## THE OMAHA DAILY BEE, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891-TWELVE PAGES.

#### LOST PICK AND SHOVEL BAR. great excitement and attracted thousands hither. A big company is now engaged in mining there and the annual output of gold hither. rom that district is large. Bradfield hated to give up the search for that bar, and he tenaciously clung to the hope that some day he would be able to work Rich Gold Diggings in the Sierra Madres, Where One Man Washed Ont \$40 a Day BUT HE WAS DRIVEN OUT BY INDIANS.

For Years Scarch Has Been Made

10

for the Claim which Prospector Bradfield Had to Leave.

SARATOGA, Carbon Co., Wyo., June 30.-[Correspondence of THE BEE.]-In common with most new mining districts there are legends of lost mines and gold diggings of great value associated with the mountains surrounding the upper Platte valley. Some of these stories savor of the mythical. But a number can be well authenticated. More than one rich mineral discovery has been made by members of expeditions outfitted in years back in Denver and elsewhere to look for old workings, the location of which still remain a mystery.

One story in particular, of the many which have long been current in this section, has a special significance at the present time in view of the active prospecting now progressing in the Sierra Madres only a few miles west of here. After a lapse of a number of years search has been renewed for the Brad field diggings or what is sometimes known as the Lost Pick and Shovel claim.

I have taken pains to gather all the information possible about this noted placer ground where one man panned out \$40 a day away back in the sixtles. Fortunately there are living in the country now men who knew the discoverer of the rich gold field and learned the particulars about his find from him direct. Others got the story at second hand from partners of Bradfield who took up the search after he had apandoned it. While the stories differ somewhat as to details, there is nothing inconsistent about them, though the original report made by Bradfield has been more or less embellishe as the years have passed

Just where Bradfield hailed from is un-known. But that does not matter so far as his prospecting in this country is concerned. He first came here in the winter of 1852-53 and over the old emigrant trail. He was one of a large party bound for California. They crossed the continental divide over the old Cherokee trail and fifteen miles west of Saratoga and rested for a while on the Pacific slope of the range. There they found good feed for their cattle which had grown tender-footed by the long journey over the graveled overland route. The halt was necessary because the road beyond the mountains was a hard one on stock, drives of thirty miles to water being necessary in some cases. NO NELD TO GO TO CALIFORNIA.

While the caravan was necessarily de tained, some of the party put in their time prospecting. Indians were troublesome then so that no systematic search for gold diggings could be made. None of the emigrants knew much about mining anyway or they might have contented themselves with mak ing a more prolonged stay in that locality. But they had started out for California and nothing else would satisfy them but to push on to the scene of the gold excitement. Bradfield seems to have been a venture

some sort of spirit and would have staid in the country if he had been able to get anyone to remain with him. The journey was resumed and he stuck to the party. For more than ten years he prospected and washed gold with variable success. During that time experience made him wiser so far as mining knowledge goes and he came to the conclusion that the country in the Sierra Madres was worth investigating. He eithe organized a party or joined one which took the back traces from California to hunt for gold in the Rocky mountain country. When be and his comrades reached Utah

ake their ways parted. Some wanted to go in one direction and others were allured to different places from which stories of big finds had come. Bradfield was so positive that wealth was to be gained in the neighborhood of his old camping ground in the Sierra Madres,

ery of gold on Hahn's Peak, which created a the rich dirt again. After a while he drifted down to the Smoky Hill route, where he is reputed to have made a great deal of money and to have gone back east to enjoy it. MAY BE ON THE BAVERY.

There were others, though to whom he to d the story of his fleating good luck who were eager to enjoy it themselves. When gold was discovered just across the range from here in the Savery country a few years ago, Ed Bennett was one of the first of the thousands who rushed in there. Bennett had heard Bradfield's story from his own lips and een made a confidant as to all the particulars about it which the locator could

His familiarity with the country and his ex-"Kilbourn City ?" That was all the brake Lost Pick and Shovel might be near the forks of the Savery or on one of the little tribu-taries to it. He stayed by the district until it was demonstrated that the water supply was insufficient for a poor man to make even

good wages by washing. No such bars as that worked by Brad-In the set of the set be stumbled upon sometime with good pros-pects of a rediscovery the present season when the mountains are being overrun by prospectors. The conditions are favorable for three months to come for the snow does not come in the mountains much before the middle of October and then the foll is light except up near the summit.

It may seem strange that Bradfield was It may seem strange that Brainfield was never able to locate the stream at which his washing was done, or to be able to tell whether he worked on the Atlantic or Pacific slope of the Continental divide. But the waters of the two systems head so close together that it requires careful observation to define the water shed. Bradfield did not have any concern about this natter when he was there alone and after has return with a searching party noticed for the first time the peculiar configuration of the country near the summit of the divide. The fact that the bed rock where worked was in state encouraged him to think that the diggings might be located wherever such a formation was found. Subsequent prospecting, however, has shown that slate exists in numerous places and is by no means as uncommon as Bradfield and his associates were led to believe.

