

THE DAILY BEE. PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Daily Morning Edition... \$10 00 per annum in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES: Single copy... 25 cts. Five copies... \$1.00. A month... \$2.50.

THE DAILY BEE.

Sworn Statement of Circulation. Table with columns for dates (Jan 29 to Feb 2) and circulation numbers.

Geo. B. Tzschuck, secretary of the Bee Publishing Company, does solemnly swear that the actual circulation of the Daily Bee for the week ending Feb. 4th, 1887, was as follows: Saturday, Jan. 29, 14,909; Sunday, Jan. 30, 13,900; Monday, Jan. 31, 14,725; Tuesday, Feb. 1, 15,270; Wednesday, Feb. 2, 15,910; Thursday, Feb. 3, 14,075; Friday, Feb. 4, 14,075.

Contents of the Sunday Bee. Page 1. New York Herald Cablegrams—Specials to the Bee—General Telegraphic News. Page 2. Cablegrams—City News—Miscellaneous. Page 3. Special Advertisements. Page 4. Editorials—Political Points.—Sunday Gossip. Page 5. Lincoln News.—Joe Howard's Letter—Baird's Letter.—An Advertisement. Page 6. Council Bluffs News.—Miscellaneous.—Advertisements. Page 7. Society Events in Omaha. General and local markets. Page 8. City News.—Advertisements. Page 9. Advertisements. Page 10. Selected for Men Mainly.—Gags Both Grave and Gay.—A Bad Church Mouse.—Advertisements. Page 11. The Matrimonial Bureau.—Clara Belle's Letter.—Mid the Merry Maskers.—A Paris Letter by Chauve Souris.—Advertisements. Page 12. Honey for the Ladies.—Musical and Dramatic.—Commutabilities.—Impieties.—Peppermint drops.—Religious.—Educational.—Advertisements.

The defeat of the charter will be a bad black eye for the real estate boom. FAMOUS Joe Howard contributes an interesting letter to the SUNDAY BEE. He is the king of New York correspondents.

A FEW more factories built of brick and mortar and fewer built of wind would materially assist the growth of this thriving city. NEW YORK is suffering from a coal famine. If present prospects hold out Omaha will soon be in a position to help the effete east out on the coal question.

If corporate monopolies are to dictate our laws and make and unmake our city charters at will our state houses and city halls should be changed into railroad headquarters to save the expense of double rent.

How will Omaha enjoy operating her city government under a charter framed for a city of 30,000? This will be the inevitable result of the defeat of the new charter which the confederated corporations are now assailing. CITIZENS of Omaha will see to it in case of the defeat of the new charter that the responsibility for the damage done to this city is placed on the shoulders where it belongs. There is such a thing as solving the wind to reap the whirlwind.

THERE will be walling and gnashing of both among the long haired men and short haired women throughout the country. The supreme court of Washington territory has declared unconstitutional the law of 1885 granting female suffrage.

HENRY WARD BEECHER scores the Knights of Labor. Mr. Beecher is a preacher of spotless character and high standard of morals who some years ago proscribed bread and water as a healthy diet for American workmen.

MR. BAIRD, of Dakota county, has introduced a bill to prevent land sliding. This will be highly appreciated by Mr. Baird's constituents who were swindled by the gentleman from Dakota out of a professed friend of Van Wyck in the late senatorial contest.

APPLICANTS for positions on the national railway commission are said to be legion in number. General Van Wyck, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, is not among the number. Important business will occupy him in Nebraska for several years to come.

The third boodle alderman has reached Sing Sing and it is confidently expected that the remaining three will plead guilty and save the expenses of a trial. The sword of justice is glinting in unpleasant nearness to the head of Jake Sharp, who is to be the next to receive the attention of the New York authorities.

MINNESOTA is to pass a law compelling railroads to furnish annual passes to state officials, judges and members of the legislature. The theory is that what is now done by the railroads as a favor will be changed to an obligation on the part of the companies from which they cannot reasonably look for returns to the detriment of the public. The idea is a good one. It could be adopted in Nebraska with great benefit to the people. The deluge of annuals which is showered upon every official, state, county and legislative, to influence their action upon matters relating to the railroads, would not be increased. The transportation account of the companies would suffer no loss. But the state and the public would be the winner.

