

**BICKEL
NOTEBOOK
COLLECTION**

**AUTHORS &
EVENTS**

The Daily Gate City.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1922.

FIFTY YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.

The Golden Wedding of Colonel and Mrs. Wm. Patterson.

Yesterday was the Fiftieth Anniversary of the wedding of Col. and Mrs. William Patterson. The event was celebrated with a Golden Wedding at their residence on Seventh street. It was an important event, not only in the history of this esteemed couple, but in the history of our city as well, it having been the first of the kind that ever transpired here, so far as we have been able to ascertain.

A Golden Wedding is a rare occurrence in any community, and a good deal of interest naturally attaches to it. Particularly is this so where the couple so celebrating have been identified with the history of the city from its earliest days, and where they are surrounded with such a large family of descendants as is the case in this instance. So remarkable are the circumstances connected with the event which was celebrated last evening, that a short

BIOGRAPHICAL

Sketch will not be uninteresting by any means.

Col. Wm. Patterson was born in Wythe county, Virginia, March 5th 1802, and is therefore a little more than 70 years of age. His father removed from that place to Adair county, Kentucky near the city of Columbus in 1807. It was here that Col. P. grew into manhood, and on the 2nd, day of April 1822, was married to Miss Eleanor Johnson, the fiftieth anniversary of which event was celebrated last evening.

In 1829 Col. Patterson removed to Marion county Missouri, near Palmyra where he engaged in Agricultural pursuits until the year 1833, when he moved to Sangamon county, Illinois, near the city of Springfield. He remained there until 1837, when he came to West Point, in this county, where he engaged in farming. That pursuit seems to have been his choice until he came to Keokuk, which was in 1846. He then engaged in merchandising and pork packing. That was in the primitive days of our city, when there were only a limited number of inhabitants here, a very few houses and a small amount of business—when goods were received by the river only and were distributed over a sparsely settled territory by means of ox teams and wagons. Col. Patterson has therefore been identified with Keokuk's history from its early days down to the present time. He has not only been a sagacious and successful business man, but a most exemplary citizen—esteemed and respected by all who have known him. He

is not only noted for his superior business qualifications and his worth as a citizen, but for the high standard of his character as a Christian. He was made Elder of the Presbyterian Church at West Point in 1837, and is said to have been the first Elder ordained in Iowa. He has occupied the position of Elder in the Westminster Presbyterian Church in this city, ever since its organization in 1847, and has always been looked upon as one of the most earnest and faithful workers, as well as one of the most wise counselors in that body.

Col. Patterson was one of the members of the First General Assembly of this State. That was when Iowa was a territory. He has served in all nine sessions in the Legislature since he came to Lee county. We don't believe there is another man in Iowa who can say as much.

In addition to this he has served three terms as Mayor of this city. From this it will be seen that while he has been engaged in large business enterprises and has accumulated a handsome fortune he has spent much time in official capacities.

THE GUESTS.

There were present last evening a very large number of guests, including many of the old settlers of our city. We presume that the whole number in attendance was something over two hundred. There was no ostentation or glitter of fine costumes. It was a large gathering without the usual display of rich dresses, and without the observance of modern conventionalities. It was a company, both in point of dress and manner, eminently calculated to please and gratify those in whose honor the event was celebrated.

Among those present from abroad were Mr. David Walker and Mr. J. A. Casey, of West Point, in this county, and Mrs. Cantrall, of Sangamon county, Ill., the only surviving sister of Col. Patterson. The three persons above named were present at the wedding, the fiftieth anniversary of which they helped to celebrate, and are, we believe, with the exception of Mr. Wm. Stotts, of this city, the only surviving witnesses of the marriage ceremony. This is a most remarkable circumstance. There were also present Mrs. Power, who is the daughter of Mrs. Cantrall and Mrs. Dalby, the daughter of Mrs. Power. Mrs. Dalby had with her her little child, who by a direct line of descendants is the great-grandchild of Mrs. Cantrall.

The direct descendants of Col. and Mrs. Patterson who were present last evening numbered between forty and fifty, a large proportion of which reside in this city.

THE SUPPER

Was the subject of much comment and many compliments especially among those who were fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of the table before it was disturbed. It was remarked by more persons than one, that it was the most elaborate supper

ever spread in the city. This was the case without a doubt. Neither pains or money were spared in its preparation.

The confectionery and cakes with which the table was so handsomely decorated were gotten up at the Patterson House, by direction of Mr. Al. Patterson, and under the personal supervision of the culinary artist of that excellent hotel. We regret that we are unable to give his name, for he is certainly worthy of much praise. Not only was there a very large variety, but everything was prepared in the finest style of the art. At the conclusion of the repast Rev. W. G. Craig, Pastor of the Westminster Church, having been called upon, made a few remarks apropos to the occasion, citing a few leading events in the public, private and religious life of Col. Patterson, and referring in a touching manner to the importance of the anniversary which was being celebrated.

THE PRESENTS.

The venerable and worthy host and hostess are strongly averse to the practice of giving presents on such occasions, and it was with the understanding that this part of the programme be omitted that the guests were invited. Several of their long-time friends, however, could not think of letting pass this opportunity of expressing in some very emphatic way their high personal regard for the worthy couple. So there were a few presents. The first was a handsome gold-headed cane, with a stalk of solid ebony. On the head was neatly engraved the following inscription:

GOLDEN WEDDING
TO
COL. WM. PATTERSON.
FROM HIS OLD FRIENDS.

1822.....1872
A card was attached, bearing the names of the following gentlemen, who were the donors: Dr. J. C. Hughes, Adam Hine, A. L. Connable, A. Hosmer, McKee & Stimpson, G. W. Pittman, Harry Fulton, Guy Wells, Wm. Timberman, James Cox, Sr.

The present to Mrs. Patterson was a solid gold needle sheath, with a set of gold knitting needles. The sheath was inscribed as follows:

"TO MRS. ELEANOR PATTERSON,
FROM HER

1822 LADY FRIENDS 1872."

There was also a pair of gold spectacles. All these were also presented by the wives of the gentlemen who gave the cane. The engraving on both of the above was done at the Jewelry establishment of T. R. J. Ayres & Sons, where also the sheath and knitting needles were manufactured to order.

The other present was a fine gilt clock, enclosed in an oval glass case. This was accompanied by a card, on which was written the following: "To Col. Wm. Patterson, the first Elder elected by the Presbyterian Church in the State of Iowa, from the Pastor and Session of the Westminster Church, Keokuk, Iowa, on the Fiftieth Anniversary of his Wedding Day."

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

Entered in Keokuk postoffice as second class matter.

DECEMBER 4, 1892.

WAS COURTED BY GRANT.

A Keokuk Woman Who Was Wooed by the "Silent Man."

Hearing that there was a lady living in this city who had once been courted by General U. S. Grant and who had refused her hand in early womanhood to this illustrious American civil and military character, a GATE CITY representative sought an interview with the lady with very satisfactory results. She lives with her husband in a small, neatly kept house out on High street. The newspaper representative found the early lady considerably advanced in years, very tall and slight, yet still active and buoyant and not nearly so reticent as the general had the reputation of being. She was, however, sufficiently guarded and apparently very truthful in all her interesting story. She talked cleverly, pointedly and honestly and appeared to be a fair representative of that honest, blunt-spoken class of people upon whom Americans pride themselves as our forefathers and foremothers.

The last time she ever saw General Grant was in the early forties, she said, and then his father carried on a tannery in Portsmouth, O. She once had occasion to reside for a time in the family of a farmer whose farm joined that of Grant's father—only a line of fence between—and it was during her stay at this farmhouse that she was courted by General Grant. It must have been in the springtime, for she said she and Grant would meet at the division fence, on each side of which were beautiful flowers.

"Ulick," said she, "would say to me: 'Let's gather flowers and see which will have the most kinds when we get through.'"

"You mean Grant when you say Ulick?" interrupted the interviewer.

"Yes," she replied, "we always called him Ulick, and while he was courting me and wanting to marry me my father used to laugh at him and plague me, saying, 'he is the greenest looking boy I ever saw,' and chuckling to herself she added, 'and he was a green looking fellow.'"

When the flowers were gathered they would arrange them nicely and exchange bouquets.

She said he would often take her buggy riding, and during the war she heard of General Grant as the great general, but it was some time before she had any idea that he was the same Ulick who had courted her when she was but a 16 or 17-year-old girl. She read the New York Ledger biography of Grant, so far as published, written by his father many years ago, but from the manner she spoke of it, the newspaper

representative did not think she considered it a very great literary or biographical success.

Said she: "I remember the last time I saw Ulick. We had been buggy riding. We had alighted from the vehicle and he stood leaning with one arm on one of the wheels and looking into my face he said, 'Well, Ellen, (my name is Eleanor, but they called me Ellen,) if I ever find any body that I love well enough to marry, and are so fortunate to have a daughter, you know what that daughter's name will be.'"

The daughter's name is Nellie, a pretty contraction of Eleanor. The reporter asked permission to use her name, but she replied:

"Well, my present husband might object. You see I have been married three times."

"You spoke of your father. You can certainly have no objection to giving his name. What was it?"

"You would like very much to know it, wouldn't you?" was the way she met the interviewer with a meaning smile.

"Well, yes, madam, tolerably well. A story sounds better and is believed when names are given, which otherwise would be cast aside as pure fabrications originating in the mind of a newspaper writer. This is a story of fact, and it is desirable to give it the imprint of truth that it may be more valuable to the reader."

Finally she remarked: "I am not ashamed of my father's name. It was Charles Brandon and my maiden name was Eleanor Brandon. My first husband's name was John Spaulding. Further than this I will not go."

After a few minutes further chat with the lady whose first beau was Gen. Ulysus S. Grant, one of the deceased ex-presidents of the United States, THE GATE CITY representative left her with thanks for the information he had received. She is a remarkable woman, whose life would make an interesting history.

THE GREAT DUST HEAR CALLED HISTORY
BY T. PICKWELL KEOKUK IOWA

FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 6, 1874.

A BRILLIANT SOCIAL EVENT.

Marriage of Henry Clews and Miss Lucy Worthington.

THE CEREMONY, RECEPTION, BRIDAL TROUSSEAU AND PRESENTS.

The cards said: "Henry Clews—Miss Lucy Worthington." And to the guest—"Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Bower request the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their daughter, Thursday evening February fifth, at 8 o'clock. St. John's church."

These were given out a week ago: and so had the social world definite announcement of this event, that there has been so much talking and writing about, in the newspapers and out, and mainly by people who supplied ignorance of the facts by great fertility in guessing—and were as much out of the way as conjectural gossipers usually are.

It used to be in this country that an intended marriage was the sole and delicate property of the contracting parties: a private right that the newspapers respected. Times are changed. Hymen must have turned gossip and speculator: forgot his old-time classic delicacy and reserve: imbibed the real modern commercial spirit: caught the fashion of American speculation: thrown aside his divinity and set up in trade as a hired retailer of secrets: a bad cross between a job detective and a salaried interviewing reporter for the press. Persons of any notoriety or reputation must expect to find that this demoralized and gossiping old Grecian god has stolen their secret out of their eyes, and gone and sold it to the morning paper. And he can make as long a story out of as little material as Sylvanus Cobb or Mrs. Southworth. We have lost all reverence for him, and if Jupiter doesn't punish the greed and garrulity of this recreant member of the Olympian family with a stray thunderbolt, we shall demand a Congressional Investigating Committee to look into his corrupt practices.

Miss Lucy Worthington, the beautiful bride of last evening, went, more than a year ago, to spend a season in Washington. Gen. Belknap, Secretary of War, is her Uncle. Iowa people, and—we whisper it so the rest of the State won't bear, and get mad at us for saying it—and Keokuk people, in particular, always do make a good impression in Washington. So Miss Lucy was much admired and got plenty of com-

pliments from the newspapers at the Capital and in the East generally. She also visited friends in New York City. She and Mr. Clews became acquainted. And just as soon as he saw their glances kindle in his direction, Hymen ran right off to the newspapers to speculate upon his information. And he has practiced ways that are dark and tricks that are vain upon the publishers in the most unprincipled fashion. One time he has said that the match was to be between Mr. Clews and Miss Lucy: again that it was Mr. Murphy and Miss Lucy: and then again between Fred Grant and Miss Lucy. The old pagan reprobate knew all the time that he was just practicing on the papers for pay. But the hatefullest thing the old reprobate did, was to turn slanderer as well as gossip, and publish many utterly unfounded stories about breaking off the marriage and undertaking to allege reasons for it. Without being more specific it is sufficient to say, and it is now decorous and just to say, that these newspaper paragraphs were most unfounded and unjust. That since the first plighted troth there has never been a thought in the mind of either of the parties other than its loyal fulfillment at such time as should be decided upon and at the time decided upon this marriage has taken place. Idle paragraphs widely published, alleging unfounded motives for unfounded facts make it proper that we should say this.

Newspapers, great or small, lend themselves to that which belittles their dignity and importance when they put themselves to guessing wedding secrets: or open their columns to cruel gossip and tattle, parading before thousands of readers, delicate facts and relations which concern only two people and nobody else in the world. And this is made worse when the refined feelings of a lady must see all kinds of readers of all kinds of papers confidently put in public possession of her most intimate motives—those alleged motives never having existed for a moment outside the cruel and unfounded guesses of newspaper correspondents. We think it time for all decent papers to quit this kind of work.

Mr. and Mrs. Bower are munificent hosts: they have just pride and affection for their daughter, they had wealth at their disposal to make the affair an elegant one, and they did so. The bridal trousseau was made in Paris, and was very rich and beautiful. The entertainment was provided from Chicago. A large number of invitations was issued for the ceremony at the church. A comparatively small number of their friends were invited to the reception following. Some sixty or seventy invitations, all told, for this latter purpose, and these principally restricted to young people. There were but few guests from abroad.

THE CEREMONY

Took place at St. John's Episcopal Church.

Eight o'clock was the time fixed for it. Long before that hour the Church was filled with invited guests and spectators, who had assembled to witness the brilliant spectacle, and had put in an early appearance in order to secure seats.

The ushers were Mr. Harry Bostwick, Mr. C. L. Williams and Mr. Harry Reid.

The Church presented a beautiful appearance, strikingly in keeping with the occasion, the elaborate decorations of evergreens which were placed there for the Christmas festivities having been kept intact for this event.

At precisely a quarter past eight, the bridal party arrived. By that time expectation had been wrought up to the highest pitch and all eyes were turned upon them. The party proceeded up the aisle to the altar in the following order. First came the bridesmaids, Miss Lida Worthington, the bride's sister and Miss Garvin.

Then came Mr. Henry Clews, the bridegroom, accompanied by Mrs. Bower, followed by Mr. R. F. Bower and the bride. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. C. McIlwain, Rector of St. John's church. It was conducted in a very impressive manner and was listened to with interest throughout. The profoundest silence prevailed during the entire time, and the minister's words were distinctly heard in every part of the house.

That accomplished musician, Prof. Repe, was the organist.

THE RECEPTION

Followed at the elegant residence of the bride's parents. Its hospitable doors never opened upon a scene of more brilliance and beauty. The most elaborate arrangements had been made for the event. Mr. and Mrs. Clews received the hearty congratulations of the company. Supper followed, and a rich and lavish one it was.

There was no dancing, but there was no room to regret its absence. The company was in its best conversational mood. And the courtesy and affability of host and hostess, and of Mr. and Mrs. Clews, made the evening a most enjoyable one.

THE PRESENTS

Were as numerous as they were costly and handsome. The bridegroom's present was a beautiful pearl necklace, together with a cameo set, richly set with pearls. Senator Roscoe Conkling, Mrs. Fred Taylor, Mrs. Howe, of New York, and others sent valued testimonials. The presents from the bride's friends, here and elsewhere, were unusually rich and elegant. But it is impossible to enumerate them.

THE BRIDAL TROUSSEAU

Was made to order in Paris and defies all effort at description. The costume worn by the bride last evening was of white, trimmed with white lace and tulle, a long train, and a white veil floating down from the head. The bridesmaids were also attired in sym-

bolic white.

Of neither Mr. Clews nor his beautiful bride it necessary for us to write. Mr. Clews high rank and wonderful career as a financier has made him known throughout the country His wife is the daughter of Mrs. R. F. Bower,—Mrs. Bower is the daughter of Dr. Tomlinson, of Harrodsburg, Kentucky: a sister of the present as well as of the former wife of Secretary Belknap, and one of a Kentucky family noted for its beauty, refinement and amiable and cultivated manners. Miss Lucy has spent most of the years of her life in Keokuk. The wealth and position of her parents have given her every social advantage which she has well improved and Mr. Clews takes from her Iowa home a young lady who is fitted to and will grace the highest and most cultivated social circles of the metropolis.

rather than on the exterior of their houses. This is very English, but it is one of the best ideas that New York has borrowed from London. No city in the world, not excepting London and Paris, can show more beautiful and stately apartments in its private houses than New York, and the number of "show" rooms is increasing from year to year at an astonishing rate.

The ball rooms of New York are particularly gorgeous. The drawing rooms compare favorably with those on the other side of the herring pond, and other apartments are in keeping.

Society became familiar with Mrs. William C. Whitney's new ballroom last year. It has long been familiar with the Sherry and Delmonico rooms, and this year Mrs. Henry Clews' new ballroom will be the most startling attraction.

For several years the Clews have been in mourning, and have entertained but little, but this season they will throw open their house, and their new ballroom and the other luxurious, newly decorated apartments will astonish their friends.

The Clews ballroom is one of the most beautiful and artistically perfect rooms in America. There is nothing at all like it in New York.

The room, which is oval in shape, and connects with the conservatory, is fifty-five feet in length, thirty-five feet in breadth and twenty-five feet high. The style of decoration used is a combination of the Renaissance and Colonial, and the colors adopted in the decoration and furniture are white, gold and cream.

The double dome, with which the room is surmounted, is the most strikingly beautiful thing of its sort that has been attempted in New York. The frieze is a row of dancing cupids, with garlands of flowers, not exactly a copy of but similar to the one seen in some of the state apartments at Versailles. The first dome, that adjoining the friezes, is ornamented with a decoration of festoons in a delicate cream color on a white ground, and beneath the points of support for the festoons are medallions, each one charged with the name of a great musician in letters of gold.

The second dome, which springs gracefully from the first, is also unique and attractive in design, and the skylight above it is covered with a screen of iron hammered into an elaborate geometrical pattern and enameled in white. At night this is illuminated from behind, and the effect produced by the parti-colored incandescent rays, filtered through the screen, is peculiarly striking.

The wainscoting is of white, and extends but a short distance up the walls and other woodwork, including the arches of the four colonial alcoves which are let into the room at its corners and are also of white. Over the entrance to the adjoining conservatory, which is

altogether in white marble, is the musicians' gallery, and this for delicacy of conception and beautiful workmanship is worthy of the rest of the room. The base of the musicians is exceptionally attractive in design. Its decoration is in arabesques and diapers, and the series of curves by which it springs out from the wall to meet the gallery ballustrade is singularly graceful.

The floor is of inlaid wood, highly polished, and it is an ideal surface for dancing. Upon ordinary occasions the room will be used for music, and it is furnished with a grand piano of white marble, inlaid with ivory and gold, and a harp. When the floor is not needed for dancing its center is covered with a Ghiorde rug of great size and richness in color.

Other changes in the Clews house are quite as noticeable as is this beautiful ballroom. The hall, which is baronial in its proportions, was formerly dark and of baronial gloominess. Now it has been modernized, and is altogether in white, with the exception of the carpets, which are of scarlet. The stairway, which cost a fabulous amount and is winding, is elaborately carved, and in the center of the stairway spiral stands a great palm tree, which extends nearly to the second floor, surrounded by smaller palms and rare ferns. The size of the hall has been increased seemingly fourfold by huge mirrors set in the walls and draped ingeniously to represent doors.

The private apartments on the upper floors have also been embellished, and the Roman bath, all of Mexican onyx, which has been put in on the second floor, is probably the richest and most costly in New York."

Mrs. Henry Clews' Magnificent Ball Room in New York—The Catholic Columbian Parade at Washington—Description of the National Cemetery at the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 26, 1892.—[Special.]—Some years ago, perhaps a dozen and more, there occurred at the old St. John's church in your city a wedding, which the time was the event of the season. The little old frame structure was effulgent on that occasion and filled with the splendid people of your splendid city. The groom was a noted character in the financial world, who had already made his impress upon the busy mart of Wall street, and was well known in all the money centers of the land. The bride was fair to look upon. Probably no handsomer young lady, as to face and figure graced, at that time, the social circles of the city at the foot of the rapids. She was allied to a wealthy family and her father in the earlier portion of the war gave up his life while in command of an Iowa regiment. The wedding was a distinguished one for the reason that its ceremonial united Henry Clews, of New York, and Lucy Worthington, of Keokuk. The memory of the event is revived by a recent number of the New York Recorder, which gave a large and well engraved picture of Mrs. Clews' white and gold ball room together with a graphic description of the same. The writer is well persuaded that the description will be read with some interest by your thousands of patrons, many of whom will be interested to know how this former Keokuk lady has prepared for the society season of 1892-3 which, the Recorder says, will be the most brilliant New York has enjoyed for years. Continuing, it says:

"With a praiseworthy show of good taste, New Yorkers, as their fortunes increase, spend their money on the interior

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8.

—The wedding of Mr. R. Ralston Jones and Miss Era Ivins at St. John's church last evening was one of the most stylish affairs that ever took place in our city. The contracting parties were very popular. The presents were numerous, rich and handsome. The reception at the residence of the bride's parents was most brilliant, and the costumes worn by the bridal party and the guests were elegant and costly. Among the numerous presents was an beautiful silver water service from the grooms friends and associates on the canal. The happy couple left this morning for an extended eastern tour, followed by the best wishes of their hosts of friends.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

DAILY GATE CITY.

THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21, 1875

MATRIMONIAL.

The Marriage of Robert D. Horne, of Indianapolis, and Miss Mattie Hamill, of this City.

The marriage of Robert D. Horne, of Indianapolis, and Miss Mattie Hamill, of this city, occurred last evening. Although there was an absence of any special effort at display of any sort, the event was celebrated in a becoming manner, and while the union was a happy one matrimonially, the affair was also a delightful one socially, to all who participated in the festivities.

Invitations to the ceremony, as well as to the reception, were delivered verbally, and throughout there was a freedom from the conventionalities which not unfrequently prevail on similar occasions.

The bride, Miss Mattie Hamill that was, is the daughter of Mr. Smith Hamill, of the wholesale grocery trade, one of our most prominent business men and leading and influential citizens. She is a young lady who is highly esteemed by all who know her, for her sterling qualities of head and heart, and she will take with her into her new relations and to her new home the earnest well wishes of a very large circle of friends and acquaintances. Mr. Robert D. Horne, of Indianapolis, the bridegroom, is a graduate of Monmouth, Ill., College, is a young man of pleasing address, and admirable traits of character, and is in every respect worthy to become the husband of so excellent a young lady as the one whom he has chosen.

The ceremony was announced to take place at the United Presbyterian Church at 8 o'clock. Considerably in advance of that hour the church was filled with spectators. The space not specially allotted to invited guests was occupied with people, both young and old, who were anxious to witness the marriage.

The guests as they arrived were escorted to their seats by the ushers, Messrs. R. M. Morgan, Wm. P. Tucker, Jesse B. Howell, Dr. J. C. Hughes, Jr., and Lon Hardin.

By 8 o'clock the house was crowded. After the seats had all been occupied, spectators filled the aisles until there was scarcely a foot of standing room left. The crowd continued to increase until it was absolutely impossible for any one to get in.

At precisely twenty-five minutes past eight the bridal party arrived at the church. With their appearance at the door, Prof. Magennis, who officiated at the organ,

struck up the Wedding March. All eyes were turned upon them and followed them closely as they marched up the center aisle to the altar, preceded by the ushers.

The bridesmaids were Miss Florida Hosmer and Miss Laura Hamill, the bride's sister; and the groomsmen, Mr. Ernest A. Hamill, of Chicago, and Mr. David J. Ayres of this city. The party took positions with the bride and groom, directly in front of the altar, Mr. Hamill and Miss Hosmer upon their right, and Mr. Ayres and Miss Hamill upon their left.

The ceremony, which was very impressive, was performed by Rev. Dr. Brown, Pastor of the U. P. Church, and was listened to very attentively throughout.

The bride's costume was a very elegant one, of white gros grain silk, trimmed with satin, point lace and tulle, and ornamented with orange blossoms. She wore pearl jewelry and a long white tulle veil.

The costumes of the bridesmaids were likewise very handsome. Miss Hosmer wore a dress of white Paris muslin, with satin overskirt and satin, tulle and point lace trimmings. Her jewelry was of pink coral. Miss Hamill's dress was also of white Paris muslin, with satin overskirt. She wore a blue necklace and blue ear rings. Both these costumes were beautifully ornamented with wreaths of flowers, extending all the way around and fastened at the side.

After the ceremony at the Church, a reception was given at the residence of the bride's parents. Here a very large and pleasant company of friends was entertained in the most hospitable manner, Mr. and Mrs. S. Hamill officiating as host and hostess, assisted by the bridal party. The commodious parlors were fairly thronged with guests, all of whom seemed to engage in the festivities of the evening with a relish.

The presents were numerous and many of them elegant in the extreme. The bridegroom's present was a massive gold watch chain. The bride was also the recipient of a handsome tea set from the Hesperian Reading Club of Keokuk, of which she is a member. The following were among the other presents:

Butter dish, by Joseph Hamill, Alton, Ills.; butter knife and pickie fork, Lulu D. Hamill; cake basket, from Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hamill; pie knife, from Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Collier; berry dish, from Miss Florida Hosmer; boquet holder, from Miss Anna Collier; spoon stand, from Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Carey; celery stand, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ballinger; boquet and card holder, from Mr. and Mrs. Reed, Washington, Pennsylvania; pickle fork, Mr. and Mrs. George Kilbourne; sugar spoon, Mr. and Mrs. Rev. McCalla, Chicago; cake knife, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Phelps; castor, Gen. and Mrs. A. G. McQueen; butter dish, Mr. and Mrs. Rev. Sexton, Troy, N. Y.; pickle stand, Dr. and

Mrs. Hughes; one dozen silver knives, Miss Laura Hamill; one dozen tea and table spoons and forks, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Hamill; two pieces bronze statuary, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Bower; two cake dishes, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Collier; set vases, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Carey; bracket and bust, Miss Jennie Copeland; jewell case, Rev. Albert McCalla, Chicago; jewell case, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Irwin; elegant clock, Mr. David J. Ayres; boquet holder, from Mrs. Moody and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Carter; chromo, Mrs. Hagerman; picture of Grace darling and her father, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Irwin; fruit picture, Gen. and Mrs. Bruce, Alabama; china cup, Mrs. S. Hamill; boquet holder, from Herbert Lowrey; pair boquet holders, from Wm. Tucker; Picture of "The Fawn," from Miss Jennie Collier and Mr. and Mrs. Graham; Shakespeare, from Mrs. T. N. Pond and Miss Sessions; cake dish, from Mr. and Mrs. Given, Fort Sill, I. T.; Moore's and Long-fellow poems, from Wm. Young, La Harp, Ills.; toilet set, Mr. and Mrs. Scroggs; syrup pitcher, Dr. and Mrs. More, Fairfield, Iowa; silk handkerchief, from Miss Lizzie Hiatt; Scott's works, Mr. and Mrs. David Collier; Bible, from bride's father, Mr. S. Hamill; bracket, from Mr. and Mrs. H. Robertson; boquet holder, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Lowry; pair pictures, Mrs. and Mrs. Geo. B. Smyth; bronze statuary, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hagerman; opera glass, Mr. and Mrs. Taber; wax cross, Dr. and Mrs. Jenkins and Miss Easton; jewel case from Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Voorhies.

Among the guests from abroad were Mrs. Albert McCalla, Chicago; the Misses Horne, sisters of the groom, Monmouth, Ill.; Mr. Joseph Hamill, St. Louis; Dr. Wm. Horne, Mt. Airy, Ill., and Mr. John Horne, Monmouth.

The bride and groom leave this afternoon for their future home in Indianapolis.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, THURSDAY, OCT. 12, 1882

W. H. BOWMAN. HENRY CLARK.

VERANDA



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BOWMAN & CLARK,
215, 217, 219 and 221 Johnson St., Keokuk, Iowa.

Capt. and Mrs. Seifert Observe Golden Wedding Anniversary



MONDAY, NOV. 6, 1944

Yesterday afternoon and evening, Capt. and Mrs. Gus Seifert held open house to receive their many friends and neighbors who called to congratulate them on their golden wedding anniversary.

Fifty years ago in Rock Island, Ill., Miss Effie E. Austin of Davenport and Mr. Gus Seifert of LeClair, Iowa, were united in marriage on November 5, 1894, so it was appropriate that on November 5, 1944, they renewed their marital vows. The Reverend Robert A. Foster, pastor of the United Presbyterian church,

officiated at the anniversary ceremony in the living room of the Seifert home yesterday afternoon and movies were taken of the service.

Residents 50 Years.

Capt. and Mrs. Seifert moved here a few months after their marriage and have been residents of Keokuk and vicinity ever since. Capt. Seifert is 77 and Mrs. Seifert is 70 years of age.

The Seiferts have two children, Floyd A. Seifert of Keokuk, and Mrs. Inez Seifert Buffum of Fort Madison, and two grandchildren, Sarah Lou Seifert and Robert E. Buffum, Radioman 1/c, of the U. S. navy, stationed at Monterey, Calif.

Yesterday at one o'clock, Capt. and Mrs. Seifert entertained the members of the immediate family and a few close friends at a delicious anniversary dinner at the Y. W. C. A.

The large table was centered with a two-tiered wedding cake, a gift sent by Davenport relatives, was iced in white and gold and had a miniature bride and bridegroom on the top. Attractive place cards and nut cups were at each guest's place.

Two Hundred Guests.

Over two hundred people called during the afternoon and evening to extend congratulations to Capt. and Mrs. Seifert. The home was beautifully decorated with gorgeous bouquets of yellow and white chrysanthemums. A table in the living room held the many gifts and

cards received by the Seiferts.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd A. Seifert and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Buffum received with their parents.

The dining room was especially attractive with lovely fall blooms. The tea table, covered with a lovely ecru cloth, had the wedding cake used at the dinner as its centerpiece. Delicious refreshments were served.

Assisting in the dining room were Miss Sarah Lou Seifert, Miss Ruth Crane, Miss Dorothy Brinkman, Mrs. Ben Kirch, Mrs. Walter Schwarz and Mrs. Harry Talbott.

Out of Town Guests.

Out of town guests at the event were Capt. Seifert's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Numsen of Rock Island, Ill., and Mrs. Seifert's cousin, Mrs. G. B. McDowell of Davenport.

Also, Mr. and Mrs. George Beck, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ochsner and Mrs. Will Young, a schoolmate of Mrs. Seifert's, all from Ft. Madison.

Also, Mrs. Helen Winifred McClure Gibbs of Oakland, Calif., and Mr. Louis Shepherd of Des Moines.

Also, Miss Irva Peters, Mrs. Zella Hazerhoff, Abbie Moore and Lydia O'Neal, all of Hamilton, Ill.

A NEW PARTNER.

THE CONSTITUTION CONGRATULATES ITSELF.

Marriage of Thos. Rees, Esq., Junior Proprietor of the Constitution, to Miss Flora A. Huston.

A year ago last fall the CONSTITUTION, in chronicling the marriage of Mr. H. W. Clendenin, one of its proprietors, said: "We have hopes of reclaiming the only remaining bachelor of the firm, as the CONSTITUTION won't tolerate any but a marrying family." In consequence of the example, advice and counsel of the firm, to-day our hopes are realized, as Mr. Rees, our junior, steps into the ranks of Benedicts, and we are congratulating ourselves and receiving the congratulations of the public on the acquisition of a new and lovely partner. The announcement reads:

MARRIED.

REES-HUSTON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in this city, at 2:30 o'clock, p. m., by Rev. Clayton Welles, of the Congregational Church, Thos. Rees and Flora A. Huston.

At the time specified the united guests assembled at the residence of Capt. L. W. Huston, the father of the bride, and one of Keokuk's old and highly respected citizens, to witness the marriage ceremony and participate in the festivities of the occasion. The parlors and rooms were handsomely decorated with ferns, autumn leaves and evergreens, while hanging from the center of the folding doors was a gilt horseshoe, hung with invisible support from arched decorations, as an emblem of luck and happiness.

Promptly at the hour the bride and groom entered unattended and took their position in front of the graceful evergreen arches in the parlor wall composed of the words

"Thomas and Flora,
February 25th, 1879."

Rev. Clayton Welles of the Congregational church, with a brief but most beautiful ceremony, fastened the links that love had woven. The bride, a charming blonde, one of Keokuk's most accomplished young ladies, was more, than lovely in dregs of wine silk, made princess with train trimmings of velvet, point lace neck and sleeves with a tasteful display of elegant jewelry. The groom was attired in the customary Prince Albert coat, white gloves, tie and vest and carried his honors easily.

After the ceremony, and while the bride and groom were receiving the congratulations of their friends present, Prof. E. W. Magenis performed on the piano the Wedding March, from Mendelssohn, with his usual skill and grace. The company then repaired to the dining-room, where the tables

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

were tastefully arranged and artistically decorated. The menu was a triumph of culinary skill.

The brides's sister, Miss Clara Huston, was a most efficient assistant in the preparations that were made, and was everywhere present aiding in the reception and entertainment of the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Rees enter upon their married life under the most auspicious circumstances and have brilliant prospects for a happy future, which the writer trusts may be more than realized.

The happy couple, accompanied by friends to see them off at the depot, left via the C., B. & Q. train this evening for Chicago, where they will remain a few days, and then return to Keokuk and at once go to house-keeping in Mr. Rees' residence on Bank street, which has already been partially prepared for their reception.

The presents received were very elegant and handsome, the limited number of invitations alone rendering the list shorter than it otherwise might have been:

LIST OF PRESENTS.

