PLAYING FOR GROVER'S SEAT.

Secretary Bayard Doing Adroit Wire-Pulling to Succeed His Present Chief.

MRS. GRANT'S POPULARITY.

Ex-Congressmen as Lobbyists—Cleveland's Hatred of Catholicism—Alaska Growing in Favor—News and Notes.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—There are some queer currents in the maelstrom of public opinion just now in regard to the nominations for president next year. For instance, within a day or two it has been announced that a strange phase of the opposition to the nomination of President Cleveland has manifested itself among the Catholics of New York. It seems that when he was governor of that state he vetoed several bills appropriating funds from the state treasury to sustain institutions that belonged to and were controlled by the Catholic church solely, having no claim upon the state treasury, except that in the institutions there were probably maintained in comfort, many indigent persons who would have otherwise become a public charge. These vetoes had much to do in driving from him many votes of that church in 1884, and the feeling has grown stronger with each succeeding year ever since, and this phase of the opposition to him, may, in the end, render it necessary for the democracy to look somewhere else for a candidate than the white house.

"Is Mr. Bayard, of the state department, playing dirt on his chief?"

This question has been asked frequently in political circles hereabouts lately. And the reason for asking such a conundrum, is found in the way Mr. Bayard has organized the consular and diplomatic service since he took charge of it. An examination of the rosters of the diplomats and consuls appointed by Mr. Bayard, will show that he has chosen ex-confederates four times out of five to represent this government abroad. This penchant for ex-rebels has been so marked, that it has provoked a great deal of indignant comment upon the part of Mr. Cleveland's friends all over the country, and many of them do not hesitate to charge that Mr. Bayard is playing his cards for a nomination himself, in case Mr. Cleveland fails to secure a second show. These people say Mr. Bayard has dispensed his patronage in the way he has, with the hope of getting the solid vote of the south in case a dark horse becomes necessary. If this is Mr. Bayard's scheme he has played it well, for gratitude, if no other incentive, ought to secure him the solid south in 1888. That these ex-confederates can do very much toward making him the successful dark horse is certain as death and taxes, for they all belong to the class of men who, in the south, manage the democratic party as a close corporation, which only patricians can aspire to rule, the plebes being recognized by them only as so much voting capital.

There has also sprung up here in the minds of the union democrats, a very serious doubt whether it will be expedient or politic to renominate Mr. Cleveland. This class of democrats say that the president's recent Albert Sidney Johnson and John C. Calhoun letters will cost him thousands of votes in every loyal state next year; that no sound union democrat can vote for any man who holds such sentiments at this late day. Those letters produced a profound sensation here when first made public, and the surprise at them has not even yet subsided. One leading local democrat said within my hearing: "What does he mean, anyhow! There is no need of his making such demonstrations in order to secure the confederate vote. He bought that long ago, and paid for it in good fat appointments, and no one can hope to deprive him of the usufruct thereof, and therefore his writing such letters was a work of supererogation like painting the lily, or gilding refined gold. The votes needed to nominate and re-elect him—if he is nominated and re-elected—must come from some other section of the union; the east, north or nortwest, and and he should have done, something to conciliate the democrats of those sections. Instead of that he has caused a huge disgust all through those quarters of the union. He is foolish in politics when Dan Manning is not at his side, and more's the pity."

On the republican side of the fence matters are in much better shape than with those of their ancient foes. With each succeeding day the feeling is growing stronger and stronger that their true policy is not to anticipate events, nor to concentrate on any one man irrevocably. Republicans of all classes have thinking caps on just now, and will keep them on. No man can claim the nomination as his, just yet. Whenever one falls in with a knot of republicans, let them come from where they may, if he will listen attentively he will soon hear the sentiment that there is no hurry necessary in choosing the republican leader for 1888; that it will pay to pause, ponder, compare notes, and pick out the best and the strongest man, let him be who he may, heal all the differences in the party, and then go in to win. And in this predisposition of the party will be found in time an invincible presage of an overwhelming triumph. There seems to be no discount on that.

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The announcement made this week that Mrs. General Grant had determined to not visit Washington, as she promised to this summer, was a severe disappointment to her friends in this city. Mrs. Grant was probably the most popular and widely-known of the ladies of the white house. Everybody knew her, and knew her as the plain, sincere, and pure Mrs. Grant, and not as an assumed society woman. She was fond of her personal friends, and regarded her acquaintances of a friendly character as friends as true as herself. Her departure from Washington was universally regretted. No one was glad of her leave taking. No one was jealous of Mrs. Grant. She had no rivals. And when she left Washington she promised to return often and keep fresh her friendships. But the country knows how impossible that was. She returned but a very few times, and then only to remain a short period.