Special Features of the Sunday Bee. The Sunday Bee has taken rank as one of the best Sunday papers in the United States. Among its leading special features are the New York Herald's cablegrams from the principal capitals and news centers of Europe, Clara Belle's gossip, Adam Badeau's letter, William J. Bok's "Literary Leaves," P. S. Heath's Washington chat, Franz Sempel's Boston budget, and several European letters, besides special telegrams from all important points in this country.

To-day the Bee adds another very attractive special feature—a weekly letter from Joe Howard, the famous New York journalist. Howard is beyond all question the most brilliant, versatile and entertaining correspondent in this country. For over a quarter of a century he has been a prominent figure in metropolitan journalism. His letters to the Bee will no doubt be greatly enjoyed by our readers. With such a brilliant spread of good things the readers of the SUNDAY BEE will certainly have a literary feast. All these special contributions cost a great deal of money, but as the public appreciate enterprise the Bee spares no expense in giving its readers the very best the market affords.

Our Trade Relations With Canada. Everybody understands that a policy of commercial non-intercourse toward Canada would not be entirely one-sided in its results. The Dominion affords a liberal market for the products of the United States, the loss of which would certainly be felt by many interests in this country. It is not the policy of the United States to lessen the number of its markets, but to increase them, and to enlarge its business with those it already possesses. Only the most extraordinary circumstances could justify a departure from this policy. On the other hand, Canada finds the largest market for its products in the United States, and there is scarcely an interest in that country that would not suffer very seriously if deprived of this market. A protracted period of commercial non-intercourse would undoubtedly bring ruin to thousands of business men in the Dominion, prove most disastrous to labor, and well nigh paralyze the financial and industrial affairs of the country. Here the effect upon the general business and prosperity would be hardly perceptible. There it would be most marked and decisive. The United States can stand non-intercourse without serious detriment to the general welfare. Canada can not. In view of these obvious facts, it is most remarkable that the Dominion government has persisted in its aggressive course until it has reached the point of compelling the United States to consider the necessity for a retaliatory policy. Yet there are men prominent in that government who profess to think that such a policy would fall not less severely upon the United States than upon Canada, apparently not understanding that if it were possible for the former to lose ten times more than the latter the effect upon its general welfare and prosperity would be less serious than in the case of the latter.

According to a statement furnished by the Dominion minister of customs, the imports into Canada from the United States during the fiscal year of 1886 amounted to about \$40,000,000, while Canada exported to this country products to the amount of \$36,000,000, leaving the trade balance in favor of the United States \$4,000,000. In the thirteen years from 1873 to 1885 Canada purchased in this country products to the value, in round figures, of \$610,000,000, and sold to the United States products to the value of \$456,000,000, showing a balance of trade against the Dominion for that period of \$154,000,000, an average of a little less than \$12,000,000 a year. It will be seen from these figures that the loss of business to Canada from being deprived of the American market would very nearly equal in value the loss of the trade of this country with the Dominion. In the case of the latter it would be an almost complete loss, since Canada could not readily find new markets, while the United States might not find it difficult to secure equally profitable markets elsewhere for the few million dollars, worth of products the Dominion annually buys here. But if the material consequences to the United States were certain to be twenty times more serious than they possibly could be under existing conditions, this country could not afford to avoid them at the sacrifice of its national character, which has already suffered from its patient forbearance under the outrages, insults and aggressive hostility of the Dominion authorities. The insistence of the government upon a recognition of its international and treaty rights should be firmly adhered to, and it will be sustained in every policy deemed necessary to enforce them.

Sparks and the Land Thieves. General Sparks is pushing the prosecutions against the land swindlers, bogus pre-emptors and fraudulent homesteaders wherever found. Recently R. B. Prusso and John R. King, of Benkleme, R. D. Babcock, of Hastings, and R. H. Criswell, of Inauioula, all of this state, were convicted in the federal courts of conspiracy in connection with bogus timber claims, and scores of other indictments are now drawn up awaiting presentation in similar cases. Commissioner Sparks is doing his best to preserve the public domain for honest settlers in spite of the howls of the land grant corporations and the rage of cattle syndicates and claim sharks. His policy of rigid investigation of all entries is already bearing fruit in this section of the west. Actual settlers are taking possession of ownerless claims and communities which contained thousands of acres of land which had never seen a plow or a sod house are being built up by honest proprietors and hard-working farmers. So far from General Sparks' policy having injured the west it has been of inestimable benefit in stimulating actual settlement and in wresting from ringsters and land syndicates millions of acres of land held for speculation. The fences have gone and with the illegal fences have disappeared the pliant tools of the cattle syndicates who monopolized the best locations along the streams in order to "hold the range" for their employers. Compliance with the law is now being generally enforced through public sentiment and more careful supervision of the local land offices. Land is being preserved for the landless and not for the landlord, and the public is being correspondingly benefitted. The howls against Sparks in this

