ASSAULTED MAJOR BALCOMBE

Another Brief Chapter of Omaha Ancient History.

THE CHASTISEMENT PROVOKED.

The Complete Story of the Affair as Printed in The Bee at the Time of the Encounter, July 9, 1873.

The Truth of History.

At the beginning of the Vandervoort libel suits one of our contemporaries made editorial reference to what it calls a dastardly, brutal and unprovoked assault which Mr. Rosewater had made years ago upon Major Balcombe. For two days past the World-Herald has, with a great flourish of trumpets, promised a treat to the people of Omaha in the shape of a profusely illustrated description of Rosewater as a slugger.

The palpable object of this piece of malignant enterprise is to belittle by ridiculous cartoons an encounter that was not in the least discreditable to the editor of THE BEE, and indirectly to prejudice the case now pending in court. However disagreeable the uncalled for revival of this episode may be to all parties concerned, we are now forced to reproduce the detailed account of the encounter as reported at the time it occurred. The following appeared on the local page of THE DAILY BEE of July 9, 1873:

During the past two or three weeks THE BEE and Republican have had no controversy of any kind whatever. On Saturday there appeared in the Herald a card signed by Judge Townsend, tantalizing to and reflecting upon the colored people. Mr. Townsend, as probate judge, was applied to on the Fourth of July by a colored man for a license to marry a white woman. The judge declined to issue the license and wrote on the back of the application some insulting advice to men of color, who wanted to marry out of their race. On Monday THE BEE criticised the action of the judge—who is a democrat—in the following editorial paragraph:

"If any public man wants to make a commodious ass of himself in a public journal he always ought to be accorded that glorious privilege. For this reason we interpose no objection to the publication by the Herald of Judge Townsend's witty and weighty indorsement on that rejected application for a miscegenated marriage license."

Yesterday morning the Republican published a scurrilous article, evidently in replication to THE BEE's criticism. Last evening Mr. Rosewater requested Major Risdon to deliver the following letter to Manager Balcombe:

OFFICE OF THE DAILY BEE, July 8, 1873.

Major Saint A. D. Balcombe, manager Omaha Republican—Sir: Having repeatedly notified you of my intention to hold you individually responsible for every article derogatory to my private character that may appear in the Republican, you will not deem it strange to have your attention directed to the following article which appeared in the Republican of this date:

—When Edward Rosewater presents himself at the probate court for a marriage license he need have no fears that he and his "wench" will be referred over to Iowa. Difference of race will, in his case, be made up by entire compatibility in other respects, save that the wench would get the worst of the bargain.

Now the cowardly and malicious personal insult is entirely unprovoked, and you can cite no reasonable pretext to excuse it. Therefore I have the right to insist upon, and hereby do demand, ample and emphatic public apology from you, through the Republican. Should you, however, see fit to refuse this request I shall be obliged to seek reparation and redress in such a manner as in my judgment I may deem proper under the circumstances. Please indicate your intentions through the bearer.

Respectfully etc.,
E. ROSEWATER.

This letter was delivered to Major Balcombe by Major Risdon at 7 p. m., but no response was made. Instead of the expected apology the following defiant item appeared in this morning's Republican:

If E. Rosewater will apply to the proper person, he will get his fill of satisfaction for the article that appeared in these columns yesterday morning.

About 11 o'clock today, having completed his editorial labors, Mr. Rosewater purchased a small rawhide from Alfred Kelley, and proceeded to Douglas street with a view to meeting Major Balcombe in the most prominent thoroughfare in the city in order to disgrace him as publicly as possible. He stationed himself in the office of General O'Brien in the second story of the Caldwell block and remained on the lookout for Balcombe. About noon Balcombe appeared, walking rapidly past the Caldwell block. Mr. Rosewater rushed down the stairway and overtook Major Balcombe at the southwest corner of Douglas and Fourteenth. He immediately applied the rawhide to Major Balcombe's neck and face, striking him eight or ten lashes, inflicting several cuts or marks upon his person. Major Balcombe attempted to gouge Mr. Rosewater's eyes and scratch his face; but the lash was playing so lively about his neck and face that he soon gave up this style of defense, and being at least a foot taller, suddenly leaped upon Mr. Rosewater and both came to the ground together. Major Balcombe, with his feline nature, renewed the scratching process, slightly breaking the skin on Mr. Rosewater's right hand. All the time Major Balcombe's efforts were directed to the capture of the stinging cowhide, but in this he did not succeed, as Mr. Rosewater had taken the precautionary measure of having it tied around his wrist. The two men were soon separated by bystanders and the cowhide was taken charge of by Steve Mealio. Mr. Rosewater then told Major Balcombe that he would cowhide him for every insult, such as the one he had offered, unless he apologized, to which Major Balcombe replied that he never intended to apologize to him for anything.

The affair created intense excitement and attracted a large crowd of citizens to the spot. The general street talk, from what we can hear, is that Mr. Rosewater pursued exactly the right course, and many expressed their regrets that he did not use a club, or even a deadly weapon.