It was Mrs. Grant's intention to spend a month in Washington in the early part of this summer. Her old and true friends, General and Mrs. Beale, were to give her their entire time and attention. But Mrs. Grant shows her age and is sad. She has sent word that she cannot come. She intends to spend the remainder of her life with her children, and says she has no heart to go around alone. When Mrs. Grant is dead the family name, it is believed, will be extinct, so far as the country is concerned. None of the children can keep it alive, unless, possibly, Colonel Fred is unexpectedly brought forward. Some times his name is used for a political position, and there is a possibility, although not a probability, that he may come to the front in politics, as the old war horses disappear.

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There are bitter comments made on the fact that so many ex-congressmen, as soon as their terms are out and their constituents are through with their services, settle down in Washington and open offices, ostensibly for the practice of law. In reality they never have a case before the courts, but they seem to thrive better than the genuine lawyers with a large practice. The truth is they are simply lobbyists, and use their knowledge of the business of the departments and their acquaintance with members of congress to advance their schemes.

During sessions of congress the halls and lobbies of the capitol are thronged with these ex-members, button-holing members and senators. In the recess they transfer their operations to the departments. There is a vast amount of room for criticism and thought in this state of affairs. But there is even a still worse and more flagrant abuse of position yet to be stated. Quite a number of present members of congress spend a great portion of their time here during the recess, as well during the sessions in buying and selling Washington real estate and working other money schemes. A, an example, one particular member from a western state, who was a few years ago a commissioner in one of the departments, spends all his time here. He is notoriously active in the promotion of stock jobbing operations and patent right schemes. He does not stop even at this. Behind nearly every proposition that comes before congress, in which there is a liberal appropriation asked for he can be found—entrenched behind second and third parties, it is true—at work. Heavy ordnance and coast defenses attract his attention, and his position on committees makes him valuable to the parties asking for money at the hands of congress.

Just such members as this one, the ex-member and professional lobbyists lay for; and they have an ally in him. This is only the most prominent of a number of such members. There are too many of such members misrepresenting their constituents. They are generally men who can make a good stump speech and assimulate with the voters of their districts. They generally come from large cities and obtain their election by pandering to the lusts and mixing with the bummers of the wards before the nomination and spending their money freely afterwards. They get much financial help from outside parties who expect to need their services, and who know they can depend on them. This growing evil, it has been pointed out recently a number of times by good men, calls for action from the people of the country.

Some of these active lobby members, and the one referred to is a sample of them all, opposed the passage of the inter-state commerce bill when it was before congress, and for a consideration, worked to defeat it. Now they are howling for its support, and are saying it will stand; that it can neither be repealed nor substituted; that it is good enough, and the people demand it. The secret of this change of heart is the railroads have retained them at fine figures to use their official influence upon the commissioners, and they do not want to be disturbed in their harvest. The drag-net of such men catch the fees going and coming.

It has been a number of times suggested that the constituents of representatives and senators, ought to demand to know why these public servants, hang around Washington all summer when congress is not in session. They are not here for any good purpose. Office getting does not keep them here—especially republicans.

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Some gentlemen who have recently visited Alaska talk about forming a colony and making an expedition into that diversified country, select some desirable mineral and timber lands, develop them and make the country their homes. There is, they declare, no law to prohibit them doing this, and the government will confirm their action. Undoubtedly there is much to attract one there, and those who go early will receive the plaudits of congress, as there is lack of a certain class of development in every section of the country. Speaking about the climate of Alaska, a gentleman who has been over all the best portion of the country says:

"There is necessarily a wide diversity of climate in a country so extended, with rolling plains, wide valleys, and high mountains. In a general way it may be said that Inland Alaska has an arctic winter and a tropical summer. At Yukon the thermometer often rises above 100° in the summer, and from 50° to 70° below in winter. At Nulato, on the Yukon river, the fall of snow during the winter averages eight feet, while it frequently reaches twelve feet. Along the immense southern coast and islands the climate is moist and warm. The most excessive cold on the island of Unalaska, recorded by a Greek priest, during a period of five years, was zero of Fahrenheit; extreme heat for the same period, 77°. The average for five years at 7 in the morning was 37°; at 1 in the afternoon, 40°, and at 9 at night 36°. For seven years the average of weather was fifty-three all clear days, 1,263 half clear, and 1,255 all cloudy. In line, it is very much the climate of northwestern Scotland. For forty-five years the climate has been the average winter of West Virginia, and the average summer of Minnesota."