section of the west come from the throats of men who never pass a federal court without a shiver or read the call for a grand jury without a nameless dread. The Fish Commissioner's Work. In their eighth annual report, the Nebraska fish commission present an interesting resume of their excellent work in stocking the waters of Nebraska with food fish. The duties of the commission seem to have been performed as much as a labor of love as a requirement of the office which they held. All three are old residents of Nebraska, old sportsmen and ardent students of fish culture. That they have made the most of the small appropriation placed at their disposal by the legislature the report very clearly shows. During the past year 5,000,000 wail eyed pike, 108,000 brook trout, 55,000 salmon trout, 9,000 California mountain trout and 8,720 German carp have been distributed from the hatcheries and planted in various ponds, streams and lakes in the state. Reports from every section of the state have been received showing that the fish are rapidly multiplying and that fish culture is no longer an experiment in Nebraska. The work of the fish commission is a practical one. The aim is to furnish our people with an ample supply of fresh water fish for food as well as for sport, to determine what streams are suitable for the various species of fishes, and what conditions are most favorable for their development. The legislature owes it to the state to support liberally the work of the fish commission. For the next two years estimates have been handed in for \$1,350,000 a year, which will cover all expenses of salaries, labor, apparatus, free distribution, repairs and buildings. The state funds could scarcely be bestowed to better and more economical advantage.

Forcing the Brain. In a recent address before the Nineteenth Century club of New York Dr. William A. Hammond discussed the interesting topic of brain forcing in the education of children, deprecating some of the prevailing methods of the schools as unnatural and harmful, and making a plea for more object lessons in teaching. The views of Dr. Hammond are worthy of attention, even if all of them cannot be endorsed. The schoolmaster of this age, he remarked, forgets that children become mentally fatigued from light causes even when they are interested in them. An hour of intense mental exertion will weary an adult more than will an equal time of physical labor. How much more, then, will it wear out a youngster? The pursuit of knowledge begins with the infant at the very earliest period, and the perceptive organs are the first brought into play. For the first ten or twelve years of a child's life systematic education should be conducted through the perceptive organs, and until a child has attained this age it is better, in the opinion of Dr. Hammond, not to confine it to the close study of books. Giving a child a multiplicity of studies at once is condemned as disastrous to the mental faculties. It is as if a man were asked to look alternately for ten minutes through a microscope and a telescope, which would wear his eyes out. Dr. Hammond would banish the grammar until the senior year in a university course, characterizing the study of it in the schools as an "ingenious device to drive a little brain into early decrepitude." He boldly affirms that "no child ever learned to speak good English by studying grammar," and says the only reason it does no man harm is that no one really understands its rules.

The school child learns by memory, and memory is not knowledge. It is culture gained at the expense of other faculties. The text books take too much for granted on the part of the pupils. Memory passes for knowledge in the schools. The pupil recites well—so does the parrot. The men and women who have made the most of themselves are those who began to study after adult life. Students of mature life study the things themselves and not the description of them. Object lessons should be more generally employed. The extreme views of Dr. Hammond are those of a physiologist rather than of the practical educator, and yet almost every intelligent experience will give approval to much of what he says. The practice of giving a multiplicity of studies at once, and of putting the whole labor upon the memory to the exclusion of all the other faculties, are errors of the prevailing system of teaching which are recognized by many practical educators, whose influence is at work for their removal. Some progress has been made in this direction, but there is room for much more, and such radical reformers as Dr. Hammond can help it on. There is certainly no matter of greater concern to every citizen, and none to which he should give more careful and solicitous attention.

Sullivan's Arm. The Minneapolis doctor that undertook to set John Sullivan's broken arm seems to have made an imperfect job of it, and the limb has had to be reset. But it may be a question, perhaps, if the surgery that interferes with Sullivan's business is not the best surgery after all. However prudent and unskillful it may be in the eyes of experts.

A Winter Sabbath. Clinton Scollard in Traveler's Record. Around the chimneys of the town In bliffling gusts the north wind blows, While 'neath the hills' owners hasten down The icy vanguard of the snows.