Within the past few wooks several goldbearing ledges have been located on both slopes of the range not far from where Ed Bennett and other old-timers think Bradfield eft that pick and shovel. These new finds which prospect well, have recently been re-ferred to in The BKE. One of them in particular is very promising. The claim is being repidly developed and a mill run of ore will e made when a shaft has been sunk a little deeper. If that turns out as woll as expected it will cause the whole neighborhood to be thoroughly prospected. In that way the rich bar which was lost so many years ago may come to be worked again. G. F. C.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

George Horton. Of woman's sphere the lecturer Preached long and loud, with many a slur at man, "who claims," forsooth, to be a sort of male divinity." Like dentist working with a burr The while his victim longs to flee, she gouged and bored in fiendish glee Till all had had enough of her "Of woman's sphere."

t was a timid thing and wee l'hat set her weary audience free-A mouse that chanced her skirts to stir. she screamed, and leaped without demur Upon a chair -a victim she

Of woman's fear. WOMEN AT WORK.

Thirty per cent of all the women of America are employed in remunerative occupa-tions. In the last decade the percentage was only 21.

Columbia college last week turned out two women as graduates among 331 men. Mrs. Elizabeth Cynthia Barney took the degree of pachelor of arts, standing fourth in a class of fifty. Miss Annie Leland Barber was dedeclared an M. and came proudly for ward from a class of thirty-one young men. Miss Barker also holds the Harvard degree of B. A. But both women declare they were ot lonely Next to America, France employs more women in clerical positions than any other Their wages as bookkeepers and ountry. accountants range between 1,000 and 3,000 francs a year. A jury composed entirely of women was vathered together in Douglas, Wyo., last The trial was one in which all Saturday. who participated were women excepting the attorney and the justice of the peace. Mrs. Ingersoll, who runs the hotel at Bouglas, was sued by two girls working for her at the time, for their wages. No notice of their intention to leave was given their employer, intention to leave was given their employer, and for that reason they had to bring suit to recover their wages. The jury gave judg-ment in favor of the girls, but the case was appealed. The trial is a unque event in the history of law counts, as it is probably the first time in history that a jury was dalled composed entirely of women. Great excitement was caused in Douglas by the trials as all were auxious to see what the female jury would do with the case. It was traly a case in which woman was pitted against woman. Efforts are being made to erect on the West Side, Chicago, a new workingwoman's home, at an estimated cost of \$30,000. The object of the home is to provide rooms and board for Chicago working-girls at a moderate price. Mrs. Carrie Williams, President of the San Diego, Cal., Silk Culturists' Association, has been experimenting with cocoons on her sewing-machine, by which she finds reeling may be done successfully, in lieu of the regular machinery. Mrs. Sutro, the first woman law graduate of New York, says the Sun of that city, pass-ed a brilliant txamination at the university, and is now successfully teaching a large law class of women.

OF THE WISCONSIN, DELLS A Picturesque Country Not Sufficiently Well Known. THE MEMORY OF A SUMMER TRIP. Bright Descriptions of a Drowsy Land

of Pleasure Where Nature is Seen at Her Very Best,

"This journey is written in my memory with a sunbeam."-Longfellow.

man said as our train drew near the station midway of the afternoon one summer day. He said the words just in that same sing-

song, prosaic fashion that he had announced many another station passed by; if anything the words fell upon our ear with an addition al monotony, for we were becoming tired, dusty, and travel-stained, and although this was our longed for destination, we looked from the window, all of us a trifle disappointed if the truth were known. I at least must have confessed such was the state of my own feelings, had anyone chanced to have asked me just then what was my first

mpression of Kilbourn City. The place looked just as ordinary and unat tractive as the words had sounded-common place indeed.

Our little party left the train and indiffer ently turned our faces toward the town and although we did not in words give utterance to our thoughts we were mentally asking it we were not sorry we came.

we were not sorry we came. Then when was it and how was it that the spell came upon is! We found ourselves catching glimpses of scenery here and there in the distance that suggested warm admiraupon nearer acquantance. That ance lent enchantment to the " was an old adage we 'distance view," was an old adage we remembered, but 'twas false and it seemed liscourteous to harbor that trite old saying n our minds for an instant. Just how the miracle was wrought we never knew, but Kilbourn City seemed transformed before our very eyes.

The narrow, winding streets, rich in their wealth of shade, became attractive and even fascinating, leading and luring us on, some-times turning a corner to unfeld a river before our eyes that was so sudden in its lovil-ness, we felt like apologizing for the thoughts which had flittered through our thoughts which had intered through our minds such a little while before, and we were, oh, so glad we had not sooken them aloud. That was our comfort. We could make it right with the river and hills and the Deils before we said "good-bye" and came away, for how could they expect us to have imagined them

