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Table with columns: HOTELS, PROPRIETORS, TOWNS. Lists various hotels and their owners across different towns in Nebraska.

LEADVILLE'S GRAVEYARD.

Some Accounts of the Heroes Who Sleep There.

Correspondence Kansas City Journal.

Last Sunday I did not go to church, as usual; a grave-trouble brooded over my mind, and I concluded to seek succor from sorrow in the solitude of Evergreen cemetery.

LEADVILLE'S SILENT CITY OF THE DEAD. Instead of the pious platitudes, preached over and over again, I preferred, on this beautiful and sunshiny Sunday morning, to commune for a brief moment with nature, and draw lessons of instruction, as well as reflect on the vanity of life, which is, after all, a fleeting show, from the stories told on the tombs of Leadville's illustrious dead.

In this picturesque plot of ground, beautifully located, and covered with a luxuriant growth of well-trimmed shade trees, repose the remains of hundreds of distinguished Leadvillians, many of whom went out on this wicked world by a forced march, time not even being allowed to use their handy bootjack.

They evidently slept well, for if they knew that a silly youth was around ready to desecrate their last resting places with levity, and cast caustic comments on their untimely taking off, their bones would fairly rattle in their coffins, and I would doubtless soon be strongly encased in some skeleton's ghastly grip.

With uncovered head I knelt down before an uncovered shaft, on which was inscribed those sad, sad words: "Our Jimmy is in Heaven."

My "sad" because if Jimmy is in heaven, and praying for me, I don't want to go there when I die—not by a row of apple trees. Jimmy went out in a blaze of glory, with red light accompaniments, and the coroner said the following day, that he was only able to find eleven bullet holes in his Adonis like frame, which was duly punctured by our patriotic citizens who preferred that the saintly Jimmy should leave this earthy sphere his career of cruelty having already caused him, always, however, in the painful discharge of a delicate duty, to cut short the lives of seven of Colorado's chief citizens.

A little beyond I noticed a darling of a grave surrounded by a small white stone, on which the inscription read: "Gone to Join the Angels."

Lying five feet below this comforting suggestion rested all that was left of Jack Murphy, better known in this ballistics as Doc Murphy.

The doctor, although his hands were stained with the blood of a dozen men, professed to be an upright Christian, and took part in various religious exercises. He was one of those jovial, well fed and rounded out gentlemen of the border who live by their wits, and would not hesitate a moment to down a man to his death.

This alleged disciple of Esculapius always preserved a polished and peaceful exterior. He looked for all the world like an oiled and oiled man, and prided himself on his good looks, but he drew his little "gun" once too often, and the citizens at once furnished the undertaker with a job. He looked nice in his cell.

Slowly picking my way through a cluster of bushes I stumbled on a plain shaft, which bore the words: "He Sleeps Well."

Evidently referring to the innocent gentleman beneath, this was the bold and languid Bill Brown, better known as "the bad man from Kokomo," a village up the mountains.

In the heyday of Leadville's prosperity, when the great carbonate discoveries made life a fever of excitement, Bill Brown swooped down on us like a wolf on the fold, and began his work of destruction by swinging a brace of "navies" right and left, letting them "bark" at appropriate intervals, to the immediate discomfort of several estimable gentlemen, who were not desirous of leaving this terrestrial ball without making proper preparations, and who, if their spirits could speak, would not give a very complimentary opinion of the factious gentleman who sent them so suddenly into another world.

The mad career of this hurricane of wrath, better known as Brown, was checked short by a valiant knight of the star, and the "bad man" was bottled up and placed under the cold, cold ground.

The next tombstone that caught my argus eye was the one that contained a long list of virtues inscribed on its snowy white form, which were evidently possessed by the one whose name they followed.

JACK McDONALD burst upon us like a brilliant meteor from the serotile regions, and concluded to dazzle the public mind by the brilliancy of his actions, and for a day or two, the ethereal vision ran things with a high hand.

not escape his terrible wrath, and the corpses began to pile up thick and fast. Stepping into the Miners' exchange, where Billy McArdie, a well-known Kansas City boy, was busily engaged behind the bar, the defiant desperado commanded him to set up the drinks, and offered to settle the bill by asking Billy to gaze up the dark chambers of an ugly and murderous looking "gun."