Although Mr. Rosewater was advised to arm himself he peremptorily declined to do so, stating that he only wished to disgrace and degrade in the most public manner the man who insulted his family and deliberately refused to apologize for the same when politely requested to do so.

The Baptist Revival Meetings.

The revival work at the First Baptist church gives promise of an unusual work of grace. During the week just closed the attendance each night has steadily increased and the interest has deepened. With the culture and learning of the scholar, Mr. Cullis combines the graces of the Christian gentleman. There is everything in his style to win and hold the most cultivated audience, and yet at the same time to charm and delight the less educated. A number of the pastors of the leading churches have shown their interest in these meetings by their presence and they are all heartily delighted with Mr. Cullis and his methods. The Baptist churches of the city have abandoned all their ordinary services for tonight and during the week, and will unite in these special meetings. It is expected that other churches will fall into line and they will be made cordially welcome. Pastor Lamar, who inaugurated these meetings, is anxious for them to grow beyond the limits of any one denomination.

The Evelyn Miller Case.

An order was issued by Judge Dundy yesterday ordering Thomas F. Burrus and his wife to appear before the United States district court at Lincoln on Friday next, to answer for alleged contempt of court in forcibly abducting Evelyn E. Miller, daughter of Louis B. Miller, contrary to the order of that tribunal.

The Missouri Pacific Wrecks.

The investigation of the train men who figured in the Missouri Pacific wrecks early in the week was concluded last night.

The investigation resulted in the discharge of Engineer Smith, Conductor P. H. Meehan and Brakeman G. Chandler, who were on the freight train Tuesday when the wreck occurred at Miller's station.

Freight Conductor Rice and Engineer Pat Crow were considered to blame for the wreck last Wednesday, and were accordingly requested to resign.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

Mary Gofarth Wants $10,000 Damages for Her Blighted Affections.

Mary Elizabeth Gofarth considers that her affections have been damaged to the value of $10,000 by George R. Holmes. George asked Mary to marry him on February 25, 1887, and Mary consented. Since that time she has not only been ready, but willing to take George for better or worse, but George did not see it that way, and now Mary wants $10,000 of George's money for violating his promise, and to soothe her wounded feelings.

Andrew Moyer sues Ryan & Walsh for $1,178.97 for work and material furnished for the county hospital.

David Jamieson et al. have brought suit against Lulu Inlow et al. to recover on a deficiency judgment of $1,153.33 and to set aside a transfer of property to her husband as guardian of their children, alleged to have been made for the purpose of defeating the recovery of the judgment.

James Montgomery has filed a lengthy petition in which he charges the city board of equalization with unjustly assessing upon him more than his proportion of the costs of opening Webster street from Thirty-second to Thirty-sixth. He alleges that he refused to sign the petition for the opening of the street and was warned at the time that he would be compelled to pay back to the city all the money he would receive as damages. The street was opened and Montgomery was awarded $405 as damages resulting to his property by the opening of the street. Afterwards the board of equalization fixed the amount of benefits to his lot at $404 and assessed that amount against his property, while owners of property directly opposite him on the same street were assessed much smaller sums. He asks for an injunction to restrain the treasurer from collecting the amount against him. A restraining order was issued.

James G. Megeath and a large number of other persons owning property abutting on the streets surrounding Hanscom park have commenced suit against the city to restrain its officers from assessing or collecting a special levy on said property for the purpose of paying for the pavement which has been laid on said streets, as it is alleged that the city is bound by the transfer of the property for park purposes to keep the street and grounds in proper condition and that the city laid the pavement of its own volition. A restraining order was issued.

Lillian M. Jacobs has sued H. P. Devalon for $10,000 alleged to be due by reason of false representations in a real estate deal. The plaintiff bought lot 7, block 108, from the defendant for the sum of $4,000, receiving a warranty deed therefor. Afterwards Annie M. Lindsay set up a claim to the property and it cost the plaintiff $7,000 to quiet her claim besides $1,000 costs, and assuming a mortgage of $2,000. She therefore seeks to recover $10,000 from Devalon.

The Walter A. Wood Mowing and Reaping machine company has commenced suit against J. W. Holmes and Fred Smith to recover $329 on a judgement obtained in an Iowa court.

D. C. Patterson has brought suit against William Callen and Edith H. Corbet to recover $150 secured by mortgage.

Samuel Pruyn has brought suit in foreclosure against Charles Pruyn to recover $1,25[illegible] on a note secured by mortgage on property in Patrick's addition.

County Court.

Morse, Mitchell & Williams have sued Sam Frackman to recover $291.19 for goods sold and delivered.

F. E. Morse & Co. have entered suit against Edholm & Akin to recover $467.19 for goods sold and delivered.

THE TURNERS.

A Reception to the Delegates to the Nebraska Turn Bezirk.