I see along the dismal street The few who brave the biting air, Go hurrying by with quivering feet To join in anthem and in prayer. The bell its parting peal has rung From out the church's grained tower; And now the bell's own peal has rung, And now the preacher holds the hour; While I, before the cheerful blaze, Wherein companionship I find, Look out across the whitened ways And hear my sermon in the wind. It has beheld each passing scene Since dawned creation's early day— The mighty world in which we dwell The scanty knowledge that we may.

It gives the tongueless past a voice; It prophesies of time to be; And seems to sorrow and rejoice In turn with weak humanity. And as upon my knee-wrought ear Besoothing sounds softly down, I dream of all the earth I hear God's benediction in its tone. Senatorial Qualifications. There are two questions that govern the election in most of the republican states in the selection of a United States senator. First, is the candidate favorable to the railroads? Second, is his bank account large

enough to subsidize the legislature? Unless the answers to these questions are in the affirmative there is not much chance of a candidate scoring the prize. Can This Be Possible? New York World. The Memorial Dispensing announces that "Consign Ben" Folsom has resigned his office of United States consul at Sheffield. Can this be possible? Why, it was only the other day that we heard that Consign Ben was diligently engaged in introducing base ball to the Brits.

Some Hope for St. Louis. Chicago News. With Jesse James alive in Arizona and Brigham Young still astray in Nebraska there is some hope that even old St. Louis will one of these days arise, shake out the folds of her shroud, and walk forth breathing things of life. If this be the case, miracles, nothing of course, is to be impossible.

THAT CABINET BABY. THE TRIUMPHANT SAUVAGE DEPARTMENT. It is appropriate for the president to order a national salute in honor of the state of New York. Mrs. Secretary Whitney has won the prize in giving birth to a daughter—the first administration baby! The first new vessel for the American navy should receive her name. He glad upon your decks, ye sailors of the sea, And toss your bumpers gaily to our own wives.

The shore will answer back, and pledge you glass for glass, To the rosy little craft, to the winsome Whitney lass. Hail her! Hail her! Landsman! Sailor! First administration baby! the winsome Whitney lass!

THE NAMING OF THE BABY. New York Sun. Mrs. Secretary Whitney's new baby has been named by Mrs. Cleveland, Frances Cleveland Whitney, the name under which the child will grow up. If she has the beauty, the goodness, the sweetness and the intellectual abilities of her namesake, she will indeed be one of the most fortunate of mortals.

THE FIFTH INSTANCE. The birth of Secretary Whitney's daughter is the fifth instance in twenty years of the occurrence of such an event in the family of a cabinet member while in office. Secretary McCulloch and Postmaster General Denison under Johnson, General Belknap and Secretary Tolson under Grant were the fathers of the four other cabinet babies.

THE BABY. Washington Critic. There's a baby up at Whitney's And the Secretary's glad; He is waiting, only waiting, Just to hear it call his dad. There's a charm about a baby Truly utterly unknown To every living person Till he has one of his own.

Now, hurrah for Billy Whitney! And hurrah for Billy's kid; And may some folks that we know of Get as well as Billy did. P. S. The fourth stanza of this poem may not be as truthful as it is poetic, but that isn't what we are here for.

GROVER LOOKING OUT FOR A SQUALL. "Dan," said Grover, "have you notified all the cabinet about the next meeting?" "I have, sir." "And will all the members be present?" "Yes, all, sir, except Mr. Whitney." "And why not him?" "Well, sir, the baby, you know, and he's been kept up for a week mixing parrot and singing ballads." "Well, Dan, we must excuse him. We must be lenient with the unfortunate, for there's no telling when trouble will overtake us."

