

GATH'S GOSSIP.

Creamer Says What it Was Put Conkling Out With Gov. Cornell.

With An Inside View of Things Generally in Both Parties.

LONG BRANCH, July 27.—Good democratic confession is good for the soul. Thomas J. Creamer, once State Senator, Congressman, etc., from New York, gave me the following views at Long Branch last Sunday: "What do you think of the two newly-elected Republican Senators?" "Pretty good men. Yet when they come forward as probable to be elected hardly a member of the legislature knew which town and county either of them resided in. Miller is probably to be the better half of the two. He has independent views, which he does not hesitate to advance yet has real modesty. He was a steady advocate in the legislature of taking church property. It might have been urged against him had he been elected senator by the people, but in the legislature was no bar at all. He was the man who most prominently elected Sloan Speaker of the assembly. Sloan returned in kind by making Miller's campaign for the senate. Miller is a fine-looking man, fully six feet, I should say, and is the first of her soldiers New York has put in the senate since the war. We have had as Senators Morgan, Harris, Fenton Conkling, Kernan, Platt, not a mother's son of them who ever shot off anything louder than a speech. Miller is a soldier, and a fine organizing politician. Mr. Lapham is a good high liver, a good lawyer, and greatly beloved by his neighbors in the ancient Massachusetts town of Canandaigua. Lapham ought to make a learned senator in law things, Miller a keen one."

THIS MR. CREAMER I AM QUOTING is a bright-minded Irishman of American birth; that is, he represents Irish districts and is of Irish parentage. He started in life a clerk, or rather runner, in A. T. Stewart's big store twenty-five years ago. Stewart caught him reading a book one day behind some boxes, and told him that he thought he had better run home and take up some literary pursuit. He became a politician, and at one time in the flush days of 1870 was thought to be worth \$1,000,000 in real estate. The mortgages, however, in the succeeding years, and the taxes ruined Mr. Creamer. Arthur, he said, owes all that he has to this man down the road at Long Branch—Murphy. Murphy got him in the Tax-Office as attorney for the commissioners, there he began. When the Union League passed resolutions against Murphy as collector of the port he got Grant to nominate Arthur. It is true that Conkling helped, but only to cover his own men. Arthur was not his choice. He did not want him to take the place for Vice-President. Left to himself Arthur will do very well. It is only when he is with Conkling that he goes wrong. "Mr. Creamer stopped a minute and said: "Meanness is as characteristic of Conkling's works as of his face. I have heard his agents in the job laugh often over the way they had fenton robbed of his patronage in New York by Grant. A number of the Conkling crowd were sent over to Williamsburg to organize a meeting and have it reported, and they passed resolutions in favor of Reuben E. Fenton for President. As soon as Grant saw it, he stopped speaking to Fenton, and Conkling got the whole patronage of New York. Such were the great talents they talk about on which he has been successful."

"Mr. Creamer, does the reputation of the legislature with the Republican unity rather give the State to that party?" "I do not see anything that will give them the State," said Mr. Creamer, "but the popular sympathy with this man at Washington, Garfield. Pity and admiration for him while lying on his bed of death has rather overflowed party lines. New York is Democratic. This past session of the legislature and all its scandals have certainly made no Republican votes." "Well, sir, who are now the leaders of this Democratic party in New York?" "The party has none. The old men are selfish, and this machine system that Kelly has kept up has prevented new men coming to the front. Look at Horatio Seymour. Too selfish to come twenty miles in the year 1879 to give unity to a convention of his party. He has never opened his mouth against any monopoly in the state, perhaps because his interests lie that way. You don't hear his voice on any question of the hour. He is very good to go around making speeches before milkmen and butter farmers. In 1863 he came down to New York and made a speech declaring the war a failure when there were 100,000 soldiers on the battle-field to make it a success. I don't think we want any more of that kind of statesmen. On the other hand, while the old men were blundering or timid, the chaps raised up by these city machines have never had either the character or ability to take charge of the fortunes of the party. I suppose that Gen. Slocum is about as prominent as any man we have remaining. But he is very obnoxious to the Boss of Brooklyn. That was a grand conceit," said Mr. Creamer, "at the Syracuse convention two years ago, when we had John Kelly in one room and Boss McLaughlin in the next room, and everybody in the convention imploring them to open the door and speak to each other, for the sake of the party, and neither man would do it. About the best managing head in the democratic party," said Creamer, "is William C. Kingsley, of Brooklyn. We have the voters in New York state."

was being persecuted because he was of the faith. That was the argument which got him the big vote when he ran against Gov. Robinson. It only shows how ecclesiastics of all churches can be decided by politicians. Before Kelly came into power the Catholic benevolent societies, charities, etc., were in receipt of large appropriations. He has taken care of none of them. But he has not omitted to make Fernando Wood and Sunset Cox put his connections and kin on the government, or wherever they could. "What were you doing at Albany six weeks during the senatorial fight?" I asked. "I had a candidate," he said, "whom I was waiting to put in if the Republicans were willing to concede one of the seats to a democrat. The time, however, never arrived."