Last evening a reception was held at Germania hall in honor of the delegates to the Nebraska Turn bezirk, who hold their first annual convention today and tomorrow. Over five hundred persons, including the flower of German society in Omaha, turned out to welcome the guests, and an evening of gaiety and good fellowship was passed. The mayor and a number of the other leading officials of the city and county were in attendance.

The following is a list of the delegates who have arrived, with the number of members in the societies that they represent:

Omaha Turnverein (118 members)—Henry Kummerow, Philip Andres, Ernest G. Grube, Ernst G. Meyer, William F. Stoecker.

Lincoln (81 members)—A. Jetes, R. C. Nohrs, Carl Klos.

Fremont (70 members)—E. Hoffmeister, Will Hasse, Henry Horsch.

Plattsmouth (65 members)—Philip Thierolf, J. P. Suttler.

Sioux City (75 members)—George Boldes, A. O. Hoffmann.

South Omaha (60 members)—Judge J. G. Reuther, B. Blum.

Turnerjohn in Omaha (35 members)—Otto Kinder.

The opening feature of the evening's entertainment was an overture by Hoffman's orchestra, played in the faultless manner attained only by long practice.

The Turner quartette then sang the "Turner March," after which the Omaha Turners appeared and went through their pretty evolutions with rods, called stabuebungen.

Philip Andres delivered the address of welcome to the guests in the German tongue, and gave a history of the organization from its inception to the present time. He congratulated the Turners on the growth of the society and urged them to maintain an interest in gymnastic exercises and to organize societies in the cities and towns where there are none.

The award of gold medals was then made. Mr. Kramme received a medal for most active work as a Turner, and Ernst Grube a medal for securing the greatest number of new members.

Mr. Andres then spoke in English and thanked the American-born people present for their attendance. He explained the signification of the word "Turner," saying that it came from the word "tournament," and that it meant a gymnast. He showed that the training of the Turners had developed a manlier and nobler set of citizens in Germany, and established her present prestige.

This was followed by exercise on the horizontal bar by the Turners, and several astonishing feats of strength and skill were performed and rewarded with loud outbursts of applause.

Among the other gymnastic exercises were club swinging by F. Fruehauf and F. G. E. Kuehn, and a pyramid of Turners.

The remaining features of the programme consisted of a duet by Messrs. F. Lehman and A. Graf, a song by the Turner quartette, a trio by F. Lehman, E. Stein and E. Rausch, a speech by Max Hempel, and a beautiful selection on the Zither club.

A programme of twenty dances was then indulged in, with a period for refreshments at midnight.

The members of the committee on arrangements were H. Haubens, F. Wells, H. Haus, F. G. E. Kuehn and A. Graf. The music committee was composed of F. Lehmann, W. F. Stoecker, E. Stein.

A Mission at St. Philomena's.

Today at 10:30 o'clock mass, a mission will be commenced in St. Philomena's cathedral by the celebrated redemptorist preachers Rev. F. Cook and O'Shea. The services will continue for a week and be held both during the day and at night. The missionaries are said to be orators of great power and have conducted very successful missions in many of the large cities of the country.

A Jail-Breaker Caught.

Officer J. R. O'Gorman, one of the policemen recently appointed, distinguished himself yesterday afternoon by capturing A. C. Hates, a desperate criminal, who recently broke jail at Dakota City and fled to Omaha. Hates is said to be a notorious gambler and thief.

Marriage Licenses.

Licenses were issued yesterday to the following parties by Judge Shields:

Name and Residence,	Age.
Daniel Hannon, South Omaha	31
Maggie A. O'Neill, Omaha	21

YOUTH AND THE CLASSICS.

Why the One Should Make a Study of the Other.

VIEWS OF OMAHA EDUCATORS.

The Classics Drill and Broaden the Mind and Direct to Concise and Thorough Thinking as Nothing Else Can.

Approved by Experience.

Rev. T. S. Fitzgerald, president of Creighton College—In answer to a request for an "opinion as to the advantages to be derived from a classical education by a man in business and whether such an education should be obtained," I will say: A man engaged in business, as in any profession, has, no doubt, need of acquaintance with the technicalities of his business just like the professional man, or even the learned scholar himself, who, in the pursuit and enjoyment of the liberal arts has need of technical ways, and of the best practical manner of doing things. There is a practical art in everthing and the man of business is not more alive to this than the scholar or the author, the painter or musician. But underneath the practical art of doing a thing, or carrying on a trade, or making up a prescription or pleading a case, there is the general formation of the mind and of the man; and, this comes, not by technicalities but by a general education. A general education easily tapers off into any technical life. A well-informed man can easily become mechanical in some employment, but not vice versa. The mechanic will never evolve into the man and a special formation for a special pursuit will never supply afterwards what a general development of all the man's powers should have done from the first. Hence, no man is better qualified for each and every walk of special life than the one, who, as a boy, has had his memory, his imagination, his reasoning powers and judgment upon the issues of life most perfectly and systematically drawn out in a rounded system of liberal studies. This is what is meant by a classical education. It is the one approved by the best and universal experience of centuries for the cultivation of a mind and a man in all the liberal arts through the instrumentality of the most perfect literateurs of the past.