- Gold necklace and locket from the groom to the bride.
- Large family bible from Mrs. M. A. Rees, mother of groom.
- Beautiful silver castor from Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Huston, parents of the bride.
- Marble-top bible stand, Mr. and Mrs. William Rees.
- Large Bronze chandelier, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rees.
- Highly finished Victor sewing machine, Mr. and Mrs. George Smith and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Clendenin.
- Camp chair, Mrs. Bruce.
- Velvet rug, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Younker.
- Handsome parlor lamp, Mr. Wm. Huxley.
- Dozen silver knives, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Day.
- Pin cushion and shaving case, Miss Neal Palmer, Zanesville, Ohio.
- Set solid silver teaspoons, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rees, Omaha, Neb.
- Silver and glass cologne stand, Mr. and Mrs. George Buell, St. Joseph, Mo.
- Silver waiter, Miss Emma Madden.
- Silk and lace tidy, Miss Addie H. Stone, Oswego, New York.
- Elegant volume of Moore's Poetical Works, Wesley Rees, Memphis, Mo.
- Card stand, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Obertop.
- Oil painting, Katie, sister of the bride.
- Point lace and honiton points, Miss Dora Bradford.
- Darning bag, Miss Ida Evans, Burlington, Iowa.
- Silver and glass berry dish, Mr. and Mrs. Tim Ford.
- Pickle castor, Miss Lizzie D. Rubicam.
- Silver and glass celery holder, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shaw, Farmington, Iowa.
- Silver and glass candlestick, Miss Annie Van Doren, Bonaparte.
- China toilet set and Swiss toilet set, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Michaelis.
- Hair and hairpin receiver, Miss Lettie Michaelis.
- Toilet mat, Miss Kate Wilkenson.
- Silver cream pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Rees.
- Silver sugar spoon, Miss Laura D. Rees, St. Joseph, Mo.
- Silver pickle castor, Mrs. Mitchell and daughter Zanesville, O.
- Pair panel pictures, A. Huston.
- One dozen China fruit plates and nut holder, Misses S. V. Conklin, Bertta Favard and May White.
- Silver plated alarm clock, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Weil.
- Pair Bohemian vases, Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Rees, Memphis, Mo.
- Elaborate swinging ice water service, Hon. John Gibbons, Messrs. Sol. Weil and Frank Hagerman.
- Silver and glass bouquet holder, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Yenawine, Chicago.
- Letter case, Miss Lena Reeves, Montrose.
- Pin cushion, Miss Lida Ayres.
- Crochet Shawl, Miss Delaplain.
- Card receiver, Tommie and John Graham.
- Basket of cut flowers, Miss Lizzie Rubicam.
- Pickle castor, Miss Lilly Ehinger.
- Glass slipper, Miss Cora Higgins.

MARRIAGE OF J. W. LANGSTON AND MISS ELIDA AYRES.

The Occasion a Most Auspicious and Happy One—The Decorations—Supper, Presents, &c.

One of the most pleasant events that has occurred in Keokuk for some time came off last evening at the residence of H. H. Ayres, on Concert street, between Fourth and Fifth, being the marriage of his eldest daughter, Miss Elida, and John W. Langston. The house was handsomely decorated with evergreens, flowers, etc., and was filled to its utmost capacity, and the joy and happiness that prevailed combined to make the scene one of splendor and beauty. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Craig, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church, and, while brief, was very solemn and impressive. The couple were unattended. The bride was attired in a gold gros-grain silk, skirt cut princess, with long bask laced in the back, with orange blossom trimmings. She wore a bridal veil, amethyst and pearl jewelry. The groom appeared in the conventional black.

Following the ceremony came hearty congratulations of friends in attendance. Supper was then served, after which the evening was spent in a very social manner until nearly 2 o'clock, when the guests took their departure. Good music was on hand and those so desiring were given an opportunity to engage in the dance.

The bride is, as stated above, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Ayres, and is also a niece of Justice Miller, of the U. S. Supreme Court. She is a young lady of very fine qualities of head and heart, and is loved and respected by all who know her.

The groom is well known in our city, and his integrity and unquestioned character stamp him as a most exemplary young man. For the past three years he has been connected with the Gate City, and is a most faithful and hard working attache.

The bridal couple left this morning for Chicago, where they will meet with a reception at the residence of the groom's parents to-morrow evening, at No. 1280 West Jackson street.

The CONSTITUTION, among their hosts of other friends, extends to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langston most hearty congratulations and the wish that they may live to a ripe old age enjoying happiness and prosperity unbounded.

Among the many valuable presents the CONSTITUTION man noticed the following:

- Set jewelry amethyst and pearl settings, groom; chain and locket, groom; check for \$50, Judge Samuel F. Miller, Washington;
- half-dozen silver table spoons, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langston, Chicago;
- half dozen silver forks, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langston, Chicago;
- half-dozen silver teaspoons, Mr. Edward Langston, Chicago;
- half-dozen silver teaspoons, Mrs. L. George, Chicago;
- silver butter knife, Miss Hattie Langston, Chicago;
- album, Miss Lillie Ehinger; majolica pitcher, Mrs. Dr. Ehinger; cut glass and silver pickle castor, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Little and family, Chicago;
- initial cut glass pitcher and tumblers, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Little and members of family, Chicago;
- silver cake basket, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lloyd, Chicago;
- Toilet vases, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lloyd, Chicago;
- cut glass and silver

fruit stand, Mr. Garrett Van Werden and Miss Mollie Springer; one dozen silver table knives, Mrs. and Miss Broadwell, Dayton, O; one dozen silver table knives, Mrs. Jesse Reeves; gold mounted clock, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Francis, Chicago; silver mounted ink stand, Mr. F. B. Cole; silver butter dish, Mr. and Mrs. A. Burns, Chicago; silver napkin rings, Mrs. A. G. Bear, Chicago; half dozen silver fruit knives, Mr. A. Helderfer, Burlington; bronze statuary, Mr. R. H. Huston; pillow shams, Mrs. R. H. Huston; half dozen fruit plates, Mr. Ed. and Jennie Wycoff; marble mounted clock, news, job and mailing departments Gate City; Gold band china set 57 pieces, Messrs. John Real, Stephen Petry, Will Douglass, Gate City press room; crystal fruit dish, C. A. Kerr; one dozen napkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parrott; damask table-cloth and one dozen napkins, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Webber and Mrs. E. Hines, Peoria; bed quilt, Mrs. King; one dozen napkins, Mrs. Wilson, Fort Madison; lace toilet set, Mr. and Mrs. A. Williams; silver salver, Mrs. E. H. Harrison; comb and brush, J. F. Kiedasch; cut glass and silver breakfast castor, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Brown, Summitville; cut glass and silver butter dish, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Brown, Summitville; silver card stand, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scroggs; nickle mounted lamp, Mr. John E. Craig; half dozen fruit dishes, Mr. W. J. Fulton; silver salver, Mrs. and Miss Crowell; two card easels, Mr. D. W. McElroy; Yack duster, Mr. and Mrs. L. Huston; perfumed satchel, Mrs. J. W. Rankin; two lace handkerchiefs, from a friend; silver napkin rings, Mrs. A. G. Bear, Chicago; hand painted brooch, Miss Ella Long, Quincy; camp chair, Dr. and Mrs. Willis Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Fulton; velvet satin lined work-box, Mr. and Mrs. Reddie; copy of Worcester's unabridged dictionary, Messrs. Jesse B. Howell, Sandie Stone and Chas. A. Warwick, Gate City; lace bed spread and pillow shams, Mrs. J. Obertop, Mrs. Rees and Mrs. Trimble; pair of white flowered vases, Henry Florence and Clara Trimble; panel statue picture, Miss Mary Hagny; Swiss carved bouquet holder and bouquet natural flowers, Miss Belle Sheppard; one dozen dinner napkins, Mrs. Jane Carter; one dozen large napkins, Mr. and Mrs. Steele; elegant white bed spread, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Connable; pair braided pillow shams, Miss Bettie Hagens; set silver fruit knives, Dr. A. P. Bowman and Will Hagens; one dozen individual salts and half dozen tumblers, Mrs. Ato, Chicago; cut glass and silver castor, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Watte; Chicago; silver tea pot, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Jaegar; silver cream pitcher, gold lined, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Jaeger; silver sugar bowl, A. B. Ayres; silver mug, gold lined, Master Ed. Jaeger; half dozen fruit plates, Miss Blanche Hosselton; a very fine lamp, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Hillis; one silver vase, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Reid; one fine fan from Col. C. H. Perry; one pair lace barbs from Miss Sallie Wickersham; a majolica fish platter, E. H. Wickersham and wife; elegant relic in the shape of George Washington's first set of knives, forks and spoons; also quite a number of interesting trinkets, Mr. F. B. Cole.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

HYMEN'S HALTER.

"HYMEN IO HYMEN."

Marriage of Robert G. Horne of Indianapolis, to Miss Mattie Hamill, of this City.

In the U. P. Church there assembled last evening, a gay and brilliant throng to witness the nuptials of Mr. Robert G. Horne and Miss Mattie Hamill.

The ceremony was announced to take place at eight o'clock. Some time before the appointed hour a steady stream of people began to pass into the church, and when the hour arrived the place was so crowded that Noah's historic dove could scarcely have found a "rest for the sole of her foot."

The guests were escorted to their seats by the ushers, Messrs. Wm. P. Tucker, Jesse B. Howell, R. M. Morgan, Dr. J. C. Hughee, Jr., and Lon Hardin.

At twenty-five minutes past eight a rustle, a whisper, a nameless something in the air, announced the arrival of the bridal party who immediately advanced up the aisle to the jocund music of the Wedding March which was performed on the occasion by Prof. Magennis.

The bridesmaids were Miss Laura Hamill, the bride's sister, and Miss Florida Hosmer, and the groomsmen, Mr. Ernest A. Hamill of Chicago, and Mr. David J. Ayres.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Brown with that solemn and sweet impressiveness which so peculiarly distinguishes the Doctor's manner in all the religious services he conducts. After the ceremony the bride and groom, followed by their attendants, passed down the aisle. The bride was, of course, the center of attraction.

"Fair girls, and well dressed youths around her shone,

But every eye was fixed on her alone."

She was dressed in a rich white gros-grain silk which was elegantly and becomingly made. Around the bottom of the skirt it was trimmed with a knife pleating, headed with illusion, which was met in the back by a broad box pleat descending from the waist. The skirt was further ornamented by a satin sash-overskirt, trimmed with illusion, and a wreath of orange blossoms. The waist which was trimmed with satin, and point applique, was made with short sleeves, and a heart shaped corsage. The bride's jewels were pearls.

Both of the bridesmaids were handsome-

ly, and tastefully attired—Miss Hamill wearing a dress of white Paris muslin with satin waist and sash, and blue jewelry, and Miss Hosmer appearing in a dress of the same material with satin overshirt, satin, illusion, and point lace trimmings, and jewelry of pink coral.

Some two hundred persons had been invited to the reception, which took place at the residence of the bride's father, and was characterized by an absence of that formality which so often marks similar occasions. By ten o'clock the guests had arrived, and the supper was served to all at one time—as at an ordinary party.

Among the guests from abroad were Mrs. Albert McCalla, Chicago; the Misses Horne, sisters of the groom, Monmouth, Ills.; Dr. Wm. Horne, Mt. Ayr, Iowa; Mr. John Horne, Monmouth, and Mr. Joseph Hamill, Alton.

The presents, which were numerous and beautiful, included a watch and chain from the groom; one dozen tea and table spoons and forks from the bride's parents, and a handsome tea set from the Hesperian Reading Club, of which the bride was a member.

The most unique of the gifts, was a jewel box, which was presented by the Rev. Albert McCalla. This box, which consisted of stones that the donor had collected in his Colorado trip, contained a paper with the names of the different stones, and of the places where they were obtained.

The bride, *nee* Miss Mattie Hamill, is the daughter of Mr. Smith Hamill, one of our most substantial and esteemed citizens. By her kindness, her gay good humor, and her efficiency in everything she undertook, Miss Mattie has made herself a general favorite in the large circle of society in which she has moved. In that circle her merry face, and laugh, and talk made every one the merrier, and now that she is about to leave it, every one, it is to be feared, will feel a little more gloomy.

The gentleman upon whom she bestows her hand is a graduate of Monmouth college, Illinois. At present he is engaged in business as a stove and furnace merchant in Indianapolis, where he has won an enviable reputation for personal character, and business enterprise.

The bride and groom left for their future home in Indianapolis, this afternoon. That they may enjoy through all their future lives

"Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,"

is the wish of all the friends that bade them farewell, and the friends that wait to greet them.

THE GATE CITY

THURSDAY MORNING, FEB. 3, 1876.

MATRIMONIAL.

The Marriage of Herman Sonshine and Miss Bertha Cohn.

Large Attendance and Imposing Ceremonies.

A matrimonial event that has been looked forward to with considerable interest, not only by our Israelitish fellow townsmen, but by our citizens generally, transpired at the Jewish Synagogue, corner Eighth and Blondeau streets, last evening. It was the marriage of Mr. Herman Sonshine and Miss Bertha Cohn. Seven o'clock was the time announced for the ceremony, but considerably in advance of that hour people began to assemble in large numbers and before the time arrived

THE SYNAGOGUE

was fairly thronged with guests and spectators. The nuptials took place in the basement of the edifice, that being the only portion that is completed as yet. This has been finished off in a very neat and tasty manner and presented quite an inviting appearance.

The ark, in front of which the parties stood, is located at the rear end of the room facing the entrance. Suspended from the emblematic table over this ark, was a wreath of evergreen enclosing the monogram "J. B." The wall was also decorated with wreaths of evergreen. On either side of the ark was a small table on which were burning three wax candles.

Promptly at 7 o'clock Rabbi Backer, of the Congregation B'nai Israel, made his appearance, wearing the emblematic white scarf, and took his position between the tables.

Shortly thereafter

THE BRIDAL PARTY

arrived, and as they proceeded down the aisle to the ark all eyes were turned upon them. A marriage after the Hebrew ceremony was to many of these present a novelty, and was witnessed by numbers of them last evening for the first time. The party was headed by Master Aaron Younker and his sister Nettie, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Younker. Then came the bridesmaids and groomsmen, the former being Miss Agnes Berkson, Miss Samuels, Miss Wolff, Miss Emma Klein, and Miss Rosa Fels, and the latter, Max Weil, Wm. Mayer, Nathan Lowitz, Mort Weil of Clinton, and Sol Weil. These were followed by the bridegroom accompanied by Messrs. Samuel and Marcus Younker, and the bride, accompanied by the wives of the two last named gentlemen, who acted as special attendants upon the bride.

Before the party arrived Mr. Ingerman executed a march upon the organ, and as

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
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SENSE WEDDING

they came in a welcome song was sung by a quartette, composed of Rabbi Backer, Mr. Ingerman, Miss Mamie Libby and Mrs. I. N. Stern.

Everything being in readiness Rabbi Backer proceeded to perform

THE CEREMONY.

He first delivered an address to the bride and groom, defining their duties as man and wife, and tendering words of counsel and admonition. This was spoken in German. Then came a benediction, accompanied by reading and music. The marriage ceremony prescribed by the statute of the State of Iowa was then pronounced in the English language. Following this was a series of benedictions during which the ceremony of sipping the wine took place. The service concluded with the presentation to the bride of a marriage certificate, with appropriate remarks. The ceremony occupied half an hour. It was very impressive throughout, was listened to very attentively and at its close Rabbi Backer received numerous congratulations upon the admirable manner in which it was conducted.

The bride was dressed in an ashes of roses silk and wore a wreath of orange blossoms and a long white veil. The bridesmaids wore costumes made of white Paris muslin very tastily trimmed and decorated with orange blossoms.

After the ceremony at the synagogue

A RECEPTION

was given at the residence of Mr. M. Younker, corner 10th and Blondeau. Here a large company of invited guests assembled to extend their congratulations to the bride and groom and express the hope that their future may be naught but Sunshine. The party was a merry one, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a very delightful manner. About 9 o'clock the guests marched to the dining-room, to the music of a string band, and partook of a sumptuous repast, the occasion being solemnized by the breaking of bread and drinking of wine, with appropriate ceremonials by the Rabbi.

The bride is the niece of the Messrs. Younker, of this city, and has been visiting here during the past few months. She is a most excellent young lady, and the bridegroom is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of her hand and heart. She was the recipient last evening of a large number of handsome presents from her many friends here and elsewhere.

Mr. Sonshine has occupied the position of salesman in the dry goods house of Younker Bros. for some months, and has very favorably impressed all who have met him.

He leaves this morning in company with his bride on a visit to friends, and on his return will engage in the dry goods business at Bonaparte.

THE GATE CITY:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JAN. 16, '78.

WEDDING BELLS.

Marriage of Lewis Hosmer and Miss Louie M. Rickards at the Baptist Church Last Evening--The Nuptials Witnessed by a Large Gathering --- The Ceremony, the Costumes and the Reception.

The time when a forthcoming wedding is to take place is not generally one of the things which no fellow can find out. But there is one young couple at least that is entitled to the credit of having succeeded in keeping the date of their approaching nuptials such a profound secret that it was not until a few days since, when the invitations were issued, that their most intimate friends knew precisely when the event would transpire. We allude to Mr. Lewis Hosmer and Miss Louie M. Rickards, whose marriage was celebrated at the First Baptist Church last evening. The parties to this happy union are well known in Keokuk. Mr. Hosmer is a partner in the lumber firm of A. Hosmer & Sons, and is a young gentleman of sterling qualities. The bride, Miss Rickards, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. V. S. Rickards, and is a young lady who is admired for her unassuming manner and womanly graces, as well as for her beauty and worth.

Long in advance of the hour announced for the marriage to take place the Baptist Church was filled with spectators and before half past 8 o'clock it became necessary to close the doors, so densely had the edifice been packed with people. After every foot of available standing and sitting room had been occupied hundreds unable to gain admission went away. No event of the kind which has occurred in Keokuk for years at least has been the means of attracting so large a gathering or exciting such an eager desire to witness it.

The friends of the parties arrived at short intervals, but it was not until five minutes to 9 o'clock that the bridal party put in an appearance. The ushers joined the party at the entrance and headed the wedding procession as it proceeded down the aisle to the altar, Prof. Magennis in meantime playing a wedding march. Miss Florida Hosmer and Mr. Chas. Dunlap came next, followed by Miss Jennie Pond, and Mr. J. P. Johnson, of Peoria, and they by the bride and groom. The ushers were Thos. Hunter and C. Hornaday center aisle, and Wm. Jamieson and W. H. Carter side aisles.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. Washington, Pastor of the Baptist Church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Craig, Pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church.

The altar was tastefully decorated with flowers and plants and a basket of choice flowers occupied a place on either side.

The costumes were elegant in the extreme. The bride's dress was a white *gros grain* silk, cut in princess style and elaborately trimmed with plaiting of fringed silk at both sides, laced very low at the back, square train trimmed with six inch knife plaiting. The entire dress was profusely adorned with orange blossoms and festoonings of lace and tulle.

Miss Jennie Pond, one of the bridesmaids and a cousin of the bride, was dressed in white tarlatan with a commingling of knife plaitings and satin pipings; white satin corsage with double lacing. The drapery was ornamented with two large drooping clusters of pink flowers. A few natural rosebuds at the throat and pink coral earrings completed the toilet.

Miss Florida Hosmer, the other bridesmaid and the groom's sister, wore a handsome and stylish costume of white silk and Paris muslin ornamented with point lace; light blue flowers and variegated leaves and diamond ear rings. The toilet of Mrs. W. G. Sloan, of Peoria, was also worthy of notice. It was a rich canary colored silk cut in the most perfect princess style, with a square fan shaped train corded at the edge. A deep sweep of elegant black thread lace almost enveloped the back drapery. The floral garniture of the costume consisted of cardinal flowers with trailing vines of the richest dark leaves; ornaments magnificent diamonds.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. V. S. Rickards, No. 58 Morgan street, and it was here that the brilliancy of the event was most conspicuous. The parlors were beautifully decorated with evergreens, ferns and autumn leaves. Depended from the ceiling was a marriage bell of evergreens, tube roses and a Cala lilly, beneath which the bride and groom received the congratulations of their friends. Back of them stood an orange tree, artistically decorated with artificial blossoms. The parlors and halls were thronged with guests, the company being a very large one. Many of the ladies wore rich and elegant costumes. At 11 o'clock a tempting collation was served.

The presents were numerous, elaborate and valuable, the display including many articles of utility as well as ornament.

The following is a partial list embracing the leading presents:

Check for \$500 from Mr. A. Hosmer.
Complete set silver spoons, forks and knives, Mrs. A. Hosmer.
Silver water service, Hesperian Club.
Silver tea set, from the ushers.
Set silver tea and desert spoons, the bride's parents.
Silver butter dish, Miss Jennie Pond.
Silver berry dish, Vincent Rickards.
Silver nut bowl, Geo. C. Lawrence, Chicago.
Silver cake basket, Mrs. S. P. Pond.

French walnut chamber set, Miss Florida Hosmer.
 Cabinet writing desk, Miss Katie Hosmer.
 Pair steel engravings, Arthur Hosmer, jr.
 Silver berry dish, Dr. Samuel Ayres, Philadelphia.
 Set silver butter dishes, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Rix.
 Silver jewel case, Minnie and Ed. B. Stoy.
 Silver card receiver, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Richards.
 Celery glass, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Distin, Quincy.
 Silver pickle dish, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Parsons.
 Pair vases, Miss Lullie Ford, Oneonta, N. Y.
 Knife rest, Mr. and Mrs. B. Hammond.
 Silver jewel case, Mr. Emma C. Pond.
 Pickle dish, Misses Laura and Mamie Wyman.
 Piece statuary, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McCrary.
 Tennyson's works, Miss Lida Howell.
 Set coffee spoons, C. F. White and A. E. Johnstone.
 Silver cake Knife, Mrs. A. M. Carpenter.
 Pie knife, Wm. E. Thompson.
 Silver plate, Mrs. Chas. O. Phelps.
 Pickle dish, S. M. Hornish.
 China dinner and tea set, Mrs. W. G. Sloan and J. P. Johnson, Peoria.
 Pair panel pictures, L. M. Johnson.
 Panel picture, Miss Nettie B. Howell.
 Set China fruit plates, W. G. Rice and sister.
 Bronze lamp, Will Jamieson.
 Pair vases, Mrs. G. L. Huiskamp.
 Set cut-glass tumblers, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Carey.
 Set jewelry, Mr. Walsh, New York.
 Collection domestic articles, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Hamill.

Among the guests from abroad were Mrs. W. G. Sloan, of Peoria, Geo. C. Lawrence, of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Distin, of Quincy.

Mr. and Mrs. Hosmer leave via the C., B. & Q. this morning for a short trip to Chicago, Peoria and Jacksonville.

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED DEATH"
 R. J. BICKEL, PEORIA, ILL.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1882.

HER FIRST BEAU

WAS GENERAL U. S. GRANT, EX-PRESIDENT.

A Pleasant Interview with a Lady Whose Hand was Sought and Who Declined to Give it to this Distinguished American Citizen.

Hearing that there was a lady living in this city who had once been courted by Gen. U. S. Grant and who had refused her hand in early womanhood to this noted American civil and military character, a CONSTITUTION reporter sought an interview with the lady with very satisfactory results. The newspaper representative found the early sweetheart of Grant to be a lady considerably advanced in years yet still large, active and buoyant, and not nearly so reticent as the general. She talked cleverly, pointedly and honestly, having little to keep back, and appeared to be a fair representative of that honest, blunt-spoken class of people upon whom Americans pride themselves as our forefathers and foremothers.

She had not seen General Grant since the fifties she said, and then his father carried on a tannery in Portsmouth, Ohio. She once had occasion to reside for a time in the family of a farmer whose farm joined that of Grant's father—only a line of fence between—and it was during her stay at this farm house that she was courted by General Grant. It must have been in the springtime, for she says she and Grant would meet at the division fence on each side of which were beautiful flowers.

"Ulick," said she, would say to me, "Let's gather flowers and see which will have the most kinds when we get through."

"You mean Grant when you say 'Ulick?'" interrupted the reporter; "his name is Ulyssus."

"Yes," she replied, "we always called him 'Ulick,' and while he was courting me and wanting to marry me my father used to laugh at him and plague me, saying 'he is the greenest looking boy I ever saw,'" and chuckling to herself she added, "and he was a green looking fellow."

When the flowers were gathered they would arrange them nicely and exchange bouquets.

She said he would often take her buggy-riding; and during the war she heard of General Grant as the great general, but it was some time before she had any idea that he was the same "Ulick" who had courted

her when she was but a sixteen or seventeen-year-old girl. She read the New York Ledger life of Grant, so far as published, written by his father, but from the manner in which she spoke of it the newspaper representative did not think she considered it a very great literary or biographical success.

Said she: "I remember the last time I saw 'Ulick.' We had been buggy-riding. We had alighted from the buggy and he stood leaning with one arm upon a wheel of the vehicle, and, looking into my face, he said, 'well Ellen, (my name is Eleanor, but they called me Ellen) if I ever find anybody that I love well enough to marry, and am so fortunate as to have a daughter, you know what that daughter's name will be.'"

The daughter's name is Nellie, a pretty contraction of Eleanor.

"We shall not publish your name," said the representative, "since you have been so kind and courteous to us without your permission. Can we use your name?"

"Well, my present husband might object. You see I have been married three times."

"You spoke of your father. We would like to have his name. What was it?"

"You would like very much to know it, wouldn't you?" was the way she met the interviewer with a meaning smile.

"Well, yes, madam, tolerably well. A story sounds better and is believed when names are given, which otherwise would be cast aside as a pure fabrication originated in the mind of a newspaper reporter. This is a story of fact, and we would be very glad to give it the imprint of truth that it may be more valuable to our readers."

Finally she remarked, "I am not ashamed of my father's name: It was Charles Brandon and my maiden name was Eleanor Brandon. My first husband's name was John Spaulding. Further than this I will not go."

After a few minutes further chat with the lady whose first beau was General Ulyssus S. Grant, ex-president of the United States, the CONSTITUTION representative left her with thanks for the information he had received. She is a remarkable woman whose life would make an interesting history.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1882.

GRANT'S FIRST LOVE.

A Florida Poet Writes in Flowing Rhyme of the Constitution's Truthful Episode of that Early Affection.

[JACKSONVILLE, FLA., March 27.—ED. CONSTITUTION:—I clip from the Daily

Times, of this city, some verses which I wrote for that paper, founded on the narrative given by Ellen Brandon in an interview with your reporter, as to the "courtship" by Gen. Grant that was copied into the Times. Thinking it rather a poetic episode, I added a little fancy sketch in verse. A few words left out of copy I have written in, and have changed a line. I fancied I would like to see the lines printed in the CONSTITUTION, and I therefore enclose them to you. Some of you readers who remember your reporter's account may be amused enough to read the metrical version.]

NELLIE'S LITTLE STORY.

Long years have gone by—
It's a mere heart trifle—
Since Ulick and I—
"Oh, I smother a sigh,
'Tis as well, in those days,
Perchance, that our ways,
Were by destiny parted;
No longer twin-hearted,
That Ulick and Ellen might be;
For great became he;
And for me, as for me,
My road was as happy as true heart can see
In my home in the vale
Where my lot was well cast;
But yet the fond tale,
Now o'er thirty years past,
Comes back to my thought
All so tremulous fraught,
And I think it will last
With life, and I mean not regret;
For he who life shares
In the valley my cares,
Himself often asks,
In the lull of my tasks,
That I tell him how Ulick I met.

'Twas only a farm fence divided;
The rose-vines thick over it glided;
And Ulick came there
In a sort of a scare,
And bedecked with handfuls of flowers—
You know love and blossoms are powers
That draw a young girl
In their wild, witching whirl—
For a while the bliss-maelstrom was ours.
But it ended
And up on the mountain
Went Ulick, while I the vale fountain
Have tended.
Both free!
And he happy, I hope, as can be,
I know he's down,
Neath his honors' green crown,
And remembers the name
Of an "Ellen" the same.
As though from the fence, when twin-hearted,
Our life roads had never been parted,
And I send up to "Nellie" my blessing—
Another—
By loyal kinship confessing;
And one lists to the tale—
My heart my home in the vale,
And laughs at the sigh I would smother.

JACKSONVILLE, March 21, 1882.

THE GATE CITY:

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 3, 1879

MERRY MARRIAGE.

The Nuptials of C. S. Whitney and Miss Nellie Cleaver, Last Evening.

The Ceremony Performed in the Presence of a Large Audience—The Decorations, the Reception and the Presents.

The first matrimonial event of the season that has been celebrated in public was the marriage of Mr. C. S. Whitney and Miss Nellie Cleaver, which took place at the Baptist Church, last evening, and 1:

it is to be taken as an index of the brilliance and gaiety that are to follow in this department of the social world, a very lively season may be anticipated.

The young couple whose destinies were united upon this occasion are well known in Keokuk. Mr. Whitney is the junior member of the contracting firm of Whitney & Son, which has been operating quite extensively hereabouts for some time past. He is an active, capable young business man whose qualifications have attracted considerable attention among those with whom he has been associated. The bride, Miss Nellie Cleaver, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. T. Cleaver, and a young lady who has won hosts of friends and admirers here, where her lifetime has been spent. She was a becoming bride, and will grace the home over which she will preside.

THE DECORATIONS.

The Baptist church was elaborately decorated for the interesting event. The alcove at the rear of the pulpit was filled to profusion with creeping ivy and a variety of choice plants and flowers, displayed on white background. The front was festooned with lace curtains, dotted with ferns and autumn leaves. At the front of the platform stood a huge pyramid of cut flowers, with a smaller one on either side. The platform was also decorated with ivy and rare plants. On the wall below the illuminated dove was the monogram "W.—C." in geranium leaves and white flowers. Suspended from the ceiling above the altar was an angelic figure. The gate leading to the main aisle formed the monogram and was covered with evergreens and flowers. The decorating was all done under the personal supervision of Mrs. T. F. Rickards, who also contributed most of the flowers and plants. The display reflected much credit on her rare taste and skill in floral ornamentation. The alcove was brilliantly illuminated and the effect was pleasing in the extreme.

THE CEREMONY.

Three rows of pews were reserved for invited guests, leaving but one for the general public. People commenced flocking to the church at a very early hour, and fully an hour in advance of the appointed time the edifice was almost completely filled, the pews being occupied, the side aisle jammed, and the gallery packed, the crowd filling the passage way and vestibule and extending out into the street. While the town clock was striking nine the arrival of the bridal party was announced by the wedding chorus from Lohengrin, played by Prof. Magennis. The ushers headed the procession up the aisle to the altar, where they separated. They were followed by the attendants who took up their positions, the bridesmaids on one side and the groomsmen on the other.

The groom escorted the bride's mother, the bride and her father coming last. The front pews were removed so as to afford ample room. The ceremony, occupying about ten minutes, was performed by Rev. C. H. Moscrip, pastor of the church. The party retraced their steps and the audience dispersed to the music of Mendelssohn's wedding march.

THE TOILETS.

The bride's dress was a white moire antique and satin striped, low "Marguerite" corsage, short sleeves. The princess skirt entrain was garnished with orange blossoms, tube roses and point applique lace ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Mayrie Cleaver, the first bridesmaid, wore an exquisite dress of pale pink brocade and plain silk tastily combined, court train, high corsage, tight fitting coat sleeve, elaborately trimmed in point applique and white roses; ornaments, diamonds.

The costume of Miss Green, the second bridesmaid, was a princess skirt of delicate blue satin, graceful panier and drapery of brocaded grenadine, pointed corsage, a square of Valenciennes lace and satin stripes, the whole prettily finished with tassels of same shade; ornaments, crush roses, daisies and diamonds.

Miss Turner, of Quincy, the third bridesmaid, wore a silk skirt and cardinal velvet, corsage low, sleeves short, the lovely costume garnished with stylish Roman fringe, graceful drapery falling on the train, point applique lace, violets and honeysuckles completing the costume; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Westover, the fourth bridesmaid, wore an artistic costume of India mull over blue silk, the high corsage and graceful panier of delicate satin, all elaborately and completely finished with graceful cascades of Breton lace and ribbon, the crush roses adding greatly to its beauty.

The groomsmen were Frank Williams, John Cleaver, Alex. Johnstone and Gen. Worthington, and the ushers Arthur Hosmer, J. C. Davis, Wells M. Irwin and Rollin Clark.

THE RECEPTION.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Cleaver, where two or three hundred guests were handsomely entertained. The guests were received at the entrance to the parlors by the parents of the bride and groom. On the wall above them was the inscription in evergreen "Oct. 2d, 1879." The bridal party received the congratulations in an alcove formed of a bay window and draped with lace curtains ornamented with Autumn leaves. They stood beneath a marriage bell of pinks, roses and smilax. On the wall at the rear of the parlors was displayed an

emblematic horse shoe artistically wrought in evergreens, and beneath it a smaller and most exquisite one made of tube roses, pinks and other choice flowers. The parlors were otherwise tastefully decorated. The collation that was spread was a bountiful one, fully in keeping with the other features of the occasion. Dr. and Mrs. Cleaver entertained their guests in magnificent style, and the affair was a grand one throughout. Among the guests from abroad were Walter Selby and sister, and Mrs. Jennie Morey, of Centerville, and Frank M. Cleaver, of Des Moines.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitney leave this morning for St. Louis, to be absent a few days. Their home for some time to come will be wherever Mr. Whitney's business takes him.