THE FALLEN CHIEF. Sitting Bull and His Handful of Followers Left Buford Yesterday for Fort Yates. The Wily Old Savage to be Kept Under Close Espionage. St. Paul Pioneer-Press, July 30. Telegrams received from Maj. D. H. Brotherton, commanding at Fort Buford, announce the departure yesterday morning at 6 o'clock by the Union States steamer General Sherman, of Sitting Bull and party, numbering in all 187 Indians. Captain Walter Clifford, Seventh Infantry, is in charge of the party, with a guard of twenty men. The Sherman will arrive at Bismarck to-day, and after a brief delay will proceed to Fort Yates, where the Indians will be turned over to Col. Gilbert, Seventeenth infantry, who will have charge of them for the present. The question as to whether Sitting Bull himself will remain under the care of the military authorities or be turned over to the Indian agent at Fort Yates, has not yet been definitely determined; but in any event, he will be subjected to close espionage, and care will be taken that he does not leave the reservation. Sitting Bull's power for mischief making has been recognized by the government. It is the fact that the several thousand Indians who have in time past acknowledged his leadership and looked to him for counsel, the number has, through the jealousy of rival chiefs, secession and hunger, dwindled to a paltry half-starved band of 187 souls, a ragged remnant that comes with open hand begging bounty of the government. Even if Sitting Bull be turned loose on the reservation, it is not at all probable that Gail, the Chief, Rain-in-the-Face and other chiefs, who have attained influence through Sitting Bull's decline, will lightly yield to him, or permit him to resume his supremacy. Even in his fall Sitting Bull had an eye to dramatic effect when he presented his rifle to Major Brotherton by the hands of his little son; but he has fallen, the Conkling of his tribe, and can now be relegated to the limbo of discarded kings and disappointed politicians.

MAJ. IIGES' VIEWS. The soldierly form of Major Guido Igees, Fifth infantry, and the hero of last winter's trying campaign, graced the exchange of the Merchants hotel yesterday, and many and hearty were the greetings proffered by his friends and acquaintances, of whom the name is legion here and elsewhere. To a Pioneer-Press representative he stated that he came down the Missouri on the steamer Nollie Peck, and had seen the redoubtable Sitting Bull while spending several days at Fort Buford. The major says power, intelligence and resolution is expressed in every line of the old chief's face, but that said face is sad, if not sullen, and its owner keenly feels the altered fortunes which have come upon him. That when he is in better spirits, through food and considerate treatment, he will give trouble at Standing Rock, Major Igees feels sure. His power over the Indians is unquestionable as is the fact that he lusts for a resumption of his old sway and a return to his quondam state of savage royalty. Hearing who Major Igees was Sitting Bull refused in a dramatic manner to speak to or shake hands with him. To Captain Clifford he is not so reticent, but his words are almost always the vehicles for the expression of some demand. He avers over and over again that all the northern country is his, and the whites are only there through usurpation. He would never have surrendered in the world but for the irresistible argument which an absolutely empty stomach presents with such force. The 200 Indians who came in with the noted recalcitrant brought but fourteen ponies with them. All the vast herds that once were theirs have gone—some into the camp kettles, others in barter to get food. The game has disappeared from the old northwestern territory hunting grounds, and the British authorities absolutely refused to issue one pound of food. The alternative was truly "surrender or death" as if the hostiles had been encircled by troops and exposed to the fire of countless batteries. Major Igees will spend some days in St. Paul, and then will proceed to Washington on business of a personal nature. He is senior major of infantry, and may receive his lieutenant colonelcy any day.

A recent arrival from Buford says no one has had full view of Sitting Bull's face since his surrender. He keeps it entirely or partially covered with a handkerchief all the time and wishes to go down the river, if he must, in cognito. When visited at his tent by Capt. Clifford and a companion he seemed angry and looked upon it as an intrusion. Iowa Mound Builders. Cherokee (Iowa) Times. At some time last week some persons passing over a mound on section 14, township 89, range 42, Woodbury county, noticed that the late heavy rains had washed the soil off from, and left exposed on the surface, what appeared to be the bones of human beings, and on further examination such they were found to be. First the bones of an arm would be found, then a skull, then the bones of the legs and so on. The mound was about six rods long by four wide. Some implements were procured and on digging into it, it was found to be some ancient burying grounds, where a large number of human beings had been buried. They were buried in two layers, feet to feet, each having an earthen jar at his head with one half of a clam shell in it. There were seventeen skeletons taken out entire. The bones appear to be of an ordinary size, and in a good state of preservation. The pots in some instances could be taken out whole, but were generally soft and crumbled, although they had the appearance of having been glazed and became quite hard and firm when exposed to the air. One of the skeletons of an immense size and apparently much larger than the rest, was found in a sitting position; stone hammers, arrow heads and some other implements were also found in or near the graves. Only a small portion of the mound had been dug into, and it is thought that a close investigation by competent persons, might disclose some facts throwing some light on a prehistoric race. There is another mound of a similar character on a high hill top not far distant. The skulls are said to be extremely large, and everything goes to show that the occupants of that grave were much larger than the present tillers of the soil.

So Wise and Happy. If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-all, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it.—Press. at-15

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