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The suggestion has been made to a number of statesmen and very enthusiastically received that the public strip or No Man's land, situated in the northwestern corner of Indian Territory be thrown open to settlement and ninety days' preference given to honorably discharged union soldiers. There is very little doubt that this unoccupied strip of land will be thrown open to settlement by congress this winter, and the justice in giving ex-union soldiers the pick of the land for homes is apparent. There is no land in the public domain to-day which is very desirable for homesteads for poor and indigent people. Many of the soldiers who would now embrace an opportunity to secure a home, in the west at this time either did not have the opportunity or did not need it when there were good lands open to them. Many of them have recently become dependent or poverty-stricken.

At the general land office it is learned that very little land which is desirable for homesteads remains open to settlement. That in the domain at this time is far beyond water or access to railroads or other transportation facilities, and will remain so. Much of the choice lands have been taken by immigrants—people who never have done anything for the country, and people whose sole interest in the United States rests in getting free homes. Originally the best of the lands were opened for settlement to the loyal soldiers, but not one-tenth of them were secured by the boys entitled to them. There is very little more to offer the soldiers, and the lands in the public strip or No Man's land seem to be about the last chance, since the roll of the deserving is fast lessening.

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Congressmen who assume to be financiers—and most of them do—say the first thing which will be done when the national legislature meets in regular or called session this winter or fall, will be the reduction of the surplus in the treasury and provision for other national bank security.

Most of the statesmen say the secretary of the treasury will be authorized or instructed to go into the market and and buy at card rates as many outstanding bonds as he may deem advisable. They contend that, with nearly two hundred millions of idle surplus, the government can better afford than private individuals, to pay a high premium on her outstanding bonds.

All agree that there is but one excuse for maintaining a national debt, and that is to give bonds to national banks for a circulating basis. Since the bonds have been taken up to a point where it becomes necessary to provide another basis for banks, it is held by the ablest financiers that all the bonds may as well be taken in, interest stopped, and an entirely new security for banks provided.

It is not the security deposited with the government that makes depositors in a national bank secure. It is the supervision over the bank the government has, as a bank with $50,000 capital may not have but $12,000 government bonds deposited with the government.

The most popular proposition yet made for bank security is the deposit of gold or silver in the treasury. This any one with capital can get without premium, and there is no fluctuation or call by the government for redemption purposes. In the event this is not done a new 2 per cent bond is to be floated—a bond to run, say 100 years. It is believed two millions can be sold at par.

PERRY S. HEATH.

SINGULARITIES.

A mule, which is said to have been seventy three years old, died in Stevensville, Sullivan county, N. Y., recently.

In Denver, Ill., there is, laid by a local hen, an egg that is attracting considerable attention and justly, too. It is smaller and lighter than an ordinary egg, and will not lie or stand in any other position than on its small end. If stood on the large end it will quickly turn to the other, and if pushed down on its side it will jump up again. It does not appear to have any unusual weight in the small end.

In boring an artesian well at Eureka, Cal., they found charred wood at 500 feet, and pieces of shell and parts of the skeleton of a bird at 580 feet.

Alfred de Cordova, the Wall street broker, has a retreat in North Branch, N. J. He employs a number of trained carrier pigeons to carry news from his office to his country home. The birds bring him slips of thin paper on which are printed the names and prices of stocks. He is thus able to transact a good deal of business without going to the city.

A span of colts ran away in Portland, Ore., and coming to a railroad bridge ran out fully fifty feet on the ties before either stepped through. Then both went down in a heap and were afterward pulled out, with hardly a scratch.

While two residents of Galena, Ill., were driving through southern Wisconsin yesterday, they witnessed, near Arena, a fierce fight between a bald-headed eagle and a large tomcat. The "proud bird of the mountains" had attacked the cat while hunting in the field, and succeeded in fastening its talons into the animal's back, when the battle immediately began and was continued amid terrific yowls of the cat and screams of the eagle. It was a sort of catch-as-catch-could contest, and while it continued the feathers and fur flew thick and fast. The cat was too heavy for the eagle to fly with, but it succeeddd in raising it several times in the air, 100 feet or more at each effort, but the attempts to get away with its prey were futile, as the weight of the cat and its fierce struggle for life invariably brought the eagle to the ground again, where the battle was repeated with nearly the same result. In the final bout which took place on terra firma, the eagle threw up the sponge and flew laboriously across the river, while the cat, much worried, made tracks as rapidly as possible away from the scene of the battle.