The presents were both numerous and elegant. The following is a list:

- Oil portraits of father and mother, from bride's father.
- Five twenty dollar gold pieces, bride's mother.
- One dozen solid silver forks, bride's sister, Miss Mayrie.
- Clock, from brother John.
- Purse, brother Harry.
- Cassette, M. and Mrs. Lauder, Muscatine.
- Coffee basket, Mr. and Mrs. D. Scroggs, Muscatine.
- One-half dozen solid silver spoons from groom's father and mother.
- Wash service, H. B. Whitney.
- Price of stuary, "Shakespeare," Master Wilbur Whitney.
- Jewelry case, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Carter.
- Beauty bowl, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Whitney.
- Silver teacase, Frank E. Williams, A. E. Johnstone, E. S. Worthington, J. C. Davis, W. M. Irwin, A. Hosmer, jr., and R. Clark.
- Dozen fruit knives, Miss Annie Green.
- Elegant fan in case, Miss Bess Turner, Quincy.
- Jewel case, Miss Hattie Westover, St. Joseph.
- Balcon, Abbie Cook.
- Picture and frame, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McCarty.
- One dozen fruit dishes, H. Bella Horvath.
- Tidy, Mrs. F. Sessions, Pome, N. Y.
- Cassette dish, Mr. and Mrs. M. Weil.
- Berry dish, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Pond.
- Berry bowl, Mrs. Geo. Adams, Ottumwa.
- Lace cuffs and pair of vases, Mrs. Moray, Centerville.
- Indian card basket, W. L. Selby, Centerville.
- Half dozen fruit dishes, Miss Rachel Fletcher.
- Wax flowers, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cooper.
- Majolica pitcher and salver, Misses Fannie and Cora Comstock.
- Bid and case, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hinskamp.
- Cake basket, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Klein.
- Vase and silver stand, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson Browae.
- Pair vases, Mr. and Mrs. A. Collier.
- Butter knife and pickle fork in case, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Springer and daughter.
- China cup and saucer, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Sprague.
- Dozen silver ivory handle knives, Wm. I. Ewart, Muscatine.
- Half dozen fruit plates and bowl, Miss Helen Lloyd.
- Majolica pitcher, Mrs. S. S. Vail.
- Paravases, Dr. and Mrs. Carpenter.
- Pouquet, Mrs. Lizzie Carpenter.
- Dozen cut glass tumblers, Mrs. Lucy and Janie Carey.
- Picnic casket, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Campbell.
- Pair vases, Mrs. Holman.
- Combination silver table ornament, Mrs. H. W. Linebaugh and Mrs. W. T. Spence.
- Vase in silver stand, J. F. and Nannie M. Smith.
- Butter plate and sugar spoon, Mrs. Garretson, Cleveland O.
- Russia leather glove box, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Greene.
- Set solid silver spoons, Harry L. George and C. B. Sanders, St. Jo, Mo.
- Family Bible, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Gannis.
- Shakespeare's works, Miss Robertson.
- Perfumery cask, Dr. J. C. Hughes jr.
- Bible, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Williams.
- Tidy, Miss Alice Johnson.
- Pair gold candlesticks with wax candles, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hobbs.
- Perfumery bottle in silver stand, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fulton and daughter.
- Vase in silver stand, Henry F. Dayton and Frank D. Brown, Quincy.
- French walnut secretary, Arthur Comstock, D. L. Hughes, C. S. Pond, John W. Collier, Ed. W. O. Edwin Hardin, J. G. Krebs, L. E. Pollock, F. D. Baker and W. C. Jones.
- Vase in silver stand, Mrs. James Hagerman.
- Dozen fruit dishes, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Hughes.

Dozen napkins, Mr. G. R. Pa. sons.
 Pearl and satin hand painted fan, Mrs. A. ...
 Escamator, Mrs. Orion Clemons.
 Basket cut flower, Mrs. H. R. Mille.
 Box cut flower, Mrs. A. J. Well, nson.
 Paintings, Geo. Upp.
 Basket cut flowers, Wm. A. and Ed. F. Brownell.
 Willow chair, Dr. and Mrs. Norb.
 Bronze ornament, Dr. and Mrs. Jenkins.
 Pair vases, J. E. Blunt, P. ...

Pair fruit stands, Mrs. Stone.
 Basket cut flowers, Miss Carrie McCla.
 Sugar spoon in case, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Upham.
 Pair vases in silver stand, Mrs. S. P. Pond and Mrs. G. V. S. Rickards.
 Bronze stuary, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Williams.
 Call bell, Dr. and Mrs. Angela. F. Mad so.
 Barometer, Frank M. Cleaver, Des Moines.
 Bryant's poems, Mr. and Mrs. John C. F. J.
 Clock, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bishop.
 Tidy, Mrs. Alder.
 Pair vases, Mrs. ...

R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK IOWA

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

MEN OF THE HOUR.

HENRY CLEWS.

From the New York Hour.

A number of capitalists are engaged in organizing a bank with a capital of ten millions. A branch of its business will be to act as a clearing house for the transactions of the Stock Exchange. The presidency of this important institution has been offered to Mr. Henry Clews, the well-known banker and broker in New street.

Mr. Clews was born in Staffordshire, England. His early years were passed in his native country, where he was educated with the view of entering the ministry, having been invited to become assistant of his cousin, who was vicar of Wolstanton. His first visit to America was intended only as a pleasure trip prior to completing his studies at Cambridge. He, however, became so impressed with this country's immense extent and boundless resources and the scope offered for enterprise, that he at once resolved to establish himself here. His parents strenuously protested, but his determination, finally overcame their opposition. Mr. Clews was married February 4, 1874, to Miss Lucy Madison Worthington, daughter of Colonel W. H. Worthington, a nephew of President Madison. The mother of Mrs. Clews was a daughter of Dr. Tomlinson, of Kentucky, and a sister of Mrs. General Belknap, wife of the ex-secretary of war. Colonel Worthington was a gallant officer in the union army, and was killed at the age of thirty-one years, while acting as brigadier-general in command of a division under General Pope. Mrs. Worthington afterwards married the Hon. Robert Bower, who last year was elected General Grand High Priest of Royal Arch Masons of the United States.

When the war broke out, with a forecast and sagacity remarkable in one of his years, Mr. Clews saw the golden opportunity and did not permit it to pass unimproved. Convinced that the government must become a large borrower, he aimed to distinguish himself in the negotiation of its loans, and to make his business chiefly that of dealing in government securities. Timid men were then wavering and disheartened; these securities were not popular, a general distrust prevailed, and almost universal gloom overspread society. Mr. Clews was one of the few bankers who showed unlimited confidence in the success of the government and the perpetuity of the union. At this critical moment, with Jay Cooke, his firm stood foremost in the negotiation of the immense loans of the treasury. Notwithstanding that the treasury was absolutely empty, the public creditors clamoring for pay, and most bankers hesitating to employ their means in securities deemed risky and unpromising, the enthusiastic confidence of a few young men, just rising into business life, surmounted all obstacles, and was the chief means of supplying the sinews of war. Among these few Mr. Clews stood especially prominent, and in

addition to the ordinary methods of presenting the subject before the country, he added the weight of his personal influence, arguments and solicitations. Many capitalists were induced contrary to their own judgment, to make investments in these securities by his personal entreaties. Subsequently, in conversation on the subject, Mr. Clews remarked: "I used to talk to men by the hour, who sneered at my enthusiasm, but I felt that the government was right, that the rebellion ought to be and would be subdued, and that the government securities were good." A gentleman one day in conversation with the late Hon. S. P. Chase, then secretary of the treasury, congratulated him on the success of the 5 20 loan. He replied, "I deserve no credit; had it not been for the exertions of Jay Cooke & Co., and Henry Clews & Co., I never could have succeeded."

The success of Mr. Clews' firm in the negotiation of public loans at once gave character to his house. But Mr. Clews did not rest satisfied with his financial labors at this period, arduous as they were. In all the public meetings of the day and in all the measures designed for the support of the government, he bore a distinguished part. In the year 1864 his firm was subscribing for the national loan at the rate of five millions a day, doing a business in government and other securities to the amount of fifteen millions a day.

In the canvass for the New York City election in 1870, Mr. Clews was tendered by the republicans the nomination for the office of mayor, but owing to the pressure of business engagements he would not allow his name to be used. He has several times had the opportunity of becoming secretary of the treasury and also collector of this port, and he has repeatedly been tendered nominations for congress, but his business prevented his acceptance. While he has never desired to be very active in politics, he has taken an enlarged and national view of public affairs. He has been elected a delegate to several of the republican state conventions. At that held at Utica, the credit of nominating General Dix for governor was due to him.

Shortly after the close of the war the people of the southern states appealed to congress, through their constitutional conventions, for aid in re-establishing their agricultural, commercial and manufacturing interests, which had been completely prostrated by the war. Congress could not grant the needed assistance. What the government, however, could not constitutionally do, Henry Clews undertook to accomplish. He promptly took the ground that northern capitalists should employ their means in the south, and to an amount sufficient to cause a general revival of business in all the old centres and channels of trade. The practical effect of these opinions, earnestly and persistently expressed by Mr. Clews in financial circles, was most beneficial, and the liberal and princely aid which he himself at once extended to those southern enterprises to which his attention was given, fully attested the depth and sincerity of his convictions upon this vital question. The "new drift of capital south" was the one theme of discussion among financial men in New York and in the north to such an extent as to attract the serious consideration of English and German capitalists, and heavy foreign investments to

the amount of millions in southern real estate and enterprise speedily followed. The south was poor, and yet its credit at home and abroad was undoubted. Repudiation was a word then unthought of in connection with southern obligations, and hence it was that when our government was appealed to by the south for assistance, the old world and the new most generously responded, until the "new drift of capital south" amounted to millions. This new enterprise proved premature, hence disastrous, owing to the want of earnest co-operation on the part of the southern people and to the bad faith of the various states which issued their bonds to aid public improvements and afterwards repudiated them; this was especially so with the state of Georgia, Mr. Clews being a loser of several millions of dollars thereby. It was this severe loss which caused his firm to suspend in the panic of 1873.

Mr. Clews has also been largely engaged in rendering assistance to western railway construction, the public benefits of which will long remain as the evidence of his wisdom, foresight and energy. As a financier of large and liberal views, Mr. Clews has already made an enduring reputation. His social and genial nature attaches him warmly to his friends, whose sympathy he keenly appreciates, and whose kind regards are cordially returned. Mr. Clews is still a young man, and a long career of usefulness is before him. Our citizens will remember him as among the first and foremost of those who organized the famous "Committee of Seventy," to resist the action of a body of men at that time so firmly entrenched in power in this city and in the state that they were generally regarded as invincible. Their ambitious project to transfer their power from Albany and New York to Washington, and to manipulate the national finances after the manner in which they were moving in our city treasury, had caused general alarm, and fears were entertained of their ultimate success. At this critical juncture Mr. Clews was found among the most zealous and active of our citizens, and aided untiringly in the warfare until success crowned his efforts.

The good citizen is ever zealous for the public welfare. And, in this respect, the usefulness of Mr. Clews in the future of our metropolis may be judged of from the cheerfulness and alacrity with which he has invariably discharged the duties of good citizenship in the past. He was for a long time treasurer of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," also of the "Geographical and Statistical Society," as well as of many charitable institutions, and a member of the executive committee of the Union League club.

The Keokuk News.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1882

KEOKUK, IOWA.

KEOKUK SOCIETY.

RUDDICK-ROBERTSON.

The marriage of Miss Clara Robertson and Mr. Will J. Ruddick, which occurred on Tuesday evening, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Robertson, on High street,

between Third and Fourth, was one of those principal society events which has for some time been anticipated with much interest in leading circles of this city.

The father of the bride is well-known as one of the most successful and energetic business men of Keokuk and is of the firm of Collier, Robertson & Hambleton, wholesale grocers.

THE BRIDE AND GROOM.

The bride and groom, both of whom have passed the greater portion of their lives in this city, are so well-known to our citizens that it is with a feeling of hesitation that we touch upon their many good qualities, fearing the inability to do them justice. The bride is a young lady of rare accomplishments, who adds to a cultivated mind and high social talents, many charms of an unusual order. Her manner is winning and attractive and has deeply endeared her to those who have enjoyed the pleasure of her society and who are proud to call themselves her friends. She has had many advantages of travel and education, all of which have been diligently improved, and Mr. Ruddick is to be heartily congratulated upon having won for his helpmeet through life, a bride who unites so many admirable qualities of heart and mind.

The groom is none the less deserving of mention. He is the senior member of the steam cracker bakery and wholesale confectionery firm of Ruddick & Schouten, and is one of our foremost young business men. He has succeeded in establishing, in addition to his prosperous and rapidly increasing business, a reputation for shrewd foresight and commercial fair dealing, which would be in itself a fortune for any young man. None the less marked are his social qualities, which have made him a favorite in whatever circle he moved. He is a "Keokuk boy" whom all Keokukians will be glad to see successful and his innumerable friends will rejoice that he has been so, both commercially and matrimonially.

At the piano Mr. H. T. Graham presided, and performed a wedding march in his usual fine manner, while the bridal party entered, and took their places under the canopy and the bell.

The attendants were Miss Carrie McCrary, eldest daughter of Judge George W. McCrary, ex-Secretary of War, and Will S. Robertson, brother of the bride. The ceremony was appropriately performed by Rev. T. H. Cleland, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church, after which congratulations and best wishes were in order.

The bride was exquisitely attired in a toilet of elegant cream-colored satin, full train, with garniture of fine Flem-

ish lace and orange blossoms, corsage with basque front and polonaise back, neck *en Pompadour*, filled in with puffed tulle and orange blossoms; long veil, looped with orange blossoms; ornaments, pearls. Miss McCrary appeared in a costume of white satin, with stripe moire antique and silk overdress, very elegantly trimmed with illusion, blush roses and lilies of the valley, full train, corsage heart shaped illusion filling. The mother of the bride wore a splendid black satin and brocade velvet, cut *en train*, vest front of point lace.

A number of the ladies wore very elegant and elaborate costumes, which merited especial description, were it a possibility at this time to attempt so extensive a task. As it would be unjust to particularize, we shall not attempt any individual mention.

An elegant repast was served during the evening, including all the choicest delicacies of the season, and displaying the highest artistic culinary skill.

THE GUESTS.

Those present were John W. Maas and wife, of St. Louis, C. H. Albers, wife and family and Peter Nicholson and wife, of St. Louis, J. H. Bacon and wife, of Ft. Madison, Ed. Wiley and wife, of Alexandria, Jas. H. Windsor and wife and Mrs. C. M. Hunt, of Des Moines. Miss Cash, of Indianapolis, Mrs. Baker, of Burlington, J. Johnston and wife, of Hamilton, Josiah Brown, of Quincy, Judge McCrary and wife, Jas. Cox and wife, C. E. Phillips and wife, W. E. Kellogg and wife, Gibson Browne and wife, Wm. Rees and wife, A. F. Hinckley and wife, S. Allen and wife, C. S. Pond and wife, M. A. Ballinger and wife, Rev. T. H. Cleland and wife, Alex Collier and wife, Sam S. Sample and wife, C. Hambleton and wife, S. T. Marshall and wife, H. Scott Howell and wife, Dr. W. H. Davis and wife, A. B. Chittenden and wife, J. M. Bisbee and wife, B. F. Hambleton and wife, Henry Albers and wife, Gavin Herbert and wife, D. B. Hamill and wife, W. C. Stripe and wife, D. Steele and wife, Wm. Sinton and wife, C. S. Whitney and wife, Mrs. S. W. Tucker, Mrs. Jas. Hagerman, Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Geo. Kilbourne, Mrs. Frank Allyn, Mrs. A. J. McCrary, Mrs. Mary Phelps, Mrs. J. B. Aiken, Mrs. Gerard Huiskamp, Misses Carrie, Kate and Nellie McCrary, Mattie and Annie Greene, Ina Hinckley, Mary Jewell, Sallie Lomax, Belle Smyth, Jennie and Allie Gillespie, Kate and May Ruddick, Daisy Johnstone, Addie Hodge, Annie and Janie Carey, Clara Mellen, Clara Givin, Nellie Bisbee, Mayrie Cleaver and Messrs. Chas. Hain, Frank McCrary, Robert Ruddick, John Hughes,

W. A. Brownell, Jas. C. Davis, Tom Fegan, P. T. Lomax, Henry Huiskamp, John Givin, Ben Jewell, Lee Hamill, Wells Kilbourne, Howard Tucker, A. Gardner, Jas. Anderson, Dr. Jno. Cleaver, Dave Browne, Jim and Lee Hagerman, Walter S. Tucker and Herbert H. Winslow.

THE DECORATIONS.

The decorations at the residence were beautiful in the extreme and elicited much praise. The work was done by Mr. George D. Mann, assisted by several of the ladies. The walls of both the parlors were wreathed with vines and flowers. The windows were also decorated with floral festoons. Between the two front windows of the first parlor a beautiful white canopy had been arranged, covered over with dahlias, fern leaves and smilax. In the center was suspended the customary wedding bell, which was one of the most beautiful and elaborate ever seen here. The bell proper was composed of dahlias, rose-buds, wax flowers, sweet scented jessamine, tuberose, carnation pinks and heliotropes. The clapper was composed entirely of large dahlias. Over the mantelpiece appeared the monogram "R.—R," of geranium buds and candy tuft. On either side of the letters was a large horseshoe of evergreen, embossed with geraniums, tuberose and pinks. Three floral pyramids also appeared upon the mantelpiece. Over the folding-doors leading to the back parlor were the words "Oct. 10, 1882" in evergreen, also a horseshoe of roses, dahlias and pinks, and festoons of evergreen and white roses. In the back parlor were three other pyramids of flowers, and a beautiful horseshoe over the mantel while the whole was interspersed with large ferns brought from Scotland.

THE WEDDING JOURNEY.

The bridal party left at an early hour Wednesday morning upon an extended wedding journey. Mr. and Mrs. Ruddick go first to Indianapolis then to Cincinnati, from there to Harrisburgh and Washington, D. C. They will also visit Baltimore and New York, and return by way of Indiana. They expect to be absent fully three weeks and upon arriving home will go to housekeeping at once in their residence on Third and Fulton.

THE PRESENTS.

The warm feeling of the many friends of the young couple found expression not only in sincere and joyous congratulations but in a large number of exceedingly elegant and costly presents. The gifts occupied an entire apartment by themselves and were greatly admired by the guests throughout the evening and by many who called dur-

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
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RUDDICK WED - 1

ing the week. Such an array of wedding presents is rarely seen upon an occasion of this kind in Keokuk, and every gift was of such a description as to merit an extended notice did not space forbid. Following, however, is the most complete list that could be obtained by our reporter:

Bracelet, set with diamonds, rubies and sapphires, and china set of 265 pieces, from Mr and Mrs Hugh Robertson, father and mother of the bride.

Two engravings, L Tyler.
Silver tea service, St Louis friends.
Silver oyster dish, Mr and Mrs Gibson Browne.
A handsome clock, the Misses Carey
Silver sugar spoon, Misses Kate and May Ruddick.

Butter knife, Robert Ruddick.
Berry spoon, Mr and Mrs J B Aiken.
Two large parlor chairs, Mr and Mrs J M Cox.
Bronze ornament, Mrs Sidney Cox.
Table linen, Mr and Mrs D Steele.

Tennyson Illustrated and steel plate portraits of eminent poets, Mrs Mary Phelps.
Poems of Longfellow and Saxe, Miss Mayrie Cleaver.

Hand-painted plaque, Mr. Windsor, of Des Moines.
Pearl-handled silver fruit knives, Miss Carrie McCrary.

Walnut French dresser suite, Will S Robertson.
Handsome quilt, her own handiwork, Mrs Judge McCrary.

Majolica pitcher and plate, Miss Kate McCrary.
Three pieces hand-painted china, Miss Nellie McCrary.

Silver water pitcher, Mr and Mrs J M Bisbee.
Elegant clock, Mr and Mrs P Nicolson, St Louis.

Silver cream and sugar stand, Frank McCrary.
Library table, Chas H Hain.

Two bronze pieces, Howard Tucker.
Bronze piece and two vases, Mr and Mrs S Allen.

Handsome lamp and butter dishes, Mr and Mrs C H Leas, of Hamilton.
Handsome wall ornament, hand-painted, Mr and Mrs C E Phillips.

Handsome vase, Mr and Mrs J O Voorhies.
Large lamp, Mr and Mrs George Gilbourne.
One dozen fruit knives, James Allen.

Napkin ring, J Schouten.
Engraving, Josiah Brown, of Quincy.
Pickle stand, Mr and Mrs A L Connable.

Banner, Mr and Mrs Wm Brown, Quincy.
Parlor ornaments, Mr and Mrs Antram, of St. Louis.

Picture frame, Miss Alice Malone, of St Louis.
Silver butter dish, Miss Mellen.
Two bronze vases, Miss Jewell and Ben Jewell.

Fruit plates, Misses May and Maud Albers, of St Louis.

Work basket, Dr and Mrs Scroggs.
Lace pillow shams, Mrs C M Hunt, of Des Moines.

Cake Basket, Mr and Mrs A D Kerron.
Flowers, Mr and Mrs P T Lomax.
One dozen cut glass tumblers, Mr and Mrs Bacon, of Fort Madison.

Fruit dishes, Mr and Mrs Henry Albers.
Parlor ornamental mirror, Fred Baker.
Hand-painted panel, her own work, Miss Nellie Vail of St Louis.

Pin-cushion, Inez Hinckley.
Lace tidy, Mrs S W Tucker.
Jewel case, J W Anderson.

Tidy, Miss Lyrrie, Edinburgh, Scotland.
Hand-painted plaque in plush frame, Mr and Mrs C E Hambleton

Half dozen silver spoons, Mr and Mrs Gavin Herbert.
Basket of flowers, Mr and Mrs W E Kellogg.
Lace cap, Miss Jennie Gill-spie.

Table linen, B F Hambleton.
Picture, James C Davis.
Picture, Dave Brown.

Handsome lamp, John Hughes.
Half dozen finger bowls, Mr and Mrs A J McCrary.

Pickle stand, Mr and Mrs Baker, Quincy.
Pair of vases, Ralph Wolf, of Chicago.
Picture, Miss Addie Hodge.

Oil painting, executed and presented by Mrs Gerard Huiskamp.
Silver salver, Mr and Mrs Henry Huiskamp.
Half dozen linen napkins, Thos Fegan.

Pair of gold and cut glass candlesticks, Mr and Mrs John Maas, of St Louis.
Silver jelly spoons, Mr and Mrs James Hagerman.

Silver salt cellars, Lee and Jim Hagerman.
Silver and gold butter dishes, Thomas J Walker.

Silver butter knife, Dr and Mrs Davis
Half dozen pearl-handled silver knives and forks, Mr and Mrs Alex Collier, Miss Annie and John Collier.

Handsome lamp, Mr and Mrs A F Mirrielees.
Mats, Misses Gillespie.

Toilet sets, Misses Laura and Carrie Hamill.
Crochet shawl, Miss Amanda Pearce.
Majolica tea set, Mr and Mrs C S Whitney.
One dozen solid silver fruit knives, James M Allen.
Duchesse lace handkerchief, John Sheppard, Edinburgh, Scotland.
Honiton handkerchief, Miss Robertson, Crief, Scotland.
Point lace handkerchief, Mrs Isaac White, Boston.
Mahogany secretary, Mrs Albers, St Louis.

BANQUET AND RECEPTION.

On Tuesday evening at the conclusion of the Damon and Pythias entertainment, a number of members of the Knights of Pythias and other citizens, tendered Mr. Warde and his leading man, Mr. Aveling, a reception and banquet at the Central restaurant. Music, toasts and a sumptuous collation formed the evening's entertainment.

Those present were Frederick Warde, Henry Aveling, John J. Collins, C. S. Whitney, D. J. Ayres, Gen. A. J. Baker, Crail Wiley, D. C. Bradley, of Centerville, Sam'l Klein, Morris Klein, Dan Frankel, Wm. N. Petteway, Dr. F. W. Wyman, Theo. G. English. Max Kastner, E. Radasch, Theo. Comstock, Edwin Rothert, C. S. Baker, J. D. Maxwell, W. H. Dolbear, H. Tucker, J. C. Blackburn, W. T. Jones, H. A. Heaslip, J. M. Bisbee, W. D. Patterson, W. F. Foot, J. R. Roberts, R. S. Ranson, Chas. Schultz, H. H. Libbe, D. L. Hughes, J. A. Pool, Chas. Mead, Fred Howell, Will Huxley, S. Edwards, Geo. E. Garrett, A. Moody, H. T. Graham, Jno. Rankin, J. C. Hughes, W. P. Kiser, F. B. Cole, J. A. Comstock, Luke Huiskamp, Frank J. Warren, M. A. Runner, Frank LeBron, C. H. Peirce, Frank, Starke, Geo. Lee, Dr. Scroggs, W. A. George, J. E. Wycoff.

The Keokuk Gate City and Constitution Democrat
MONDAY, NOV. 1, 1937

Miss Lowitz Is Wed Sunday At Her Home Here

In an impressive ceremony, Miss Helene Lowitz, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lowitz, and Mr. Lewis C. Wiederhold of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, son of the late Theodore Wiederhold and Mrs. Nathan Seifer of Chicago Heights, Illinois, formerly Miss Clara Solomon of Keokuk, were married at the home of the bride's parents, 620 North Fifth Street, Sunday morning, October 31, at 11 o'clock. The marriage was solemnized in front of the fireplace in the living room, which was flanked with very tall baskets of yellow chrysanthemums, before which were small tables bearing seven branched candelabra with lighted white tapers, and at the base of these tables were baskets of the yellow chrysanthemums. The same flowers with ferns decorated the mantel, and chrysanthemums and roses were used throughout the house. Miss Marjorie Baker, a close

WEDS SUNDAY



—Anschutz Photo.
Mrs. Lewis Carl Wiederhold (Helene Lowitz)

friend of the bride from childhood, who is now attending the University of Chicago, came to Keokuk to serve Miss Lowitz as bride's maid. Mr. Warren Goldman of Milwaukee was the best man. Dr. Alvin S. Luchs of Davenport performed the wedding ceremony and after the vows were made, gave a beautiful, short sermon. Mrs. Maurice Peters played Debussy's "Clair de Lune" preceding her playing of the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin to which music the bride and bridegroom and their attendants took their places for the wedding service. Miss Baker came down the stairway looking very attractive in a gold velvet dress, floor length and simply fashioned. She wore a small hat and veil and brown slippers and carried an arm bouquet of talisman roses tied in gold satin. Then came the bride escorted by her father who gave her in marriage. Miss Lowitz made a lovely bride. She is a very pretty, dainty type and looked charming in her fuchsia velvet dress, made floor length with simple graceful lines and short puffed sleeves. She wore a halo of fuchsia velvet about her dark hair and a veil of the same shade. Her slippers matched her costume. She carried an arm bouquet of white bride's roses and valley lilies tied with white satin ribbon. She wore a diamond and pearl necklace, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr. Wiederhold and Mr. Goldman and Dr. Luchs came from the dining room to the improvised altar to meet Miss Lowitz, her father and Miss Baker. After the ceremony, the wedding guests who were members of the immediate families and only a few close friends, offered their good wishes and congratulations at a reception. Following the reception the wedding breakfast for the bridal party was given at the Hotel Iowa.

Then Mr. Wiederhold and his bride left for Santa Fe, New Mexico. Mrs. Wiederhold wore a raspberry traveling costume trimmed in beaver, and a brown hat, brown slippers and gloves. They will be at home after their wedding journey at 1026 Pleasant Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The bride after her graduation from the Keokuk High school, attended Stephens college. She is an attractive and popular girl and has been honored with many pre-nuptial parties since the announcement of her engagement, and received many handsome gifts. Mr. Wiederhold was educated in the Milwaukee schools and the University of Wisconsin. He has visited in Keokuk numerous times and been liked and made friends with those who met him. He is employed with Frankand Company of Milwaukee.

Saturday evening, the bride's aunts, Miss Amanda Younker and Miss Katherine Younker, and her uncle, Mr. I. L. Younker, gave a pre-nuptial dinner at the Hotel Iowa for the bridal party and the out-of-town guests.

Guests from out of town at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Seifer of Chicago Heights, Illinois, Mrs. Gettie Berolzheimer, Miss Hannah Solomon, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Fuchs, Miss Charlotte Hornstein, Miss Ray Lowitz and Mr. Harry Lowitz of Chicago, Miss Belle Herzberg and Miss Madeleine McGrath of Milwaukee, Miss Ruth Hirsch of Highland Park, Illinois, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Mandelbaum, Miss Jennie Younker and Miss Rachel Younker of Des Moines and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lowitz and Mr. Nathan Lowitz of Davenport.

aunt, and Miss Marjorie Baker presided at the tea table. Mrs. Lowitz was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. S. A. Miller, Mrs. Robert Murray Pratt, Mrs. L. C. Pumphrey, Miss Jean Vath, Mrs. B. H. Tomlinson, Mrs. Vernon Roost, Mrs. Maurice Peters and Miss Betty McClure.

Older Keokuk residents will remember the mother of Miss Lowitz's fiance. She was formerly Miss Clara Solomon of Keokuk. She married Theodore Wiederhold of Milwaukee and after his death married Nathan Seifer.

No date has been set for the wedding.

**DAILY GATE CITY
MONDAY, MAY 24, 1937**

**Lowitz-Wiederhold
Engagement Told
At Tea Saturday**

Mr. and Mrs. William Lowitz announce the engagement of their daughter, Helene, to Mr. Lewis Carl Wiederhold of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, son of the late Theodore Wiederhold of Milwaukee and of Mrs. Nathan Seifer of Chicago Heights, Illinois. The announcement of Miss Lowitz's engagement was made Saturday afternoon, May 22, at a tea, given by her mother, Mrs. William Lowitz, at their home, 620 North Fifth street. About one hundred guests were invited to this lovely spring party and they were received by Mrs. Lowitz, Miss Helene Lowitz and Miss Katherine Younker, an aunt of the bride-to-be. When the guests were served they found two small cards tied to the handles of the tea cups with white satin ribbons and valley lillies and the cards bore the names of the prospective bride and bridegroom.

The house was beautifully decorated with spring flowers, the tea table being especially pretty with its centerpiece of pastel colored flowers and the cakes and candies of these same delicate colors. Miss Amanda Younker, the honor guest's

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

A GOLDEN DAY.

A Large Company of Friends-- Handsome Presents.

A Pleasant Family Reunion--Grand Parents--Children and Childrens' Children Together -- 1838 Hamill-McCandless -- 1838 Hamill-Hamill.

"Days like these are rare this side of heaven," so when people, whose virtues and kindness are as well known as are Mr. and Mrs. Smith Hamill's, reach this golden milestone in their earthly pilgrimage it is but natural that their friends should join them in celebrating the happy day which so few reach.

The blessings promised in that good book, which has been the guide of their lives seem to have fallen upon them. Peace reigns in their household while love and content sit by their fireside. Their children honor them, their grand children love them and their neighbors and townsmen give to them their regard and friendship. Respected at home and abroad what else can earth give.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamill were born in Pennsylvania and are of Scotch-Irish descent; they are very proud of their old Scotch Presbyterian ancestry. On both sides their ancestors were soldiers of the Revolutionary war. Mr. and Mrs. Hamill were both baptised in their infancy into the church on the same day by Rev. David Emory. They grew up together; went to school together, studied out of the same books, and were always sweethearts and lovers.

Mrs. Hamill's maiden name was Nancy McCandless. They were married in 1838 and in 1842 came to Keokuk. Mr. Hamill's first investment was in land which proved to be an unfortunate one as it was on the Half Breed tract and the title was valueless. He then embarked in the retail grocery business in which he continued until he entered into the wholesale grocery trade, and in which business he still takes an active part. He is interested in other business enterprises, is a director in the Iowa State Insurance company, also of the Keokuk National bank. Mr. and Mrs. Hamill are nearly the same age, she being seventy-one and he seventy-two years old. They were born into the old school Presbyterian church and have always kept within the confines of its beliefs and teachings. They are regular communicants and warm-hearted supporters of their church in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamill have had eleven children, ten of them living.

Their names and places of residence are as follows in the order of their ages: Mrs. Rose L. Sexton, wife of Rev. Thos. L. Sexton, Seward, Nebraska; Mrs. Maria J. Carey, widow, Keokuk; Mrs. Annie Bruce, wife of Judge John Bruce, Montgomery, Alabama; Mrs. Martha Horne, wife of R. G. Horne, Keokuk; David B. Hamill, Keokuk; Ellenor McCalla, wife of Prof. Albert McCalla, Lake Forrest college, Illinois; Mary Belle Hamill, Laura Alice Hamill, Carrie Sherman Hamill and Llewlyn Alexander Hamill, of Keokuk. They have fourteen grand children and all being present excepting the children of Mrs. Bruce. All their children are with them on this joyous occasion excepting Mrs. Judge Bruce, who is detained by illness.

At the house yesterday the first hour was the minister's hour, the ministers of the city being present. The only services of a religious character was a prayer by Rev. W. C. Williamson, of the United Presbyterian church. Miss Carrie Hamill then read an original poem. Rev. Dr. Thos. L. Sexton read a poem by Mrs. John N. Irwin which we publish. Professor McCalla read a poem entitled Watching and Waiting, the author of which we were unable to find. Rev. Dr. Maple read a poem written by his wife, which received many compliments, but its length would not permit its publication. After these exercises the reception of invited guests and the serving of an exhaustless lunch occupied the afternoon.

A letter with a gold dollar of 1851 was received from Gen. W. W. Belknap. He said that Mr. Hamill had paid him \$1 in gold for some service done when he was in the law office of Judge Lowe of this city, and that it looked bigger than any other dollar he ever earned or saw.

The presents were many and expensive, while the accompanying notes from the donors expressed the regard and esteem in which they held Mr. and Mrs. Hamill.

Rev. Thos. L. Sexton, a son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Hamill, from Seward, Nebraska, with his daughters, Miss Anna B. Dawson and Alice May Sexton, were in attendance at the golden wedding. Also Prof. Albert McCalla, a son-in-law from Lake Forest college, as were also Dr. Thomas Hamill and wife, of Olatha, Kansas. The doctor is a brother of Mr. Smith Hamill.

At 7:30 p. m. the business men made their offering of a chair to Mr. and Mrs. Hamill through Hon. S. M. Clark. His remarks were impromptu and full of pleasant thoughts and happy reminders to the aged pair of the days of their courtship, and of the time when one chair served them both. Mr. Hamill responded with much feeling to Mr. Clark's address.

Mrs. John N. Irwin presented an ele-

gant satin banner, on which was printed in gold the following original poem:

TO
MR. AND MRS. SMITH HAMILL,
1838-1888.

Full fifty years--and yet together
With loving trust, hand clasped in hand,
To-day ye stand while sweetly gather
Fond memories of that distant land.
Full fifty years of wedded joy and love,
A century half, what doth the years unfold?
What blessings that from sky serene,
Shone on your paths in tints of gold.

Full fifty years--what heart-aches came,
What farewells sigh in memory back?
What days when smitten down by pain
Your love was tried on pity's rack.
Full fifty years--and on there shines,
From out all others so pure and bright,
One year in which, from Heaven's fair gate,
There came a babe, a holy light.

Oh! years go back for this aged pair,
'Til they come to those by its presence blest,
And bring again his beauty rare,
'Ere he plumes his wings for the golden rest,
Oh! years the rippling laugh restore,
The bounding step, the prattle sweet,
The fond good-night so softly o'er,
With loving kiss to-day repeat.

