from whom Mummy Mountain got the name it bears on the maps.

At all events, Evans was wrought up to the necessary pitch, and one morning when Jim stopped at his door for a drink of buttermilk the thing was done. Some mention at this point that Jim had kept the Evans family in meat all that summer, while Griff was off drinking and gambling down below. Griff loved his family, was a kind and affectionate husband and father, but would spend his last cent having fun, though they were in want. And this time, seeing Jim outside with a thirst, he stepped to the door in his stocking-feet and shot him. Some say that Jim dropped over the side and shot back, ineffectively, from under his horse's neck; others that Evans shot the horse first and then its rider. This happened at the first dividing of the road after one reaches the Park level. Griff Evans' cabin stood where now is the English Lodge-house.

After this, it is related that Jim was arrested and taken to Longmont. Nothing was ever done to Evans. Jim lived some weeks, or perhaps months. He got "up and around," and there are those who visited and talked with him in this period. He made no attempt to "get" Evans, as one would expect the desperado of the book to have done. There was even room for doubt whether it was the wound that occasioned his death, which occurred some time later in Ft. Collins.

As for Evans, he no doubt lived happily ever after. The stone house that one passes in going out from Lyons is named as a later habitation of his, and he was for a time postmaster at Jimtown; and in that place he died within the last half-year.

A. T. RICHARDSON.

It is a high attainment in politeness to allow others to be mistaken. Let a trifling misstatement pass unnoticed where no principle is involved, and when a mistake is past remedy it is best to let the subject drop. The argument of the "I told you so" character is always quite superfluous.—Mrs. Burton Kingsland in the December Ladies' Home Journal.

R. CROKER, EVANGELIST.

Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder?

Even before the echoes of the cries of imperialism, with which the affrighted democrats made the campaign vocal die, the great emperor, Croker himself bids five of his minions to expel and purify the city. Nero, Caligula or Commodus, in their palmiest days, never exhibited "nerve" and assurance equal to that of this latest incarnation of authority, who, after all, is himself only a private citizen. To recur.

"Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,  
That he is grown so great?"

If Mr. Croker means business, and wishes to appear as an angel of light, as a servant of the public, did he never hear of the duly constituted authorities of the state, and did it never occur to him that the machinery is ready to his hand, if he chooses to set it in motion, without arrogating imperial prerogatives and authority?

But this stage play—this horse play, rather—deceives nobody.

It is the mere theatric transformation scene with which the curtain of the political drama of 1900 is rung down. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?—The Brooklyn Standard Union.

A REPLY FROM A CALIFORNIAN.

EDITOR CONSERVATIVE:

In your editorial on the dismissal of Prof. Ross by the trustees of the Stanford University, you say:

"Let those in charge make it a place to teach young men *how* to think and not *what* to think."

This is good doctrine and it was because the trustees believed this that Ross had to go. He did not try to teach the young men *how* to think but tried to teach them *what* to think, and this *what* was of the kind that Bryan and Altgeld and Herron and Bemis and Ely were trying to make the mass of our people think. Had he confined himself to what you have conceived to be the duty of a teacher, he would still be numbered with the honored members of the faculty. He was not satisfied with that but must insist that the students must not only listen to his tirades in favor of socialism and anarchy but must endorse them simply because he asserted they were true. The talk of his being "dumped" on account of his opposition to coolie immigration is all humbug and was propagated by him as a ready cushion on which to let himself down easy.

J. S. STANTON, of California.  
Chicago, Ill., Nov. 23, 1900.