Gives a Comprehensive Mind.

Mr. H. P. Lewis, principal of the high school.—I certainly do think that a man with a classical education will make a much greater success in the business world than one who has not. The study of the classics drills and broadens the mind to concise and thorough thinking as nothing else can. Some very interesting and valuable statistics were recently secured in Massachusetts which show that a comparatively small per cent. of business men having a classical education are among those who fail in business. For myself, I would advise every young man to secure a classical education. It will give him a stronger, better, more comprehensive mind for business or whatever calling he may adopt in life.

It Trains the Faculties.

Canon Doherty of Brownell hall—I believe that it is a decided advantage to have a classical education first on account of the gymnastic influences and the general training of the faculties through the studies of the classics. These ancient tongues are the vehicles of expression of two great people. One of them, the Greeks, excelled in art, poetry and philosophy. The other, the Romans, were great builders and excelled in architecture. Therefore, in reading the masterpieces of these great nations the effect on the mind in development is great.

Next, the study of the classics is immediately practicable because it is proven by the fact that 8,000 of the words in the English are of Latin etymology and all the terms in the various sciences are Latin or Greek. A persons can hardly pronounce a sentence without giving utterance to anglicized Latin or Greek words, especially in the language of philosophy or science.

Of course a man may have a one-idea education and achieve success in that one line. If he wishes to become a plumber he may study only those things which have a direct application to his trade; if he desires to become a physician he may study only materia medica, chemistry and anatomy. But all men desire more or less to be useful in a social sense as well as in a business sphere and, to attain this, they must be generally educated. In the proper sense of education they should have a knowledge of those languages which are indicative of the highest civilization and the greatest advancement in politi arts. The Hebrew language contains the most subtle thought, the Grecian tongue the most subtle expression and the very study of these languages is an educatiou.

The business man can ill afford to consider himself merely a unit. He is also the head of a family. Only eight or nine hours are spent in business. The remainder of his time he is a social being. To enjoy the comforts and advantages of sociability he must have the mental power of giving and responding. If he doesn't familiarize himself with the history and language of the civilized races of the past he deprives himself and society of a great and priceless enjoy ment.

The best test is to be found in the advice of those business men who have received a classical education, and not in the assertions of those who have not enjoyed such advantages.

Of course, an education for the present day to be utilitarian ought not to be confined to the classics alone, but science and manual art should also be taught. The eye and ear should also be cultivated.

Classical Men Reach the Front.

Superintendent James of the city schools—A man with a classical education seldom fails to get to the front. He possesses methods of thought that are superior to those of the man who does not possess such a mental training. I give my children a classical education, not with a view particularly of making them money makers but to make men and women of them in the best, the highest sense of the word. When you talk of the relation of a classical education and cold, matter-of-fact money making, I will say that I do not see any close connection other than that the mind which has triumphed over Latin, Greek and other languages is stronger, clearer and in every way better prepared to handle the more complex and weighty problems that present themselves in higher business life. The term "business" has come into bad repute with me, today, when I see how narrowly it is connected with shark work and stealing. It is the rule that the broader, more liberally a man is educated, the greater and grander man he will be, and the higher the point that he will attain in perhaps any sphere of life. Therefore, while a classical education may not be necessary to a young man becoming a money shark, yet I do hold it necessary to his becoming a man in the sense that the more enlightened, more worthy, substantial portion of the world today take the word "man" to mean. I will add, however, that I do not think a boy or girl derives much benefit from a year's study of Latin or Greek. Advantage from these languages comes only by the long and thorough drill in them that is furnished by a college course.

[Next Sunday THE BEE will publish views on this subject of the leading business men in the city.]

THE THEATERS.

Tommaso Salvini, the great Italian tragedian, whose portrayals are the most impressive known to this generation, will make two appearances in Omaha during next week. He has not been seen here for several years, and there is little doubt but that the present season will be his last in America, as he has expressed his intention of retiring from the stage upon the termination of his present tour. His performances this week will therefore have extraordinary interest.

The engagement commences on Monday evening with the production here of the tragedy of "The Oakaw," which will be followed on Wednesday evening with "Samson." The drama is based upon the the scriptural account. The play is in five acts. In the first Samson appears before the wailing Israelites, and tells of the strength conferred upon him by Divine power; of his feats among the Philistines, and of his killing of the lion. In the second act he defies the Philistines who had in vengeance killed his wife and burned his property. In the third act he yields to Delilah's temptation, betrays the secret of his strength, and in his drunken sleep is shorn of his locks—not by Delilah as in the scriptural account, but by another Philistine woman, "Meleah," whose son he had killed. The play thus aims in part to rehabilitate the character of Delilah. The fourth act shows his awakening and his denunciation of Delilah, while the last reveals his destruction of the great temple of Dagon. New scenes have been provided for each of the plays. The two landscapes and Delilah's house are from the brush of Richard Marston of New York, while Philip Goatcher has painted the vestibules of the temple of Dagon, where Samson works ruin upon his enemies. The scene is modeled after Dore's famous picture. The cast is as follows: Samson, Signor Salvini; Manuah, his father, George Fawcett; Thebni, Edward Snader; Neriah, Elmer Delamater; Salem, Edmund Day; Lamech, prince of Gaza, John Malone; Zambres, Lucius Henderson; Somer, Ben Johnson; Delilah, May Brooklyn, Meleah, Virginia Buchanan.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Alexander Salvini, son of the tragedian, will be seen in a new play written especially for him by Mr. Horace Townsend and entitled "A Child of Naples." In this production he will be assisted by the members of his father's company.