Oh! years on which the sod hath lain,
On the fondest hopes these hearts have known
Of struggling with the bitter pain,
Repressing back the bitter moan.
Oh! years on years where in purest light
Hath grown the babe, your lips hath prest,
With winning face in radiance bright,
He waits your welcome to the blest.

Oh! years so full of joy and grief,
So teeming rich with well wrought days
In your flight those hearts from sure relief,
In sheltering those whose childish plays
Brought back the happy sounds of glee,
And faithful through those years you bring,
The trust you sought and hoped to be,
The rich reward of work for Him.
These children at your side to-day
Are proofs your labor was not vain,
As lingering at life's eve they may
Soothe the last conscious hour of pain.

Full fifty years--oh! may there come,
Our Father's richest blessing down,
Of all life's day this may be one
Kind friends may with love crown.
Full fifty years--soon the journey's o'er,
These hands will lose their loving hold,
And one will wait on the blissful shore
'Til both in their Father's house will keep
A union longer far than gold.

A handsome clock was presented to Mr. Hamill by the directors of the Iowa State Insurance company, with a card that read as follows:

1838 1888
With the highest esteem and affection of your associates, the Directors and Secretary of the Iowa State Insurance Company,
Howard Tucker, 1858.
A. L. Connable, 1859.
Samuel E. Carey, 1859.
Hugh Robertson, 1869.
William A. Brownell, 1872.
J. O. Voorhies, 1883.
John N. Irwin, 1884.
TO SMITH HAMILL, ESQ., 1858.

Mr. Hugh Robertson made the following presentation remarks:
"But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

My Dear Friends: We are all here this evening to celebrate with you and to congratulate you upon thus reaching the fiftieth anniversary of your wedded life. About this time fifty years ago you agreed with the Scotch poet that said:

"Life's a weary journey alone,
Blythes the road when we wend w'ither
Mutual gien is mutual gain,
Ae guid turn deserves anither."

The opportunity to celebrate a golden wedding is given to but a few, and it affords us all great pleasure to be here to-night and to shake hands with you at this jubilee mile stone on your march through life. There are times in our lives which we look back upon with infinite delight and pleasure; starting points to which we turn as if it were the first beginnings of our lives, and although the life may not be altogether unmingled with the cares and sorrows, (for none are), it is full of sweet halting places, full of calm and peace, and thus on through the pilgrimage of life, we look on these spots and date this or that happiness from it. Thus you will look at the start of fifty years ago.

What a wealth of time we have in youth. The couple of twenty looks down the vista of time, as it were, to shade their eyes to see fifty years hence, and when you started out fifty years ago, I presume that is just how you looked at it. You came into the half century just closing to-night with pennants streaming, and you have out-sailed the storm. Where are all the barks that started out with you; have they gone down at sea? How few reach the haven that you have landed at to-night. Hand in hand you have for the last fifty years been sailing on this ocean of time, often weary and heavy laden with the perplexities of life. There is the near and the far vision. "There is the near and the heavenly horizon." We must climb to the highest altitudes to have this far look. This mountain summit, you have reached, and from this high altitude you can, not only look back to the past, but you can also look forward and see the land that is afar off. Your walk now will be on the side where the shadows are growing longer, and you can say in the words of the old Scotch song:

"John Anderson, my Jo John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And many a canty day, John,
We've had w' ane anither,
But we maum totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

Perhaps in your life days will come, as they do to many, when you begin to think that all who started in life with you are gone. For a long time it looks to us as if things were permanent here, and as days, weeks, months, years, go past, we find that departures have been numerous, and we have to face the fact that the storms of life have left but few of them alive to-day. Shall we find them anywhere along the road; shall we overtake them at some inn or resting place in the everlasting journey?

Going down the mountain slope towards sunset there may be dark days. Each heart knows its own griefs and sorrows. These days are spoken of in the book of books, "Days not very clear, nor yet dark, but in the evening-time it shall be light," and again, "He giveth his beloved sleep." You have

all these promises, therefore:

"Confide ye aye in Providence for Providence is kind
And bear ye a' life's change wie a calm and peaceful mind,
Though pressed and hemmed on every side,
Hae faith and you'll win through,
For ilka a blade of grass keeps its ain drap o' dew."

Then grateful for the good hand of thy God,
And trustful for the change yet unknown,
Once more thou mayest essay the pilgrim's road,
Secure of never faring there alone."

The man and woman who celebrate their fiftieth anniversary of wedded life must feel as if they had a charmed life. Having moved safely athwart the dangers of this world toward the great fold. Having tasted of all life's dishes except one, and we hope in your case that that dish may remain covered for many years.

"There is a beauty youth can never know,
There is a charm in age, well nigh sublime,
Oh! how brave the stately weakness of re-
vered age.

Be ours the task to solace and to cheer,
To fondly guide its foot-steps
To print a blessing on the final page."

In your case, why this phenomenal escape and success?

"Thrift made them easy for the coming day,
Religion took the fear of death away,
A cheerful spirit still insured content,
And love smiled around them whereso'er they went."

"They in the Lord that firmly trust,
Shall be like Sion's Hill."

The Lord His folk doth compass so,
For henceforth and for aye.

That accounts for it all, but more in the way of helps, an old Scotch song says:

"He that gets a guid, guid wife
Get gear enough, gets gear enough,
And he that gets an ill, ill wife
Gets cares enough, gets cares enough."

The wisdom of Mr. Hamill is justified in selecting the "guid, guid wife."

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he hath no need of spoil; she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life; she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness; her children raise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Good living has a great deal to do with morality. Someone has said that we are all born with equal capacity and accounts for the difference in men in the food they eat. Hazlet writes to his love, "I never love you so well as when I think of sitting down with you to dinner on a boiled scrag end of mutton and hot potatoes." Now I don't want to draw the line too strong and give Mrs. Hamill's cooking credit for all this success, and long happy life, but I tell you that it cuts a large figure in it. The cooking in this house is good. I have tried it—not so often, perhaps, as I would like.

No one will deny that good living is a great factor in life. Good character generally follows good living. There are exceptions to this, for often years of discretion are the most indiscreet in the course of human life. "Ah! A gentleman, Ah! A lady." "A rarer thing thought Thackery than some of us think." Which of us can point out many such in his or circle, men and women, whose whole bent and aims are generous, whose truth is sure, constant and elevated; who can look the world squarely and honestly in the face, with an equal courtesy and sympathy for the

small and great. Good breeding is not wholly acquired, to a great extent it is the gift of God. There are plenty of good Samaritans, but few leave the oil and the two-pence behind them. Burns says:

"But when on life we're tempest driven
A conscience but a canker
A Correspondence fixed w' heaven
Is sure a noble anchor."

In all ages mankind have been in the habit of expressing in various forms their good wishes for each other. Very early in the history of the race gifts were often presented to those who were held in high esteem by their fellow men. Occupying, as you do, a position in the commercial world entitling you to rank first among any and all cotemporaries, and as president of the Iowa State Insurance company for over thirty years, guiding its affairs with prudence, caution and wisdom for all these years, your decisions as president have always been prompted by a strong sense of justice and right. For your pleasant ways of calling the "boys" to order and for your long suffering towards some of us for being so often out of order, we thank you, and hope that you may long be spared us to preside over all our deliberations. We think no more fitting occasion than this, the fiftieth anniversary of your wedded life could present itself for such a purpose, and the pleasant duty has been assigned me as one of the older members of the board. Allow me, therefore, in behalf of your fellow members of the board of directors and secretary of the Iowa State Insurance company to present to you and your good wife this time piece as a token of their regard and affection, and we hope and pray that you will both be spared many days to see the hands move around its dial face, and for years to come remind you of January 30th and this anniversary, and that we were all here on this happy occasion.

The figure of the youth on this clock looks like as if he was trying to solve a problem. This youth does not resemble any member of our board. Did he resemble Mr. Tucker, I would say he was looking to see if this was a tin roof and making the risk one per cent; or Mr. Brownell, would say he was looking for a shingle roof and a one and one-half per cent rate, or Mr. Connable looking how the stove pipe came through the garret without an elbow, or like Mr. Carey, to reconcile opinions, saying "raise it one-half per cent" balance of board concurring. The president cannot say in this "come, hurry up, boys, or we will not get through to-night, read fast Mr. Tucker." This risk has to be carefully examined and the answer will be something like this: "Things which are double of the same are equal to one another." This is the only problem of Euclid that I know, my wife taught me that, perhaps some of you will know what it meant. Be the problem what it may by the time a man celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of wedded life, and keeps a board of talking directors in good order for thirty years he has solved all the problems that are worth knowing. I think Mr. Hamill will feel to-night like the Scotchman that went to Heaven. After examining him in the large and shorter catechism, St. Peter admitted him and

THE GREAT DUSTY HEAF CALLED HISTORY
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after closing the door, said, "What do you think of it?" The canny Scot said: "I dinna ken if I hae a right to cretesize but am thinking a' this is just fair extravagance."

Golden weddings are rare, Mr. Hamill, and all this is just the right and proper thing to do—it shows the love and regard of your friends. Now, in conclusion, I am sure that I express the feeling of your fellow directors and all present in expressing the wish that time will deal tenderly with you and yours, and that your future will be like the past, full of heavenly pity, sweet sympathy, patient kindness and enduring wealth of love; that you may be blessed in friends and family, basket and store; that you lack no good thing and that you may be long spared to enjoy all the rich gifts and blessings that the good Lord has bestowed upon you, and when you both shall be gathered to your fathers it may be like shocks of corn fully ripe and that your leaving may be like wrapping the drapery of your couch about you and lying down to pleasant dreams.

Thanking you all kindly for your attention and hoping that health, happiness and prosperity may be the portion of all here.

An original poem was presented entitled watching and waiting. It accompanied a picture of the same name which was a present from the members of the United Presbyterian church. The poem narrates the waiting of Nancy McCandless for Smith Hamill, who was delayed some time by high water and failed to reach his bride's home until several hours after the time set for the wedding.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

Watching, waiting, sits the maiden
While the hours fly swiftly by,
Watching, waiting for the lover
Who should soon be drawing nigh.
But the floods rise ever higher,
Loudly howls the wintry blast,
And the hour they had appointed
For the wedding, now is past.

On the white hands clasped together
Lower droops the golden head;
Yet "I know that he is coming,"
Confidently still she said,
Not a moment did she doubt him,
Her true heart could know no fear.
Smilingly she reassured them,
Saying, "Soon he will be here."

And he came—that brave young lover,
By the flood so long delayed;
Never was a happier bridal
Than of that young man and maid.
Hand in hand they walked together,
Blessed by heaven and loved by all—
Friends and kindred, near and distant—
Honored much by great and small.

Children's children now surround them,
Happy in their love are they,
Sweet their trust in one another
As it was that wedding day.
And at this their Golden Wedding,
After fifty years have passed,
Let us wish them joy and gladness
Which for evermore shall last.

By 10 o'clock the guests had gone away, leaving the home and family with pleasant memories of the day and of the event it celebrates.

CONSTITUTION - DEMOCRAT.

CONCE FEBRUARY 1, 1888.

A GOLDEN WEDDING

CELEBRATED MONDAY BY MR. AND MRS. SMITH HAMILL.

Handsomely Decorated Parlors, Appropriate Exercises and Many Valuable and Beautiful Presents Received.

Fifty years ago Monday at the home of John and Mary McCandless, in what was then Beaver, but is now Lawrence county, Pennsylvania, a Presbyterian minister, Rev. James Wright, pronounced the words that united in the golden ties of God's holy ordinance of matrimony, Smith Hamill and Nancy McCandless. It is not often in this life that man and wife live to that age that they can celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of this eventful mark in one's life, but this has been graciously accorded our esteemed fellow-citizen and his worthy wife. It must have been with a feeling of pride that they stood together yesterday in their beautiful home, with their children and grand children thronging around them, and received the congratulations and hearty wishes for their future welfare, expressed both by the lips and in the hearty grasp of the hand of the hundreds who came to greet them on this notable occasion. And richly do Mr. Hamill and his wife of half a century deserve the blessings and prosperity which a beneficent Providence has showered upon them. They have walked in His ways and have brought up their children to do His pleasure, and rich has been their reward, for no stain or word of reproach has ever darkened the lives of any of them.

Mr. Hamill and wife are both proud of their sturdy Scotch-Irish ancestry, and of their Presbyterian faith. Their ancestors were soldiers of the Revolutionary war. Both were born in the same county in which they were married—Beaver, now Lawrence county, Pa.—Mr. Hamill being born July 23rd, 1815, and his wife Sept. 15th, 1816. Mr. Hamill was the son of John and Rosanna Hamill, and his wife the daughter of John and Mary McCandless. Both were baptized in their infancy and on the same day in the Presbyterian church near their home, the ceremony being performed by Rev. David Emery. In 1846, six years after their marriage, they came to Keokuk, in which city they have resided ever since, and where they command the love and the highest esteem and respect of all. Mr. Hamill

first invested in a piece of land, what is now the Hunt estate, in the half-breed tract. This was an unfortunate transaction as the title proved valueless. In 1852 he engaged in the retail grocery business. In 1857, Mr. Hamill associated himself with A. G. McQueen and A. J. Ralston in the wholesale grocery business. He bought out Mr. McQueen's interest in 1860, and that gentleman is now living on a farm fifty miles east of St. Louis. In 1862 Mr. Ralston disposed of his interest in the business to Mr. Hamill and went to California, where he is now a capitalist and smelter in San Francisco. In 1862 Mr. Hamill took into partnership Wm. Tackaberry and his son, David B. Hamill. Mr. Tackaberry continued in the firm for four or five years, when he disposed of his interest and removed to Sioux City, Iowa, where he is now engaged with his son in the wholesale grocery business. Three years ago, his youngest son, L. A. Hamill, became a partner in the business, which has increased from year to year until it has assumed large proportions. Mr. Hamill, in addition to being senior member of this firm, known as S. Hamill & Co., is also a director and president of the Iowa State Insurance Co., having held the latter position since 1858; and is also a member of the board of directors of the Keokuk Canning company and of the Keokuk Plow works, and formerly of the Keokuk National bank. Both he and his wife are members of the United Presbyterian church of this city and have always been identified prominently in all church, benevolent and charitable work.

To Mr. Hamill and wife were born eleven children, all of whom except one—Willie, who died in 1855, are living. They are as follows in the order of their age: Mrs. Rose H. Sexton, wife of Rev. Thos. L. Sexton, D. D., of Seward, Neb., superintendent of the Presbyterian missionary work in Nebraska; Mrs. Maria J. Carey, widow, of Keokuk; Mrs. Anna J. Bruce, wife of Judge John Bruce, judge of the United States district and circuit courts at Montgomery, Ala.; David B. Hamill, of Keokuk; Mrs. Martha Horne, wife of Robert G. Horne, of Keokuk; Mrs. Eleanor N. McCalla, wife of Rev. Albert McCalla, Ph. D., professor in Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill.; Miss Mary Belle Hamill, Miss Laura Alice Hamill, Miss Carrie Sherman Hamill, and Llewellyn Alexander Hamill, all residing in Keokuk. They also have fourteen grandchildren. All of these children and grandchildren were

present at this golden wedding anniversary, with the exception of Judge Bruce, wife and children, who were detained at home by the illness of Mrs. Bruce. There were also present from abroad Dr. Thomas Hamill, of Olathe, Kansas, brother of S. Hamill, and wife; Rev. Dr. McMichaels, president of Monmouth college, Monmouth, Ill., and wife; and Misses Anna B. Dawson and Alice May Sexton, of Seward, Neb., daughters of Rev. Sexton.

The spacious parlors of the commodious residence were decorated in a handsome and elaborate manner for the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Hamill received their guests standing in the centre of the front of the main parlor and under a beautifully arranged gilt canopy, draped in old gold mull and trimmed with smilax, while over the centre hung a lovely bouquet composed of fifty choice Marechal Neil roses, a present from O. C. Cox, of Chicago, formerly of Keokuk. In the background was massed ferns, calla lilies and cut flowers. Numerous articles of gold were arranged around the room, and under the canopy were two parlor chairs covered with old gold brocaded velvet. The double doorway between the two parlors was draped in white lace and old gold mull.

The reception from 2 to 3 o'clock in the afternoon was for the ministers and the family. In addition to Rev. McMichaels of Monmouth, Rev. Sexton, of Seward, and Rev. McCalla, of Lake Forest, Ill., there were present the following members of the clergy of Keokuk: Rev. W. C. Williamson, of the United Presbyterian church; Rev. Dr. J. S. Hoyt, of the Congregational church; Rev. Dr. J. C. Maple, of the First Baptist church, and Rev. W. G. Thorn, of Chatham Square M. E. church. Each of these gentlemen was accompanied by his wife, except Rev. Thorn, whose wife is absent in Bloomfield, Iowa. The marriage ceremony was not repeated, but Rev. Williamson offered a brief prayer. Mrs. Gen. J. C. Parrott, of this city, stood beside Mr. and Mrs. Hamill in the capacity of bridesmaid, as she was married to Gen. Parrott September 4th, 1838, fifty years ago, lacking a few months. They were married in Fort Madison, where they then resided, by a Presbyterian minister from West Point. Following Rev. Williamson's address Miss Carrie Hamill read an original poem. An elegant banner of white lace covered with old gold satin, and with gold fringe and ribbons, had been presented by Mrs. John N. Irwin in memory of Willie Hamill, deceased. On the satin was printed the following

beautiful and appropriate lines written by the poetess, Helen M. Fawcett, which were read by Rev. Sexton:

TO
MR. AND MRS. SMITH HAMILL,
1838-1888.

Full fifty years—and yet together
With loving trust, hand clasped in hand,
To-day ye stand while sweetly gather
Fond memories of that distant land.
Full fifty years of wedded joy and love,
A century half, what doth the years unfold?
What blessings that from sky serene,
Shone on your paths in tints of gold.

Full fifty years—what heart aches came,
What farewells sigh in memory back?
What days when smitten down by pain
Your love was tried on pity's rack.
Full fifty years—and on there shines,
From out all others so pure and bright,
One year in which, from Heaven's fair gate,
There came a babe, a holy light.

Oh! years go back for this aged pair,
'Til they come to those by its presence blest,
And bring again his beauty rare,
'Ere he plumes his wings for the golden rest,
Oh! years the rippling laugh restore,
The bounding step, the prattle sweet,
The fond good-night so softly o'er,
With loving kiss to-day repeat.

Oh! years on which the sod hath lain,
On the fondest hopes these hearts have known
Of struggling with the bitter pain,
Repressing back the bitter moan.
Oh! years on years where in palest light
Hath grown the babe, your lips hath prest,
With winning face in radiance bright,
He waits your welcome to the blest.

Oh! years so full of joy and grief,
So teeming rich with well wrought days
In your flight those hearts from sure relief,
In sheltering those whose childish plays
Brought back the happy sounds of glee,
And faithful through those years you bring,
The trust you sought and hoped to be,
The rich reward of work for Him.
These children at your side to-day
Are proofs your labor was not vain,
As lingering at life's eve they may
Soothe the last conscious hour of pain.

Full fifty years—oh! may there come,
Our Father's richest blessing down,
Of all life's day this may be one
Kind friends may with love crown.
Full fifty years—soop the journey's o'er,
These hands will lose their loving hold,
And one will wait on the blissful shore
'Till both in their Father's house will keep
A union longer far than gold.

Following this, Rev. McCalla read the poem entitled "Watching and Waiting," written for the occasion by Mrs. Emeline McGowan, of Keokuk. It was suggested by the picture bearing that name, a gift of the members of the United Presbyterian church. The picture was suggested by the fact that Smith Hamill arrived two hours and a half late on the occasion of his wedding, being delayed by high water. "This," says his wife, "was the only time I was kept waiting by him" We give the poem entire, as follows:

WATCHING AND WAITING,
Watching, waiting, sits the maiden
While the hours fly swiftly by,
Watching, waiting for the lover
Who should soon be drawing nigh.
But the floods rise ever higher,
Loudly howls the wintry blast,
And the hour they had appointed
For the wedding, now is past.

On the white hands clasped together
Lower droops the golden head;
Yet "I know that he is coming,"
Confidently still she said,
Not a moment did she doubt him,
Her true heart could know no fear,
Smilingly she reassured them,
Saying, "Soon he will be here."

And he came—that brave young lover,
By the flood so long delayed;
Never was a happier bridal
Than of that young man and maid.
Hand in hand they walked together,
Blessed by heaven and loved by all—
Friends and kindred, near and distant—
Honored much by great and small.

Children's children now surround them,
Happy in their love are they,
Sweet their trust in one another
As it was that wedding day,
And at this their Golden Wedding,
After fifty years have passed,
Let us wish them joy and gladness
Which for evermore shall last.

Next was a finely written poem by Mrs. Dr. Maple, which was read by her husband. At the conclusion of these exercises, the public reception commenced, which lasted until 9 o'clock. The supper, served in the large dining hall, was composed of the most delicious viands and fruits.

At 7:30 in the evening, the business men of the city presented Mr. Hamill with an elegant easy chair covered with black leather, Hon. Sam M. Clark making the presentation speech in a few well chosen words.

One of the most elaborate presents was a large and costly bronze clock, bearing the figure of a youth, who is apparently endeavoring to solve a geometrical figure in a book. Below the face of the clock are inscribed the dates, "1838-1888" on marble. The presentation remarks were made by Mr. Hugh Robertson in his usual happy vein, and as they are already in print, and quite extended, it is not necessary to reproduce them. This clock was accompanied by a card, which bore the following inscription:

1838 1888
With the highest esteem and affection of your associates, the Directors and Secretary of the
Iowa State Insurance Company,
Howard Tucker, 1858.
A. L. Counable, 1859.
Samuel E. Carey, 1859.
Hugh Robertson, 1869.
William A. Brownell, 1872.
J. O. Voorhies, 1888.
John N. Irwin, 1884.
To SMITH HAMILL, Esq., 1888.

The presents were all beautiful and appropriate. In addition to those mentioned above were the following:

- Solid gold napkin rings from Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Weess and family.
- Gold knitting needles from numerous lady friends.
- Gold thimble from Mrs. Koch.
- Gold headed umbrella from Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Huiskamp.
- Gold badge breast pin from the ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance union, of Keokuk.
- Gold napkin rings from Ligget & Myers, of St. Louis.
- Complete after-dinner set from Mr. Loker, of Chicago.
- Gold cake from General and Mrs. J. C. Parrott.
- Handsome Card receiver of oxidized silver and gold jardiniere from Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hubinger.
- Candlebras from Mr. and Mrs. C. H. and Mr. A. T. Graham.
- Gold handkerchief case, from Mrs. Wm. Sinton.
- Gold plush photograph case from Mrs. S. T. D. Rankin.
- Handsome gilt Hearth Set from Prof. and Mrs. McCalla, of Lake Forest, Ill.
- Bronze pitcher from Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Richards, of Lincoln, Neb.
- A book of choice poems, bound in plush, from Mr. and Mrs. James H. Anderson.

HAMILL

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
H. I. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

is the lot of earthly mortals to attain. If celestial beings have an interest in the domestic affairs of mankind, it would seem that they had been particularly happy in planning the life voyage of this worthy couple. Their sunny dispositions have dissipated the snows of age and made their lives a perpetual summer time. The refined enjoyments of existence have been theirs and all their friends have come under their genial influence. For forty years they have been an animating center of the social life of Keokuk, and to them in no small degree is due the distinctive and elevated social atmosphere of this city. Delicately illustrative of the sentiment just expressed was this beautiful little allegory which came as one of the tokens of congratulation yesterday. It is from Mrs Sarah Sherfey Wilkinson of Burlington and was inscribed:

"A Garden Song for the Golden Wedding"
 In the very heart of the garden wide
 Were planted two roses, side by side.
 So near to each other they lived and grew
 That sometime they seemed more like one than two.

Bravely they stood through the days that brought pain;
 Through the winter's wind and the frost and rain
 Until blessings of springtime came again
 When they smiled and gave thanks in blossoms sweet
 And scattered their loveliness at earth's feet.
 While birds and bees and butterflies fair
 Found comfort and rest and refreshment there.
 So the time went by and one happy day—
 It was fifty years in the month of May
 Since near together the roses stood
 Rejoicing to share with others their good.
 And their friends in the garden, far and near,
 Came bringing tributes of love and good cheer.
 For the beauties and perfumes of springtime
 All

Joined in keeping the happy festival.
 The tender green of the bushes and trees
 Merrily waved to the flowers in the breeze.
 While robins and orioles trilled their song
 Of joy and of gratitude all day long
 And whispering low the humming birds
 Brought to the roses some beautiful words
 For them to sing in a glad refrain:
 The birds and blossoms and living grain
 An anthem of praise to be heard above
 For the heavenly gift of perfect love.

The golden tokens of congratulation and regard were very rich and made a dazzling array. Everyone wishes Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden many more years of marital joy and is confident this wish will be realized.

Keokuk Constitution.
 KEOKUK CONSTITUTION CO.,
MAY 29, 1895.
GOLDEN WEDDING.

Fiftieth Marriage Anniversary of
 Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Chittenden
 Celebrated.

A Social Event That Will Long be Remembered in the Annals of Keokuk
 —An Esteemed Couple
 Honored.

To but few couples comes the happy privilege of spending half a century of wedded life together. The celebration of such an event is always an important occasion. Then when that couple has for the greater part of that period been resident in one locality, active promoters of its development and not only makers

but leaders of its society, the importance of the event is only added to. Such were the conditions which surrounded the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Chittenden, at their home, No. 507 North Fourth street Tuesday evening.

Mr. Chittenden was born in Gullford, Conn., October 28, 1815. His boyhood was spent at Oxford, Ohio, and later he removed with his family to Mendon, Ill. On becoming of age Mr. Chittenden went to Galena, Ill., and was employed in the dry goods business. In the fall of 1840 he came to Keokuk and has ever since been closely identified with the development and growth of the city. When he first came here Mr. Chittenden opened a dry goods store in a log building on the levee. The next spring he built a frame store building and occupied it until 1846, when he moved into the brick building now occupied by Wm. Kilroy, a few months later he formed a partnership with Wm. McGavic, under the firm name of Chittenden & McGavic, which continued until the latter's death. In 1861 Mr. Chittenden retired from active business pursuits, devoting his time since to caring for his different interests. Until within the past few years he was connected with the State National bank, the State Bank of Keokuk and the State-Central Savings bank, as vice-president and director, finally declining a re-election. He is one of the most substantial of Keokuk's citizens, and his physical condition is remarkable for one of his years. His carriage is erect, his faculties active and he probably has many years of life before him.

His wife was born at Durham, Conn., November 3, 1823, her maiden name being Elizabeth T. Bates. Rev. Talcott Bates, her father, who was a prominent Congregational minister, died while she was yet a child. After a residence in New York, the family moved, in 1843, to Warsaw, where May 21, 1845, her marriage to Mr. Chittenden was solemnized by Rev. Mr. Graut. They immediately came to Mr. Chittenden's home in this city. Of their union four sons and two daughters were born. Of these Henry W. Chittenden of Burlington, and Mrs. F. P. Crunden of St. Louis, are living.

Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden have always taken a prominent part in the church and social life of Keokuk. Mr. Chittenden was one of the prime movers in the establishment of the first Presbyterian church here, and afterward was one of the founders of the Congregational church, of which he and his wife are honored and respected members. They have been leaders in social affairs and have been prominent in giving Keokuk the high standard which its society enjoys today.

So much for the history of this venerable and worthy couple. With such a record it is no wonder that their hosts of friends took pleasure in paying them honor on the occasion of their golden wedding. The elegant home, in which they have resided since 1855, was especially prepared for the occasion. On the north side of the residence, on the spacious grounds, a very commodious and substantial platform was erected for the occasion, closely canopied. It was decorated by deft hands with a tasty arrangement of rare palms, pretty ferns and yellow roses, white flowers being interspersed with the green and the gold here and in the dining room. The parlor decorations were old gold typical of the golden event being celebrated. Through the dining room and leading

to the pavilion were festoons of flowers and ferns, twined and held by yellow ribbons, glowing like flashes of gold through masses of green and yellow foliage and flowers. Electric lights brilliantly illuminated the scene.

At 5:30 o'clock an elaborate dinner, in courses, was served to the family, their relatives and very intimate friends from this city and abroad. The tables were resplendent in a profusion of flowers, palms and ferns, and decorations, and the viands were of a character to tempt the most fastidious. Each of the guests was presented with a handsome souvenir card in gold ink, tied with a dainty gold ribbon, the handiwork of Miss Nellie Wakefield, each being of a different design and description. The one at Mr. Chittenden's place was inscribed "To the Grand sire," and read:

"Alike all ages aims of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze.
 And the gay grandsire skilled in jestic lore
 Has frisked beneath the burden of four score."

Mrs. Chittenden's was inscribed "To the Granddame" and read thus: "Had I the gift I would write one regal, deathless song—the song of the wife who finds her glory in being loyal to the love that has crowned her life."

Those present at the 5:30 o'clock dinner party were Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden, host and hostess; Messrs. and Mesdames J. S. Schramm, Henry Schramm, C. Schramm, Lyman Cook, Dwight Eaton, Wm. Carson, Jr., Thomas Hedge, C. P. Squires, C. E. Perkins, Horace Rand, Henry W. Chittenden, J. M. Sherfey, Thomas Wilkinson, Wm. D. Eaton and T. G. Foster, Mrs. Geo. H. Higbee, Misses Eaton, Schramm, Foster and Sherfey, Rev. William Salter, Walter Eaton, Charles Armknecht, Walter Schramm, and Ralph Schramm of Burlington; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Crunden and Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Filley of St. Louis; Mrs. S. F. Miller of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. R. F. Bower of Chicago; Mrs. Weems and Miss Brawner of Quincy; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Curtis and Miss Curtis of Mt. Vernon, O.; Messrs. and Mesdames Geo. D. Rand, General J. C. Parrott, Wm. Ballinger, Wm. A. Brownell and James B. Diver, Miss Hosmer, Miss Ballinger, H. T. Graham, and Hon. S. M. Clark of Keokuk.

At the instance of Mr. C. E. Perkins, of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, a special train was placed at the disposal of the Burlington guests. They arrived between 4 and 5 o'clock, and returned home after the evening reception.

In the evening, commencing at 8 o'clock, was given one of the largest and most brilliant receptions ever seen in Keokuk. Gen. and Mrs. J. C. Parrott assisted the host and hostess. Gen. and Mrs. Parrott celebrated their golden wedding September 4, 1888, nearly seven years ago. Gen. Parrott has been in Lee county longer than any other living citizen, coming here in 1834, and a singular coincidence is that the day of Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden's golden wedding was his 84th birthday anniversary.

The company in attendance was composed of the relatives and friends of the worthy host and hostess, and contained representatives of the best families of two of Iowa's best cities, Keokuk and Burlington, besides many visitors from other points. Each guest contributed their share to the good cheer of the occasion, and the scene was a never-to-be-forgotten one. The Miller-Rutledge orchestra was stationed in the pavilion, and furnished music for the dancing.

which was participated in by three generations, Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden, their children and grand children.
 Delicate refreshments and tempting ices were served during the evening and not a thing was wanting for the enjoyment of the guests. The happy occasion came to an end at a late hour. It was a rare event splendidly celebrated.

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
 R. J. BUCKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

Entered in Keokuk postoffice as second class matter.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1888
YEARS OF WEDDED JOY.

Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Marriage of Col. and Mrs. J. C. Parrott—Presentation and Address by Major Collins—Several Hundred Guests Entertained at the Reception.

September 4, 1838, James C. Parrott and Miss Henrietta Buchhalter were united in marriage at Ft. Madison. September 4, 1888, Col. and Mrs. J. C. Parrott celebrated their golden wedding in Keokuk. After half a century of conjugal love and wedded bliss, after fifty years fraught with the happy and mournful events of life, its pleasures and regrets, its gaities and disappointments, its successes and defeats, its transitions and mutabilities, this honored and venerable couple are spared to enjoy the evidences of the friendship and regard of many friends upon the occasion of their golden wedding, a privilege vouchsafed to few. While they are approaching the shadowy stream in their declining years the fruition of well spent lives, the love of children, the affection of relatives and the regard of acquaintances is theirs. It was a social event of unusual and peculiar interest and the company was a happy one, comprising many old and representative citizens and those prominent in society. During the reception hours extending from 3 o'clock in the afternoon to 6 p. m., and from 7 to 10 p. m. over three hundred guests were entertained with charming hospitality by Colonel and Mrs. Parrott and their assistants. About four hundred invitations were issued, all those extended to residents of the city meeting with acceptance. From those abroad prevented from attending by distance or other cause were received letters expressing deep regret because of their inability to attend and the wish that Colonel Parrott and his estimable wife might be spared many years and in the purple twilight of old age enjoy the peace, happiness and quiet contentment that is justly theirs. All of the children were present with the exception of R. C. Parrott, of San Francisco, who was unavoidably detained. They are: Mrs. Frank LeBron and W. G. Parrott, of Keokuk; T. J. Parrott, of Nebraska, and Mrs. Frank J. Warren, of San Francisco. The following grandchildren were also present: James Kirkpatrick, Frank and Leo LeBron, FitzHenry Warren and Mrs. Maggie Unser, of Louisville, Ky. Among the guests from abroad were John G. Kennedy, Mrs. Dennis Morrison and Mrs. Malcolm, of Ft. Madison, and Mr. and

Mrs. Charles Jewitt and daughter, of Atchison, Kansas. The latter named couple were present at the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Parrott and therefore were among the most welcomed of the guests.

The family residence at No. 616 Fulton street was elaborately and profusely decorated with plants and cut flowers, which exhaled a fragrant aroma. Among the elegant floral designs was a bank of double petunias, with the figures "1838" and "1888" wrought in wild daisies, the gift of Mr. George D. Mann. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beebe, of Chicago, sent a large and fine basket of cut flowers and Miss Laura and Carrie Hamill and Mr. L. A. Hamill presented a large bouquet of Mareschal Neil roses. Enumeration of the floral gifts would make an extended list. The souvenirs of the occasion were silk sachets, bearing the initials "G. W.," which rested on a bronzed table, a piece of furniture that comprised a part of the household effects of Col. and Mrs. Parrott at the time they were married and which has been carefully preserved.

THE RECEPTION.