THE POWDER RIVER COUNTRY

General Brisbin Continues His Description of the Northwest.

THE PHIL. KEARNEY STOCKADE

Shell Creek—Lake De Smet—Indian Hill—Trout, Timber and Grizzlies—The Repulsive Dog-Fish—Interesting Notes.

FORT ROBINSON, Neb., April 17.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Some time ago the BEE began the publication of a series of letters describing the country in the northwest, its resources and advantages, together with mention of incidents of settlement worthy of notice, and deliniations of scenery. The articles were suddenly brought to a stop by the sickness of the writer, and when he got well the state legislature met and made the whole state sick. As the legislature has now happily adjourned and the springtime has come with its flowers and its sun, it would be a good time to continue our walks and talks through the northwest. It is to this country vast numbers of immigrants are pouring and seeking homes. It is to this country railroads are building and capital seeking employment and profit for its unused millions. New coal fields, new oil fields, and even gold and silver mines are being found and to a section where such developments occur a newspaper may well give its attention.

In our description of the northwest we had progressed as far as the now famous Powder river country, when the disasters mentioned in the opening lines of this communication occurred. Let us now take up the thread of our narrative where we laid it down and proceed with a description of the country northwest of Omaha, and let us hope, tributary to it for all time to come.

SHELL CREEK.

Shell Creek is in the Powder river country near the Clear fork of the Powder river. It is a small stream and not very long, but noted for the purity of its waters, its timber and trout. It empties into Big Pine creek near its mouth, quite close to Lake De Smet. The timber has now nearly all been destroyed on the lower part of the stream, but great groves of plum bushes have grown up and there is still some fuel. The valley is about two miles wide and bears splendid grass. Hay was cut here many years ago for Fort Phil Kearney, and was always considered to be of the finest quality to be had in the country. The stream is in many respects similar to Clear Fork, only it is of course much smaller. It has a hard bed of sand, with here and there some black rocks on it. The stream is swift, and has always been a favorite camping ground for both white men and Indians travelling along the base of the mountains from east to west, or west to east. We are now quite near the Lake De Smet, and a portion of it can be seen from the hills as we descend the Shell creek.

LAKE DE SMET.

This lake is a shallow sheet of water about a mile long, and not over half a mile wide. It is rather a poor affair to call a lake, yet it is known far and wide, probably more on account of the name of the man it bears than anything else. It is surrounded on all sides by high hills, and the lake seems to have no visible outlet, unless it be a little, narrow dry gulch which extends from the lake to Big Piny and which I am told runs with water during the wet season. The waters of this lake are alkline and heavy deposits of white alkali is seen all around its edge which gives it a very beautiful appearance as you approach it. As seen from the green hills the waters look clear and the lake seems to be set in a delicate white frame.

MONSTERS IN THE LAKE.

Wading into this lake we go some fifty yards from the shore before the water has reached a depth to come up to the knees. There is a thick black mud on the bottom and it is difficult wading, the feet sinking in the mud up to the ankles and holding fast like putty. The water becomes black with mud when stirred, and looks like strong coffee, but ahead, where it is clear we can see shoals of fish darting hither and thither. Using a small dip net we bring up many curious fish. Some are a species of chub others mud suckers, as known in our school days, and others again white fish. All are too small and bony to eat. Dipping the net again we dredge the bottom of the lake and bring up tiny shell fish, large muscles and one or two small green turtles with hard flat shells. Dipping again we catch a small monster known as a dog-fish and one of the most repulsive reptiles on the earth. He is about eight inches long and a little over an inch thick and has a long eel-shaped tail. His two fore legs and two hind legs look like human hands; his head is like the head of a catfish, and he has flexible horns on each side of the lower jaw. His body is yellow in color on the belly and he has black and yellow spotted sides with a black back. He is slimy and moves like a lizard on land and uses his tail like an oar to propel himself forward through the water. There was another species of this water dog and very much like the first only this fellow was darker in color and had a flat head with three gills on each side, one horn on each side of the lower jaw, and two horns on the throat. He had two hind feet but no fore feet. His tail was long and flat and and so very thin that when held up the sun shone through it—it was in fact only a transparent membrane. When placed in a pail of water with the other dog this fellow went for him and despite his efforts to keep out of the way he was soon caught and killed. The two-legged fellow then began eating his cousin, like the miserable canibal that he was. Coming out of the lake we found our legs covered with ugly bloated worms known as mud leeches. They had fastened themselves in our skin and were sucking our blood like dear life. The operation was painless, but we brushed them off, preferring to save our blood to fatten our own bones. The water in the center of this lake is said to be quite pure and free from alkali, but having no boat we could not test it. I have given this description of animal life in the lake purposely, to satisfy the naturalist readers of the BEE, many of whom want information about such matters. It is interesting, especially refering to waters of the lakes. If they want a lizard or two, we will gladly send them. The lake, of course, is named after Father De Smet, the famous Catholic priest who lived so long among the Indians of the northwest. I do not known what year it was he visited this section, but somewhere about 1843. I have never seen an Indian west of the Missouri river that did not respect the name of Father De Smet, and some of the tribes fairly idolize him yet.