The Apollo club has engaged the Mendelssohn quintette club for the second concert, to be given February 5 at the Grand opera house. It is now three years since this celebrated organization was heard here, and all music lovers will be anxious to welcome them again. The Apollo club has decided to issue a subscription ticket for the two remaining concerts, as a number of the subscribers of last year were not able to renew their subscription at the time of the first concert on account of the prevalence of la grippe.

The Messiah chorus rehearsal is postponed from Monday till Thursday evening at the Young Men's Christian association hall.

The Grand offers its patrons an extra fine attraction this week in the Aronson company, from that popular home of successes and long runs, the Casino, New York. The engagement includes four performances, with two very popular productions, "Erminie" and "Nadjy" tomorrow night. The advance sale of seats insures them a hearty welcome and adds another bit of proof to the already well established fact that Omaha people know how to appreciate a good thing. There is no doubt that the company is one of the strongest, best equipped organizations of its kind that has visited this city in a long time, and more satisfactory operas than the two selected for presentation could not well have been chosen. While "Nadjy" has never been done here, its reputation is such as to cause much interest. The story is well told, harmonizes most charmingly with soulful, pleasing, catching music, and above all is made extremely pleasant in its general effect by rich, gorgeous costuming and splendid scenery. Fekeli, king of Hungary, has a daughter, Princess Etelka, who was kidnapped in her infancy by the emperor of Austria, who desired her when she grew up to marry his nephew, De Rosen. In the meantime Etelka fell in love with a Hungarian patriot named Rakossy, who devoted his energies to searching for the young lady, unconscious of her identity, and have her return home, as she had been succeeded to the throne and was the rightful queen. Much incident and many dramatic situations occurring, making a dramatically interesting performance. Everything ends happily and in a blaze of triumph. "Erminie," which has never been given here as it will be on the present occasion, has Monday and Tuesday nights. The principal singers and actors, artists of special fitness and ability, are Miss Helen Lamont, Miss Emma Hanley, Miss Laura Millard, Miss Genevrie Reynolds, Miss Mamie Certie, Rout. E. Graham, Louis De Lange, Lloyd Wilson, Ross Graham and Steve Porter. Thestra is under the leadership and direction of Adolph Bauer.

There have been spectacular dramas and spectacular dramas, but none of them have equalled "She" in mystical and wierd effect. The cavern palace, the wreck of the slave show, the ruins of Kor, the head of the Ethiopian, all familiar to those who have read Rider Haggard's wonderful book, are presented with wonderfully fine effect. In the Webster-Brady company, which recently played an engagement at Hoyd's opera house, the several characters are very well sustained and the audiences were large and appreciative. It was thought that very many people who could ill afford to pay regular theater prices to see "She" would cheerfully pay the Grand's Sunday night popular prices (15 to 50 cents) if the opportunity was afforded them; therefore "She" was secured for the attraction this evening at the Grand. The handsome advance sale of the past two days goes to show that this opinion was correct.

The coming week at the Eden Musee will be one of unprecedented attractions. Messrs. Sackett & Lawler have secured as the premier exhibition the only genuine cannibals ever brought to this country. "Joe" and "Tom" are remarkable specimens of a most wonderful race of savages who inhabit the island of Malio-luku, one of the South Sea group. They will be on exhibition in the costume of their tribe, also showing their war paraphernalia, and clubs with which they dispatch their victims before devouring them. Among the other numerous attractions which may be found particularly interesting is Erni, the one-legged horizontal bar expert, the equal of any in the profession, having won many medals and prizes in competition with the most able-bodied and skilled athletes in the world. Mabel Arnold, the beautiful mandolin and cornet soloist who has delighted thousands in the east, will also appear at every performance during the week. Dick Devlin, the flute-voiced Irish nightingale in his beautiful melodies is alone worth many times the price of admission.

The most remarkable male impersonator of any age, Miss Flora Mitchell, has been engaged for the week and should be seen to be appreciated. Ed. Gallagher, the funniest and most witty Irish punster in the world, who is almost unable to converse without perpetrating a pun, will convulse the public with laughter by his bright sayings. The child artists, Johnny and Bertha Gleason, who have won world wide fame, will give exhibitions of their artistic skill and exhibit specimens of their work. These little ones will not only be of interest to the elders, but the little ones of the family should see them at their work. Mention should also be made of the great Irish comedian, John Regan; the musical artist, Nellie Hoyd and Carioli the famous ventriloquist. As usual in the seven mammoth departments the attractions will be good and new features will be found in them all.