During the afternoon the older friends and more intimate acquaintances called to extend their congratulations. When 7 o'clock arrived, the hour announced for the commencement of the evening reception, the parlors and various apartments were crowded with a large company of guests. Col. and Mrs. Parrott received their friends in the west parlor, the other members of the family occupying a position to the right of them. At 8 o'clock a happy incidence, which consisted of a presentation, occurred. Major W. B. Collins advanced and delivered the following brief and well chosen remarks:

Colonel and Mrs. Parrott—We, your friends and neighbors, have assembled together on the fiftieth anniversary of your wedding to congratulate you upon the present happy surroundings, upon your good health and the pleasure it gives us to meet you on this occasion and greet you and wish you many happy days, succeeding this event. We see you in this, your declining days, receiving the homage of your friends and relatives and neighbors, some of whom you have known and recognized as friends and neighbors for this half century. We see you on this happy occasion surrounded with your children and grand-children. You, General, a father and you, Mrs. Parrott, a mother of this glorious American republic. You, Col. and Mrs. Parrott, in looking over the time intervening between September 4, 1838, and September 4, 1888, have passed through many happy and mournful hours and we saw you on the occasion of your parting, when your country called for your services, confident that you was in the line of your duty, and we saw you returning after having staked your life and shed your blood

for our country; and saw your beloved wife caring and nursing you to health; and again we saw you, then parting in sorrow, and returning in joy; and since have, as your neighbors and friends, enjoyed with you the peace and happiness you both so richly deserve. And it is the highest pleasure to us all on this occasion to try in our feeble way to add to your enjoyment and pleasure by presenting this, a feeble recognition of our love, as a memento of our regard and respect as a citizen and a soldier and a neighbor. Again I greet you in behalf of this company, all of whom join in wishing you both all the enjoyment and pleasure it is possible in this life by the will of God to enjoy, and may the blessings of God attend you, as the wish and prayer of us all.

At the proper point in his remarks Major Collins handed to Col. and Mrs. Parrott a large cake around which were \$20 gold pieces and a silken bag containing several hundred dollars in gold. When this happy interpolation was concluded the guests repaired to the apartments where the collation, a tempting and elegant one, was served. Many handsome and valuable presents of gold were received from friends at home and abroad, and for these costly gifts and most generous evidences of regard the recipients are profoundly grateful. The reception concluded at 10 o'clock, the departing guests wishing Col. and Mrs. Parrott many more years of wedded joy and felicity.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

James C. Parrott came to this vicinity in September, 1834, in company with a detachment of United States troops known as the Fifteenth United States Dragoons, Mountain Men, who were stationed at Ft. Des Moines, which is now Montrose, in this county. At the expiration of his term of service, three years later, Colonel Parrott engaged in the mercantile business at Ft. Madison, inaugurating the first establishment of the kind in the place, which was then a town in embryo, and the trading was principally carried on with roving tribes of the Sac and Fox Indians. He continued in business at that point for about four years, and until the first land sales, which found many without money. The squatters sold out as best they could, and left the country. Mr. Parrott remained in Ft. Madison until 1852, at which time he came to Keokuk and engaged as clerk in the mercantile establishment of A. Walcott & Co., continuing until the firm sold out. He then became a partner with the head of the late firm, and they carried on business until the financial crash of 1857. He then continued in business alone until 1861, and the breaking out of the late war. He commenced recruiting a company, of which he was elected captain, and went into camp at Burlington. They were afterward attached to the Seventh Iowa Infantry

and went to the front early in August, the first campaign of Captain Parrott being from St. Louis to Ironton, and Cape Girardeau, Mo. They then proceeded by steamer to Cairo, and in November proceeded down the river by steamer, and made an attack on the enemy at Belmont, Mo., which was one of the first battles of the war, and at which General Grant was present as commander. Here Captain Parrott was disabled for several months by a gunshot wound, but rejoined his regiment the following December, and soon after was promoted lieutenant colonel of the regiment. He afterward participated in the fight at Ft. Donelson and Pittsburg Landing, and was in the two days' bloody fight at Shiloh; afterward at Corinth and Iuka, Miss., and in 1864 joined in the siege and capture of Atlanta. Thence he went with Sherman's army on the march to the sea, going through the Carolinas, and being present at the final surrender of Johnson at Rolla, Mo., whence the troops went to Washington City, where the grand review took place, and thence to Louisville, Ky., where the regiment was mustered out. He returned to Keokuk and was appointed route agent on the Des Moines Valley railway, which position he held until March, 1867. He was then appointed postmaster of this city and held the position for the following twelve years.

Colonel Parrott was born in Easton, Talbot county, Maryland, on May 21, 1811. His father, Thomas Parrott, was extensively engaged as a dealer in wood and lumber, and agent for a line of packets which run from Easton to Baltimore. His death occurred at the former place in 1832. The mother, formerly Miss Elizabeth Corner, also a native of Maryland, was of excellent Irish and English ancestry. She died at Easton in 1816. The parental family included six children, two daughters and four sons.

The youth and boyhood of Colonel Parrott were passed in his native state, where his education was conducted, first in private schools, and later at Easton academy. His mercantile experience began when he was a boy of fourteen years old, and continued four years from that time in Easton, Md. He then went to Baltimore and engaged as a shipping clerk in a wholesale grocery, at which he was employed until 1834. He then joined an exploring expedition to Wheeling, West Virginia, and finally landed in Cincinnati where he remained two months, and in February, 1834, enlisted in the First United States Dragoons at Wheeling, and proceeded with his company to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo. Here the troops were ordered to the Rocky Mountains, and afterwards went to Ft. Gibson and into the Indian territory, and thence to Ft. Des Moines on

the Mississippi river, near Keokuk. Colonel Parrott has been the hero of many thrilling scenes and has learned much and made good use of his wide experiences. He was married in Ft. Madison by Rev. Ewing, at that time pastor of the Presbyterian church at West Point, on September 4, 1838, to Miss Henrietta Buckhalter, of which union there were born eight children of whom five survive.

Mrs. Parrott was born July 20, 1820, in Philadelphia, Penn., and was the daughter of Frederick Buckhalter. She came west in 1837 and settled in Ft. Madison, and her marriage occurred the following year. The married life of Col. and Mrs. Parrott has been an exceptionally happy one and entirely free of the discord which sometimes manifests in the family circle and home.

Col. Parrott is the last surviving member of his family, one of his brothers dying in 1881, at the age of eighty. He is an honored citizen whose life and deeds entitle him to the respect of the community. He served with bravery and distinction in the war and his military record has won for him the regard of the soldier element of the city and state.

The Gate City.
SEPTEMBER 4, 1892.

Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

A PIONEER WEDDING.

It Occurred Fifty-four Years Ago and the Nuptial Tie is Still Unbroken By Death.

Fifty-four years ago today General and Mrs. J. C. Parrott were married. That's a long time, isn't it? Yet those who call at their cosy home, 616 Fulton street, and spend a pleasant hour with these venerable and happy people feel sure that no one is more deserving of so long a period of conjugal felicity. Their wedding occurred at Fort Madison, then a rude settlement in the wild territory, on the evening of Sept. 4, 1838. No other couple now living in Lee county have been married so long and have spent all that time in the county. Doubtless no other Iowa couple have such a distinction. Mrs. Parrott was Henrietta Buchhalter and was born at Philadelphia, July 20, 1820. Her parents were Germans, highly educated. Her education was received in Litiz's academy, a famous school for girls conducted by the Moravians. She was an orphan and came with her sister and cousin to Fort Madison in June, 1837, immediately after leaving school. There she met James C. Parrott. He is a native of Maryland and was born May 21, 1811. Both his parents were of British descent but were born in this country. He entered the service of the United States as a member of the First

United States dragoons, a branch of the service not now in existence, and a finer regiment never was mustered. As first sergeant of Company I he came with the regiment to Iowa in September, 1834. The dragoons encamped at Camp Des Moines, now Montrose. That year the regiment went on a campaign to the Rocky mountains. The next year they went to Lake Pepin and across the country to the head waters of the Des Moines. At the present site of Des Moines they built a canoe and came down the river to the present site of Keokuk. In 1836 they went on a campaign up in Wisconsin and at Fort Crawford, Prairie Du Chien, Sergeant Parrott first formed the acquaintance of Zach Taylor, afterward president. He says that he was indeed "rough and ready" at that time wearing a common soldier's uniform and a pair of coarse cowhide shoes. The next year Sergeant Parrott's term of enlistment expired and he went to Fort Madison. There he engaged in the mercantile business with his former commanding officer, Captain Jesse B. Brown, as a partner. Soon afterward Fred Buchhalter, his future wife's brother, bought Captain Brown's interest. Mr. Buchhalter afterward settled the first claim on the present site of Ottumwa, that being in 1844.

Charles Cope conducted a hotel called the Madison house, in the primitive settlement. It was a large frame house, the first frame in the settlement, and stood on the site now occupied by a brick building known as McConn's mill and used as a ware house. This also is the site of the old Fort Madison, built in 1812, and the old well dug by the soldiers in that year is still in existence. Mr. Cope married a sister of Mrs. Parrott. Among his boarders was the young storekeeper and ex-sergeant—the same polished, courtly gentleman he now is. When the young woman "just from a ladies' seminary" came, she, too, lived at the Madison house. It wasn't many months until the young storekeeper and the maiden fell in love with each other and in the course of time there was a wedding.

In those days a wedding wasn't as common as it now is and not so easily arranged. Only one minister lived in the whole country. He was Rev. Mr. Ewing, a Presbyterian missionary, and lived over about West Point and he tied the nuptial knot. There were two bridesmaids, Miss Young and Miss Cope, and two groomsmen, Fred Buchhalter and Thomas Fitzpatrick. Young ladies were scarce then but there were nearly half a hundred young men and they were all at the wedding. And hovering about, curious spectators, were the Indians. Owing to the paucity of ladies, the young men had to partake of the banquet at a long table by themselves. And the ring cake was passed around among them. Land Commissioner Coriel

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL
KEOKUK, IOWA

was the man who got the ring. That evening he was introduced to a Miss Jewett who had arrived only the preceding day from New York; and, in fulfillment of the old tradition, they were the next couple to be married in the settlement.

Over forty years ago Mr. Parrott came to Keokuk and the next year his family came, and this has since been "home." Their children are James C. jr., of Arnold, Neb., Mrs. Frank Warren of San Francisco, Robert, purser on a Pacific steamer, Mrs. Frank LeBron and Wm. G. of this city. General and Mrs. Parrott have the sincere wishes of all their friends for yet many returns of their wedding anniversary.

THE GATE CITY:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JAN. 8, '79.

WEDDING WARBLES.

Marriage of R. Ralston Jones and Miss Era N. Ivins, Last Evening.

An Imposing Ceremony and Brilliant Reception—The Toilets and the Presents.

The marriage of R. Ralston Jones and Miss Era N. Ivins, which was celebrated at St. John's Episcopal Church, last evening at 8 o'clock, was an event of more than ordinary importance in the social history of Keokuk. Aside from the imposing ceremony attending the nuptials, the large gathering present to witness it, the splendor of the reception which followed, the royal manner in which the company of invited guests was entertained, and the brilliant display of wedding presents, the union was universally recognized as an eminently fit and happy one. Mr. Jones is Mechanical Engineer on the Des Moines Rapids Improvement at this place, a position he has occupied for several years. He possesses acknowledged professional ability, is a gentleman of irreproachable character, courteous, dignified and scholarly. The bride has added to the charms of personal beauty, graceful manners and lady-like accomplishments. Both are esteemed for their sterling worth, and so the match has been pronounced from the first an appropriate one.

AT THE CHURCH.

The church was filled with a select and fashionable audience of friends to witness the ceremony. The holiday decorations remain, and with those placed there for the occasion gave the edifice an appearance of brightness and splendor strikingly in harmony with the event. Everything was conducted systematically

and in order, barring a jam at the door incident to the arrival of guests faster than it was possible to seat them, and an air of grandeur pervaded the affair throughout. Nearly the entire church was reserved for the invited guests, and they were escorted by the ushers to pews assigned to them. A gate decorated with evergreens guarded the entrance to the main aisle.

The bridal party were a little tardy in their arrival, but the audience showed no signs of impatience other than that of eager expectancy. Their appearance at the door was announced by the "Pilgrims' Chorus," from Tanhauser, upon the organ, presided over by Prof. Reys. The ushers headed the procession up the aisle, followed by the bridesmaids and groomsmen, and they by the bride upon her father's arm, and the groom escorting the bride's mother. The party took up their positions in front of the altar, forming a complete circle about the chancel. The Episcopal marriage service was performed by Rev. R. C. McIlwain, and the party countermarched to the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and other selections. The loveliness of the bride and her attendants, the imposing nature of the procession, and the impressiveness of the service, combined to make it one of the most beautiful marriage ceremonies ever witnessed in St. John's Church.

THE TOILETS

were rich, elaborate and becoming. The bride's dress was a combination of cream brocade satin and *gros grain* silk, cut square train trimmed in fine knife plaitings, headed with a double box plaiting; postillion basque of brocade satin, laced in the back, front extending to the bottom of the skirt together with puffings of illusion caught at intervals with orange blossoms. The drapings of the back are of brocade extending from the waist to the bottom of the train, and finished with clusters of the same flowers; trimmed square neck with round point and old thread lace; elbow sleeves of brocade and silk puffings with silk plaiting and thread lace ruffles; illusion veil worn over the face and caught back with sprays and clusters of orange blossoms; ornaments—pearls.

Miss Lizzie Ivins, first bridesmaid, a Princesse dress of cream silk cut square train, and elaborately trimmed with drapings and plaitings of tarlatan and silk; pink and blue flowers, pink coral jewelry.

Miss Clara Moorar, second bridesmaid, dress composed of white satin and tulle, front of skirt trimmed in one inch plaitings and ruffles, alternate to waist; square train, trimmed in graduated plaitings; white satin Princesse bodice cut in nine inch tabliers edged with flowers,

fringe of lillies of the valley and daisies; wreath of same around the neck; elbow sleeves, point lace ruchings, jewels, diamonds.

Miss Mamie Patterson, third bridesmaid, dress of white Paris muslin combined and trimmed in white *gros grain* silk; silk bodice trimmed in silk ruchings and cut revere points; front of skirt draped in silk, trimmings of knife plaitings, puffs and ruffles, extending from the front around the square train; draped in light blue flowers.

Miss Nellie Godman, fourth bridesmaid, Princesse dress of white Swiss and *gros grain* silk, trimmed in ruffles of Swiss, hemmed with silk; square neck handsomely trimmed in Duchess and Valenciennes lace; pink flowers and pearl jewelry.

Mrs. W. S. Ivins, black Lyons velvet, made Princesse, trimmed with thread lace, ruffle and chenille fringe; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. J. L. Curtis, Chicago, elegant dress of black Lyons velvet, thread lace trimmings, point lace in the neck and sleeves; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Dr. Wilcox, Warsaw, handsome black silk and pearl jewelry.

Mrs. W. A. Patterson, black *gros grain* silk and black satin; natural flowers and coral jewelry.

The groomsmen were Jas. C. Davis, Harry C. Bostwick and Rob. C. Parrott of Keokuk, and Tim. M. Garrett of Burlington, and the ushers R. M. Marshall, Dr. J. C. Hughes, Jr., C. K. Pittman and E. K. Fairchild. These gentlemen all wore the conventional swallow tail, with white tie, white kid gloves and button-hole bouquets.

THE RECEPTION.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Ivins, which in point of brilliancy it would be difficult to excel. The parlors were profusely decorated with ferns, autumn leaves and evergreens. Above the door opening upon the rear hall was the monogram "R. E." in evergreen. The bridal party stood beneath an arch of Holly, suspended from which was a marriage bell artistically formed of pinks, rosebuds, evergreens and a Cala lily. A gilt horse shoe, emblematic of good luck, depended from one of the chandeliers by means of a white silk ribbon. The gathering was a large one, and many of the ladies were attired in elegant costumes. After congratulations had been extended, music and dancing contributed to the evening's enjoyment. A splendid collation was served, a conspicuous feature of which was a magnificent bride's cake that was the object of much admiration. In entertaining their guests Mr. and Mrs. Ivins displayed the lavish hospitality for

which they are noted.

Among the guests from abroad were Mr. and Mrs. J. Lafe Curtis, Chicago; Dr. and Mrs. Wilcox, Cortes Maxwell and wife and Miss Maxwell, Warsaw; Miss Williamson, Quincy; Mrs. Dixon, Montana; Miss Bangs, Baltimore; the Misses Silleck, Brooklyn; Miss De Lange, Indianapolis; Will Ewing and Miss Garrett, Burlington; Miss Clark, Pennsylvania, and others. Mr. and Mrs. Jones leave this morning for Cincinnati, and will make an extended tour of the East before returning home.

THE PRESENTS

Were both numerous and elegant, the collection which spread out over the piano, the mantel and two or three tables including a large number of very handsome and costly articles of silverware, works of art and literature and the like. Among the number was a very elaborate silver water service from the groom's associates in the U. S. Engineers' office. This was from the establishment of Ayres & Sons and bore the inscription "R. Ralston Jones, from his friends on Des Moines Rapids Canal, January 7th, 1879." The following is the list:

- Sealskin sacque, father of bride.
- Set solid silver tea and table spoons, mother of bride.
- Set pearl jewelry, from the groom.
- Half dozen fruit plates, Will e Ivins.
- Silver coffee urn, Miss Lizzie Ivins.
- Silver desert spoon, Mrs. Galland.
- Oil painting, Dr. and Mrs. S. Beach Jones, New York.
- Thornalden's "Night and Morning," Dr. and Mrs. Wilcox, Warsaw.
- Tea set of antique ware, Tim. Garrett, H. C. Bostwick and R. C. Parrott.
- Pair Japanese vases, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Bower.
- Pair vases, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Smith.
- Silver butter knife and sugar spoon, Mr. and Mrs. John Givin.
- Silver butter dish, F. E. Williams.
- Silver and glass pickle castor, H. K. Pratt.
- Dozen silver teaspoons, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Johnson, St. Louis.
- Silver and cut glass cologne bottle, Miss Mamie Patterson.
- Same, Miss Kate Wells.
- Case solid silver spoons, Mr. and Mrs. Griggs, Vermont.
- Water bottle and cup, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Williams.
- Silver and China boquet stand, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Martin.
- Silver and glass vases, Miss Clara Moorar.
- Pair bronze statuary, C. K. Pittman and Miss Cora Pittman.
- Silver jewel case, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bridgman.
- Pair antique vases, Will. P. Tucker.
- Satin panel painting, Mrs. B. K. Cowles, Bariboo, Wis.
- Smelling salts bottle, Miss Hattie Kilbourne.
- Boquet stand and pot flowers, Dr. and Mrs. Bennett.
- Tidy, unknown.
- Lace toilet set, the Misses Clark.
- Cut glass perfumery bottles, General and Mrs. Bridgman.
- Silver nut bowl, Howard Tucker.
- Pair bronze center pieces, Mrs. T. R. J. Ayres, David Ayres and Dr. Samuel Ayres.
- Silver ice cream spoon, Miss Ada J. Williams.
- Silver cream and sugar spoons and butter knife, Major and Mrs. Stickney.
- Pair brass candle sticks, Major and Mrs. Worral.
- Silver oyster dish, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Drake.
- Stannary, "The Seasons," Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Godman and Miss Nellie Godman.
- Silver cake basket, Wells M. Irwin.
- Hand volume Shakespeare's complete works, Miss Sadie Perry.
- Silver water service, friends of groom in U. S. Engineer's office.
- China card receiver, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Gillmore.
- Bronze center piece, Mrs. T. E. Pope, Oakland, Cal.

- Brass and cut glass vases, Geo. M. McKenzie, St. Louis.
- Silver card receiver, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Patterson.
- Silver oyster dish, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lafe Curtis, Chicago.
- Case silver nut picks, B. B. Bower.
- Silver olive dish and spoon, James C. Davis.
- Silver jewel case, Henry Chittenden, Burlington.
- Pair vases, Dr. J. C. Hughes, Jr.
- Pair silver butter knives, Judge Rice.
- Silver and cut glass berry dish, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Hain.
- "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," Colonel and Mrs. Fyfe.
- "The Gathering of the Lilies," Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Allen.
- Picture and easel, Helen Gillmore.
- Set gold jewelry and cuff buttons, J. P. J. Cather, San Francisco.
- Piece statuary, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkinson.
- Case silver knives, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Chittenden.
- Silver card receiver, Mr. and Mrs. James Hagerman.
- Silver and glass pickle stand, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rossell.
- Silver sugar spoon, A. E. Johnstone.
- Glass drinking cup, Mrs. M. C. Vaughn, Chicago.
- "Innocents Abroad," Mr. and Mrs. O. Clemens.
- Jewel case, Miss Libbie Chittenden.
- Silver card receiver, Mrs. M. P. Bower.
- Cut glass toilet set and celluloid comb and brush, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Clark.
- Pickle castor, silver and glass, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Drummond.
- Pair silver napkin rings, Miss Helen Allen.
- Silver and cut glass fruit stand, General and Mrs. Parrott.
- Ivory and Russia leather pocket book, Mrs. S. Cather, San Francisco.
- Russia leather toilet case, Miss Nannie Floyd, Terre Haute, Ind.
- Set silver ice cream spoons, Mrs. H. Buel.
- Same, Robert Maxwell.

The above list does not include a number of presents which are storm bound having been sent by friends from a distance but not having arrived as yet. A number of presents from the groom's friends were sent direct to his home at Bridgeton, N. J. and are likewise not included in the above.

The Gate City, SEPTEMBER 30, 1897.

Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

BRILLIANT WEDDING

The Marriage of Hon. Hugh Reid Belknap and Miss Meta Steele Wednesday Evening.

The marriage, at Gethsemane Episcopal church in Marion, Ind., Wednesday evening, of Miss Mariette Vermilyea Steele, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Steele, to Mr. Hugh Reid Belknap of Chicago, was the most notable social event in the recent history of the city and one in which Keokuk people took great interest owing to the fact that the groom was born and has lived in this city.

The wide acquaintance and prominence of the contracting parties gave a more than local interest to the occasion. Gethsemane church was crowded with a brilliant assemblage before 7 o'clock, the hour set for the wedding. The full ring ceremony of

the Episcopal church was performed by Rev. E. A. Pressey, assisted by Rev. A. McMonigal.

The bridal party formed an attractive picture as it entered the aisle from the vestry room to the strains of the "Lohengrin" march, which was beautifully played by the orchestra of the military band stationed at the national soldiers' home, led by Captain Stack. At the rear of the church the bridesmaids were met by the other members of the wedding party, led by the ushers, Mr. W. K. Landis and Dr. William Flinn.

First came Miss Bertha Wolcott of Keokuk, a cousin of the groom, and Mr. George Steele, jr., a second year cadet at the United States naval academy, and a brother of the bride.

Next followed Miss Edith Keller and Mr. Jesse Overstreet of Indianapolis.

Walking alone came the maid of honor, Miss Alice Goldthwaite, followed by the bride on the arm of her father.

Mr. Belknap and his best man, Mr. Alan Reid of Chicago, proceeding from the vestry room as the party entered the church met the bride at the chancel rail. Here the betrothal ceremony took place. The contracting parties, with the maid of honor, and the best man, then proceeded to the altar, where the wedding ceremony was performed. During this service the orchestra played "Call Me Thine Own." The party left the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march.

At the wedding supper, which followed at the residence of Major and Mrs. Steele, forty guests were entertained. The bridal party was seated at a round table handsomely decorated in the colors which prevailed in all the decorations, green and white.

During the reception which followed the spacious mansion was thronged, about 400 guests calling before the hour for the departure of the bride and groom.

The bride's gown was of heavy white duchess satin, made with high neck, long sleeves, and a long train. The waist was heavily trimmed in beautiful old point lace that belonged to the bride's mother.

The bridesmaids' gowns were of sheer white organdie, over green taffeta silk, trimmed in valenciennes lace and insertion.

The popularity of the bride and groom at home and in Washington was well evinced by a wealth of wedding gifts, coming from the associates in public life of Major Steele and Mr. Belknap. Mrs. Belknap has a host of friends in this city and in Washington, where she has spent her winters for several years. Celebrated for her stately blonde beauty and social graces she is known for those qualities which attract friendship. She is an accomplished musician and an en-

their residence at the Lexington hotel, and after the opening of the next congressional session they will reside at the Normandie in Washington. It is expected that the young couple will visit relatives in Keokuk the latter part of October.

Last year he was re-elected by reason of his personal popularity. Mr. and Mrs. Belknap left for Chattanooga, and will spend their honeymoon near Lookout mountain; return to Chicago, they will take up

Washington. He was superintendent of the Alley L railroad in Chicago when nominated for congress in 1894. His defeat of his formidable opponent in a democratic district was one of the achievements of that campaign.

teresting conversationalist. Mr. Belknap is one of the most prominent among the younger members of the house of representatives. He is a son of the late Secretary Belknap, and spent his youth in

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLS FOR R. L. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Keokuk's Long List of Authors

SUNDAY, DEC. 4, 1910

The Books of a Score of Keokuk Residents Preserved in an Historical Exhibit in the Public Library With Data on Their Lives in this City Which Has Been a Remarkable Producer of Literary Men and Women.

The works of thirteen authors listed as Keokuk residents have been placed in an historical exhibit in the reading room of the Keokuk public library. They are Mark Twain, Rupert Hughes, Margaret Collier Graham, Walter Barr, Sue Harry Claggett, Kate Harrington, John Burgess, Frank Graham Moorhead, D. B. Smith, Mrs. N. Gray Bartlett, George P. Wilkinson, Virginia Wilcox Ivins, Col. J. M. Reid.

With the books of each author is a card telling the Keokuk life of the writer, including where he lived and wrote in Keokuk, and biographical data specially made from the Keokuk angle of viewpoint. At the bottom of each card is a reference to the sources of his complete biography, for the benefit of any future biographer who may desire to write the remarkable literary history of Keokuk.

There are several additional authors who used to live here, with whom the library is corresponding in order to add their books and Keokuk life to this unique historical exhibit. Only books are included, but a half dozen more former Keokuk residents have attained to book publication, and these will be added to the collection as soon as possible. It is believed that no other town of only 15,000 population can point to over a score of citizens who have written successful books, not to speak of a dozen others who are or have been magazinists. And the quality is high as is shown by some names famous in American literature included in the list given above.

Remarkable Literary Keokuk.

The object of this exhibit is to preserve for the future this remarkable literary history of Keokuk. Several months and much work were required to gather in the books and especially to collect the biographical data about some of the authors.

Harpers, the publishers of Mark Twain, presented this section with a fine and complete edition of the great American's works. The several different publishers of Rupert Hughes sent copies of many of his books which range from novels to a history of music. Houghton-Mifflin sent copies of the short story books of Margaret Collier Graham. Kate Harrington, who is still living at Fort Madison as Mrs. Rebecca S. Pollard, donated copies of her books of poems and her many school books. Dr. G. Walter Barr is represented by "Shacklett" and his prose-poem on the Mississippi river accompanying a book of photogravures. Frank Moorhead re-

sponded with a copy of his intimate biographical book. Mrs. Ivins gave a copy of her Keokuk history. Other books were found in the library, or were discovered in the private libraries of Keokuk.

Much added value is given to the collection by the cards and the information they contain. They are as follows:

Mark Twain in Keokuk.

Mark Twain (Samuel Langhorne Clemens) resided in Keokuk several years, leaving in November, 1856. While here, he worked as a printer, chiefly in the shop of his brother, Orion Clemens, upstairs at what is now 202 Main street. Set part of the Keokuk directory of 1856, and in it gave his occupation as antiquarian; this directory published by Orion Clemens, is in this library. Samuel L. Clemens worked awhile as printer on the Saturday Post, a weekly paper which employed him to write some articles upon his travels after leaving Keokuk; the first of these articles was published in that paper, December 6, 1856, signed "Snodgrass" and is the first article ever published by the humorist afterward celebrated. The second article was published in the same Keokuk paper of April 18, 1857. Keokuk was the point of departure for Mark Twain when he started for the west with his brother, Orion Clemens, of this city, as told in "Roughing it." His mother spent the last years of her life here and was visited here by the author.—Vide's Who's Who in America 1908; biographies.

Two More Noted Authors.

Rupert Hughes resided in Keokuk 1879-1892 and frequently visited his parents, Judge Felix T. Hughes and Mrs. Jean Summerlin Hughes, of this city. Educated in Keokuk public schools, 1879-1886. Wrote in Keokuk various stories and poems. The scene of "The Lakerim Cruise," is laid in Keokuk. The Keokuk home of Rupert Hughes and his family was at 312 North Fifth street.—Vide's Who's Who in America, 1908.

Margaret Collier Graham resided in Keokuk 1856-1873, daughter of David Collier and Lydia Ann Lindsey Collier. She lived in South Second street, then at 719 Timea street, and later her father built the family home at 208 Fulton street. Attended Miss Laurance's private school here before going to Monmouth college. Was married in the United Presbyterian church here in 1873 to Donald M. Graham. Wrote in California where

she spent the last years of her life.—Vide Who's Who in America, 1908.

One Who Still Lives Here.

Walter Barr (Granville Walter Barr) came to Keokuk in 1890, to be professor in and secretary of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In 1898, became a newspaper worker and was managing editor and city editor of The Gate City. Wrote various stories and "Shacklett" while engaged on this newspaper. The novel was written at 319 Franklin street where the author lived longest in this city. The Heights in the novel is Cedarcroft, the Nagel home at Warsaw, and some of the local color was studied there. Dr. Barr was elected secretary of the Keokuk board of education in 1898, and was appointed trustee of this library in 1909.—Vide Who's Who in America, 1908.

Kate Harrington (Rebecca S. Pollard) resided in Keokuk about 1875-1877. Wrote "Centennial Poems," here. "Maymie" was printed here in the print shop of The Gate City newspaper, as was also a small volume of temperance songs by the author. While residing in Keokuk Mrs. Pollard taught a private school near the corner of Third and Fulton streets.

A Brainy Keokuk Woman.

Sue Harry Claggett came to Keokuk

in 1854 from her native state of Maryland, with her father Judge Thomas Claggett, who served on the district bench and edited the Keokuk Constitution, on which paper the daughter also worked. Her father built the large house, 303 High street, afterward known as the Kilbourne home and the house 223 Morgan street, in which Judge William Ballinger lived for many years. The novel, "Her Lovers," was written in the Morgan street home of the author. In her youth she attended the private school of Rev. Charles Williams. She left Keokuk in 1879 and went to Louisville, Kentucky, where she was married in 1880, to S. B. Pettingill. Later she removed to Tacoma, Washington, where she died and was buried in 1890. Her mother died when she was born, and her deep love for her step-mother is indicated in the dedication of her novel: "To my own dear step-mother to whom I owe everything but my birth."

Also a Preacher to the People.

John Burgess resided in Keokuk 1863-1897, except four years, 1865-1869, when he was stationed elsewhere as a Methodist pastor. He joined the Thirtieth Iowa Volunteer Infantry as chaplain at Keokuk in 1862, and served with that regiment in the war between the states for a year, ill health compelling his muster out. At the end of this service he was appointed pastor of the Exchange Street Methodist Episcopal church in this city, in 1863. He came to Keokuk to reside permanently in 1869 and died here, sincerely mourned May 6, 1897. He was a student in the College of Phy-

sicians and Suregons, Keokuk, and was given a diploma from that college in 1865. During the year 1879, he conducted the Free-for-all church here, with men about town for his parishioners, and made it a famous institution of Keokuk and an instrument of much good.—Vide, his "Pleasant Recollections," and History of Lee County, page 649.

A Youth and a Pioneer.

Frank Graham Moorhead came to Keokuk in 1885, with his parents, Dr. Samuel Wallace Moorhead and Mary Melissa Graham Moorhead, when nine years old. Resided chiefly at 1228 High street and there wrote, "Unknown Facts About Well Known People." Was graduated from the Keokuk high school in 1891, one of the youngest graduates in the history of that school. Has done much magazine work largely upon sociological and economic subjects. He was managing editor of the Keokuk Evening Press in 1898, and the next year went to Des Moines where he was employed on the daily Capital and the daily Register and Leader. Later, he was Sunday editor of the Suokane Spokesman-Review, and editorial writer on the Iowa omestead.

D. B. Smith came to Keokuk from the east in 1846. Was a civil engineer employed by the Keokuk and Des Moines Valley railroad, the Keokuk and Mount Pleasant railroad and the city of Keokuk. Was also a member from the second ward in the Keokuk city council, deputy sheriff of Lee county and treasurer of Lee county; it was his conviction for embezzlement in this last office that caused the writing of his book upon conditions in the penitentiary.—Vide History of Lee county, page 712.

Pictures and a Book on Music.

Mrs. N. Gray Bartlett came to Keokuk in early childhood with her family and resided here until her marriage in this city in 1870, after which date she lived in Chicago. Was Miss May McCune, the daughter of John McCune, a contractor in Mississippi river work under General Curtis. Was educated in Saint Vincent's academy here. The family home, built by her father was the stone mansion, 307 Franklin street.

George P. Wilkinson was born in Keokuk in 1860, the son of A. J. Wilkinson and Mrs. Martha Willia Wilkinson. Attended the Keokuk public schools, including Torrence school, until 1872, after which he attended college. He was professor of diseases of the eye and ear in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Keokuk, 1884-1886. There were only three oculists in Iowa when he opened his office in Keokuk. His home was at 1223 High street. Resided in Omaha for most of his later life and attained distinction as an oculist and aurist.

Two Keokuk Historians.

Virginia Wilcox Ivins came to Keokuk in 1840, to live with her uncle, Dr. Isaac Galland and spent the most of her life here. Spent four years beginning in 1844 in St. Louis, where she was educated. Married here to William S. Ivins in 1849. In 1853, went overland to California, and in 1856, returned by the Isthmian route. Had keen observation of Keokuk local history for many years. In the latter years of her life resided at 112 North Second street and wrote there, "Pen Pictures of Early Western Days."—Vide her "Pen Pictures of Early Western Days."

Col. J. M. Reid (J. Monroe Reid) was a Keokuk pioneer who lived chiefly at 1209 Blondeau street in later years. Was an attorney at law; practiced chiefly in the pension bureau. His office was for some time at 24 North Fifth street and there he wrote his rich reminiscences of early Keokuk life. Died here in 1892 and is buried in Oakland cemetery. Came here from Indiana at an early date and enlisted here in Co. A, Second Iowa infantry, as a private, being mustered out four years and two months later as captain and brevet lieutenant colonel of the Fifteenth Iowa infantry, at the end of the war between the states.