SUNDAY GOSSIP. "THE election of Frank Hiseock, of Syracuse, to the United States senate from the Empire state, vividly calls to mind a very sensational tragedy," remarked an old New Yorker last night. "Politically Frank Hiseock grows from the grave of his brother, for his late prominence was given when he succeeded the deceased relative to a membership in the celebrated New York constitutional convention of 1867. I was on the ground in Albany when that tragedy occurred, and it requires the sweepings of but very few cobwebs from my mind to see it all vividly, brightly, startling and sensational, to-day. The convention had assembled and organized. Hon. William H. Wheeler, of Malone, late vice president of the United States, had been chosen president of the convention. Seats had been selected by drawing and general preliminary work commenced. The Onondaga county delegation, on which the deceased Hiseock was, were very much dissatisfied with their lack in the lottery. They had nearly all secured back seats in the assembly chamber, where the convention was held, and means and ways were being discussed outside as to some method to better their position. The night in June, 1867, I crossed over from the Onondaga house to the side entrance of Stanwick hall, the old political hall of Albany, in company with the Hon. Patrick Corbett, the young Irish Eagle of the East, who was a member of the Onondaga delegation. As we entered the office lobby Corbett espied Hiseock and, saying to me, 'This is the man who has been doing about the seats,' Corbett started towards his colleague. The latter stood with his back towards us, his left arm around one of the iron pillars, and he was talking to a gentleman from the west part of the state. Before Corbett had taken two steps a dark visaged man with a small military shoulder cloak carelessly thrown around him passed rapidly towards the place where Hiseock was standing. As he approached he made some extraordinary remark and as Hiseock turned the newcomer shot him. The assassin was General Cole. Hiseock, a large, heavy man, fell on the marble floor like a log. Cole cast one glance to see that his work had been well done and then turned toward the Broadway or north entrance of the hotel. Corbett knew him well, for both were Syracuseans, and springing towards him he said: 'My God, general, what is this! What have you done?'

"The thunder clap of excitement, however, had broken out among the crowd of politicians in the room, and Corbett headed the rushing crowd to the body of Hiseock lying cold in death. A dark stream of blood irrefragably marked its crimson course over the floor. Doctors in the hotel seized the silent pulse, useless messages were sent for others, tender hands raised the head of the dead man, but all was over, Mastine General Cole had leisurely walked across Broadway to a restaurant, hesitating in his steps as if willing to be arrested. About an hour afterwards he was taken in charge by a policeman and electric tongues had informed the whole nation that Albany had had its Sickness case. All that

General Cole would say was that he had shot Hiseock because he had outraged his wife. "Among the first friends of the murderer to arrive was his brother, Cornelius A. Cole, United States senator at that time from California. The case was daily tried by the press and the silent facts, something like those were brought to light. General Hiseock and the former went to the war and no man who ever wore the blue was braver. Before departing he placed the care of all his property in Lawyer Hiseock's charge. This was the occasion of many visits to Mrs. Cole, a woman somewhat of the Mrs. Sicksles' character, thoughtful, kind, and educated in a less excitable school. The fate of the doings of the legal adviser became gossip. Syracuse became too small to hold the venom of the scandal tongue and it soon hissed in the ears of the soldier before the walls of Richmond. The hissing grew louder and more fatal to the husband's mind. He brooded over his situation, showed an unbalanced mind at times, but when he was called in and it was said, after a time, his wife made a confession most damnable to Hiseock. She was removed to Pompey, near Syracuse, where the Hiseocks and Coles had long resided. The general determined to slay the spoiler of his happiness, and he followed Hiseock to Albany for that purpose.

"When the trial came off the best criminal legal ability in New York was secured. Among the attorneys for the defense was James T. Brady, the 'little giant of the bar,' and the most famous criminal lawyer in the land. All Cole's military acquaintances and army associates sided with him. In fact the case partook somewhat of the political feeling of the day in New York. Senator Cole was with his brother all the time, and it is said spent all his millions earned in California on the defense. The defense was insanity and the Sicksles' case was the standard authority of the defense. When the summing-up came the old Albany court room could not hold the legal fraternity, and seats outside, to say nothing of the crowd. Everybody wore a crown in a crowd. A long speech to the jury but it was disappointing in every way to the spectators—a mere ranting resume of the evidence, which every one who had heard the great advocate on other occasions, said was not a 'brave effort' at all. It had its effect, however, for the jury disagreed—six to six. Another trial was ordered. The jury paid congratulatory visit to the general in the jail, the bad taste of which and their disagreement called down the criticism of the press on all sides.

"I had occasion to call on James T. Brady at the Delavan house on the evening of the day on which he spoke. An admirable member of the visiting party commenced to compliment him on his address to the jury. Laughingly he replied: 'Gentlemen, I thank you sincerely, but I know full well that I deserve no praise. In fact that was the worst address in a certain way I ever made in my life. It was for effect on the jury and I succeeded. On that point you are two or three dog fanes—I can't recall how much time I devoted to my art and love for dumb butes. In fact I knew before hand every man's whim and hobby and my aim was to tickle them. The result shows that the dog-lovers were the first to start out for acquittal, and they held the jury and would have done so until doomsday. Yes, eloquent remarks to a jury are all very well in their place, but sometimes other kind of talk is more effective.'