DR. GINN KILLS THE BEAR.

Poetical Sentiments Over the Scenery in Colorado's Mountains.

SOME OMAHA DEER HUNTERS.

The First Deer—Beauties of a Wagon Ride—Pictures in the Colorados—The Whistle of the Elk, and Dr. Ginn's Bear.

Mrs. Galbraith, Ginn and Conklin with J. A. Fuller, of this city, and Colonel Brimble of Clark's, constituted a party of bear and deer hunters to the mountains of Colorado last fall, and their adventures are well worth recording, especially Dr. Ginn's escapade with a bear, even at this late day.

The party proceeded via the Union Pacific railroad as far as Rawlins, thence across the country by wagon to Snake River valley, where they struck camp.

It was a rough but delightful jaunt to the Elysian fields of the tortuous Snake. Roseate hope made very boys again of these veteran old Nimrods, and they made the air ring with their joyous exclamations embroidered with snatches from the "Mikado," "Il Trovatore," and the Methodist hymnal, interspersed with an occasional yelp from the colonel's cadaverous hound and sundry quotations from the rugged teamster as the broncos stumbled in some old prairie dog burrough, or a projecting root knocked the wagon galley west.

They took the old Indian or miners' trail—all there was—across the country. This first led through dreary barrens, rank with powdered sage brush. Then came the beautiful plains and, afterward, the dense evergreen forests in the mountains. In the timber land, the air was terebiuthinated with the pungent odors of the pine, spruce, balsam-fir and hemlock, while, on the plains, it was mingled with the richer, though less palpable perfume of the late autumn flowers, whose bright versicolored faces peeped shyly forth from amidst the sweet buffalo grass and wild strawberry plants which, everywhere, relieved the gloom of that monotonous waste.

For miles and miles the evidences of animated nature had been discouragingly scarce, but suddenly the teamster stood up in his seat and exclaimed:

"There's a deer track!"

With ludicrous alacrity the hunters leaped from the wagon, Winchesters in hand, as if they expected to get a shot at once, never giving any consideration to the fact that the track had been made days before by some roaming buck who had come down from the mountains for a little promenade on the plain, and at that time was probably fifty miles away.

But you have never been off with a party of deer hunters? Well, that was the first sign of big game and it must be duly examined and commented upon. So, down they went on all fours, and with bulging optics began to scrutinize those delicate hoof-cuts in the sand. Dr. Galbraith feels them with his finger tips, Ginn smells them, while the colonel jams the nose of his hound into them, all talking at once at a rate that would have baffled the wildest efforts of the most dextrous stenographer.

As the sun was approaching the meridinal line Galbraith, who was the nominal leader, thought it was time to halt and lunch. All were unanimous on this point, and, as they climbed over the brow of a slight bluff, a tangle of golden sunshine glittered through the emerald boughs ahead, the air smelled damp and sweet with the balsamic odors of the low lands, and, on a few rods further they beheld stretched out before them a lovely sheet of water, on whose surface flash answered flash, as if beckoning them on.

"Lockwook lake," laconically announced the teamster.

"So it is," echoed Galbraith, "jump out here, boys, and I'll cut an onion."

As the jaded broncos were being unhooked, the deer-hunters gazed about them.

The scene was quiet and delightful. The faint cries of three or four fish-hawks circling around the top of a distant hemlock touched the ear. A kingfisher, with his purple back gleaming in the light, watched the water from a dead limb, while a flock of teal, steering out from a hollow in the bank, pushed through a field of reeds, and made their way diagonally across the lake.

Lunch over, and Dr. Ginn, the colonel and Fuller started on in front of the wagon for a little exercise. They had been gone about a quarter of an hour when the rest of the party resumed their journey.

Suddenly, as they were rounding a bend in the woods, Drs. Galbraith and Conkling were startled by the crack of a Winchester, followed by one and another, until five distinct reports had riven the translucent air.

The two old vets jumped from the vehicle, thinking correctly that it was a deer that had been shot at, and that it might run their way. An interval of intense quietude followed, and then the colonel, who had mounted an old log, called aloud, pointing down the woods to their left:

"There he goes, Doc—a big buck, and a beauty!"

And, sure enough, there he did go, glancing through the yellow undergrowth like a brown streak—a noble fellow with big antlers, his pointed nose well up, and his black "flag" making a vertical line behind.

Quicker than thought, to be en rapport with the novelist, the royal animal buried himself from sight, and quickly thereafter the doctor and the colonel beheld Ginn and his whiskers crashing through the hopples in his wake, his short legs measuring ground with a velocity that was astonishing, his beaver gone and his raven ringlets streaming in the wind behind. He, too, was soon lost to sight, and the colonel remarked:

"That's the last we'll ever see of Ginn and some day, some wandering hunter will find his bones bleached white by the storms of winter and the suns of summer, hidden away in yonder swamp."