DAILY GATE CITY:

MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 13, 1876.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
BELDEN,
The White Chief;
Or Twelve Years Among the Wild Indians of the Plains.

The Life of Geo. P. Belden, who joined the Indians and became a celebrated warrior. Abounds in thrilling adventure and curious information, and is profusely illustrated with new and spirited engravings of adventures and the manners and customs of the Indians. The most popular book of the year. One agent just reports \$98 profit in one week. A large poster, with 30 illustrations and terms to agents, sent free by F. A. HUTCHINSON & CO., St. LOUIS, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED!!
For the Livest Book on the West ever written
BUFFALO LAND!

By Hon. W. E. WEBB, of Topeka. Full and truthful, and for humor equal to Mark Twain. Appendix a complete guide for Sportsmen and Emigrants. Splendidly illustrated. **Best of all, it is the fastest selling book out.** Is used May 30, 1872, and the 4th edition already in press. Agents report 50 sales in one day, 58 in 34 days, 75 in two days, &c., &c. Send for particulars at once. E. HANNAFORD & CO., Publishers, 192 W. Madison St., Chicago.

Orders will now be received for the second edition of

"Pen Pictures of Early Western Days"
BY MRS. VIRGINIA WILCOX IVINS

Revised and enlarged, price \$1.50. Address all communications to

MRS. VIRGINIA WILCOX IVINS,
112 N. Second Street Keokuk, Iowa

Jan 3, 1907

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION,

KEOKUK, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1874

CITY NEWS.

COL. REID'S BOOK.—Col. Reid's book, "The Old Settlers," has been issued from the press of Ogden. The book is in pamphlet form and has been prepared with great care by its author, the result being a work abounding in historical information in regard to the early settle-

ment and pioneers of Iowa, and rich with incident and anecdote, told in inimitable style by the Colonel. The Colonel don't pretend that his book is a history, but he has gathered together facts, and narrated enough to make it much more entertaining, and is fully as reliable as many of the works of so called historians. The work is highly spoken of by all who have read it, and we predict will meet with a ready sale. We believe one thousand copies have already been disposed of.

THIS AT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Keokuk Authors of Note

DR. G. WALTER BARR

Everybody in Keokuk knows Dr. Barr, author of "Shacklett" and numerous other stories, and for that matter, so do a great number of people all over the country. This small, much bewhiskered man is a familiar sight on Keokuk's streets, with his thoughtful, pensive walk and inevitable cigar. Dr. Barr's features are as distinctive as Theodore Roosevelt's, and after seeing him once, one can never mistake him. Indeed, he is distinctly individual, which is the case with everything he says, writes or does.

Granville Walter Barr was born at Medway, Clark county, Ohio, on October 25, 1860, being the son of Dr. Jacob and Kate (Doll) Barr.

He received his secondary education at Medway, and later attended Asbury university (now De Pau) between the years 1877-80. During these same three years, between his seventeenth and twentieth birthdays, he was engaged in literary and journalistic work in Greencastle, Columbus and Indianapolis, Indiana. He was first on the Greencastle Banner and later became editor of the Columbus Evening Republican.

During this time he also wrote miscellaneous articles for the Saturday Herald, a weekly paper published at Indianapolis, to which a coterie of Indiana young men and women, including James Whitcomb Riley and several other poets of rising reputation, contributed. Riley was then a young man, just beginning to achieve fame and he and Walter Barr were very intimate at the time.

Shortly after 1880 Dr. Barr stepped out of the realm of journalism for several years. He had decided he wanted to be a doctor. He studied at the Rush Medical college at Chicago, from 1882-3 and later obtained his M. D. degree at the Jefferson Medical college at Philadelphia in 1884.

It was in this same year that he was married to Annabella Applegate of Lawrence county, Illinois.

From then on until 1890, when he first came into contact with Keokuk, Dr. Barr practiced medicine at various places in Illinois, being for a time, surgeon of the Illinois division of the Sons of Veterans.

Early in 1890 he was practicing in Bridgeport, Ill., when, without his knowledge, he was recommended highly for a chair in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, located at Keokuk, by a number of the medical profession of southern Illinois. When this chair was offered to him, Dr. Barr was not aware of the fact that there was a medical college here, but he accepted the position and came to this city.

The new arrival first lectured as a professor of hygiene in the medical college, but later he was offered a partnership with Dr. J. C. Hughes of the chair of materia medica and therapeutics, and the secretaryship of the faculty if he would move to Keokuk. He liked the prospect and accepted, moving here in May, 1891, where he has resided ever since.

Dr. Barr retained these positions until 1898, when the old call of literature came back, and he resigned from the college to become city editor of the Constitution-Democrat of this city.

While Dr. Barr was secretary of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, it was in deadly competition with the new Keokuk Medical college, but largely through his efforts, the old college obtained the largest attendance in its history, and, according to government reports, the largest increase in attendance in America for a full five year period.

During his stay in the college Dr. Barr did a great deal of original research work in the realm of drug dynamics, and his articles and reports on his researches were reprinted all over the United States and Europe and his work, to this day, is in the best text books on the subject.

It was in 1896 that Barr was recommended by the medical profession of Illinois, and also by many city and state boards of health all over the United States, and some even in Europe, for the appointment as secretary and executive of the Illinois state board of health, then the highest scientific sanitation position in this country. The governor, at one time, intended to appoint him, but at the last moment, gave the position to a Chicago man.

During these last two years of 1897-98 Dr. Barr lectured occasionally in lyceum courses in Iowa and Illinois on subjects relating to popular sciences, and often was called upon to lecture before clubs on similar subjects, including a good deal on applied psychology.

So it was in 1898 that Dr. Barr left the college and became city editor of the Constitution-Democrat. Ever since the time, when a small boy on his father's farm in southern Illinois, he had been correspondent from the crossroads neighborhood for the Rural Republican, a small weekly published at Lawrenceville, Ill., until within a few years previous when he had edited the department of materia medica and therapeutics in the Iowa State Medical Journal. Dr. Barr had written and written on all manner of things. But there was one department, the realm of which he had not

entered, and that was fiction.

He at once determined to try his luck in his new field, so, in the editorial room of the Constitution-Democrat, after the printer had gone to press one afternoon, he started out on his first short story entitled "In the Third House," which he thought would prove adequate for a small Iowa magazine then in existence.

One day while Dr. Barr had the manuscript out, Hon. N. C. Roberts of Fort Madison, then business manager of the Constitution-Democrat, read the story. Mr. Roberts was enthusiastic about it and insisted that it was good enough for a first-class magazine. Dr. Barr did not believe this, and, after a debate on the subject, a bet of a cigar was made and the story was sent east.

Mr. Roberts won his cigar, for it was accepted at once by McClure's the editor of which magazine wrote to the author requesting more. So the new author wrote a story a week in the afternoons while the paper was in press, till McClure's was stocked up. Then he wrote for the Cosmopolitan, Lippincott's, Success and other periodicals. The first three stories in order that he wrote were, "In the Third House," "The Woman Who Hesitated" and "In the Last Ditch." These, and other stories, were all written in the Constitution-Democrat office.

There are probably those who remember Dr. Barr's story "The Victor of the Valley" in Success for 1904, describing a romantic wedding that took place here when the town was young. Dr. Barr declares this is his only story founded on fact and one of the few stories in the world founded on fact and nothing but fact. He thinks it one of the most difficult things in the world to write a story following facts, and that few authors, with the exception of Stephen Crane, have done it. Mrs. Wilcox Ivins, in her "Pen Pictures of Early Western Days," dealing with the early settlement around Keokuk, calls particular attention to this little masterpiece of Dr. Barr's.

The author remained with the Constitution short of a year, and in 1899, became managing editor of the Gate City and later city editor, being with this publication until 1902, when he started and edited his own paper, The Standard, till he sold out in 1910.

The Gate City, at his time, was published in the morning and Dr. Barr worked on his first novel between the hours of 2 and 4 in the morning, after he had returned home from his office. In this way "Shacklett" was written in about a month and was published by D. Appleton & Co. of New York, in 1901. This novel was a great success, both in the United States and in England.

The theme of this story is the rise of a statesman to power. Many of the scenes are laid in the near locality of Keokuk. Warsaw is especially represented. The Nagel home

MADE BY BAKER-VAWT

DATE
19

there, called Cedar Croft, appears in the story as the Heights. "Shacklett" is a novel with a purpose, a serious forceful effort, a novel of strength, of endeavor, of fulfillment, so unlike some of the skim milk productions of this day that there can be no comparison. It is not a novel of passing interest, but a story of a psychological study of the development of a mind and the character of a man.

From 1902 on Dr. Barr devoted himself to the editing of his paper, The Standard, which dealt mostly with local news and events.

About six years ago Dr. Barr became engaged in a tremendous task in relation to the tragic death of his only brother in Indiana, and when the work was done, he was broken-down with nerve fag from which he did not recover until about two years ago. Then he was offered the position he now occupies with the Mississippi River Power company and has since

been so confined to the company work that he has not had time to write fiction.

When he broke down Dr. Barr had a new novel about three-fourths completed and he means to finish it as soon as his duties will permit. His friends in Keokuk and, indeed, the entire literary world, will await with expectancy and interest the completion and publication of this novel.

Dr. Barr has charge of the department of public relations in the Mississippi River Power company and is kept exceedingly busy attending the manifold points of contact with the public. These duties have left no time for literary endeavors, but, on the side, Dr. Barr has furnished facts about the dam for several hundred writers. Articles about the water power which Dr. Barr wrote and illustrated for the company have been printed in almost every language except Chinese.

The booklet of 100 pages, "Electric Power From the Mississippi River," a history of the great dam and water power development from the beginning to the present date, was written by Dr. Barr. Although the author never studied engineering, this booklet has been adopted as a text book by the English department of the University of Michigan as a model of turning scientific data into popular language.

Since 1898, Dr. Barr has been secretary of the board of education of Keokuk, and a trustee of the public library for the last five years. Outside of Keokuk he is well-known and numbers among his acquaintances some of the most noted literateurs of the day and also men famous in other lines.

Miss Meigs' Newest Book, Story Of Settlement Near This City

DAILY GATE CITY

In "The New Moon," Keokuk Author Gives Interesting Description of Early Des Moines Valley.

TUESDAY, DEC. 9, 1924

Miss Cornelia Meigs, Keokuk author, has another interesting bit of history-fiction, in her new book, "The New Moon." It is a story of the adventures of a young Irish lad who comes to America, and with his older companion and their flock of sheep, make a settlement on the Des Moines river, just below the present site of Keokuk.

The story is a delightful one, told as interestingly and as true to history as is Master Simon's Garden, regarded by many as Miss Meigs' best book. The story is one to interest everyone in Keokuk for it gives a new angle to the early settlement of the Des Moines valley.

The book deals with the adventures of Dick Martin, the first two chapters dealing with his life in Ireland, the fairies and the finding of the lucky sixpence. In succeeding chapters the reader finds him on his way to America with a man named Garrity, who with his flock of sheep is coming to the new country to settle. There is a chapter devoted to the journey west, a delightful little story of the journey through Pennsylvania, and on west to St. Louis.

Arrive on Barge.

From St. Louis, the pair and their flock and their dog and provisions come to the mouth of the Des Moines river on one of the big river barges, rowed by the boatmen of St. Louis. Here they make their camp, almost under the nose of the Sac and Fox Indians who have established their village.

Trappers coming north try to take their provisions but are

struck by the bravery of the lad, Dick Martin, and go their way leaving the pair unmolested. A friendship springs up between Dick and Mateo, a young chief of the Sac and Fox tribe and Katequa, his sister. They tell him much and show him much of the Indian's ways.

An attack on the village by the Sioux Indians is frustrated by the alertness and bravery of Dick, an act which the Indians later repay by watching over the flocks of the white men during the long, cold, snowy winter, protecting them from the wolves.

Dwell in Friendship.

There is a visit to the village of the Sac and Foxes and a treaty of love and affection between the settlers and the Indians, as spring comes and the red men and the white dwell at peace with each other. The lucky charm they have sought for, a horseshoe to go up over the door of the new hut, is found, and put in place, and the Indians to show their extreme friendliness give their white neighbors some horses. Dick and his companion plan to break the rich black loam of the prairies about early Keokuk, and to plant their crops, as the story comes all too soon to a delightful ending.

In this story as in her others, Miss Meigs has adhered to history but presents it so delightfully that one forgets that history is called "dry reading" by some. She has several delightful pages of description of the river, the Des Moines valley flats, and the rapids of the Mississippi. Her descriptions of the spring storm and winter blizzard are wonderful word pictures of these phenomena of nature. All in all, it is a most delightful book, and one which should rank well with the other high class work done by the Keokuk author.

THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY
MONDAY, JULY 26, 1937

Miss Meigs Writes Her First Novel About the Building of the Railroad

The Romance and History of the Northern Pacific Caught by Keokuk Author in Her Newest Book.

Deserting the juvenile field of books, Miss Cornelia Meigs has written her first novel "Railroad West" published by Little Brown & Co., for distribution today. In this novel, Miss Meigs shows that the artistry which she displayed

in the presentation of historical subject in her juvenile successes has not lost any of its potency. She tells the story of the building of the Northern Pacific railroad in a way to bring to the reader stark realization of the problems of such a feat of engineering.

Dramatically, Miss Meigs tells of the test road laid across the swamps and of the disappearance of the test train as the engineers watch. Equally dramatic is the chapter which tells of the engineers running their lines for

CREDITS

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

the iron fence as the Sioux Indians called the railroad, while these savages attacked them, almost under the eyes of the watchful cavalry of the Custer command.

She gives a vivid picture of Col. Custer, who is described by one of his scouts as "greedy for glory", the greed which was later to carry him and his entire command to death at the hands of the Sioux. Her description of the snow storm on the prairie, the digging

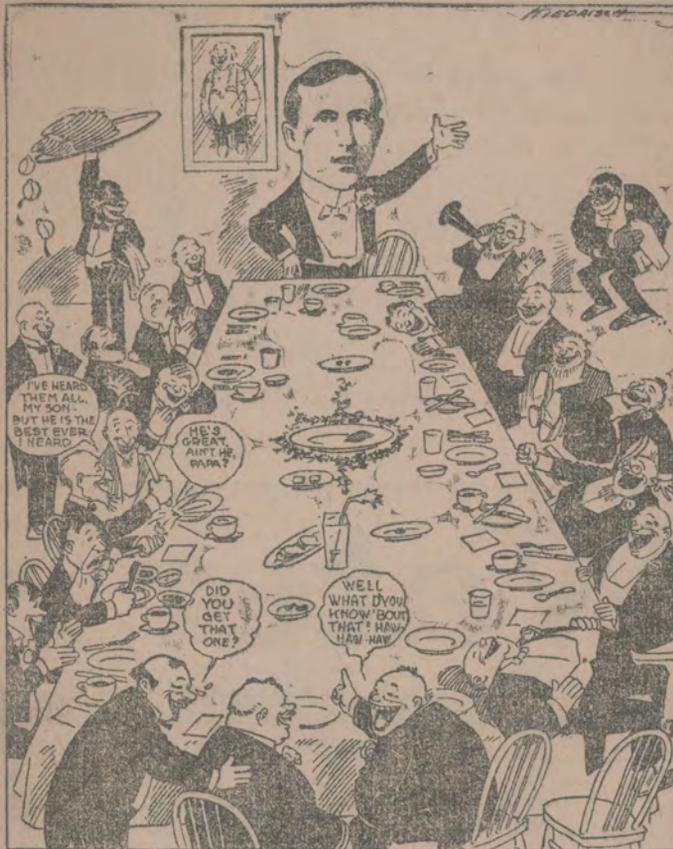
out of the camp afterwards, the coming of the grafters and the speculators, to embarrass the real work of the engineers who had the welfare of Jay Cooke, empire builder at heart, are all done in a manner that recalls the word pictures of her other books.

Built around Philip Fox, the young engineer, and Anne Hale, Miss Meigs' novel moves to its ultimate conclusion of romance between the two. However the author in no way intrudes this

romance on the historical canvass which she is painting. She rather subordinates it to the entire picture, thus presenting an historical novel of more than passing interest locally since Miss Meigs is still claimed by Keokuk. She has dedicated the book to "M. M." and "A. M. O." the former her father the late Montgomery Meigs, and the latter, so her friends here think, her sister, Mrs. Orr. The illustrations are by Helen Hunt Bencker.

Kiedaisch's Cartoon in Carter's New Fun Book

THE GATE CITY
PUBLISHED BY
THE GATE CITY COMPANY
April 12, 1914



HERE is a cartoon by Walter C. Kiedaisch, his model for the central figure being the smaller picture, showing the artistic talent of the Keokuk artist, who is now employed by the Times of Erie, Pa., and who is making his mark in the world as one of the leading cartoonists of the country.



Cartoon used as frontispiece in the new All Keokuk Book, "The Toastmaster."

Author of "The Toastmaster" as He Looks Uncartooned.

Over two hundred advance orders in Keokuk and fifty from former Keokuk people, have been filled for the book and many re-orders have been received. The book is full of Keokuk names and is just the thing to send to former citizens as a gift. No Keokuk library is complete without this book.

Mail orders filled by the author. Send \$1.05.

"The Toastmaster" - Price \$1.00

By EDWARD FOUNTAIN CARTER

For Sale By—

C. H. ROLLINS & CO., 7th and Main

MONDAY, DEC. 17, 1928

SEEK COPY OF BOOK PRINTED IN THIS CITY

Has anyone in Keokuk in his library a copy of Kate Harrington's book "Emma Bartlett, or Prudence, Pride or Fanaticism"? The book was published in Keokuk in July of 1856. Irving B. Richmond, of Muscatine, chairman of the Iowa Committee of the American History Association's Endowment fund, is seeking a copy of this book. If anyone has it, and will loan it to Mr. Richmond, he is asked to communicate with the Keokuk Public Library. There is no copy of the book in the library, in the Keokuk author's collection, so the libraries are appealing to outsiders.

It seems there is no copy of the book in the Library of Congress, so it is quite possible there was no copyright on it. Kate Harrington was the pen name of Rebecca S. Pollard who resided in Keokuk about 1875-1877. She wrote "Cen-

tennial Poems" here and "Maymie" was printed in the Gate City print shop. Mrs. Pollard was a teacher in a private school here.

TUESDAY, Dec. 18, 1928

LOCATE BOOK WRITTEN BY LOCAL WOMAN

A brief article in last night's Gate City was responsible for locating a book by Kate Harrington, asked for by Irving B. Richmond of Muscatine. The book is in the possession of J. J. Ayres, a nephew of the author. He has written Mr. Richmond asking his pleasure in the matter.

The book was entitled "Prejudice and Fanaticism," and was printed in Cincinnati, not Keokuk. It was entered in Iowa, however, leading one to wonder what the procedure for copyrighting books was in those days. Rebecca S. Pollard is the name of the author who used Kate Harrington as her pen name.

James B. Diver, reading the article, suggested that Mr. Ayres was a relative, and when Mr. Ayres read the article he immediately got in touch with those seeking the book.

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THE KEOKUK, IA., GATE CITY
AND CONSTITUTION-DEMOCRAT

MONDAY, JAN. 12, 1953

Charles Honce Given Praise

Keokukians will be greatly interested in a story that appeared Sunday in the Chicago Tribune about Charles Honce, who was born in Keokuk, and spent many years of his life here. He has risen high in matters of the Fourth Estate in the years he has been with the Associated Press and his writing, has attracted no little attention, both in this country and abroad.

Says Vincent Starrett in "Books Alive" in The Tribune "Does anybody (I wonder) have a better time than Charles Honce, the AP's genial feature editor? Every year about this time he publishes a handsome volume, privately printed for his friends, recording his activities at home and abroad during the year just ended, and somehow manages to communicate his enthusiasm for his job, his wife, his home, his library, and the whole adventure of living. His latest contribution to life and letters, 'Tales From a Beekman Hill Library,' reports a visit to Baker Street; an audience with the Pope; his memories of Owen Wister's 'The Virginian'; his affection for Keokuk (his birthplace); his opinion of his friends' bathrooms, and other matters in the heart and mind of Charles Honce, a man of feeling and good will."

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY

"Kate Harrington" Wrote Reply
to Uncle Tom's Cabin in Novel

MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1931

Work of Rebecca Pollard,
Former Keokuk Teacher,
is Reviewed in Iowa
Historical Society
Sketch.

In many Keokuk libraries are volumes which bear on the back the name of the author "Kate Harrington." To members of the present generation these books are considered among the curios of grandmother's day. However, Kate Harrington besides writing books developed a new method of teaching small children and as Rebecca Pollard her name is known in the school annals of the state for her work along these lines and her books which for years were standard for primary rooms in the state.

During the summer of 1856 a novel entitled "Emma Bartlett, or Prejudice and Fanaticism," appeared in the book stores. Its title page designated the author as "An American Lady." "Emma Bartlett" was a fictional reply to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the two books were often paired to encourage sales. The author proved to be an Iowa woman, Rebecca Harrington Smith, who lived at Farmington, Iowa, and signed her newspaper articles and poems "Kate Harrington." This was the first novel written in Iowa by an Iowan.

Wrote Novel In Iowa.

Rebecca Harrington Smith was born in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, on September 20, 1831. Her father was a playwright and an authority on Shakespeare. Moving to Ohio and then to Kentucky, Rebecca taught in a fashionable school for girls and became a contributor to the Louisville "Journal". Later she came to Iowa where her novel was written. In 1858 she was married at Farmington, Iowa, to Oliver I. Taylor, a poet and editor from New York. After editing a paper at Keosauqua for a short time the Taylors moved to Burlington where they took over the Burlington "Argus" and renamed it the "Gazette."

Following her husband's death, Mrs. Taylor returned to Farmington where she began teaching school. In 1862 she married James Pollard of Bloomfield, Iowa, but continued her teaching at Farmington and established private schools at Keokuk and Fort Madison. Unusual and unique methods of instructing small children were developed in her schools and she made use of these in a series of text books. Many Iowans may recall their early school days when they used the "Pollard Series" of spellers, readers, and stencil pictures.

Mrs. Pollard died at Fort Madison, on May 29, 1917. The story of this noted reformer, educator, and author is told by Marie Haefner in "The Palimpsest" for May, 1931.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1854

I CANNOT TELL YOU WHY.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD IN IOWA STATE PRESS.

When Robin came a-courting me,
A comely youth was he,
While I was but a country lass,
As simple as could be;
I always blushed—was ill at ease—
Whenever he was by;
And felt so very, very queer,
I cannot tell you why!

The flowers he brought I hid away
Within a secret nook;
He never guessed how dear they were,
Or knew what pains I took
To keep them long; and when they grew
Quite faded, old and dry,
My tears fell on them like a dew,
I cannot tell you why!

Each gift he gave, each word he spoke
To me was very dear;
And yet I was but half myself
Whenever he was near;
As restless as the startled fawn,
As timid and as shy,
I was—and yet he courted me,
I cannot tell you why!

Oh, there were maidens fair to see,
Bedecked with many a gem,
Who would have smiled delightedly
Had Robin courted them;
And in those strangely pleasant days,
I used to wonder why
He slighted these, and chose instead
A sweetheart such as I.

He seemed uncertain of his fate,
Until one summer day
He came and told me quietly,
That he was going away;
When I at once grew sick at heart,
And thought that I should die;
Oh, lovers, who are loath to part,
Perhaps you'll tell me why!

And then he urged me to become
His wife without delay;
As if I had been stricken dumb,
I had no words to say;
My heart beat fast; my lips in vain
Essayed to make reply;
But Robin did not go away—
I need not tell you why.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

Entered in Keokuk postoffice as 2d class matter.

LINES

IN MEMORY OF MY SISTER, MRS. SARAH J. AYRES.
BY KATE HARRINGTON.

Peacefully, quietly passed she away;
"Mourn not for her—it is better," you say;
"Rather rejoice that the shadow and gloom
Rest, with her perishing dust, in the tomb.
She is not there, she has taken her flight
Out of life's emptiness, sorrow and blight.
Out of earth's struggles, its trials and pain,
Never to sigh nor be weary again."

All this I know, and though lips may be dumb,
Yearnings and longings and wailings will come;
Hearts that so closely are linked into ours
Are as the dew to the fading flowers.
She, whose dear arms were protectingly thrown
Round me to comfort and strengthen is gone;
Naught else I heed since the arrow has sped,
Save that the sister who loved me is dead.

Never a thought of the desolate home
Where, all unbidden, the spoiler has come.
Never a thought of the tears that must flow,
Even as mine, in this hour of woe.
Never a gleam of the white arms above,
Folding her close in embraces of love;
Never a hope, when I cross the dark sea,
She will be watching and waiting for me.

"Dead!" it is whispered through forest and vale;
Autumn winds breathe it with murmuring wail;
Mountain and valley and river and sea,
Join in a sad miserere with me.

Wakening echoes repeat my low moan;
Nature's great heart seems to throb with my own.

Earth, tender mother, in pity and pain,
Calls with her myriad voices in vain.

O, if fond memory only would come
Up from the darkness, the casket and tomb,
Taking my hand, if she only would stray
Back to the sunlight of life's early May,
Lifting the veil of the long, weary years,
Deepened by sorrow and gleaming with tears,
If she would sew me my sister once more
Joyous and radiant and bright as of yore.

Then I might hush this wild longing to rest—
See her of loved ones and heaven possessed;
See her dear arms round the shining one's
throne;
Hear her repeating—"my children—my own."
Catch the fond accents of parents who bless
Her they have welcomed with tender caress.
Watch as she kneels in her vestments of snow,
Praying for those who are mourning below.

Dreamy October, thou callest to rest
Many, alas, of our truest and best,
Year after year as thy glories unfold,
Make we their beds 'neath thy orimson and gold.
Lulled in thy arms by the river's refrain,
One fell asleep; on a western plain
Perished another, and now thou art gone,
Bearing a third to the heavenly dawn.
VALPARAISO, Ind., Nov. 1, 1881.

DAILY GATE CITY.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1876

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia, have issued "Centennial and other Poems," by Kate Harrington. It is a neat volume, and contains some of the ripest of the author's verse. Some of the pieces in this volume are already familiar to our readers. Many of them are new, and all of them will find pleased readers in Iowa and out. The poems are of diverse merit, and we are not essaying here at all the role of a severe critic. We had it in purpose to string together several bits of her verse, gathered here and there in running through this book, that caught our random eyes as being things poetically thought and felicitously said. But we have to give over the purpose at present for lack of space and time. There is a strain of sadness running through Kate Harrington's poems that gives them a sombre air. Yet there is nothing in all that Tennyson has written or will write in which the admirers of his work find so much pleasure as in "In Memoriam." But there is a good deal of sunshine in "Cen-

ennial and other Poems." Here, certainly, is a dainty little poem:

"Oh, isn't it pretty?" a little girl cried, With her bright eyes upturned, as she stood by my side. "It is just like the moon that we both used to see When Addie and I sat on grandfather's knee. I wonder," she said, as I gave her kiss, "If God looked at that when He went to make this."

I brushed from her forehead a tiny, stray curl, And pressed to my bosom the dear little girl, Then told her the moon was the same she had seen Ere she crossed the great rivers and prairies of green. "Then why," she said, quickly, appearing to doubt, "Does it sometimes shine brightly and sometimes go out?"

She paused, mused a moment, then, turning to me, And clapping her hands in her innocent glee, "I know now," she answered, in tones of delight: "God's candle! He carries it with Him at night— He takes it through heaven wherever He goes, And that's why it moves through the sky, I suppose."

"And I think I can guess why He brought it to-night, And why He is looking at me by its light: At grandfather's knee every evening I pray, And He thinks I'll forget it because I'm away."

Then, kneeling, she murmured the prayer she was taught, And added, "Dear Father, I have not forgot, But please take Thy lamp while I'm praying to Thee," And hold it for Addie, that she, too, may see." I turned to the sky as the prayer upward flew— A cloud hid the face of the Night Queen from view. The little one rose, as she said, with a smile, "I knew He would hold it for Addie awhile."

In Iowa especially we expect this book to find favor. Its people are busy building a thrifty and happy commonwealth upon its beautiful soil. Already it has wealth and somewhat of populousness, and enough of leisure to give audience and honor to its highest and best thought. And its wealth and prosperity will not count for much in history unless it contributes its share to help the American intellect to its proper achievements and triumphs. So when an Iowa poet comes singing in the name of the State in this Centennial year, let us spend enough of our savings to buy her book, and enough of our time to learn for ourselves what her manner of singing is. We all expect to spend some unconsidered change this year for Centennial fire-crackers and the like.

The Daily Gate City.

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 7, 1872.

CITY NEWS.

The following lines, penned by Iowa's gifted Poetess, some time since, and filed for insertion, in order of receipt, by the Editress of *Godey's Lady's Book*, have just appeared in the March number. The many friends of the young lady will be pleased to read another tribute to one so justly admired and warmly loved:

IN MEMORIAM.

(Miss Mary Madeline Bower, Daughter of R. F. Bower, Esq. Died at Keokuk, Iowa)

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

She perished in beau'y As withers the rose, Whoea its delicate petals Begin to unclose. She passed from among us And left us to pine For the treasure we could not With calmness resign. The light of our home Has grown dim since the hour It lost the dear presence Of Madeline Bower.

Her voice was like music That trembles along When the last strain is sung Of a beautiful song; So witchingly mellow You'd stand by her side, And drink in its echo Long after it died. Now vainly we list At the still twilight hour For the notes of our song Bird— Lost Madeline Bower.

Her tresses of light seemed O'er marble to flow, For her brow could have rivalled The purest of snow. Ah! none but bereaved ones Who've wept o'er the clay, Can know of our pang when 'twas hidden away. One tress from its sisters We severed that hour; 'Twas all we might claim Of sweet Madeline Bower.

Ch. would they could waft us Our treasures above— Some tender remembrance, Some token of love! A mystical sign That they do not forget! A blessed assurance They yearn for us yet!

Or is it designed That we hear not, nor see One trace of our loved ones Till death let us free? Do we pass through this vale, With its shadows and bright, That the Glory of Heaven May burst on our sight? If so, how ecstatic, How rapturous the hour Our freed souls are welcomed By Madeline Bower!

THE CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1875.

For the Constitution. THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

There is not, in the wide world, a river as grand, As the one whose bright waves lave my own native land; From the dear mother-lake which it leaves with a sigh, And murmurs, at parting, a tender good-bye. On, down to the Gulf, that, with arms open wide Receives to her bosom the on-rushing tide, Repeating the vow by her lover begun, That henceforth—forever—their lives shall be one— There are beauty and freshness and splendor untold.

On its shores—in its isles—in its ripples of gold. Past meadow and moorland—past forest and glade How grandly it courses, in sunlight and shade! Reflecting the blushes of morn's rosy light, Or set with tiaras of star-gems at night; So mirroring Heaven that if loved ones might stray Through portals of light in the regions of day, Or mount its bright ramparts and fondly look down We might catch, in these waters, the gleam of a crown, A glad smile of joy on a glorified face, And white arms upheld for a tender embrace.

Say, river of rivers, what is't they implore As thy ripples press forward to kneel on thy shore? I see them, at morn, lowly bending in prayer— At even their pleadings float soft on the air. While up, through the star-light, comes, pleading and low, The trembling refrain of their murmuring flow. What yearnings can move thee—what longings can start, With Heaven's own image clasped close to thy heart?

I think, when thy islands of verdure are seen, Of Eden's still waters and pastures of green, And feel, when my feet touch thy shore's dewy sod, A sense of His presence—a nearness to God. A picture floats up, from thy blue waves to me Of Him who sat down by Genesareth's sea; And e'en when thy storm-maddened billows mount high,

They waft me the whisper—"Fear not, it is I." KATE HARRINGTON
KEOKUK, May 31, 1875.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

KATE HARRINGTON'S WORK RECALLED

Mrs. Sarah S. Pollard and Her Writings Are Dear to Keokuk People Who Remember With Pleasure the Author of the Synthetic System of Reading.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1920.

The Daily Gate City

Among the many interesting authors who have lived in Keokuk during a part of their career, and who have done a part of their literary work in this city, there are perhaps none who are dearer to the hearts of Keokuk citizens than Mrs. Sarah S. Pollard, who died at her home in Fort Madison, May 29, 1907, at the age of eighty-five years and eight months. Mrs. Pollard, or as she was known in the literary world as Kate Harrington, lived for a few years in this city. She is the aunt of Miss Etta Ayres and J. J. Ayres, who are present residents here. J. A. S. Pollard, her son, is a resident of Fort Madison at this time.

While people of the last generation know about "Kate Harrington" from what they have read or heard their elders say, the older residents of this community remember her well and are fond of recalling instances when "she lived and worked here," and each one is anxious to relate his bit of personal knowledge concerning the poet-author to assure you that he really did know her.

It was years ago that she lived here, and then only for a short time. Her friends here are not quite sure where her home was but they say "it was a little house on North Fifth street." She taught a private school there and some of Keokuk's prominent business men were among her pupils. Her poem, "Centennial," is said to have been written while Mrs. Pollard was a resident of this city, in 1876.

Came From Farmington.

Mrs. Pollard moved to Keokuk from Farmington, Iowa, and after a short residence here, moved to Fort Madison where she lived until the time of her death, which occurred in 1917. Besides her son, J. A. S. Pollard, who resides there now, she has a grandson, Harrington Pollard, at one time city attorney of Fort Madison, who is also one of its present citizens.

Mrs. Pollard was the author of a novel dealing with condition prevalent at the time of the civil war and called "Emma Bartlett," or "Prejudice and Anacisms." "Full Surrender," one of Mrs. Pollard's hymns, ranks among the most popular consecrated songs of the present century. In her eightieth year Kate Harrington wrote a story in verse, "Althea, or the Morning Glory," which was published by Sherman, French and company, of Boston, Mass.

The "Centennial and Other Poems," a book of verses which Kate Harrington wrote during the seventies, is perhaps one of her best known works, and contains many lines in which Keo-

kuk is especially interested. Among them is a "Parting Song," sung by the graduating class of the Keokuk high school of the class of 1872, and there is a "Welcome to Teachers," read before the Lee county institute at Fort Madison December 27, 1873.

Hymn For Revival.

A hymn, "Out of the Ark," was composed for and sung by Mrs. John Wycoff, during the revival meetings at Keokuk, Iowa, the second edition says, and in the same book there is a poem dedicated to Mrs. H. Scott Howell of Keokuk, besides a number of poems which were written by Mrs. Pollard and dedicated to members of her family.