The lake can only be approached in one way from Shell creek, and we have to go back over the same route we came. All around the lake are deep Indian trails, showing it has long been a favorite resort of the Indians and a camping ground. Remains of camp-fires and marks of villages were still there, and this is the more remarkable as the wood has to be brought from Piny creek some distance off.

Near the lake and about three-fourths of a mile to the east rises the famous Picket hill, where Indian warriors were stationed during the whole of the occupation of the Powder river country by the United States troops in 1866-'67 and '68. It is said this outlook was never without its Indian for three years, and Fort Phil Kearney and the movements of the trains and herds were constantly watched. From the hill the view is magnificent and extensive, the road being visible for over eight miles east, while much of the country west and beyond the old fort can be seen. It was no doubt referring to this outlook Red Cloud said in the council at Phil Kearney in 1868, "There has not been a day from the time you first came here till the present time that we have not looked down into this fort nor has a man or animal come or gone that we have not seen him or it."

RED BUTTES.

Riding back to Shell Creek and crossing by the Phil Kearney wagon road, we ascend to high ground and wind about among romantic hills for several miles, when we come out at the Buttes, better known as the Red Buttes. They are merely red bluffs to the right of the road and unworthy of special mention. The Big Piney is a well timbered stream and has a dense undergrowth. The road follows along a line of high hills on the left to their end, where a beautiful view presents itself.

GRAND SCENERY.

The pine covered mountains rise up in the distance, while nearer an inner and lower range spreads out, covered to their base with perrenial green. Here and there a cone shaped peak shoots up toward the sky thousands of feet high—its top covered with perpetual snows and glistening in the sun, while its base is shaded in the dark green of monstrous pine forests. The trees are large and hide the earth. In some of these forests it is almost dark at noon-day and the shade is so deep along the streams that the sun's rays seldom reach them, and the waters are icy cold. There are many little tributaries with dense undergrowth and pools. Here the trout lurk and grizzly bears used to abound in the thickets. The beaver and otter inhabit the streams and for ages worked unmolested at their dams and houses, until in 1865, when the white men came and began to trap them. I could tell a good beaver story about one of the dark recesses along the Piney, where perpetual night almost dwelt and where a couple of fellows prowling about at noon in the gloomy recesses of the forest, came upon a monster grizzly and had to fight for their lives; but bear stories will keep and this letter is only intended as a description of the country.

THE LITTLE PINY.

Little Piny is is a tributary to Big Piny river and the timber along its banks was very dense a few years ago. The trees were very small and the undergrowth thick, furnishing an excellent shelter for deer, mostly white tail, who sought this vicinity in great numbers. In the Big Piney were herds of black tail while on the Little Piney were found white tail deer. From this fact I should think these different species of deer are different in their habits, the white tail loving the sunlight and open and the black tail seeking the deep recesses of the forest. The scenery here was wild in the extreme and the deep tangled wild wood would have satisfied the taste even of a Theorean or Dudley Warner.

The Big Piney river is almost a duplicate of Little Piney, only on a larger scale. It flows over a bed of black boulders and is something larger than the Crazy Woman river, previously described in these letters. The bed of the stream is much like Rock Creek, and the river itself, I should say, was from forty-five to fifty feet wide and four miles from its head. The stream is about two feet deep at low water, but often rises to four, five, and even ten feet in places during the rainy season. Like all mountain streams it is very uncertain. Heavy timber of pine and cedar lined its banks some years ago, when we were there, and the soil on both sides of the little river seemed to be very rich. The valley was about three-fourths of a mile wide and stretched along both banks. The grass was very luxurient and formed a damask green carpet under our feet, on which our horses loved to roll, and which was as clean as if washed and spread out to dry. To the right of the Piny forest, on the Little Piny, and about two miles away, we see the old stockade of Phil Kearney. Following the stream to its junction with Big Piny we find the old fort situated on a gentle rise. Its stockade is washed by the Big Piny, and in the eastern corner is where the famous fort stood.