"It was late in the fall of 1816, I think," Nelson began as he lit a pipe and shoved back his broad sombrero. "I was at Cottonwood Springs, Nebraska, living with an old Mexican half-breed, who knew every inch of the Rockies like a book. He had been a prospector, a miner, and ready for a job. Brigham Young came along and asked my Mexican friend and myself to be his guides across the Rockies, promising us good pay. He had a few hundred dollars, and I think he had a few more in the pockets of his coat, but he was not a rich man. I had a pack of mules and a few dogs, and he had a pack of mules and a few dogs. We were to start in the morning, and I was to take the pack of mules and the dogs, and he was to take the pack of mules and the dogs. We were to start in the morning, and I was to take the pack of mules and the dogs, and he was to take the pack of mules and the dogs.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"We didn't hurry ourselves very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S GUIDE. The Mormon Apostle's Historic Journey Across the Rockies. NELSON, THE FRONTIERSMAN. How He Led the Mormon Chief Over the Mountains and Into Salt Lake Valley—A Patriarch Who Played Enchre in a Genial Way. New York World: John Y. Nelson, the guide who in 1846 piloted Brigham Young across the plains and over the Rocky mountains to the site of the present capital of mormonism, is one of the most interesting of the strange band of pioneers and savages now depicting the pleasures and perils of frontier life for the delocation of effete easterners with Buffalo Bill in the Madison Square garden.

Nelson may not be as handsome as his namesake of naval fame, but his square-jawed frame, long gray hair and beard, and keen blue eyes, mark a blood whose sixty years of a battle have called forth something of the heroic. For forty years and more Nelson has lived the free life of the frontiersman—hunting and trapping, mining and ranching, now a government scout and guide in war or exploration, anon leading his clan in the trial warfare of the red man. For he cast his lot with the nomad race that roamed the prairies.

To take the first of his journeys with the apostle of mormonism, to which later events have given historical importance, and surroundings irresistibly suggestive of Tenneyson's thought: Mated with a snail's savage, What would be the good of a time— I, the heir of all the ages In the forenoon of his time?

He was seated on a camp-stool in one of the more cozy tents that line the sides of the broad street of a Madison Square garden, his wife, a Sioux squaw, snuggled at his feet industriously stitching with shreds of buffalo tendon for a garter, a red-streaked arrow pointing a crouch of deerskins in one corner, and a copper-colored lassie of eight sleeping peacefully on a bank of blankets in another corner. Others of their dusky brood roamed in the long passage outside with the purpose of the Pawnee or the Sioux, and came at their white father's bidding to shake hands with the visitor. Bright eyed, black-haired, blithe and quick, the elements of a savage and civilized man seemed strangely blended in their natures. There had been nine children of this marriage, the old trapper said, of whom five were living, the eldest, a girl of fifteen, pursuing her studies in a Brooklyn boarding school. To earn provision for their support and education he has turned his back on his loved mountains. Occasionally the tent-opening was darkened as the tall form of a Sioux or Pawnee orave in all array, and with a bow and arrow stalked past taking his afternoon constitutional. Altogether there was a strangely interesting realism about this Indian camp, visible only to the initiated, but in many respects more startling than any of the scenes presented with collaboration in the regular show below stairs.

"It was late in the fall of 1816, I think," Nelson began as he lit a pipe and shoved back his broad sombrero. "I was at Cottonwood Springs, Nebraska, living with an old Mexican half-breed, who knew every inch of the Rockies like a book. He had been a prospector, a miner, and ready for a job. Brigham Young came along and asked my Mexican friend and myself to be his guides across the Rockies, promising us good pay. He had a few hundred dollars, and I think he had a few more in the pockets of his coat, but he was not a rich man. I had a pack of mules and a few dogs, and he had a pack of mules and a few dogs. We were to start in the morning, and I was to take the pack of mules and the dogs, and he was to take the pack of mules and the dogs.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday-school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and prayed in a very low, hoarse, and very quiet way in the morning in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal of words with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"I didn't hurry myself very much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. The Indians were very friendly, and he started just where he was going now when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man believed in Brigham as a very sort of fellow. He talked a good deal