It was not possible and they would be lenient and marnanimous with poor, weak humanity, we knew they would. Through the rambling streets we finally wended our way to a very home-like appearing hotel, finding it just as hospitable and home-like as its exterior had given promise and after refreshing ourselves and resting while the arrangements were be

ing made for our trip up through the Dells, we sallied forth. Right here I would say a pleasant word for Mr. Bennett, our guide. He was a man of innate courtesy of manner and thoroughly acquainted with each bit of scenery for milaround. Having lived in Kelbourn City for to, these many years, he was acquainted with many historical facts connected with the different points of interest, and his manner of relating them made the listener's pleasure we were giad that it had been our good for-tune to have "Bennett" as he was familiarly

There is a little steamer on the river which makes two trips up and back each day, but this is not the way to make the trip most enjoyably. We had wished to see the Dells of the Wisconsin river of which we seemed always to have heard delightful accounts, and really to see them, how faint and dim had been our imagination of the reality. Isn't there a certain charm in the word itseif! Yes, the very word pictures some-thing delightful in one's mind, even before

sunshine and the rift of light, how it gladdened and made bright the surrounding darknoss. Presently our little boat seemed to be surrounded by fire. Flames leaped up on , all sides and we could hardly believe it was just phosphorus we saw, caused by the guide pushing the oar quickly back and forth in the sand just be-neath the boat's side.<sup>1</sup> We came forth, continuing our way up the

We came forth, coatinging our way up the river, passing Storgeon Rock and Devil's Elbow, and arrive at the narrowest point in the river. It is only about fifty-two feet wide, yet our guide tells us the water is over ninety feet deep, Artists' Glen we next passed and came to Cold Water canyon. Here, if one has the time, a landing may be made and there's a walk of a half mile into the canyon, which repays one fully by its beauty. there's a walk of a half mile into the canyon, which repays one fully by its beauty. Then we find ourselves looking at the Devil's arm chair, and cannot refrain from remarking that the devil's possessions up in this region seem to be undisputed and nu-

merous. Steamboat Rock stands on a little island about four miles up the river, and does, without stretch of the imagination, remind one of what it represents. We next pass Rood's glen, another picturesque point of which we catch only a glimpse in passing, desiring a much more extended vision, and suddenly our boat is hugging close to the shore and there's a little cleared space between the rocks surely, but can this e our destination !

Is this the Witch's guich ! Again first impressions are disappointing, yet again likewise we are slient and await developments. Securing our boat, the guide teils us to follow him and we obey. We walk only a few rods when we come to a narrow path, which gradually grows more narrow until it abruptly leads us into a sort of gorge or canyon, and we enter the uncanny place, single file, carefully picking our way and all the time full of wonderment. Certainly, if we thought the Dells

marvelous as we voyaged up the river, what were our thoughts now? We had imagined when we entered the place that only a few steps would lead out into the world again. But, no: more and more the huge rocks closed in upon us until the arched cave of rocks ened us wholly.

Once in awhile, through an opening from above, the light came in, but it was most of the time dark save the dim rays of light from the lantern which our guide swung back and forth as he led the way, and hew dark it was! A narrow walk beside a rushing stream, every now and then steps to ascend or descend, sudden turns in the hazardous pathway, revealing by the dim light picturesque and ro mantic surroundings of the most weird and uncanny sort imaginable. Had we dared listen we feit sure the witch's voice might have been plainly heard. Without trying to hear we several times felusure she whispered something, but our interpretations of what we thought she said were all so different we

were finally forced to be prosaic enough to conclude twas only imagination after all. How beautiful and how strange it all was How long we kept walking on and on yet did not come to the daylight. For a half mile you are in the gulch and as suddenly as you entered it, you had exit. The rocks part, there is an opening before you at last, and there is "Robinson's."

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson are a most hospi-table host and hostess and the supper pro-vided is all that we were led to expect. Its such a quaint place, a cottage with ample plazza has been crected in the cleared space among, and almost under the over-hanging rocks, the same little stream we have follow ed through the gorge rushes along by the very door, as if bent upon some mission which our dull minds could never think of comprehending even should it pause to explain. We glance up at the rocks on all sides and how for-bidding they look. It's not sunset yet, but the sun never does flud his way in here except for an hour of two at midday and tonight, could we have had a more sweeping view of the sky above us, we should have had due intimation of how our plans for returning to Kilbourn City, by moonlight were all to be shattered and laid in ruins. Our plan had been to have supper up in

Our plan had been to have supper up in the gulch and then come down through the Delis by moonlight. Many a time as we journeyed up the river, we had tried to fairdy what it would be to see the Delis by moonlight, and we had promised ourselves this pleasure without ever dreaming of its being fulfilled. We had no sooner finished our delicious supper than we heard the rumble of distant thunder and almost before we knew it the rain came down in big drops and the storm was upon Will any of our little party ever forget that storm!

vas an electric storm of unusual vio

to drink. We prepared for the long drive PIONEER TREASURE REVEALED An Accidental Find of Ancient Coins Recalls a Chapter of Early History. THE FATE OF THE DONNER PARTY. The Terrible Hardships of One of the First Expeditions Across the

Sierra Nevadas-Relics of Their Winter Camp.