To the east is Picket hill, along whose base we have had to pass to reach the fort, and all around us is a wild panorama of nature's finest scenery. It was a wild and beautiful spot, old Kearney, and it is little wonder that the Indians coveted it and resented the intrusion of the white man into the fatness of their forest homes. The dear, elk, bear, and fish, were abundant and there they lived as easily perhaps and as well as anywhere on the continent. The coming of the white men disturbed and drove out the game; with their axes they felled the forests and the Indian saw he must fight and drive out the invaders or lose his home, and he chose as most men would, rather to fight than give up his own to those who had no right to it except the right of might.

Of the long and bloody contests between the Indians and the white men for the possession of that country, I shall tell in another letter. Suffice it to say here that beyond the fort is a hill and beyond this hill, shut out from view of the fort, one of the bloodiest tragedies that was ever enacted on this continent took place—the Phil Kearney massacre.

JAMES S. BRISBIN.

Peerless Patti's Early Experience.

Interview in Hartford Times: "How old were you when you made your first appearance?"

"I was seven years old, and the occasion was a concert at Tripler hall. I was so small that I was put upon a table near the piano. I sang 'Una Voce' and 'Casta Diva.' I made a success, and my parents, who were in want, through the dishonesty of an operatic manager, made money. I was really a mere child, fifteen years old, when I made my debut in 'Lucia' at the Academy of Music, on the 24th of November, 1859. Ullman had to be urged to allow me to appear. He thought I would not amount to much. The performance was the evening of Thanksgiving day. Mme. Anna Bishop was advertised to appear at the matinee. Underneath it said: 'In the evening, debut of Mlle. Adelina Patti in "Lucia di Lammermoor," supported by Brignoli and Amodio.' How proud I was of that advertisement! Next year I sang in Boston, Philadelphia, and other large cities of the United States. In 1861 I went to Europe." Mme. Patti also said that Elsa, in "Lohengrin," she considered the most exquisite of all operatic heroines, but that she did not dare to sing Wagner's music for fear of injuring her voice.

"Do you sing 'Home, Sweet Home' from sentiment," I asked, "or merely for effect? Pardon the bluntness of the question, but many people say you sing the air merely for effect."

"I was born in Madrid, February 19, 1843. My father was a Sicilian, my mother a Roman, but we came to New York in 1844, and the first language I spoke was English, and, as I said before, my only home was that of my childhood here. Hence, I sing 'Home, Sweet Home' for its sentiment."

"What was the first opera you ever heard?"

"I suppose 'Sonnambula.' My mother sang it in Madrid on the 18th of February, 1843."

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TOUGHEST HOLE IN CREATION

The Ex-Police Judge of a Now Defunc City Indulges in Reminiscence.

JULESBURG TWENTY YEARS AGO

How Vice, Debauchery and Lawlessness Held Nightly Carnival—Passing Sentence Behind Two Revolvers.

[*Written for the Sunday Bee by Ajax.*]

"It was about the toughest place in existence."

This expression fell from the lips of the ex-mayor, and police judge of Julesburg, Colo., Colonel Edmund Bartlett, the other night. He was discussing with a reporter for the BEE, that erstwhile flourishing city of the western frontier. He was indulging in some interesting reminiscences of the now "deserted village," and the time he referred to was when Julesburg was the western terminus of the Union Pacific. To-day Julesburg is nowhere; its relic is now Denver Junction. Where twenty years ago there was a flourishing town of 6,000 inhabitants, there are to-day but a few straggling huts and houses.

At the time when Mr. Bartlett was the combined mayor and police judge of the place, it is hardly to be questioned that Julesburg was, to use his own expression, "the toughest hole in creation." Nine-tenths of the population would corrupt the morals of the worst pirate ship afloat. It was a community of thieves,

MURDERERS, CUT-THROATS, GAMBLERS

and prostitutes—in short the riff-raff of humanity. Dance halls, gambling houses and brothels were the principal places of amusement and resort, and outnumbered the legitimate business houses three to one. Every night on the streets of this city could be heard the "sweet notes of the pistol"—the shriek of some dying victim, the hollow laugh of the painted harlot, the coarse jest and curse of the debauchee, the border ruffian or the murderer. Crime and villainy held nightly carnival there. The annals of the town were one sickening repetition of vice and horror, to recount which would fill volumes. It was in short the "Inferno" of Dantes, reproduced on earth.