"Ge'lang, thar, blank you!" and the teamster cracked his whip and on the wagon rolled again.

In the course of an half hour the others were overtaken and lo, and behold, Ginn was with them! His face was rosy, celestial red, and the great beads of perspiration chased each other down his classic brow, while a rent here and there in his apparel, told of the desperation of his recent chase.

They were all three talking and quarreling about the deer, and Galbraith and Brimble soon learned just how the matter stood. Ginn, Fuller and Conkling were climbing a slight acclivity in the woods just beyond the lake, when Fuller, who had left his own rifle in the wagon, saw the buck grazing in a patchof ground hemlock on their left.

"A dear! a dear!" he screamed, just like an old dear hunter, mechanical making a lunge and seizing the barrel of Ginn's Winchester, and struggling furiously for its possession, shouting at the top of his voice at the same time:

"Shoot him! shoot him! shoot him on the spot, any spot, just so you shoot him!"

Of course this outburst alarmed the buck, and, as he started off, Ginn and Conkling, in turning round, ran into each other, but recovered in time to pump away upon their Winchesters.

"He's hit! shrieked Ginn, at his last shot, "didn't you see the hair fly?"

"Yes," replied Conkling, "but it was all fast to the deer!"

"No sir, he's mine!" distractedly continued the young disciple of Esculapius, and before any one could stop him he dashed away in mad pursuit.

"Just as I expected," observed Galbraith as the recital was finished, "and in Dr. Ginn's exoneration, gentlemen, I will say it was the first wild deer he ever saw, and the sudden jumping of one of these magnificent animals has unstrung steadier nerves than his. Why, even I, myself, one time upon the Big Horn, got slightly confused when a flock of big bull elk flew up before——"

"O, come off," irascibly interpolated Ginn; "it was your whiskers that scared the elk, and I don't believe you know any more about deer hunting than I do."

Ragged clouds, black and lowering, now began to move athwart the firmament, and the golden scene had changed into one of melancholy gray. One of the prowling showers of the region had overtaken them, and a very disagreeable and a very wet mist began to glimmer against the broad trunks of the spruce and hemlocks, and over the dark cavities in the woods.

Finally they halted in a deep ravine, through which a dark-browed little stream clove its way, twisting and winding like a water-snake striving in the herbage. The mist had now turned into a steady drizzle and the night promised to be of Cimmerian density. Fortunately for them, near where they stopped, stood an old trapper's shanty, vacated, but in a pretty good state of repair. In one corner, was found the head of a wolf, dry and shrunken; the skin of a pine marten and a couple of broken steel-traps; in another, fragments of a log-chain, a number of fur-stretchers, some empty Winchester shells, and a worn out fox-skin cap, while all about were scattered sundry worthless articles that plainly told of the trapper's habitat.

Here, the night was passed. Morning came at last, gray, dull and dispiriting.

The nearer trees looked ghastly in misty air. Overhead, ragged scuds were flying, while a very cloud of heavy vapor was rolling off up among the trees. The dripping forest and the crooked rivulet, mezzo-tinted with ceaseless drops, looked forlorn and desolate. The colonel's hound was lying in the shanty door, snapping at the drops that splintered on his nose, or gazing off into the woods with one ear-flap erect. Breakfast over, and the hunters bade adieu to the old wolf-catcher's den, and, in a sort of forced gayety continued their wearisome journey. Finally, the drizzle entirely ceased, the bark of a squirrel came from a windfall by the roadside, and, to the wand of sunbeam the misty curtain lifted, and there was the instantaneous glitter of the diamond on all sides.

A half hour passed, and another spasmodic shower came, swallowing up the woods in its gray glimmer, but quickly changing again into jewel work under the rays of the sun. For the next hour there was a quick interweaving of rain and sunlight. The former would streak the scene, then blue eyes would open in the sky. The arcades in the forest would glow, darken, be masked in the shower, and then flash again into laughing light. At last the heavy, leaden mantle broke into large fragments, the great jagged masses of clouds kindled into gorgeous colors, and the cool breeze poured liquid balm around. Each tree and bush threw off its glancing gems, like a deer after a bath, while the whole landscape breathed the freshest fragrance.

Soon they were in the mountains, and wilder grew the scenery and worse grew their way. The close forest thrust out the sharp ends of logs cut asunder for the track, and shaped a groined roof above. Off to the northwest, lay a grand sweep of mountainous country, dark, sullen and gloomy, even in the golden sunshine. Here, there and everywhere, trees, tall, dead and gray, old patriarchs of the primeval forest, like colonades upholding the blue dome; trees withered, bent and scorched, strewed over all their dull tints, yet hardly discoverable amidst the universal green. Heavy clouds, with bright edges, reared their gorgeous architecture all around the horizon to the north: great, frowning, gloomy peaks, sturdy as the Himalayas, and along the west cottony snow banks with awful gaps between, all combined to make the scene one of irresistible grandeur and impressiveness.