The accidental discovery of a buried treas ure on the shores of Donner lake, near Truckee, Cal., recently, recalls the terrible privations and hardships of one of the first expeditions that crossed the plains and mountains in the early forties, and gives special interest to experiences recounted by sur-

vivors in the July Century. The fact is well suthenticated that Mrs. Graves, one of the party, had from \$300 to \$500 in silver concealed in one of the wargons. The hardships of winter in the heart of the Sierras and the lack of food had brought her to death's door, and the treasure was buried beneath a tree where it remained forty-five years. The fall of this tree led to the dis-covery of the coin. A miner named Reynolds found ten ancient looking dollars on the surfound ten ancient looking dollars on the sur-face, and upon searching further into the earth uncovered a large quantity of silver. About \$300 was taken out in two days. The come are antiquated, of dates prior to 1845 and of obselete mintage. In addition to American pieces there are French, Spanish, Bolivian, Argentine and other foreign coins.

THE ORGANIZATION. The Donner party was organized in Illinois in 1846 for a journey across the plains. The first faint whispers of the pastoral wealth of California, its luxuriant soil, its tropical pro-ducts and unequalled climate were wafted east of the Mississippi, and created no little excitement in the the scattered settlements or the then frontier. But little was known of the region to be traversed, the trackless character of the plains nor the extent of the barriers which the several mountain ranges presented. The paths opened by Fremont expedition in 42-3 were not generall expedition generally coown, but the wild grandeur of the Mexi can province, together with the mystery en veloping the western empire, served to whet the desire for adventure and exploration. The party was composed of 78 persons, was horoughly equipped and made the journey o Salt Lake without particular trouble

PREPARATIONS.

"I was a child when we started for Califoria," says Mrs. Virginia Reed Murphy in the Contury, "yet I remember the journey well and I have cause to remember it, as our little oand of emigrants who drove out of Springfield, III., that spring morning of 1846 have since been known in history as the "ill-fated Donner party" of "martyr pioneers." My father, James F. Reed, was the originator of the party, and the Donner brothers, George and Jacob, who lived just a little way out of Springfield, decided to join him. "All the previous winter we were prepar-

ing for the journey—and right here let me say that we suffered vastly more from fear of the Indians before starting than we did on the plains; at least that was my case. In the long winter evenings Grandma Keyes used to tell me Indian stories. She had an aunt who had been taken prisoner by the savages in the early settlement of Virginia and Kentucky, and had remained a captive in their hands five years before she made her escape. I was foud of her stories, and evening after evening would go into grandma's room, sitting with my back close against the

wall so that no warrior could slip benind me with a tomanawk. I would coax her to tell ne more about her aunt, and would sit listen ing to the recital of the fearful deeds of the savages, until it seemed to me that everything in the room, from the high, old-fash-ioned bed-posts down even to the shovel and tongs in the chimney corner, was transformed into the dusky tribe in paint and feathers, all ready for the war dance. So when I was told that we were going to California and would have to pass through a region peopled by Indians, you can imagine how I felt.

"Twenty Wells." The water in these wells was pure and cold, welcome enough after the

to drink. We prepared for the long office across the descri, and laid in, as we supposed an ample supply of water and grass. This descri had been represented to us as only forty miles wide but we found it nearer wighty. It was a dreary, desolate, alkali waste; not a living thing could be seen; it seemed as though the hand of death had been laid upon the country. We started in the laid upon the country. We started in the evening, traveled all that night, and the fol-lowing day and night-two nights and one day of suffering from thirst and heat by day and piercing cold by night. When the third night fell and we saw the barren waste stretching away apparently as boundless as when we started, my father determined to go ahead in search of water. Before starting he instructed the drivers, if the cattle showed signs of giving out to take them from the wagons and follow him. He had not been gone long before the oxen began to fail to the ground from thirst and exhaustion. They were unbitched at once and driven ahead. My father coming back met the drivers with the cattle within ten miles of water and instructed them to return as soon as the animals had satisfied their thirst. He reached us about daylight. We waited all that day in the desert looking for the return of our drivers, the other wagons going on out of sight. Towards night the situation became desperate and we had only a few drops of water left; another night there meant death. We must set out on foot and try to reach some of the wagons. Can I ever forget that night in the desert, when we

walked mile after mile in the darkness, every step seeming to be the very last we could take! Suddenly all fatigue was banished by fear: through the night came a swift rushing sound of one of the young steers crazed by thirst and apparently bent upon our destruc ion. My father, holding his youngest child n his arms and keeping us all close behind him, drew his pistol, but finally the madden ed beast turned and dashed off into the dark-ness. Dragging ourseives along about ten miles, we reached the wagon of Jacob Don-ner. The family were all asleep, so we children lay down on the ground. A bitter wind swept over the desert, chilling us through and through. We crept closer together, and, when we complained of the cold. papa placed all five of our dogs around us and only for the warmth of these faithfu creatures we should doubtless have perished.

COLD AND STARVATION.

