today above; for the hill in which Sergeant Floyd was interred by his beloved captains was not the eternal resting-place that that they had designed it to be. It was attacked by the river, and the high water of the spring of 1857 demolished it in huge sections. Even the grave itself, high above, was reached at length, and one end of it destroyed; it was believed, and the Sioux City papers of today so stated, that the soldier's skull became detached and fell into the river, though this was a mistake, as will be explained below. The settlers, however, came to the rescue at this point, showing thereby what kind of men they were who founded our river towns. They opened the grave, removed the bones to a safe place, and on May 28th of that year formally reinterred them, with appropriate ceremonies, some 200 yards father back from the edge of the bluff.

Busy years followed, with the war first and then the development of the new city; the young men became old men, and then the long deferred project for suitably marking the historic grave was brought forth again. It grew as it was handled; the late Dr. Elliott Coues, that human steam-engine of research, the historiographer of the Lewis and Clark expedition, put his mighty shoulder to the wheel; it was taken up vigorously by various competent men; $5,000 was obtained from the national government, and an equal amount from the state of Iowa; private subscriptions were freely made; the railroads did what lay in their power; and the shaft that has this morning been dedicated, rose over the spot where, on Memorial day of 1895, the bones of the Kentuckian had been deposited for the third time in the soil of the western wilderness which he had hoped to help explore. The cost of the structure was stated by Colonel Chittenden to have been close to $20,000.

This being wholly Floyd's day in Sioux City, the good people began again after their dinners, and returned to the pleasant task once more in the evening. In the afternoon they filled their largest theatre, the Grand, to overflowing, to witness the simple and touching, but little-known, ceremonies of the Grand Army of the Republic, and hear an address by Hon. John A. Kasson; who sat and watched with interest the Memorial Day exercises, in company with other men and women who had had a hand in the making of the day. Prominent among these was Mrs. Coues, whose honored husband's name, by an oversight which many noticed with regret, was not mentioned in either the morning or afternoon exercises; though a handsome tribute was paid to his memory and services in the evening. Mr. Kasson, when he arose to speak, delivered an address which it is a pleasure to recall. It was the work of an artist and a scholar, and a gentleman's talk withal, bright with the fire of that patriotism of the intellect which is able to dispense with rant. THE CONSERVATIVE will, by Mr. Kasson's permission, present some portions of it to our readers at an early day, for it amounts to a document which could be widely read to good advantage.

The evening gathering was perhaps the most interesting of all, for it was the least formal; this was an old men's day, and those were beautiful and wonderful old men who told, mainly in an impromptu manner, various things from their own knowledge concerning Sergeant Floyd and the antiquities of the region. First arose Dr. James Davie Butler, of Madison, Wisconsin, the discoverer of Floyd's manuscript journal; with bowed frame, snow-white hair and shrunken hands, but speaking in a resonant and unwearied voice, and still making good jokes, jokes of the cumulative kind, which pleased the audience more the longer they thought them over. He told the story of the journal, considerable sections of which have been presented in THE CONSERVATIVE; he even presented the priceless old document itself, so strangely found after the lapse of ninety years, and a privileged few were allowed to examine and handle it. It is a small book, of a convenient size to carry in one's coat-pocket; the ink is rusted, but the writing is perfectly legible. At the stage of the journey where they passed the future site of Nebraska City, where he saw "High Cliftes on the South Side Which hase the Apperence of Iron Ore," he at first wrote simply "ore," but then smeared it out with his finger or sleeve and put in fuller particulars.

Among all the events of the day, there was nothing more pleasing than a brief reminiscent speech made by an early settler who had made a long journey, despite advanced age and feebleness, to take part in the occasion—Judge Levering, of Los Angeles. He was one of those who, in 1857, rescued the menaced grave from entire destruction; he was even the one who was made custodian of the bones themselves. He recalled, in picturesque language, the cool reception those venerable relics met at the hands of his wife when he brought them home, enclosed in a bag. "She didn't like the feelin's of 'em," he said, smiling; "she didn't exactly take as much pleasure in the rattlin' of the dry bones as she would in the tones of a church organ." So he bestowed them elsewhere—he told the Sioux Cityans whose office he left them in, and just where it used to stand—until arrangements were made for the ceremonial burial.

He accounted minutely for the state of the explorer's remains, and one would suppose that this old gentleman's account of this matter would be all that can ever be known in regard to it. It is, therefore, perhaps worth preserving in detail.

He said that when they opened the grave, during the spring rise of 1857, they found both lower arms missing and a portion of the left leg. The principal members of the skeleton, however, were there entire. He accounted for the deficiencies, as well as for the story of the skull having gone into the river, as follows: He recalled the captains' statement of their finding the grave open on their return, which has always been understood as meaning that it had been dug into by wild animals—probably wolves. The body, he said, would have been buried with the arms crossed over the breast; and in that position the arms would have been the first thing the beasts would come to; and he made no doubt but that they had, in fact, been carried off in this manner. The missing foot he thought undoubtedly fell down the bluff when the face of the hill was so far washed away that it protruded; and the reason why it was thought that the skull had gone was that the post or cross was at that end of the grave and went in first, and those who observed this naturally supposed that it had marked the head of the grave. He reminded us, however, that this post or cross had been replaced at least once, quoting Nicollet's statement to that effect; and showed how easily a stranger, finding the rude monument wholly displaced and lying upon the ground, could have set it up again inadvertently at the wrong end of the mound.

More than once, in the course of the day, was mention made of Sergeant Floyd's last recorded saying; how he spoke to Captain Clark and said, "I am going away; I want you to write me a letter." The interpretation always put upon these simple words was that the young man had wished to send a farewell to his father or some friend back in Kentucky: but it would have been easier for him to say so in other words, if that had been his meaning. Is it not more natural to believe that, feeling the approach of death, and wandering perhaps a little in his mind, this brave lad had desired to have a letter of recommendation from his commanding officer to take with him on the long journey that lay before him?

A. T. RICHARDSON.

RENDING THE HEARTS OF THE MOURNERS.

J. Sterling Morton continues to flay the 16 to 1 theory each week in THE CONSERVATIVE. This is all wrong. If we cannot say good things about the dead it is more charitable to remain silent. Why rend the hearts of the mourners by continuing to show up the faults and fallacies of the deceased? —Central City Nonpariel.