Such was Julesburg at the time referred to by Colonel Bartlett.

THE JUDGE WAS ARMED, TOO.

One interesting reminiscence related by Mr. Bartlett referred to the trial of two toughs, "Shorty" and Jack Hayes, who came down to Julesburg from Cheyenne. They announced when they landed in the former place that they would run the town. They galloped through the streets yelling, cursing and firing revolvers at the bystanders, without regard for age or sex. The police arrested them and they were brought before Judge Bartlett for trial. On this occasion the court room was packed with desperadoes and ruffians who were friends of the two prisoners, together with a large body of citizen-vigilantes who were determined to see that justice was done to the Cheyenne toughs. Both sides were armed for desperate work. Probably in that little cabin which served as a court house there were no less than 200 revolvers. The friends of the prisoners openly boasted that

THEY WOULD KILL THE JUDGE

if he dared to sentence the culprits.

Finally the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The judge rose promptly in his seat and leaned slightly over his desk, a cocked revolver in each hand. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have heard your threats and I understand your intentions. If you are disposed to resist the execution of my sentence, the best time is now and the best place is here. I want to say that there is plenty of room in these sand hills to bury every man of you. I shall sentence each of these men to pay a fine of $250."

There was not a word said and the two men were taken back to jail, under a strong guard. They were released after their friends had paid the aggregate fine of $500.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

Another incident recalled by the ex-police judge of this "Wicked City of the Plains," serves to show in what constant danger of their lives were the policemen who did duty in Julesburg. One day a wild and woolly cowboy rode into town and commenced behaving himself in a manner anything but peaceable. A policeman named Roadpouch approached him and was about to place him in custody, when the fellow turned on him and sneeringly said: "You'll arrest me, will you?" at the same time drawing his revolver and firing. Roadpouch fell to the ground in such a manner that he could not get his revolver, and lay there prostrate and helpless. Meanwhile the cowardly ruffian continued firing at the policeman until he had put seven bullets in his body. Fortunately none of them proved fatal and Roadpouch jumped to his feet, dashed after the fleeing cowboy and fired just one shot at him. The ruffian fell dead. Roadpouch was taken to the hospital, and after two months of careful nursing recovered. The history of the town was fraught with such "incidents" as this, which were of almost daily occurrence.

THE POLICE FORCE.

The police force of Julesburg, which was under the direct supervision of the police judge, was, it is safe to say, one of the best maintained in any western city. It was composed of twenty-five men, brave, trustworthy and true. They were well paid, receiving $125 per month. Their salaries, however, were not at all out of proportion to the difficulty and danger which attended the performance of their daily work. The cost of maintaining the force was defrayed by the heavy fines imposed by the police judge on the prisoners who were brought before him.

THE JAIL WAS SAFE.

The jail in which these prisoners were kept was both secure and insecure. Any prisoner could burrow his way out of it, but to expose his person in such an attempt meant instant and certain death. The jail was about thirty or forty feet square, built of pine timbers driven down into the sand, closely together, and boarded on top. In this the prisoners were kept. A man could easily dig his way out under these boards, but very few ever attempted it. At each corner of the jail a guard was placed, armed with a Winchester rifle. These men had instructions to

SHOOT THE FIRST PRISONER

who poked his head above the sand. One or two men were killed in this way, and the criminal population of Julesburg became convinced that its jail was practically as secure as the "Bastile" of France or the "Tombs" of New York City.

Most of the lawlessness with which the police of Julesburg were called upon to deal, arose from quarrels in the gambling halls. The

GAMING HELLS WERE ALLOWED TO RUN

scot free. Fortunes were lost nightly and men driven to desperation by their losses, committed the most horrible crimes. One young man rented a building for one thousand dollars a month and people thought he was crazy. But he was not. He put ten faro tables in the establishment, and as he rented them for ten dollars each per night, his profits were over $2,000 a month.

But the glory of Julesburg was ephemeral. Its decay was almost as rapid as its growth had been. When the Union Pacific was built beyond that point, the thousands of adventurers buckled on their revolvers and followed the road to its next stopping place, Cheyenne. To-day there is scarcely a soul left to tell the tale of the dead city. Like Sodom and Gomorrah, the biblical cities of old, which the divine wrath wiped off the face of the earth by a shower of fire and brimstone, Julesburg has verily perished in its wickedness.