"The misery endured during those four months at Donner Lake is our little dark cabins under the snow would fill pages and make the coldest heart ache. Christmas was near, but to the starving its memory gave no comfort. It came and passed out observance, but my mother had had deter nined weeks before that her children should have a treat on this one day. She had laid away a few dried apples, some beans, a bit of tripe, and a small piece of bacon. When this hoarded store was brought out, the delight of the little ones knew no bounds. The cooking was watched carefully, and when we said down to our Christmas dinner mother said: "Children, eat slowly, for this one day you can have all you wish." So bitter was the misery relieved by that one bright day, that I have never since sai down to a Christmas dinner mitheat my theorem.

Christmas dinner without my thoughts oin z back to Donner Lake. The storms often would last ten days at a time, and we would have to cut chips from the logs inside which formed our cabins, in order to start a fire. We could scarcely walk and the men had hardly strength to procure rood. We would drag ourselves he snow from one cabin to another, and some mornings snow would have to be shoveled out of the fireplace before a fire ould be made. Poor little children were crying with hunger, and mothers were cry-ing because they had so little to give their children. We seldom thought of bread, we had been without it so long. Four months of such suffering would fill the bravest hearts

with despair RELIEF-A TOUCHING SCENE. "On his arrival at Sutter's Fort my father made known the situation of the emigrants, and Captain Sutter offered at once to everything possible for their relief. He furnished horses and provisions and my father and Mr. McClutchen started for the mountains, coming as far as possible with horses and then with packs on their backs proceeding on foot; but they were finally compelled to return. Captain Sutter was not surprised at their defeat. He stated that there were no able-bodied men in that vicin-ity, all having gone down the country with Fremont to fight the Mexicans. He advised IN THE DESERT. "We were now encamped in a valley called Twenty Wells." The water in these wells vas pure and cold, welcome enough after the Ikaline pools from which we had been forced styre members of the Forlorn Hope arrived

from across the mountains. Their famished faces told the story. Cattle were killed and men were up all night drying beef and making flour by hand mills, nearly two hundred pounds being made in one night, and a party of seven, commanded by Captain Reason P. Tucker, were sent to our Cattle were killed and relief by Captain Sutter, and the alcalde, Mr. Sinclair. On the evening of February 19, 1547, they reached our cabin, where all were starving. They should to attract attention. Mr. Breen clambered up the ky steps from our cabin, and soon we heard the blessed words, "Relief, thank God, relief." There was joy at Donner Lake that night, for we did not know the fate of the Forlorn Hope and we were told that relief parties would come and go until all were scross the mountains. But with the joy sorrow was strangely blended. There were tears in other eyes than those of children; strong men sat down and wept. For the dead were lying about on the snow, some even unburied, since the living had not had strength enough to bury their dead. When Milt Elliott died-our faithful friend who seemed like a prother my mother and I dragged him up out of the cabin and covered him with snow. Commencing at his feet, 1 patted the pure white snown down softly until 1 reached his face. Poor Milt! it was hard to cover that face from sight forever, for with his death our best friend was gone.

Words caunot tell how beautiful the spring appeared to us coming out of mountains from that long winter in Donner take in our little dark cabins under the snew. Before us now lay, in all its beauty, the broad valley of the Sacramento. I remember one day, when traveling down Napa valley, we stopped at noon to have lunch under the shade of an oak; but I was not hungry; I was too full of the beautiful around me to think of eating. So I wandered off by myself to a lovely little knoll and stood there in a bed of wild flowers, looking up and down the green valley, all dotted with trees. The birds were singing with very joy in the branches over up head, and the blessed sun was smiling down the sthead in the blessed sun was smiling down upon all as though in benediction. drank it in for a moment, and then began kissing my hand and wafting kisses to heaven in thanksgiving to the Almighty for creating a world so beautiful. I telt so near God at that moment that it seemed to me I could fee his breath warm on my cheek. By and by I heard papa calling, "Daughter, where are you! Come, child, we are ready to start and you have had no innch." I ran and caught him by the hand, saying, "Buy this place, please, and let us make our home here." He stood looking around for a moment, and said, "It is a lovely spot," and then we passed on.



Ĩ

that he tried to get his companions to share his enthusiasm. When he found that he was his enthusiasm. When he found that he was only wastingt ime in trying to recruit an expedition, he decided to take up the hunt alone. He struck off by himself from Provo, Utah or some place in that vicinity. In course of time he reached the Sierra Madres with a small pack outfit in the latter part of

He selected a place for a camp where he would be out of danger from 'the Indians, with whom these mountains were favorite hunting grounds. From this base he made daily trips along the range. Finally he came across a dry bar where he was con-vinced there was mineral. It prospected well, and from a two-foot hole he took out rich pay dirt. This had to be packed some to a creek, for there was no water near the bar. After carrying a large quan-tity of dirt to the little stream he was able to wash out \$40 in gold a day.