Just at dusk, after a long day's journey, they reached their camping place high up in the mountains. The wagon unloaded, tents up, and a huge fire blazing, the hunters gazed around them. The solitude was perfect, the loneliness oppressive. Overhead were occasional streaks of sable sky, with here and there the misty luster of some emulous planet shining forth. They could see the black trunks immediately about them as the glare from the fire played over them, but the rest was lost as if in a dungeon. Ebon masses told of the dearer thickets—not a stir, not a breath, the wood was one huge grave, and so deathly was the stillness that the Runic fetter of Gleipair might have been woven from it.

However, the night, like all nights have a fashion of doing, passed, and the morning dawned bright and entrancing with the delicious mellow warmth of the early Indian summer sun immersing woods and mountains in a deluge of topaz glory. The hunters were up with the red squirrel and in buoyont spirits set out upon their first hunt, which was unsuccessful, although several black-tails had been jumped and one elk seen.

The next night it snowed and thawing in the morning, left the leaves and grass soft and pliable, just such a condition that delights the still hunter.

Just as the party was getting ready to sally forth they heard an elk "whistling" high up in the mountains. Galbraith and Brimble, Conkling and Fuller, hurried on ahead, while Ginn followed leisurely in the rear. It was a bright morning and it always did make Ginn tired to hurry. So he took his time, admiring the beauties of the wild scenery as he climbed. The tops of the yellow pines on the distant slopes shone like gold, the old logs and crumbling stumps looked mellow and rich in the early light, and the stems of the silver birch, touched by Aurora's rosy finger, gleamed like pillars of pearl. Up through the fresh odorous woods he slowly proceeded to the accompanying music of a freshening breeze. Up he climbs, over dangerous rocks, around huge roots which curl and contort and outreach like great black reptiles, over fallen logs and through intricate mazes of undergrowth.

In the heart of Colorado's timbered mountains! What beauty and yet what solitude! Yonder is a clump of Titanic pines, with their long tassels, there a hemlock with it frog-skin bark and stiff fringes; the fir with its graceful limbs skirts the ragged escarpment, the spruce weeps beneath its burden of dense cones, and the mountain balsam shows its pyramidal top among the low-branched cedars. Now Ginn is penetrating a belt of hard and soft woods mixed, where the maple, the beech and the scruboak, the streaked moosewood and delicate skinned birch abound, with their many varieties and differing hues, with hundreds of seamed columns around, a firmament of foliage above; sprouts, herbs and shrubs; ferns, plants and mosses; lichened rocks, vine-hugged snags, dense thickets, low bushes and mouldering leaves for a floor, the whole scene bewildering, stimulating, absorbing the senses. Of course this made Ginn exceedingly weary, and he seated himself on a log to recuperate.

Suddenly he was startled by the crackling of the brush off to his right, and the next moment a half-grown bear came forth, stopped, sniffed the air suspiciously, then gazed about him.

The doctor thought he had struck a snap. Here was a chance to distinguish himself by killing a bear. He hesitated but a moment, and then his 45-90 flew to his shoulder. He was in the very act of pressing the trigger, when the bushes again parted, and the old mother bear—and Ginn would have sworn she was as big as a horse, stepped out into the opening behind the cub. This second arrival caused Ginn to lower his Winchester.

He was suddenly seized with the "buck fever" and couldn't make up his mind whether he wanted any bear or not.

However, as the old woman began to move off, he concluded to take a crack at her, and the next moment he sent an ounce of lead crashing through her back. Down she went, and of all the bellowing and squaking and crying, that bear did, Ginn said was the worst he ever heard. The cub went up a tree, and the old bear recovering herself, got up and took the trail down the mountain. She soon reached Ginn's trail, and catching the peculiar fragrance of his "feet-steps," came to a halt and began to look savagely about her.

The doctor thought his time had come, and with a genuflexion, he said his shortest prayer. The next instant the old bear began to advance, and Ginn realizing it was do or die, again pulled up his cannon and began to pump lead into her at an alarming rate.

In the meantime Galbraith, Brimble, Fuller and Conkling, who had heard the shots and the bellowing of brain, came rushing down the mountain to see what the rumpus was.

Ginn saw them and yelled: "Look out, boys, the woods are full of bear; I just killed three and there is a dozen more in the bushes," and then he fell exhausted in the leaves.

His companions soon reached his side, and the colonel hastily placing a flask of pop to his lips, he revived immediately. Then they looked around for the bear and found her—a big hulk weighing 600 pounds—curled up stone dead in a clump of sarvis-berry bushes. Ginn was frantic with delight and danced the can-can around the defunct monarch until his companions thought he had gone daft.

They finally grabbed him, however, and held him until rationality returned, when he told them about the cub, and they began to search for it. The poor little fellow was soon discovered, and, as he essayed to escape by diving into the bushes, Galbraith blew a hole in his head big enough to hold a base ball.

The game was taken into camp that afternoon, and for two days the five hunters did nothing but sit there and go over their thrilling adventure and Gunn's