"The Mother-in-Law" is one of the six poems not contained in the first edition, but appears in the second edition of the book. It has been almost universally copied and published by newspapers throughout the world, translations having been made in French, German and Italian tongues.

The poem entitled "Mammie," written by Mrs. Pollard after the death of her little daughter upon her tenth birthday and published in book form in 1870, is perhaps one of the most famous pieces of work Kate Harrington ever did. It has been described as a poem of tender pathos, peculiarly comforting to bereaved mothers.

Her Synthetic System.

Rebecca Harrington Smith Pollard was born in Allegheny City Pa., September 20, 1831. She was educated by her father, Professor Nathaniel Ruggles Smith, a graduate of Harvard who was said to have been fifty years ahead of his time. Miss Smith herself took up the teaching profession, benefiting it most, perhaps by her literary contribution, the "Synthetic System of Teaching Reading," which work made her renown throughout the United States. It is now used in the public schools of Keokuk and generally throughout the English speaking world.

And in regard to the publication of this work it is interesting to know that it was first presented to the public through the columns of the Central School Journal, published at Keokuk by J. C. Paradise.

The last years of Mrs. Pollard's life were spent in writing books along educational lines and were published by the Western Publishing company of Chicago. But it is not for this type of work that her Keokuk friends remember her and love her best for; it is the poems and stories she wrote years ago that mean most to them.

—The Ottumwa Courier, in its account of the Centennial Tea Party at that place, the other evening, says: "Kate Harrington (Mrs. Pollard, of Keokuk,) was introduced to the audience by Judge Hendershott, and read her poem entitled "The Centennial." This is her own production, and is an admirable and well-written poem. Mrs. Pollard is still on the sunny side of middle life, and is a vigorous writer and a graceful and pleasant reader, her presence added greatly to the interest of the occasion. She has been requested to publish her poems, of which she has written a number that are very popular, in book form, making the one read last evening the leading one, under the title of "The Centennial and other Poems," and send it to Philadelphia as an illustration of Iowa poetic talent, and we are sure they will do no discredit to our proud young State. AUG 14 1875

MARRIED.

At Farmington, Iowa, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. J. A. Root, Oliver I. Taylor to Miss Rebecca H. Smith, (Kate Harrington), daughter of Prof. N. R. Smith.

THE GATE CITY
PUBLISHED BY
THE GATE CITY COMPANY
SUNDAY, SEPT. 27, 1914

Some Old Treaties.

It will be remembered by students of Iowa history that the war of 1832 resulted in a treaty which left the Indians no farther claims to any territory east of the Mississippi, and that a later treaty made in 1837, obtained for the United States the cession of the beautiful and fertile belt of eastern Iowa that extends in our neighborhood, to within a mile or two of Batavia and crosses the Des Moines river at the boundary of Iowa-ville. There was a reservation left for the Poweshiek band of Foxes on or near the Iowa river, the purchase of which was the object of a treaty held in the fall of 1836, on a spot now in the vicinity of Davenport, but then belonging to the famous half-blood, L-clairs. Iowa was then attached, for government purposes to Wisconsin, and its governor, the late Henry Dodge, was the commissioner to negotiate the treaty, and the late Governor Grimes, then a new settler, was the secretary. This treaty, that whatever charges may have been brought against the Indians before or since for their alleged treachery in disregarding treaties, the Sacs and Foxes, at least, possessed an honorable side to their character, which seems to be in some degree lacking in rulers and leaders of the people of civilized nations even of the present advanced age.

Early Temperance Movement.
The traditions claim that the 17-

dians were great lovers and consequently the victims of fire-water. In the days of these treaties the country around is said to have been densley settled already, and the Indians could easily have procured an unlimited supply of whisky. Governor Dodge, with careful forethought, in his opening speech at the preliminary council, impressed upon them the importance and necessity of strict sobriety during the negotiations, and expressed his hope that his advice would be heeded. Keokuk and the other chiefs, in reply, said their father's talk about the fire-water was good, and gave their word that none of it would be allowed among them during the proceedings. Immediately the council closed, they appointed a sufficient guard or police of the most reliable braves, to prevent the introduction or the use of liquor, at whatever cost. In fact, it is said, the very bluest blood of the tribes was selected for the duty, and each instructed to carry a designated badge of his authority.

A Sunday intervened before the conclusion of the treaty and nearly all the Indians went over to Rock Island to the trading house. A steamboat passed along and tied up there at the bank. The boat was crowded with passengers who at the view of so many Indians, and Black Hawk who was conspicuous in his lofty bearing, was soon recognized and became the object of chief interest. A passenger came ashore, took him by the hand and led him on board, and in real hospitable kindness, invited the sturdy Indian chief to a friendly glass at the bar. On ordinary occasions Black Hawk would have accepted the friendly invitation for his reputation for fire-water tastes have been handed down possibly in exaggerated stories. But this time Black Hawk, whether influenced by a sense of personal honor or the presence of the police, would not go there, and soon returned to the shore.

Next, the boat began to push off, and Black Hawk's new friend, anxious not to be disappointed of his kind design, had already a bottle filled with liquor and stood reaching it out from the guards of the boat. At the last, one of the Indian police, with quiet and courteous dignity, took the bottle, and a smile of satisfaction diffused itself over the donor's face, which soon changed to a very different cast of countenance, for instantly the young brave, the watchful police officer of the red men, hurled the bottle upon the rock at his feet, and dashed it into countless atoms. The poor, discomfitted pale face was glad to slink away in the rear of the stenorian shout that ascended and came echoing back from the opposite bluffs and in which it was hard to distinguish whether the exulting whoop of the Indians or the less terrific, though no less hearty and derisive, shout on the steamer's pale face company predominated.

In this incident there are several

lessons well worthy of study by the most advanced civilization and examples of strict personal honor and efficient and conscientious observance of official duty.

The Gate City.

FEB. 10, 1921,

THE GATE CITY COMPANY,
KEOKUK, IOWA.

PIONEERS OF KEOKUK

M. V. B. Walker, 1018 Concert street, landed at Keokuk March 28, 1843, a six year old lad and camped for three weeks in the woods where the high school building now stands. He has ever since been a resident of Jackson township and gives the following highly interesting account of early days here:

My father landed here at the foot of Main street March 28, 1843. I was past six years old the fall previous to that. Our trip up the river from St. Louis was on a small boat and there was lots of ice. The river was just breaking up and our small boat was well loaded, and this side of Canton somewhere we were crowded with the ice until we had to pull to the Missouri shore and came near being upset by the ice. We camped there three days, then a trader boat came up and we moved over on that and then worked our way through the ice up to Keokuk. We camped at the river front one night. The next day father got permission from some half breed to camp right where the high school building stands now. There were few white men here then, mostly half blood and full blood Indians.

The levee at the foot of Main street was stacked full of lead ranked up like cord wood. We could hardly get a wagon to the boat to load our furniture. Father hired some half blood Indians to help load the furniture. We had two teams that we brought with us. There was no road or street to go up Main street so we pulled off to Johnson street where there were some wagon tracks and worked our way up the hill and around to what we call now Eighth and Blondeau and camped there for three weeks. While we were there father was offered forty acres of land for one team (two black Morgan stallions) and a big wagon by one white man and two half blood Indians. They were brothers-in-law, the white man having married a squaw. Father didn't like that kind of society.

After three weeks in that camp we pulled out in the country and camped where Summitville is now. There was a trading post there and post-office which was kept by a man by the name of Gilmore. He kept a grocery and in the back room he had some traps and a barrell of whiskey and two tin cups tied to it and that was free to his trade.

Father never ate much idle bread so he put his teams to hauling salt from Keokuk to Raccoon Forks which is now Des Moines. From

there late in the spring we went to Hillsboro, about fifty miles from here, raised a big crop of corn and when it was fit to crib we cribbed four thousand bushels of fine corn which was worth only a bit a bushel. We left the corn in the crib and loaded our furniture in the wagons and came back to Summitville and bought a farm there where we kept the "Half Way House" as we called it. Had some travel then as they were hauling the big iron posts to put up on the line between Missouri and Iowa.

In the following fall we shelled that corn up at Hillsboro and hauled it down to Keokuk for a bit a bushel.

I was past six years old the spring we landed here from Kentucky, and was eighty-three years old the second day of last November and that makes me seventy-seven years in old Lee county. Came here with my clothes on. Can you beat that? Many came here with their clothes off at that time. Have been a resident of Jackson township, Lee county, ever since, mostly out near Moor station. During my time there I was foreman and engineer in department No. 3 for twenty years. Left there and came to Keokuk eight years ago last fall. Have been a Presbyterian all my life since I was sixteen years old.

THE GATE CITY:

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 15.

A New Town Clock.

(To the Editor.)

The commanding location of the new Catholic church will make it, when completed, the most prominent building in the city. The tower of this edifice is to be two hundred and ten feet in height. What a grand place this would be for a town clock. Its dials could be seen from any part of the city. Upon consultation with the Rev. Father O'Reilly he informed the writer that if the authorities of the city saw proper to use the tower for such a purpose he would be pleased to have the plans of the architect so modified as to accommodate the clock, and all the conditions required would be for the the city to keep the clock in running order. This is a proposition worthy of the consideration of the city authorities. If a town clock is needed, and is a public convenience here is a chance to have one which will be useful to the entire city—not a mere faction thereof, as is the case of the present one.

J. C. F.

IOWA STATE FAIR

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THE GREAT DUES-HEAR-CALLED HISTORICAL
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Tribute Is Paid Rebecca Pollard Who Taught Private School Here

THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY

SEPT. 28, 1932

She Was Also Author of Series of Readers and Spellers Which Many Local People Used.

A few short years ago boys and girls in Keokuk schools learned their reading and spelling lessons from Pollard's series of books. At the time few knew or thought of the fact that the author of the books once taught a private school in Keokuk, or that her home was in Fort Madison. Recently a memorial picture of Mrs. Rebecca S. Pollard was dedicated at the Cattermole Free Library in Fort Madison, to the children of the community by the Rebecca Pollard club, in the presence of Mrs. Pollard's daughters, great granddaughter and several friends.

It was an impressive service, according to the Fort Madison Democrat which describes the ceremony as follows:

It has long been the wish of this club to perpetuate fame and genius of Mrs. Pollard in the city where so much of her work as an educationist was done. On this 101st anniversary of her birth, Mrs. M. W. Roeser, president of the club, unveiled the flag-draped picture and spoke briefly, but feelingly of this "friend of little children," whose genius as an author and poet is well known, and explained that the object of the club is to have the children of this generation become familiar with the features of her who made the path of learning so much easier by her Synthetic Sound method of teaching reading.

Daughter's Tribute.

Mrs. J. C. Ehart, daughter of Mrs. Pollard, and a charter member of the club, brought a beautiful mental picture of the woman and mother-teacher, of the little genius from whose young brain a structurally perfect, exquisitely worded poem sprang before she was able to write her own words. After reading these verses for her audience, Mrs. Ehart portrayed the fun loving young wife of an early Iowa editor and journalist who, while her husband labored over a serious editorial, penned a deathless little sonnet, "Snow Flakes." This also, Mrs. Ehart read in the expressive manner learned at her mother's knee, in the intimate and wholly natural way that much of Mrs. Pollard's teaching was done. She then visualized to her listeners, her mother, past 80 years old, and almost without sight, writing her last long poem, "Althea."

Rebecca Harrington Smith, daughter of Nathaniel Ruggles Smith, was born in Allegheny, Pa., September 20, 1831. Her father, a Harvard man, was a teacher, editor, playwright and authority on Shakespeare, gifted in dramatic interpretations, and coach to such actors as John Wilkes Booth, Edwin Forrest. Later the family came west, and settled first in Ohio, then Kentucky, and it was

in Danville, Ky., that Rebecca began teaching in a school for girls. Later she was a valued contributor to the Louisville Courier-Journal, then published by George D. Prentice. In this connection she became acquainted with Oliver I. Taylor, a poet and editor, of Wheeling, W. Va., and married him in Farmington, Iowa, in 1853. Two years previous to this time, her first novel, "Emily Bartlett," was printed under the nom de plume, "An American Lady."

After Mr. Taylor's death, his widow, and their small daughter, Maymie, returned to Farmington, where she resumed her teaching.

Writes Out of Experience.

She married James Pollard in 1862, and it was the death of Maymie in 1869, which brought forth her first published volume of poem, "Maymie" under the pen name of Kate Harrington. Mrs. Pollard conducted private schools in Keokuk and Fort Madison, developing her own practical methods of teaching history, geography and arithmetic, using the object at hand to work out her illustrations. Out of this experience, came her series of spellers and readers, which with supplementary material, became the Pollard Series, published in 1887. Mrs. Pollard traveled extensively lecturing and expounding her theories as the fame of her system spread, and gained attention and approbation from the nation's most important educators. Henry W. Longfellow was profoundly touched by her poetry and their correspondence endured his lifetime. Edward Everett Hale was an ardent admirer of her works.

"Centennial and other Poems," her second collection, was published in 1876. Later in life she wrote many hymns and temperance songs, a collection of the latter being published, and her last, a long missionary poem, "Althea" was published in 1912.

Mrs. Rebecca Smith Pollard passed away in Fort Madison, May 29, 1917, while the whole world was in the turmoil of war.

interest as well as for information.

The book is beautifully bound in red, with gilt edges, and on the flyleaf the author has inscribed his notes to those who receive the volume. It is privately printed, and the first edition consists of one hundred books. It is dedicated to his wife, "Emanuella, In Constant Admiration".

In explaining his book, Mr. Honce tells how he suggested a news story on the one hundredth anniversary of the Pickwick Papers, and wrote such a story, which he sent out over the Associated Press wires to compete with "alarums of war". Other stories followed "tied up with some current event and speeded on the way, believing that newspapers would welcome informative articles on books treated from the news rather than the critical angle" Mr. Honce explained. Many of the stories were printed and brought thousands of letters, some of which the author said made him feel guilty of raising hopes of readers that they had some valuable books hidden away in the attic, only to find they were "phonies".

"These articles represent an enthusiasm and some knowledge of bookish things, combined with a necessarily brief and probably too superficial research, and a bit of just plain newspaper re-writing," Honce says in the closing paragraph of his explanation.

A glance at the table of contents reveals such titles "Sherlock Holmes Birthday", "The Famous Ulster County Gazette", "Mark Twain's Centenary", "Joe Miller, The Man Who Never Made a Joke", "The McGuffey Readers", "Pickwick, the Centenary of a Book", "Alice in Wonderland", musical personages are "Ferdie Grofe", "George Gershwin" and "Victor Herbert". "The Morgan Library" and the "American Circus" and two general articles of interest.

Mr. Honce, now with the Associated Press, formerly lived here, and was a member of the Gate City staff for a time.

DAILY GATE CITY

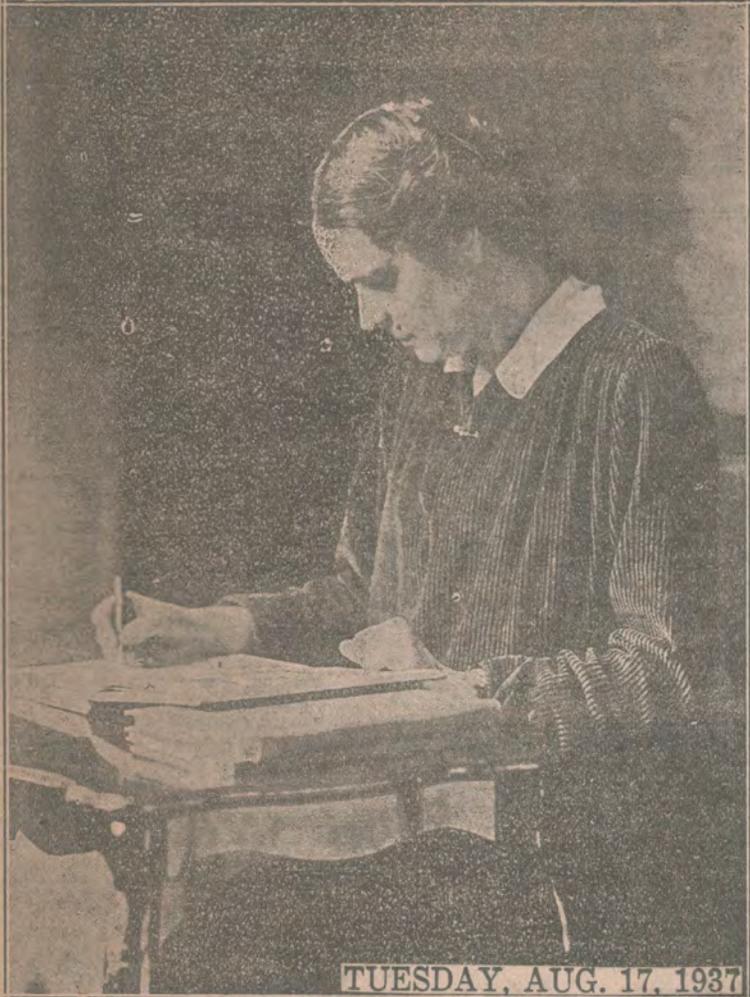
JAN. 4, 1939

Chas. E. Honce Is Author of Book "Yarns"

Friends of Charles E. Honce, of New York, have received autographed copies of the first edition of his book "A Sherlock Holmes Birthday", which treats "bookish stories" from the angle of the news writer rather than the book critic. In the language of the street, Mr. Honce has "got something there", both for novelty and

Twenty-Three Juvenile Books
Written by Miss Cornelia Meigs

THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY



TUESDAY, AUG. 17, 1937

The Daily Gate City



KEOKUK, IOWA SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1967

Miss Cornelia Meigs

Miss Cornelia Meigs gets honorary degree

Cornelia Lynde Meigs, the author of more than 35 books for children and Emeritus Professor of English from Bryn Mawr college, was awarded the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Letters by Dr. Robert Morris, president of the University of Plano, Plano, Texas.

The ceremony was held Friday, December 8, at the Institute for the Achievement of Human Potential at Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania.

Keokuk resident

Miss Meigs, daughter of the late Major Montgomery Meigs,

US Civil Engineers, lived in Keokuk from 1884-1932. She was the Daram League Prize in 1916, the Little, Brown Company prize, \$2,000, for the best story of adventure, in 1926 and the Newbery Medal for "the most distinguished children's book of the year" in 1933. She now lives at Sion Hill near Havre de Grace, Maryland.

Plano University is situated just north of Dallas, Texas. It has a Liberal Arts college with some 200 students, and it also has, in Dallas, the Plano Academy which is an extension of the Institute at Chestnut Hill.

Miss Cornelia Meigs, Keokuk author, has in the opinion of a Keokuk man, done much to keep the name of Keokuk before the world, with her 23 books for juveniles, including several which have won literary honors. Recently she has written her first novel, which was reviewed in The Gate City.

Miss Meigs, who is on the faculty at Bryn Mawr, devotes most of her summers to writing, at her home in Vermont, "Green Pastures," near Brandon. She attended Bryn Mawr in 1907 and taught in St. Katharine's school at Davenport, leaving then on account of illness. After her father's death in 1931 she went east, where she now makes her home.

While Keokuk claims Miss Meigs, due to the fact that much of her life was lived here, Rock Island also claims her, due to the fact she was born there. Her birth date is December 6, 1885. Her parents moved to Keokuk when she was a month old. Her mother was Grace Lynde, daughter of Judge Cornelius Lynde of Rock Island. Major Meigs was the son of General M. C. Meigs who was engaged in construction of the Northern Pacific, about which her novel is centered.

Began in 1913.

According to a writer in the Rock Island Argus, Miss Meigs

began her writing of children's books in 1913. She felt that there was the lack of proper reading for juveniles she set about to correct that paucity. She had collected a book of short stories and gave herself a year in which to have them published. When at Christmas time the manuscript once more returned to the author, she decided to have one more try, and sent it to Macmillan's which accepted and published her book, "Kingdom of the Winding Road." "Fox and Geese" won a prize offered by Child Life magazine. "Master Simon's Garden" is considered one of her best books. "The Steadfast Princess" won a drama league prize. "Trade Wind," written under a pen name of Adair Aldon, was chosen in a Little Brown & Co. contest for \$2,000 prize.

"As the Crow Flies" is a story of the Rock Island and upper Mississippi country. "Invisible Louisa" is the first biography to be awarded the John Newberry medal for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children.

As many people here will remember, Miss Meigs is fond of dogs and she has "Chris," a collie, and "Peter," a sheep dog as well as innumerable pets of her neighbors to keep her company, along with the children who regard her as their favorite author and friend.

OCTOBER 18, 1913.

Keokuk Authors of Note

I.--RUPERT HUGHES

Rupert Hughes, whose newest novel, "What Will People Say," now running serially in a current magazine, is causing so much discussion, is the son of Judge Felix Turner Hughes of this city, and although not born here, has been associated with the city in so many different ways that he can safely be called a Keokuk author.

Mr. Hughes is one of the most versatile of the younger writers of New York in which such notable authors as Edith Wharton, Richard Harding Davis, Owen Wisten, Robert W. Chambers and the late O. Henry are included. Indeed, the versatility of the man is one of his most noted characteristics, for he has written and written well, on almost every conceivable subject from poetry, history, biography and plays to fiction. As so much of his early life is associated with Keokuk it is well to start and follow out a few of the main facts of his career.

Rupert Hughes was born at Lancaster, Mo., on January 31, 1872, the son of Felix Turner and Jean Amelia (Summerlin) Hughes. When he was 7 years old he moved with his parents to Keokuk, Ia., and finished here the rest of his minor education, completing one year in the Keokuk high school.

At the early age of 7 he had written poems that were published in the home papers of Lancaster, Mo., and these were his first literary ventures. His father recalls him at the age of 7 scribbling verses on every available piece of paper. Some of these he recited to visitors declaiming them from the top of a chair, to the great amusement of his hearers.

Rupert, during his school days in Keokuk was a very studious lad and this same studiousness brought smiles to many of his associates. The spectacle of him umpiring games of baseball with a book in one hand out of which he took occasional squints has been recalled by some of his friends.

At the early age of 11 years Rupert had finished one year in the Keokuk high school and was sent away for the remaining three years to the Western Missouri university at Cleveland. At the age of 15 he entered Adelbert college and graduated from there in 1894 with an A. M. and an A. B. degree. Later he obtained an A. M. degree at Yale in 1899, after a two years' course.

During a good part of this time he was writing, and his great perseverance is told by the fact that he had 1,000 rejections before he sold his first story. This is certainly a noble lesson for young writers who expect immediate results.

After graduating from college he entered the profession of journalism, being editorially employed at different times on Godey's Magazine, Current Literature and The Criterion.

Rupert Hughes' first book was published in 1898, when he was 26 years old, and was entitled "The Lakerim Athletic Club." This was a book for boys, and with the other two of the series, "The Dozen From Lakerim," 1899, and "The Lakerim Cruise," 1910, constitute a connected story, the same scenes and characters appearing throughout. The scenes of these three books were laid in and around Keokuk and the characters are local people. "Sleepy" was the late Dr. John R. Maxwell, and Frank Le Bron was another character appearing in the stories. These three books give a good idea of life on the Mississippi river here.

A trip to London was made in May, 1901, to take charge of the preparation of the "Historians' History of the World." Mr. Hughes was gone eighteen months on this work, but had to return, as his vacation from his New York militia company was over. His leaving London so demoralized the projected work that the whole outfit was transferred from London to New York that he might again take up his duties. After that he set his office up in New York and was employed for the next three years on the Encyclopedia Britannica. Since the publication of "The Lakerim Athletic Club" in 1898, volumes have appeared in fast succession from his ready pen; books on all kinds of subjects, and besides this he has written almost a score of plays, nearly all of which have been successful, ending up with that delightfully humorous farce, "Excuse Me."

Mr. Hughes is also a musician and in his early days wrote several volumes about musicians and musical subjects such as "American Composers," 1900; "The Musical Guide," 1903; "Love Affairs of Great Musicians," 1903, and "Songs by Thirty Americans," 1913. He also composed and published "A Riley Album and Other Songs," containing his own musical settings to some of the best-known of James Whitcomb Riley's poems.

Ever since his youthful days he has written poetry, but he attained the height of his fame when he published "Gyges' Ring" in 1901. This one poem was declared by the famous author, Arthur S. Hardy, and other competent critics, to be one of the great masterpieces of poetry and the finest piece of literature published in 1901 throughout the entire world.

The two other lines that Mr. Hughes has won fame in have been reserved till the last. They are in the realm of fiction and playwriting.

His first play, entitled "The Wooden Wedding," was produced in London in 1902, when he was there engaged in the preparation of "The Historians' History of the World." A list of his produced plays since then includes "Tommy Rot" (produced in New York, 1902); "In the Midst of Life" (produced in New York, 1902) "Alexander the Great" (toured United States, 1903-4); "The Triangle" (produced in New York, 1906); "The Richest Girl in the World" (produced in St. Louis, 1906, and later as "All for a Girl," in New York, 1908); "My Boy" (produced in Chicago, 1909); "The Bridge" (produced in New York, 1909, later revived as "The Man Between" (toured United States 1910-12); "The Transformation" (produced in Syracuse, 1909 and later revived as "Two Women;" toured United States 1910-12); "Excuse Me" (produced in Allentown, Pa., 1911; three companies toured United States 1911-12.)

He also dramatized "Tess of the Storm Country" (produced in Atlanta, 1911), and "Sadie" (produced in New York, 1911.)

Everybody is familiar with "Excuse Me," which had one of the biggest runs in the history of the theater.

Rupert Hughes' later novels include "The Whirlwind," 1902; "Zal," 1905; "Colonel Crockett's Co-operative Christmas," 1906; "The Lift Wife," 1910; "Excuse Me," 1911; "Miss 318," 1911; "The Old Nest," 1912, and "Miss 318 and Mr. 37" 1913.

All of these later books have gained the author a wider and greater reputation, as they have appeared, till he stands today one of the foremost novelists of America.

It will be recalled by Keokuk people that several years back he published a story in the Saturday Evening Post entitled "The Mouth of the Gift Horse," based on the career of the late J. C. Hubinger. This story aroused a storm of protest in Keokuk, and litigation was threatened. This story is a masterpiece in itself and tells one of the most pathetic tales in present day literature.

One of his last books, "The Old Vest," has gone straight to the hearts of the people. It is the story of an old mother who, like the mother bird in a nest just above her windowsill, has been deserted by all her children, who have taken far-off courses on the path of life.

In "Miss 318" and its companion volume, "Miss 318 and Mr. 37," Mr. Hughes has laid before the public a true picture of life in the big department stores. It is a serious attempt to portray all the influences, bad and good alike, that beset the path of the girls who work in the big city stores.

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MADE BY DAY

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PREF LEAF

EDITS

"Excuse Me" and the "Gift Wife" are farces of the most delightfully humorous variety, and have charmed a host of readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

And so, first and last, the great versatility of Mr. Hughes is uppermost, his ability to handle any subject equally well, and along with this is his great knowledge of the art of story writing, the economy of words it is called. He knows exactly where to begin and leave off a story. Nothing irrelevant is put in or nothing important left out. Each is a masterpiece of workmanship.

Mr. Hughes' last published sketch, entitled "Pop," in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post, is just such a masterpiece. It shows an old man who has worked year in and year out, denying himself everything that his wife and children might have the best. And yet the family is ashamed of the old man, and has no other use than to see who can get to him first for money. How his true nobility is revealed to his unappreciative family and afterwards lost again, is a characteristic O Henry touch and is a wonderful piece of realism and pathos.

What he has produced now will hand his name down to posterity, and being yet a comparatively young man he has a brilliant future before him. And so Keokuk is glad to claim any part of this famous author and gratified to have a part in his development.

The Daily Gate City.

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 11, 1872

AGENTS WANTED!! For the Livest Book on the West ever written BUFFALO LAND!

By W. E. WEBB, the noted Pioneer and Humorist. The wealth and wildness, mysteries and marvels, of the boundless West, fully and truthfully described. Overflowing with wit and humor. The Appendix a complete Guide for Sportsmen and Emigrants. Profuse, and splendidly illustrated. Immensely popular, and selling beyond precedent. Send for illustrated circular, terms, &c., at once, to the publishers, E. HANNAFORD & CO., 192 W. Madison St., Chicago.

"BUFFALO LAND," is the title of a new work recently issued. It is an authentic account of the discoveries, adventures and mishaps of a scientific and sporting party in the wild West, with a graphic description of the country and everything that relates thereto. It is written by W. E. Webb, of Topeka, Kansas, and profusely illustrated by Henry Worrall. It embraces about five hundred pages of reading matter, and is neatly bound. It is undoubtedly one of the most reliable and elaborate works of the kind ever published. Mr. C. A. Calhoun is the agent for this section and is now engaged in canvassing for the book.

The Daily Gate City.

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 4, 1872.

New Publications.

TWAIN.

DAVID G. LOWRY

Has received a full supply of MARK TWAIN'S new volume, "Roughing It," and will send single copies free by mail on receipt of the subscription price, \$3 50.

Orders from the trade can be filled promptly.

142 Main Street,

3 doors from Postoffice.

"ROUGHING IT.—This is the title of Mark Twain's new book, which is meeting with such popular favor everywhere. The marked appreciation with which "The Innocents Abroad" was received by the public, and the universal desire for another work from the pen of its author, are given

as sufficient reasons for the appearance of this new volume. It is a companion volume to "The Innocents Abroad," and like it is filled with descriptions of people and things seen by the author himself, with his own eyes, which differ in some respects from those of others, related in his own highly original style.

The authorized agent of "Roughing It," is now canvassing the city for subscriptions to the work, and as this is the only way in which it can be obtained, our citizens should not miss the opportunity of subscribing for it.

The Daily Gate City.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 5, 1871.

Iowa Poetry.

It is with unfeigned pleasure we again note the fact that our beautiful State has another name to add to her list of poets, and this time a lady. A small volume of poems is before us, entitled "Maymie," by Kate Harrington. It is a heart-burst of one who has lost a fond husband and only child—a daughter, and is written ostensibly in memoriam of these loved ones. There are some persons, who will doubtless say, on reading this tribute of affection, that it would have been better not to have published them; we do not think so. Poetry of this class tends to chasten the minds of its readers, and teaches them how frail are the earthly ties of our domestic love. The strain of each poem is a sad one; but for pathos, beauty of expression, and true rhythm, they are equal to anything we have ever read, each verse contains a flow of such holy, motherly devotion, that we glided through them—verse after verse—unconscious of the fact that our voice was becoming hoarse, and in our effort to stay the tears that would come unbidden to our eyes, we were compelled to lay the book down; but in doing so, we discovered that there were other eyes wet with tears besides our own—for we had been reading them aloud to those who were also dear to us—and in an instant those beautiful lines of Eliza Cook came vividly to our our mind.

The above lines from Mr. James Ellis, which were published in the Register, brought out the following from another appreciative admirer of Kate Harrington's literary talents and ability.

ABOUT KATE HARRINGTON.—Mr. Local: Is it so, that Kate Harrington, one of Iowa's pioneers, whose poetry has graced the pages of Iowa journals, and been read by every household, making many hearts glad for the last twenty years, (more or less), has never had her name added to the list of Iowa poets till now? So it seems. In Sunday's Register, under the head "Iowa Poetry," the author says: "Our beautiful State has another name to add to her poets, and this time a lady." Just as though this was the first record of "Kate Harrington," when every old settler in the State looks upon her as the pioneer poet of Iowa. To the praise of the poems all will say amen. But the cool part of the matter over which "Kate" will undoubtedly laugh, is

THE GREAT EAST HEAR CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

MADE BY
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The Gate City.

POETRY.

What I Love.

I love the shady woodlands,
Bedeck'd in verdure gay,
When their vistas cool are ringing
With the melodies of May;
When the radiant wild flowers sparkle,
With the dews of early morn,
And rich odors are exhaling
From the snowy-blossomed thorn.

And I love the breezy hill-top,
With its herbage sparse and dun,
When all nature seems to languish
'Neath the fervid noontide sun.
There, half-slumbering, I ponder
On delight for me in store,
In the valley far beneath me,
When my ramble shall be o'er.

Yes, I love that peaceful valley
When the shades of evening fall;
But the miller's rustic cottage—
Oh, I love it best of all!
Would you know its rare attraction,
To me supremely dear?
Well, 'tis ham and eggs for supper,
And a mug of home-brewed beer.

that she has just been added to Iowa poets, some of whom, probably, received their first lessons in poetry of Kate Harrington before the author of "Iowa Poetry," crossed the Atlantic, and possibly before he could read poetry. We acquiesce in all praise of poet and poem, but demur to the arrangement; and if Mr. Ellis has the arranging of Iowa poets, he will please put Kate Harrington at the head, where we think she justly belongs. E. O. C.

The Daily Gate City.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1871.

LINES.

IN MEMORY OF MADELINE AND CARITA BOWER.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

'Twas a frail and tender blossom,
But they hoped, with loving care,
Sheltered by a mother's bosom,
It might grow in beauty there.
And they watched it daily, nightly,
Guarding it from chill and storm,
Counting all their vigils lightly,
So their precious bud was warm.

And the light of hope was glowing,
Burning brightly in his breast,
When the father spoke of going,
And the while his child caressed.
And the little form kept clinging
To the heart that loved it so,
'Till he called, "Come, Madeline,
Take Carita, I must go."

Thus he left his youngest daughter
In the elder's fond embrace,
And in earnest tones besought her
Thus to share its resting place
With the mother, till, returning,
He would claim his wonted care;
Left them with a tender yearning,
Both so dear, so pure, so fair!

Madeline, the perfect flower,
Radiant in her matchless grace,
With a woman's richest dower,
Love, illuming heart and face.
And the little, frail Carita,
Guarded by such watchful love,
Softest touch and tone must greet her,
Gentlest steps about her move.

Ah! 'tis well that mystery shroudeh
Future trials—coming woes;
That a veil our vision cloudeth,
Hiding life's convulsive throes;
Else that heart had ceased its beating,
Burst from anguish fierce and deep,
Had it heard a voice repeating,
"Ere thou comest, both must sleep."

First Carita heard the whisper
Of the approaching angel band,
Come to bear the prattling lisper
To the lovely Eden land.
And her earthly name was spoken
By the one who loved her well;
Child's and seraph's spirits token,
Claimed by both where angels dwell.