#### INDIANS JUMPED HIS CLAIM.

Bradtield had been engaged in this work only a few days when late in the afternoon he happened to look in the direction of the little cabin he had built for his shelter. There was a good deal of commotion about the place and he took in the situation immediately. and he took in the situation immediately— his camp had been jumped by Indians. He realized that Mr. Redskin wouldn't rest con-tent with taking his pick of the outfit and appropriating the horses which were picketed appropriating the norses which were picketed in the little park, but would make a hunt for the owner of this property. Hastily burying his pick and shovel under a pile of rocks and blazing the trees around there so as to mark the place Bradfleid struck out into the timber on foot. He had left his gun that morning in his cabin where most of his ammunition was, but fortunately he had with him a pistol and some powder and balls. Under the circumstances the only thing for him to do was to get away from that locality as fast as he could. With a hatchet he started to blaze his course, but night came on and he made all possible haste to cross the mountains. He traveled in this way for sev-eral days without knowing where he was going save that he was leaving the despoilers of his camp behind. Not until he reached, the Laramie river did he recognize any land marks to guide him. Eventually he got down into Colorado.

There he felt in with some miners, whom There he fell in with some miners, whom he interested in the rich diggings he had dis-covered. The next spring he came back with a party composed of Bob Dixon, Len Pollard, Charlie Cutter, "Old Jim" Baker and a man named Smith. They made their headquar-ters on the Platte, ten miles below the pres-ent town of Saratoga, where Ed. Bennett ran a ferry on the overland trait. All the ran a ferry on the overland trail. All the men in the party were well known prospect-ors. "Old Jim" Baker was taken along because he knew the country better than anybedy else, as he was an old frotiersman and had been for many years a government interpreter for the Utes, who claimed this country as their own then.

#### FIRE CHANGED THE LOOKS OF THINGS.

Bradfield and his associates spent most of that season in hunting for the old claim. But the search was unsuccessful. Bradfield knew all the country until he reached the Grand Encampment creek, twenty miles below Saratoga, on the east side of the Continental di-vide. From there on over the mountains everything seemed new to him. In the interim between his retreat and this visit big forest fires had raged in the mountains and the whole character of the country had un the whole character of the country had un-dergone a change. The trees he had blazed had evidently helped to kindle the great con-flagration or added fuel to it, for none of his course signs could be found or at least identi-ded

That abandoned pick and shovel under the hastly constructed cairs was practically the only thing likely to be left by which the coveted placer could be relocated and no trace of either could be found.

either could be found. When the expedition was broken up Brad-field went back to Colorado again. Baker tried to get some information from the Utes but none of them professed to know anything about a cabin that bad existed anywhere in the mountain. This was only natural, for the last glimse Bradfield had of his camp, when making his flight, satisfied him that the unwelcomed visitors had set it affre. During the succeeding two seasons other

the unwelcomed visitors had set it aftre. During the succeeding two seasons other aimilar expeditions roamed over the moun-tains looking for the lost Pick and Shovel, but with no better success than the first. It was one of these parties, composed of twenty-four men, that first made the discov.

A ROYAL MINE.

The most beautiful unmarried royal cirl in all Europe is Princess Alex of Hesse-Darmstadt.

The young German emperor who was reared in England, has a decided taste for eggs and bacon.

Ex-King Milan has given British royalty a pointer by winning \$15,000 at baccarat, but then Milan isn't a gentleman, as Natalie knows.

Queen Victoria breakfasts alone at 9 o'clock in summer, at Osborne, Windsor or Baimoral. Formerly the queen took satureal perridge as a part of her morning meal.

The queen of Portugal is a fine horseyoman and rides about the environments of liabon so early in the morning that most of her faithful subjects are asleep.

The little king of Spain has a very large ambition to grow a very large moustache and "he cannot understand," it is said, "how the king of Spain can be so small"—a thought not at all royal, but familiar to most people in contemplating kings in general.

The emperor of China doesn't permit any lawyers to fool away the time around his courts. He simply orders the beheading of "all persons concerned in the recent riots and massacres," without bothering too much about the share they had in the trouble.

about the share they had in the trouble. Three thrones in Europe now are occupied by children -Queea Wilhemina of the Neth-erlands, ten years of age; Alphonso XIII. of Spain, five years, and Alexander I. of Servia, a boy of fourteen. Two of the little sover-eigns are controlled by wise and capable mothers, but the banished Queen Natalie is the mother of the other. The average the three the source of Spain and a rear

The queen regent of Spain sets a very pretty example of economy to the woman world, one which strikes at the root of the problem of things. She is having a summer palace built at St. Sobastian, the work of which progresses slowly, because the work of though a queen, devotes only a portion of her allowance to the building, and when it is ex-hausted the workmen must stop for a whole year until more funds can be saved of the royal income

One day when surprise was expressed to Senator Vance, who is a strong Protestant, that he should have married a Catholic, the North Carolina statesman retorted good-naturedly that he had tried "rum" and "rebellion" and now he wanted to complete the prescription with a little "Romanism."