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JOYOUS SALVATIONISTS.

A Big Parade and a Bigger Meeting—Jeered at by Irreverent Youths.

Boston Globe: "Hallelujah!"

"Fire a volley for the Lord!"

The red-shirted, blood and fire warriors responded with a will, led by Major Britton, who had given the order.

This was in the Salvation army barracks, in the Argyle rink, last evening. The troops had just returned from a skirmish through the enemy's country. None were injured. Headed by two brass bands, with flying colors and steady front, the troops marched through the "Cove" district.

The sally was made from the barracks about 7 o'clock. The line moved down Washington, through Hollis, Tremont, Lagrange and Beach streets to Harrison, and thence back to the barracks.

Pretty hallelujah lassies with tambourines sang salvation songs, and paid no attention to the remarks of the young men, who stood on the sidewalks as they passed by. They treated with disdain such greetings as "Ah there! you darling." "Isn't she a dandy?" "Is 'oo my baby?" and others less pleasant.

The male soldiers were greeted "Oh, go soak your heads," "Ah, 'Arry, me boy," "You big chump," and so on.

At length the barracks were reached, and after "stacking arms" they filed into the rink. At the end of the hall was a stage erected. This was completely filled with blood-washed warriors, all of whom seemed to be earnest and sincere in their professions.

There were at least 250 members of the army present on the stage and in the audience. Among the noted officers present were Private Secretary and Field Sergeant Barker, Majors Britton, Jones and Lunton, Division Officer Martin, Staff Minstrel Walsh, Attache Blandet, and many captains, lieutenants and sergeants.

The echoes of one of their stirring songs had just died away when Major Ballington Booth, second son of General Booth, accompanied by Mrs. Booth, entered the hall. Then pandemonium broke loose.

Wild hallelujahs rent the air, tambourines were shaken, trumpets brayed, and the thunder of the great bass drum added to the din. Major Booth took his seat on the platform amid a chorus of "God bless him," "Glory be to God," etc.

Then Staff Minstrel Walsh sprang to his feet and sang, playing a lively banjo accompaniment. He was fairly carried away by the excess of his religious frenzy, and it seemed catching.

As he finished Major Booth arose to his feet. He is a tall, thin man, with a pale face and long, black whiskers. He has a broad English accent, but speaks very clearly and distinctly. After a few words he proposed a song, which had for a chorus: "We'll cross the river to pardon. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" to which the army kept time by clapping hands.

At the conclusion of the song, Major Booth told the story of his voyage across the ocean, which was very rough. In the course of his remarks he had occasion several times to mention General Booth's name, which was greeted each time with a chorus of "God bless him." Once the speaker proposed a volley for General Booth, which was given with startling effect.

The programme for the soldiers to carry out to-day was then read and then Major Booth called for a song. His request was complied with by Major Gay, a little man with an accordeon.

Then Daniel Sullivan jumped to his feet and told how he was saved. He was followed by Captain Thatcher, a young man with a lisp, who on being asked his occupation, replied that he was a D. D., a devil driver.

After that a red-shirted, gray haired man jumped on the platform and shrieked, "Oh You Must be a Lover of the Lord," and after singing related his experience.

Then Charley, the drummer, in full uniform stepped on the stage and started a song to the air of "Johnny Comes Marching Home," accompanying himself on his snare drum. Then followed the story of how he was saved. Remarks followed from Mrs. Booth, who is a refined, pleasant faced lady, with a sympathetic voice. The Salvation army doxology was then sung. Exercises will be held to-day at Argyle park at 7 and 10:30 a.m. and 2:45 p. m.

Pains in the small of the back indicate a diseased condition of the Liver and Kidneys, which may be easily removed by the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. $1 per bottle.

Edward Fowler Bird, the Warren county snake cradler who lives at the Shades of Death, N. J., has a Houdan hen that has built her nest high up in an old willow tree. The nest is twenty-seven feet from the ground, and contains fourteen eggs. The Warren county farmers say they never heard of a hen making her nest in a tree before. Mr. Bird often goes on top of his house to look into the nest.

The proposition to substitute electricity for the rope in cases of capital punishment elicits from the London Lancet the following observation: "It is most desirable to avoid casting a glamour of fascination about the death penalty. Is there not a peril of doing this in the impulse to be humane?"