An altercation followed, the bad man started to shoot, but a well directed bullet from McArdie's pistol laid the ruffian at rest.

Retracing my way from the first milestone in Jeff's journey to hades, I soon came across a tomb on which was carved the classic name of "Samuel Scott."

The story of Sam can be briefly told: At an informal soiree in the then young and bustling mining camp, the music of the ballads struck up a dead march, the dance of death began, life's claret flowed freely, and Sam after prudently "removing" several of the guests, was indiscreet enough to remain, when a chorus of "shooting irons" sang out in a suggestive way, "Don't you hear us shouting? The good Lord have mercy on your soul!"

And as day began to break on the somber scene the spectral spirit of slippy Sam Scott was sent scotching to the shining shore.

"Our Darling Died in the Lord." The gentleman whom the Lord, according to the story on the stone, took such a special interest in, was "Faro Bill" whose real name was William Webster.

Bill was a man of versatile talents, and could sing a song, paint a landscape, dance a hornpipe, set type, preach a sermon, or handsomely decorate one's exterior (as well as interior) with his little gun, and he prided himself on doing everything with neatness and dispatch.

Stepping into a church one Sunday while services were being held he pulled out a brace of revolvers, commanded the preacher to vacate the pulpit, ordered the congregation to sit perfectly still. "Keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen," he remarked, opened the Bible, selected a text, and for half an hour sermonized to the frightened audience on the wickedness of the world in general, and of Leadville in particular.

Although his ideas occasionally got jumbled, and his English was not of the very best, some of the unwilling listeners tell me that his harangue was one of the best he ever heard, and the revolvers, lying peacefully on either side of the good book, lent an entrancing effect, and combined with the characteristic columns of the "cheeky" desperado, threw a halo of glory around the scene.

But Faro Bill finally met his Waterloo. While this young theological student, who gloried that he had eighteen notches in his gun, meaning that many men that he had wantonly murdered, was boasting of his exploits, the city marshal who had long been looking for him, drew a bead on the ruffian and sent him to the happy hunting grounds. He is now doubtless playing seven up for the drinks with the late lamented God's man (Guiteau) in one of the coolest corners of the infernal regions.

greeted my eye next. Whether this was the celebrated "Mose that ran with the hose," I am unable to state, but I do know where the remains of Isaac Abrams sleep their last sleep.

Ike was a "fellow of infinite jest," and just for the fun of the thing he punctured the persons of several innocent bystanders, on the avenue one day, with delicate pistol halloes, "just to see 'em squirm," as he repeated before he passed in his checks. Other people, however, could not see it in the same light, and they put a full stop to his tragic oblations of wit by placing a permanent period to the immaculate Ike's infamous career.

"He has laid his four departed brother, For he died as he lived—a good Christian."

degraded, I might say, the virgin purity of the next tomb which riveted my attention.

Yes, I will reserve one or two huge crocodile tears, dripping with brine, for the Christian desperado that lays beneath this flunting lie.

Dick Dunlap was indeed "as wild a mannered man as ever scouted a ship or cut a throat." His whole career was red with the blood of innocent men, and, when his scariest course came to an abrupt and beneficial end, the town, wickered as it was, drew a sigh of relief.

He was making a great hullabaloo in a saloon one day of the number of men he had laid low, and the number of susceptible natures he had captivated by his personal magnetism, when Bowie-knife Bill, who lay gently snoring in the corner of the room, awoke from his innocent slumber and keeping one eye open and his hand on his belt, overheard the tale of his crimson conquests and the sweet story of his amorous adventures, and, either for the benefit of the community in general, or to kill off a hated rival, Bill drew his gun from his belt, and quick as flash sent a bullet crashing through Dunlap's brain.

J. GILFORD DE HAVEN was the proud possessor of the next piece of ground according to the words on the table.

shone so brilliantly in the heavens as they did on the beautiful moonlight night, etc." But this was too much, even for Leadville, and a circle of hemp was placed around the young man's soft and tender neck and his gentle spirit was wafted to another, and perhaps a better home. M. M. F.

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