pause to make definite the vague char which just the sound of the word suggests From the hotel to the river's edge was only short distance, and our guide had waiting

a rowboat of generous dimensions and com-fortably cushioned. 'Twas about half-past four o'clock as our oars first dipped the water and the row of five miles would just about bring us up into the Witch's gulch by supper time, and supper up at "Robinson's," who lived in the Witch's gulch, was something well worth going five miles to obtain, even leaving out the scenery,

so we had been told. Imagine a perfect summer afternoon, a hazy, lazy, dreamy summer day and you are entering the jaws of the Dells. The jaws are immense rocks, high and missive and for-

immense rocks, high and missive and for-bidding, standing in such close proximity that the passage through seems hardly large enough for our little boat, and you wonder, can the steamer, though it is of small proportions, ever squeeze through at all 4 And once safely through these mighty jaws the wonder of the Dolls lies before you. On each side of this narrow, winding river, there is so much to see you are perplexed. there is so much to see you are perplexed, not knowing which way to look, fearing to miss any part. "To have seen it, to have hung it up in the

hall of imaginative memory, is to have be-come richer forevermore."

the of the forevermore." How can one give any idea of what the Dells are really like to those who have never beheld them! To say that they consist of high precipitous rocks and ledges on either side of the river, of fantastic shape and outline, sounds as if they were not very wonderful after all, and indeed not half so beautiful as many other scenic points we hear spoken of daily. But let us portray a picture by word-painting as nearly true as we are able and see if it does not please your fancey. One may not make mention of all

fancy. One may not make mention of all the points of interest along the way, but of

the points of interest along the way, but of some we must speak. A short distance up the river at our left is Romance cliff, fulfilling in picturesqueness all that the name implies. It defies descrip-tion, for who has eloquence to describe the meaning of that potent word? The embod-ment of the idea is exprassed in the magnificent rock, it silently gives utter-acce to all that words cannot express. Just ance to all that words cannot express. Just a little distance beyond, on the other side of the river, our guide suddenly steered the boat

into a cave-like opening, and there was a spring of water which came trickling out spring of water which can be driving out of from the bed of rock, so white and clear and tempting that we all drank of it and decided to name it "Satisfaction Spring," for strange to say, though so worthy, it was nameless, and we unanimously agreed that none could be more fitting. Looking across the river see an opening aroung the rocks.

we see an opening among the rocks, and a little way up from the river's bank there is a curious

and a little way up from the river's bank there is a curious tooking old house, having just the look and air about it that leads us unconsciously to ask our guide its history. We felt sure 'twas no ordinary bouse where somebody had lived and died and who had no particular history and our inference was correct. We learned it was the old Ploneer hotel. Long before the day of railroading, it had been the military no it station between Green Bay and Prairie post station between Green Bay and Prairie du Chien, having been built in 1814.

to by the huge rocks completely, we seem separated from all the outside world and it's so cool and inviting we think we

would like to linger until we are reminded that we have come only a short distance as yet, and have not begun to dream of the beauties of the Dells boyond. Next comes the Navy yard. Here large bouiders are standing out in the water and sharply outlined against the bank of the river, so very like "men of war," it does not seem possible nature could have moulded them so accurately true in detail. We are

them so accurately true in detail. We are still marveling when we come upon Ailen's hand. We did not need to have the hand pointed out to us, it was so very like a hand indeed, but we did not know 'twas Allen's hand until we listened to the sad story of one poor Allen who loved in vain and whose hand being spurned and re-jected by the object of his love, it turned to stone and one day these grand old rocks took on the outline of poor Allen's hand forever to point with prophetic warning lest some

point with prophetic warning lest some other thoughtless maiden should forget the Into another cave the steady strokes of our

oars brought us and this was Skylight cave. Straight up above us was a little crevice through which we could see the blue sky and

and fury. It swept through the gorge like some avenging Nemesis. One tall pine em-bedded in the rocks high above us fell pros-trate, the bolt of forked lightning split-ting it from top to bottom. We felt al-though we perhaps would not have willingly missed witnessing so grand a spectacle, yet all were hushed and awed into silence during that very marvelous combination of pyrotechnics and artillery.

It is hardly necessary to say that we had no alternative but to accept the Robinsons proffered hospitality and spend the night with them. They made us very comfortable, even though it was a bit crowded for every-body and after a most refreshing sleep, we opened our eyes to behold the dawn of a per-fect day.

opened our eyes to behold the dawn of a per-fect day. We drew in long breaths of the sweet, fresh, air and looked about us wondering if we had not dreamed of that terrible storm. No! we had not dreamed it—for there lay the pine tree across the opening among the rocks, split wide for several feet in length and bits of the scorched wood lying about. Here was an

An early breakfast, "good-bys" said and sincere promises that we would surely come again and we turned our faces toward Kilbourn City.

Kilbourn City. True, we had to forego seeing the Delis by mooninght, but they were very lovely in the early morning, and we feit that had we seen them by moonlight we must have lost this revelation of their beauty, and we were con-

For the benefit of any and all pleasure scekers who have never made a trip up through the Dells, the following information is added. Kiloourn City is situated on the main line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, between Chicago & St. Paul, two fast trains making trips each way daily.

#### A FEW PROMINENTS.

Sergeant Camobell of the seventh cavalry, who was shot through the jaw at the Wound-ed Knee fight, carries \$150 worth of gold in the hole made by the bullet.

President Diaz of Mexico has a strain of Indian blood in his vens, as had his prede-cessors, Juarez and Hidalgo. The congress of Mexico is largely composed of descendants of the ancient Aztocs.

George Augustus Sala, the correspondent, is described as a jolly boy of sixty-three. He is a man whose initials furnished him at the beginning of his career with a clue to his future auccess in life.

Next to Senator Hoar, Senator Evarts has had more college, titles conferred upon him than any member of either house of the last congress. He has received degrees from Harvard, Yale and Union colleges.

The Haytian general, Hipcolyte, is about sixty years of age, and of coal black complex-ion. He is the political idol of the pure blacks, whose blood has not been contam-nated by intermarriage with the creoles. He is the son of a college professor of Port-au-Prince, and is a man of considerable learning and cultivation.

It was The O'Gorman Mahon, the fine old Irish gentleman whose death was chronicled last week, who introduced Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea. He was a man of extreme panctiliousness where matters of honor were con carned, and is said to have participated in sixteen ducis. He was eighty-nine years of

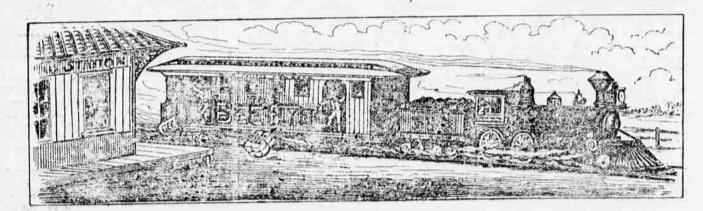
Fort Sherman, the new army post on the outskirts of Chicago, is in command of Col-onel Robert E. A. Croftor, of the Fifteenth infantry. He is a fine looking man of fifty-six, with a soldier's figure and a soldier's record. He is an Irishman by birth, and in his younger days he held a commission in the British army.

It is claimed that John Rockafeller could give every man, woman and child in the United States \$2 each and still have left the undest sum of \$1,000,000 with which to start a peanut stand. William Waldorf Astor could do the same thing, while our own dear Jay Gould could give \$1.60 each and then have left \$5,000,000 with which to sink a well for more water

Whitelaw Reid began his journalistic work at Xenia, O., finishing off an obituary notice with the following phrase: "But while all Xenia today monras the untimely end of her distinguished citizen, she rejoices in the thought that he has gone where there will be no surcease of sorrow." He left the service of the paper soon afterward.

Only Exclusive Special Newspaper Train West of the Lakes.

# The Sunday Bee Flyer.



SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.

# Making all Union Pacific and Connecting Points Eight to Twenty-four Hours Ahead of all Competitors.

Residents of Interior Points Want to Read a Sunday Daily on Sunday.

## They Must Have The Bee. All Newsdealers Sell It.

### THE BEE FLYER TIME CARD:

0.00	5:17 8 m
GILMORE	BENTON
PA 1LLION	WARRACK
MILLARD	CO UMBUS
7 HURSTON	CAYUGA
ELKHORN	I UNCAN
	GARDNER
WATERLOO	GARDNER
VALLEY	SILVER CREEK
MERCER	HAVENS
FRE NONT	CLA KS
SANDBERG4:23 a.m	THUMMEL 6:23 a.m.
AME	CENTRAL (ITY 6:35 a.m
AME ALO R	PADDOCK
NORTH DEN J4:40 8.m	PADDOCA
BAY STATE	CHAPMANS
ROJERS	DOCKWOOD
SCHUYLER	GRAND ISLAND
LAMBERT	
LAM DERVICE STREET	

At Grand Island THE BEE'S Flyer connects with the early train on the St. Joseph and Grand Island road and Bees are sent flying in sack i to Belvidere, Davenport, Don phan, Edgar, Fairbury, Fair-field, and Steele City, McCool Junction,& Milligin, is carried f om Fairbury by freight train on K.C.& O. R. R.; Hebron is supplied from Belvidere by horse route, a dis ance of 14 m les.

At Columbus connection is made with a train for Piatte Center, Humphrey, Mad son, Norfolk, Wayne and Wakefield,

At Grand Island also a fast freight is caught which supplies Elm Creek, Gibbon, Gothenburg, Kearney, Lexington, Shel on, Wood River and North Platte. THE BEE reach is the last mentioned place at 2:20 p m. Its would be rivals tumble in their at 0:25 at night, seven hours later. It is too late to read thom then, and they are accordingly delivered next morning, when they are about twenty-eight hour : old

At Silver Creek large packages of THE 1 EE are thrown off for 5 romsburg and Cseela, which are conveyed across country a distance of twenty-live miles by THE B 2E'S wagon route—this being the only Sunday paper reaching them on the day of publication. Fullerton is supplied by horse route from Clarks, a distance of fitteen miles, which gives the people there the only Sunday paper they ever had on the day of publication.

Again our guide steers our small craft to ward another opening among the rocks and we find ourselves in Boat cave. We are shut