Ah! the bitterness of parting!
Oh! the pangs of sorrow wild,
Oh! the tears of woe upstarting
When we yield a darling child!
Each forgets, (blind, erring mortal.)
That no suffering, care or sin
Ere can reach the Heavenly portal,
Where our loved ones enter in.

Did Carita's spirit hover
Half reluctant to be gone,
Till her Madeline passed over
Death's dark stream at early dawn?
Did the way seem lone and dreary,
E'en with that angelic band?
Did the timid one grow weary
Till she clasped her sister's hand?

When the father, home returning,
Fain had claimed a welcoming kiss;
Who can paint his woe on learning,
Loss so doubly deep as this?
There, with wreaths upon their bosoms,
In their caskets white and cold,
Thus he found his faded blossoms,
Eldest, youngest of the fold.

Found them with the love-light vanished
From their earnest, trustful eyes;
From their silent lips were banished
All endearing fond replies.
Nevermore their tones would greet him,
Nevermore those cheeks would glow,
Nor those forms, expectant, meet him,
While he journeyed here below.

But above, where stars are lighted,
Far away in Heaven's own blue,
Broken links will be united;
Youth and love forever new.
As they left you, ye will find them
Only grown more pure and fair,
Father, Mother, ye resigned them
To a loving Father's care.
FORT MADISON, Feb. 17, 1871.

The Daily Gate City.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 18, 1871.

"MAYMIE."

We have received from a friend a copy of Kate Harrington's touching poem, entitled "Maymie" written in memory of the author's little daughter and dedicated to Iowa. It is a neatly printed volume of sixty pages, elegantly bound and bears the imprint of the GATE CITY Publishing House at Keokuk. It is altogether an Iowa production—written by an Iowa lady, well known in literary circles and who is now a resident of Fort Madison.

We have seldom read anything which is more touching than this recital of a pure and noble woman's grief. In the dedication appears the following graceful tribute to her adopted State and exquisitely tender recollection of her dead husband and angel child:

I thank thee for each vine-clad hill and vale,
For each rejoicing stream that flows between;
For Springs returning bloom and Autumn's gale,
For billowy blossoms on thy seas of green;
For every bright-winged bird that lent his voice
To cheer the ear and make the earth less sad;
For every sound that bade his heart rejoice,
And every scene that made my young heart glad.

Maymie's dream is a beautiful conception if we may be allowed to term it a poetical fancy, but the deep pathos and burning words forbid that we should venture to call it a flight of imagination: This was when

Ten golden years, with diamond moments set,
Had well nigh closed around her, when there came
A look into her eyes that haunts me yet—
A chilly, quivering tremor through her frame.
But yet she rallied when she heard me sigh,
And said, "Mama, 'twill be my birth-day soon—
The sixth of April; come beside me lie
And let me tell you how to fix the room."

What could be more beautiful than the invocation to the Virgin Mary:

And, mother Mary, I must plead with thee
Sometimes to clasp her to thy loving breast;
Else her fond, yearning heart will long for me,

41
Though Heaven be gained and all its joys possessed,
Not to the Virgin Mary do I kneel;
Not to the holy saint my numbers flow;
But to the woman whose true heart can feel
Because it once endured a kindred woe,
Or equal the earnest heart-pleadings to
her angel child:

And, Ma mie! When thy golden harp is tried;
When strains of love fall sweetly from thy tongue;
Fold thy white wings, and at thy Savior's side,
Let the wild yearnings of thy heart be sung.
Kneel, darling, kneel, and ask for what thou wilt;
I know the wish e'en angels may not smother;
Not to be made more free from sin and guilt
But that thy mission be to guard thy mother.

Then follows a description of the bereaved mother's sad task when she folds little Maymie's clothes and lays them away along with her play-things, her doll and

"The silken band that tied her hair."

Who is the hard-heated skeptic that can read this exquisite little poem and hear the wild notes of grief from a crushed mother's heart and yet the tender trusting faith which leads her to look forward, will say that Kate Harrington will never again see her child?

The same God who created these lofty aspirations—this blissful hope which cheers even in the darkest hour, is able and has made it possible for us to see our beloved dead again.—*Ottumwa Democrat.*

The Daily Gate City.

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 23, 1871.

"IN MEMORIAM."—Kate Harrington's new Poem is attracting favorable appreciation and comment. The following is a letter from the distinguished poet, H. W. Longfellow:

CAMBRIDGE, Jan 14, 1871.

Dear Mrs. Harrington:

I have had the pleasure of receiving your little volume of poems, and write to thank you for it, though I have not yet had time, or rather opportunity, to read it. But I know what is in it, and from what I have written you before, you will know that I shall read it with deep sympathy.

I am so much occupied, and so much interrupted, that I am often obliged to postpone till to-morrow the things which I desire to do, and ought to do to-day.

Thanking you for your kind remembrance, and wishing you all the good wishes of the New Year.

Yours truly,

HENREW W. LONGFELLOW.

Secretary Belknap refers to it as a beautiful poem. The following is an extract from a letter written to the authoress of "In Memoriam" by Dr. Harvey of Burlington, a gentleman of literary attainments:

"You have laid me under a lasting obligation to you by the presentation of your beautiful poem, 'In Memoriam.' I received it yesterday and read it aloud to Mrs. H. last night, and I assure you we both, though somewhat 'unused to the melting mood,' paid to it ample tribute in tears. It was evidently written in tears—every page—every line—nay every word of it; and cannot be read, by a person possessing a particle of feeling, without a corresponding accompaniment. But how unlike, yet similar, the feelings of the writer and the reader; with the former so highly wrought as to be agonizing, and with the latter, so mingled with admiration that they become a luxury."

The Daily Constitution.

KEOKUK, IOWA:

TUESDAY MORNING, FEB. 21, 1871.

LINES.

IN MEMORY OF MADELINE AND CARITA BOWER.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

'Twas a frail and tender blossom,
But they hoped, with loving care,
Sheltered by a mother's bosom,
It might grow in beauty there.
And they watched it dally, nightly,
Guarding it from chill and storm,
Counting all their vigils lightly,
So their precious bud was warm.

And the light of hope was glowing,
Burning brightly in his breast,
When the father spoke of going,
And the while his child caressed.
And the little form kept clinging
To the heart that loved it so,
Till he called, "Come, Madeline,
Take Carita, I must go."

Thus he left his youngest daughter
In the elder's fond embrace,
And in earnest tones besought her
Thus to share its resting place
With the mother, till, returning,
He would claim his wonted care;
Left them with a tender yearning,
Both so dear, so pure, so fair!

Madeline, the perfect flower,
Radiant in her matchless grace,
With a woman's richest dower,
Love, illuming heart and face,
And the little, frail Carita,
Guarded by such watchful love,
Softest touch and tone must greet her,
Gentlest steps about her move.

Ah! 'tis well that mystery shroudeth
Future trials—coming woes;
That a veil our vision cloudeth,
Hiding life's convulsive throes;
Else that heart had ceased its beating,
Burst from anguish fierce and deep,
Had it heard a voice repeating,
"Ere thou comest, both must sleep."

First: Carita heard the whisper
Of the approaching angel band,
Come to bear the prattling lisper
To the lovely Eden land,
And her earthly name was spoken
By the one who loved her well;
Child's and seraph's spirits token,
Claimed by both where angels dwell.

Ah! the bitterness of parting!
Oh! the pangs of sorrow wild,
Oh! the tears of woe upstarting
When we yeld a darling child!
Each forgets, (blind, erring mortal),
That no suffering, care or sin
Ere can reach the Heavenly portal,
Where our loved ones enter in.

Did Carita's spirit hover
Half reluctant to be gone,
Till her Madeline passed over
Death's dark stream at early dawn?
Did the way seem lone and dreary,
E'en with that angelic band?
Did the timid one crow weary
Till she clasped her sister's hand?

When the father, home returning,
Fain had claimed a welcoming kiss;
Who can paint his woe on learning
Loss so doubly deep as this?
There, with wreaths upon their bosoms,
In their caskets white and cold,
Thus he found his faded blossoms,
Eldest, youngest of his fold.

Found them with the love-light vanished
From their earnest, trustful eyes;
From their silent lips were banished
All endearing fond replies.
Nevermore their tones would greet him,
Nevermore those cheeks would glow,
Nor those forms, expectant, meet him,
While he journeyed here below.

But above, where stars are lighted,
Far away, in Heaven's own blue,
Broken links will be united,
Youth and love forever new.
As they left you, ye will find them
Only grown more pure and fair,
Father, Mother, ye resigned them
To a loving Father's care.

Fort Madison, Feb. 17, 1871

DAILY GATE CITY.

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1875.

For the Gate City.

THE CHILDREN.

Affectionately Inscribed to My Scholars.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

You may talk of the exquisite paintings—
You guard with the tenderest care,
Of your statues of Parian marble
So faultless, so perfect—so rare.
But give me a call, and I'll show you
Some pictures more fair to behold
Than ever were drawn by the masters
Whose names down the ages have rolled.

At Christmas I took down my statues,
My Cupids and Psyches and all;
And the gloom of the place made me shudder
As I turned to the desolate wall.
Bright curls that the sunlight had garnished—
Dark tresses the midnight had bound—
The mirth-loving eyes had all vanished,
While red lips could nowhere be found.

But now they are back in their niches
My statues of value untold;
My pictures in ebony framing—
And some set in amber and gold.
The room has grown bright with their presence;
The gloom and the silence have fled,
For the crown of His sweet benediction
Still rests on each innocent head.

And the thought, as they gather each morning,
And murmur the prayer that He gave,
That His dear, loving arms are around them,
Makes my own sinking heart, oft-times, brave.
So I nestle down closely beside them,
And trust, when the Savior shall see
The white souls that flutter about me,
His blessing will touch even me.

Am I faithful, I wonder, in tilling
The soil of their hearts, day by day?
Will the seed I am patiently sowing,
Spring up but to wither away?
The mold is not rocky or barren,
But tares may spring up—tares of sin;
Yet I trust to His care all their future
Who gathers the golden sheaves in.

KEOKUK, Iowa, Jan. 15, 1875.

For the Gate City.

DAILY GATE CITY.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 13, 1874.

[From the Farmington Gazette.] MY MOTHER'S FRIEND.

Lovingly inscribed to "Grandma Fulton."

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

You wondered why my fingers clasped
So lovingly that withered hand.
The tenderness that filled my heart
You saw, yet could not understand.
Yet will the mystery be explained:
My impulse you will comprehend
When you are told that aged one
Was, in her youth, my mother's friend.

Those snowy locks, in other years
Luxuriant hung, in graceful curls
Perchance, and oft touched mother's cheek,
With soft caress, when both were girls.
That breath commingled with her own,
As the young head would trusting bend,
To tell, in low, confiding tone
Her secrets to her early friend.

With such a bitter, aching void
As life must hold when mothers go,
No matter when—if full of years,
Or in their noontide's golden glow,
It is not strange my weary heart
Should long to feel those arms descend
And fold in motherly embrace
The daughter of her early friend.

I wonder if the mists of years
Melt in the radiance of the skies,
Will heaven restore our faded bloom,
And youth return in Paradise?
Do blighted hopes and vanished joys,
Revive, return when earth's dreams end?
If so, what glad surprise awaits,
Beyond the blue, my mother's friend!

O, peaceful be her closing hour!
And soothing the familiar tone
That bids her deathless spirit rise
Where weight of years is all unknown.
May the same hand that points her way,
Clasp mine when life and care shall ead,
And bear me to the shining shore.
To join my mother's early friend.
KEOKUK, August 28, 1874.

The Keokuk Gate City and
Constitution Democrat

TUESDAY, FEB. 10, 1953

Charles F. Honce Retires After 34 Years With A.P.

Charles F. Honce, former Keokuk resident, is retiring as assistant general manager of the Associated Press in New York City as soon as he completes a month's vacation.

Honce broke in as a reporter on The Daily Gate City, went from here to the old Burlington Gazette and joined the Associated Press in Chicago during 1919 as a news editor. He went to New York as a division news editor, became general news editor and has been assistant general manager since 1944.

At the age of 57 he has been with the Associated Press for 34 years and has elected to retire under an optional plan of the news service. He plans to devote more time to his hobby of Sherlock Holmes research, to write and travel.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
B. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

Edwin Markham, American Poet, Thrills Large Keokuk Audience

Creator of "Lincoln The Man of the People" and "The Man with the Hoe" Gives Lecture at the Unitarian Church.

An eighty-three-year old man thrilled the audience which packed the auditorium of the First Unitarian church last night, as he read his poem "Lincoln—the Man of the People," declared by critics to have been the greatest poem written about the martyred president who served the nation in the dark days of "the whirlwind hour." For sixty minutes this large audience felt the personality, admired the ability and was privileged even to glimpse the soul of this poet—Edwin Markham, who spoke here under the auspices of the Woman's Alliance of the church. They laughed at his quaint humor, they felt the power of the man, they heard him define poetry and religion, but it remained for the climax of the evening to be reached as he interpreted the words of his soul child, that tribute to Lincoln, and later his other works, "The Man With the Hoe."

Poetry, according to Mr. Markham, touches the human values, and reached beyond science to bare the soul of man. Science views things from the standpoint of man, poetry from God's view, he said in offering definitions of this medium. Poetry depicts the ideal life and religion teaches one to live it. Poetry described as rising from the thinking heart, and is an attempt to evaluate things spiritually. The poet, he said, makes apparent the unapparent.

Defines Poetry, Praises Poe.

Mr. Markham illustrated some of his definitions by quoting from Zoroaster, the Persian, Aristotle and Plato and then from Shakespeare who in "Midsummer Night's Dream" describes the poet as one whose "eye in fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven, and as imagination bodies forth the form of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." He praised Edgar Allen Poe as one of the greatest minds that American letters has produced. He spoke of his having trod a path of mystery.

Poetry must grow out of emotion and it must reach the emotions of the reader if it is to last. He declared that nine-tenths of the words written as poetry are not that, and he spoke of Wordsworth as a poet, not because of the great mass of writings he left, but because some eighteen of his poems were really great.

Compares Poet and Scientist.

He told in a most humorous way of the experience he had with a superintendent of schools when he was principal of a school in Oakland. This superintendent visiting the school saw a flag on the wall, and asked what it was there for. A little girl in the school piped up



EDWIN MARKHAM.

with the information that it covered a hole in the plaster. Markham said that the scientist would see in the flag length, breadth, the pigments coloring it, the weight and texture of the cloth, but that the poet would look beyond and see in the flag the soul of a great people. The poet, he said, would hear the fifes and drums of '76; would see Washington and his shivering men on the shores of the Delaware river, would see other great moments of history as exemplified by the soul of the flag.

Truth alone he said would not make a poem. It must have truth plus beauty. He told humorously of having received a poem from a young man, while editing a paper in the west and how he had returned it with a scathing bit of criticism because the young man had failed to grasp the fact that poetry must have human values. Reading from some of his poems, he touched one that was written to his four year old son, whom he said had been graduated with honors from two universities and now was using his "gigantic intellect" to write mystery stories. This brought another burst of humor as the speaker defined local color.

Religion of Christ.

Touching the religious side of

man's life, the speaker said that Christ was identified with humanity and that to his mind the best definition of religion was found in the statement of Jesus that "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it to me." Through his lecture he spoke of Christ as the great leader and teacher of the race. In this connection he read his poem, "How the Great Guest Came," which truly revealed the religious side of the man.

Coming to the close of his lecture, he told how in 1922 he wrote the poem on Lincoln, and how he had been informed by a telegram from Justice Taft that his work had been declared the winner of the contest, out of three hundred poems submitted. He had remarked to his household that there must be some mistake, but decided he did not have time to run around and correct the errors of such an eminent jury of critics, and had accepted the honor bestowed. He then read this work, in a most dramatic and satisfying climax to his lecture, which left his audience spellbound for a moment, and then brought a burst of applause.

Audience Meets Him.

Following his address Mr. Markham and the entire audience adjourned to the church parlors where tea was served, and where the poet recited his immortal "The Man With the Hoe," which he said had been inspired by Millet's painting. This was the poem which he sent to a newspaper editor, and publication of which brought him into the first ranks of American poets. The poet was the guest at dinner at the A. Hollingsworth home where he was entertained. This noon he was a guest at a luncheon at the Tiffany room at the Hotel Iowa, and this afternoon he left for Mt. Pleasant where he will speak tonight.

Mr. Markham was introduced by the Rev. Wayne H. Steele, pastor of the church, who expressed appreciation of the sponsors of the lecture for the large attendance. Mr. Markham in his introduction paid a tribute to Gilbert I. Garretson of Oklahoma City, who are directly responsible for his appearance in Iowa. He said that Mr. Garretson was a most remarkable young man, and spoke of the fact that he is now editing a newspaper in Oklahoma City, a new venture, since he has been head of the journalistic school of the University of Oklahoma.

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"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
B. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Charles F. Collisson Writes of Jennie Lind Memorial in Current 'Opera News'

"A Jenny Lind Memorial" is the title of an article by Charles F. Collisson, New York feature writer, former local newspaperman, in the current issue of Opera News, an illustrated magazine of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, distributed to its members widely.

It is planned to help radio listeners to follow the Metropolitan Opera's Saturday afternoon broadcasts. These begin December 1 with Mozart's Magic Flute. The Metropolitan season opens November 26 with Lohengrin. Mr. Collisson reviews the season for Musical Leaders of Chicago. His article follows:

While war heroes may have their fleeting day in Fifth Avenue, the triumphs of Jenny Lind still echo in the New York Historical Society's stately halls, where a famous collection of Jenny Lind mementos has recently been put on public display.

Acclaimed in New York.

All of New York's paper-shower welcomes of today can hardly surpass the tumultuous ovations that greeted the Swedish Nightingale, in 1852, when P. T. Barnum posted a cash guarantee of \$178,500 with her London bankers, to bring her to America to sing... a showman's gamble that enriched them both. Her 35 concerts brought in \$712,161, of which she received \$176,675.

Leonidas Westervelt, Long Islander, with true collector's zeal, good taste and means, has diligently sought out Jenny Lind items for more than 40 years. The story of his quests he told at the opening of the exhibition last month, when the society's president, George A. Zabriskie, presided, and Elsie Semke, soprano, in Lind-era costume, sang mid-Victorian songs.

"Good music was almost unknown in America in the 50's," said Mr. Westervelt. "Even Patti was only a child of seven."

Although Jenny Lind never sang in opera in America, her fame had already been established abroad in operatic roles, acclaimed in London, Berlin, Vienna, Stockholm and Copenhagen. She retired from opera when only 29, perhaps for religious scruples.

Started Career in 1838.

Her career started in 1838, with her debut as Agathe in Weber's Der Freischutz. Studying later in Paris under Manuel Garcia, she perfected her remarkable execution of mezza di voce, pianissimo passages, the shake and trill, all truly exquisite.

Her range encompassed two and a half octaves. Weber, Mendelssohn and others composed music for her. Meyerbeer brought her to Berlin in 1844 to sing Vielka in his Camp of Silesia, composed for her. The trio of Vielka, with two flutes, became a great show-piece on her programs.

Another was Casta Diva, from Bellini's Norma, displaying her remarkable cadenzas. Other Meyerbeer roles she made famous were Fiorilla in Turco in Italia, Alice in Roberto, il Diavolo, and Valatin in Les Huguenots.

She loved martial music, so Marie in Daughter of the Regiment had a special charm for her. One aria declares "France I adore Thee," yet she hated Paris and would not sing in "that wicked city."

She sang Anina in La Sonnambula in London 22 times, and it became the hit of the 1947 season.

... Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort honoring her with applause and flowers. Many items show her in this role, in miniatures, lithographs, paintings, engravings and porcelain figurines. More than 250 portraits are displayed.

Devoutly Religious.

Her American programs featured the operatic arias, mingled with the popular folk songs of the Victorian era. Barnum's memoirs say her popularity was due, not alone to her cadenzas, but to "something that reached over the foot-lights and delved deep into the hearts of her audience." Her benevolences also endeared her to the public.

She was devoutly religious, with no "glamor-girl" beauty... but with a grace and charm that charmed everyone. Gossip and scandal passed her by.

Of her arrival, Barnum said: "Thousands covered the piers and shipping; one man fell overboard. Thousands more greeted her at Canal Street. Wildest enthusiasm prevailed. My carriage was waiting and I mounted the box beside the driver, to advertise her arrival.

"At her hotel, 5,000 more were massed. There she was serenaded at midnight by a musical society, with firemen in red shirts bearing torches!"

Mr. Westervelt comments: "Publicity rolled over the city like a tidal wave, all gratifying to Mr. Barnum. In a rush of mixed metaphor, a reporter wrote of 'her warblings that spin from her throat like the attenuated fiber from the silkworm, dying away so sweetly and gradually till it seems melting in the song of seraphim!'"

Jenny Lind Craze.

The Jenny Lind craze followed, unlike anything even in these Sinatra days. At auction sales of first tickets, John N. Genin, hatter, paid \$225 in New York, and declared he would have bid \$1,000. O. E. Dodge paid \$625 in Boston; W. C. Ross \$650 in Providence; M. A. Root \$625 in Philadelphia. Belles imitated her glide and hair-do a la Jenny Lind. Delmonico's featured special dishes a la likewise. Said Barnum: "We had Jenny Ling gloves, bonnets, riding hats, shawls, mantillas, sofas, chairs, beds and pianos... everything was Jenny Lind."

Adorned with her name and likeness, the collection shows valentines and paper dolls, new varieties of flowers, clay pipes, cigar and candy boxes, fancy vest buttons, fans and perfume bottles, snuff boxes and trout flies.

There's a bowl and pitcher, china-ware, cast iron flat-iron stands, a tiny parlor stove, even lioi-form whiskey bottles! Named for her was a clipper ship, Nightingale, with her graven form as a figure-head. A cow named Jenny Lind won first prize at New York State Fair.

Daughter Gives Locket.

Barnum's great granddaughter donated his cherished treasure, a marble Jenny Lind bust and pedestal, signed by the sculptor Dun-

ham.... Also the two original concert contracts. Jenny Lind's daughter gave her mother's locket, with portraits of Webster and George Washington.... her favorite Americans.... her gold and ivory seal, a practice sheet of music in Jenny's hand-writing. There is a doll dressed for a little girl, and a fan she gave Ole Bull, the famous violinist.

Two rare items are porcelain candle extinguishers of her form, with nightingale heads, one siltnet entitled "Diffidence," the other singing, "Confidence." One was found in London, the other on Long Island.

Mr. Westervelt was awarded the Royal Music Academy's Jenny Lind Medal in 1943, for his outstanding contribution to "Lindiana." His collection gives an added impetus to the opera fan for a visit to the New York Historical Society in 1945, where it now has a permanent home.

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"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

DAILY GATE CITY

KEOKUK AUTHOR
DIED YESTERDAY
IN TUCSON, ARIZ.

Francis Perry Elliott Was
Author of "The Haunted
Pajamas" and "Pals
First."

AUG. 14, '24

Francis Perry Elliott, author of "Haunted Pajamas" and "Pals First," died yesterday at 10:00 o'clock in St. Mary's hospital at Tucson, Ariz., according to word received by relatives. He had been in Arizona for over a year, in the hopes that the climate would be of benefit to him. The body will be brought to Keokuk for burial, the date of the funeral to be announced later.

Mr. Elliott lived in Keokuk for a number of years, and some of his work was done here. He spent part of his time in New York, and during his residence in Keokuk became the center of a wide circle of friends whose literary tastes were fostered under his guidance. His home was in Nashville, Tenn.

Besides his books, Mr. Elliott wrote a number of reviews and articles, and he is remembered locally for the very fine poem he wrote one year for the Baby Welfare League which was sponsoring Baby Week in Keokuk. Through his niece, Miss Frances Sawyer, he became greatly interested in the work of the Baby Welfare League and this was his contribution to their part in Baby Week.

Born in Nashville.

Francis Perry Elliott was born in Nashville, Tenn., July 29, 1861. He was the son of William Francis and Mary E. Elliott. He was educated in the public schools, Montgomery Bell Academy and Vanderbilt, U. of Nashville. In his college work he specialized in literature, classics and rhetoric. He was married September 22, 1897, to Winifred McKenzie Payne of this city. His wife predeceased him in death. Mrs. Frances A. Payne of this city was his mother-in-law and is the only living relative in this city.

Mr. Elliott was teacher and superintendent in public school systems in Tennessee and Mississippi from 1883 to 1890. He was professor in English literature in Belmont College in Nashville and head master of the Castle Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson 1896 to 1898. He was with Harper & Bros.,

New York, 1898-1900, and managing editor of The Home Magazine, New York, 1900-03; the New Age, Washington, 1903-04, the Great Southwest, Denver, 1906-08.

In politics Mr. Elliott was a democrat, fraternally he was a member of the Masons and Roval Arcanum. His religious affiliation was with the Episcopal church.

He was the author of "The Haunted Pajamas," "The Gift of Abou Hassan," "Pals First," "Lend Me Your Name," "The Shadow Girl," "The Magic Rug", many short stories and special articles.

DAILY GATE CITY

REMARKABLE
CAREER OF
F. P. ELLIOTT

Writer Praises Name and
Fame of Late Keokuk
Author, Who Was
Buried Yesterday at
St. Francisville.

AUGUST 20, 1924

A writer in the Burlington Gazette lauds the name and fame of the late Francis Perry Elliott, Keokuk author and magazine writer, whose funeral was held here yesterday morning. This writer says:

A very large audience attended the very impressive funeral of Francis Perry Elliott, author and magazinist, in Keokuk Tuesday morning. He died last week in Tucson, Ariz., of tuberculosis, after an illness of several years.

Solemn requiem high mass was celebrated in St. Peter's Catholic church which was filled with Keokuk people including many prominent citizens. Elliott had lived in Keokuk since the death of his wife and there wrote his most popular novels, "The Haunted Pajamas," in 1911; "The Gift of Abouben Hassam," in 1922; "Pals First," which was popular on the screen in 1915; "Lend Me Your Name," in 1916, and "The Shadow Girl," in 1919. His last novel is still in manuscript, the author having gone to New York to dispose of it to a publisher when he was attacked suddenly in Broadway with a severe hemorrhage from the lungs.

He was connected with the editorial department of Harper and Brothers for two years, 1893-1900, and then for the next three years was editor of the Home Magazine. In 1903-04, he edited The New Age, the official magazine of the southern jurisdic-

tion of the Scottish Rite Masons, published in Washington. A previous attack of tuberculosis from which he recovered took him to Denver in 1906, and for the next two years he was editor of The Great Southwest there.

His wife, to whom he was married in Keokuk in 1897, died while they lived in Denver, and the author never recovered entirely from the deep grief her death caused him. He remained in Keokuk for the last fifteen years, tenderly caring for his wife's mother after the death of the latter's husband, Dr. P. H. Payne, a prominent physician,

During his adult life he was a faithful member and constant attendant of the Episcopal church in Keokuk and elsewhere and 20 years ago was a 32nd degree Mason. A letter arrived in Keokuk after the telegram announcing his death, in which he said he had joined the Catholic church and wanted his funeral conducted by Very Rev. James W. Gillespie of St. Peter's church.

He left no blood relatives. Burial was in the old Payne family graveyard at St. Francisville, Mo., twenty miles from Keokuk on the Des Moines River. A number of Keokuk people drove in the funeral procession to the Missouri hamlet.

Phil Stong's First Novel Describes Iowa's Fair and Its Farmer People

Keokuk Firms Mentioned in Book Which Has Been Written by Young Drake Student and Des Moines Reporter.

TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1932

"I took the Kellogg-Birge man from Keokuk for five dollars—the first five," said the wise and pessimistic storekeeper in "State Fair," a first novel by Phil Stong that within a week of its publication became a tremendous success. The storekeeper was explaining that he had started what he called "a fool fund" where he put the money he won on what seemed sure bets. He had just made a bet with Abel Frake, who with his wife, Melissa, was in the store, Saturday, to get provisions to take on their trip next week to the state fair at Des Moines.

Abel Frake was entering "Blue Bly," his Hampshire boar, not only for the blue ribbon of the Hampshire class, but for his heart's desire, the sweepstake award, which went to the most physically perfect boar of all classes. In this last week in which Blue Boy was being conditioned for this big event, Abel thought of all the patience and work it had been to bring him up; but he also realized that if the hog proved to be the best Hampshire boar in Iowa, it followed that he would be the best Hampshire boar in the world, that he would take the International sweepstake at Chicago.

Mrs. Frake had a long row of colored ribbons in her kitchen for awards at previous state fairs. She had won ribbons for angel food cakes, devil's food and layer cakes, for doughnuts and many other culinary entries. This year she was taking her pickles. The storekeeper had always had an awful battle with the Keokuk jobbers to get the things that Mrs. Frake demanded for this recipe which had been inherited and improved in her family for four generations.

The Frakes had come to Iowa when the Indians were still in the southeastern corner. The family had come originally from New England to Pennsylvania and moved on to Ohio and then to Iowa, where they had cultivated their farm in the corn belt for many years. The present family consists of Abel Frake, his wife, and their son and daughter. When asked in Des Moines, where they

lived, Margy, the daughter, said "Brunswick"; and that place not being known to her questioner, she explained that it was fifty miles from Keokuk, almost on a line. Their annual outing was the week at the state fair.

Describes State Fair.

The narrative is very simple; it is the story of the trip to and from the fair and the events of the week while there. The family always stayed on the camp grounds. It is thrilling to read what we call a travel book, usually meaning some one's journey in a far away land where happenings seem glamorous, romantic and adventurous. But it is delightful and interesting to read of the journey in the truck along the paved highway at night so that the heat would not harm Blue Boy. They pass through Ottumwa, Oskaloosa and other towns which most of us know from driving to our state capitol.

It has been much more customary for English writers to refer to places, people and events by their real names than for American writers to do so. Americans refrain from mentioning names of towns, newspapers and firms. But Mr. Stong does not say a capitol of a mid-western state, he says Des Moines; his reporter did not work on a large daily, he worked on the "Register and Tribune"; farmers did not discuss merely a senator, they talked about Brookhart. Mr. Stong belongs to the fourth generation of Iowans and worked in his father's store at Keosauqua. He went to Drake university in Des Moines before going east to do journalistic work. He knows Iowa farmers and likes them. He portrays them not by any lengthy descriptions but by telling of their interests.

We do not see how anyone reading the book could fail to be excited along with Abel in what the judges would say about Blue Boy, nor help feeling pleased when Melissa's photograph was taken for the paper because the camera man wanted a picture of the best cook that ever lived. Mr. Stong writes with good humor and often wit. He tells a good story with no burrowing for motives; a straight, entertaining narrative of kindly people. Perhaps its greatest significance is that, although he is not the only author to write authentically of this section of the country, he is the first to describe it with the mellowness and warmth and charm which many of us feel is here. It is a grand story.

L. A.

DAILY GATE CITY

FRIDAY, AUG. 11, 1922

RAY GARRISON 'WRITTEN UP' IN PUBLICATION

The August issue of Sporting Life, contains a picture and sketch of Ray E. Garrison, sports writer for the Chicago Daily News. Garrison's home was in Keokuk and he broke into the game by writing sports for The Gate City.

The sketch tells how Garrison started his career writing sports in the Central association when Keokuk was in that league. He went from here to Sioux City, then to Des Moines, and then to Chicago, where he has been the correspondent of the News with the White Sox.

"Some of "Snapper's" chief accomplishments," according to the magazine, "are greeting the natives on the training trips in the spring and telling them he would like to live and die in your fair little city; dancing with the lithe and lissome village belles on these same trips; filling the wire for New York's writers as well as his own when they want a day off on exhibition appearances; making speeches before the Chamber of Commerce luncheon at Tyler, Corsicanna and Mount Union, Pa., and all points west; boxing, swimming and pumping player pianos in hotel mezzanine floors."

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
KEOKUK IOWA

Chicago press publication carries article on Garrison

"Press Vet," official publication of the Chicago Press Veterans' Association, contains a sketch and photograph of Ray E. Garrison of Keokuk, written by Harold Ricklefs, editor, in the current edition.

Garrison, who spent 30 years on Chicago dailies, including The Tribune, Daily News, and Journal of Commerce as news writer and department editor, began his writing career on The Gate City, and later became city editor of the old Des Moines Capital. He is a charter member of the Chicago Press Veterans' group.

Ricklef's article follows:

Publishing one's own books can be a hazardous financial venture, but thus far it has worked out successfully, if being without profit can be considered satisfactory. This at least is the opinion of Ray Garrison, retired Chicago news vet, who has been living in his home town, Keokuk, Iowa, since the early 1950's.

Journal of Commerce

Previously, and before his retirement, he was a financial and industrial editor on the Journal of Commerce, where he was placed by the late William L. Ayres, managing editor of the John Ames business daily.

Garrison went to the Chicago Daily News in 1920 from the managing editorship of a Rock Island paper, spent several years on the telegraph and cable desk of the News, then for several years traveled all over the country with the White Sox and Cubs as a baseball writer, and covered some of Jack Dempsey's ring fights.

Later, with a job lined up as a journalism instructor at the University of Iowa, Richard F. Finnegan, then editor of the old Chicago Journal, offered Garrison a job on the copy desk which turned into a city editorship.

It's fun, anyway

As for the regional history publishing hobby, Garrison told me: "You work for 18 months to two years, researching and writing the subject, finally get it buttoned up to turn over to the printer, it comes off the press, you send hundreds of notices to prospective readers—and wait. If the returns are sufficient to pay the printer, engraver and other expenses, you're lucky. But, it's fun and keeps a fellow from listening too closely to the hardening arteries."

The several Garrison books—his wife, Lois, takes care of the business end—have gone into

more than 30 states, and there's a stack of letters and wires to prove the clientele was pretty well satisfied with the results. Two of his books are out of print, and another is still available at a Keokuk book store

"Fiction? How, unless you are a Ben Hecht, can you be a fictioneer after years and years of being a writer of facts?" asks Garrison.

What about living "out in the sticks" in Iowa? "There are more millionaire big shot industrialists and manufacturers to a square mile in Keokuk than you'll find on the Chicago Gold Coast," he says, and adds: "I can be out of town on the way to Florida, the West coast or anywhere else in five minutes. I'll take the Mississippi river country for home, every time."

Boy, Dog and Locomotive Have Adventures in New Book By Miss Cornelia Meigs, Keokuk Author

THE DAILY GATE CITY

MONDAY, DEC. 3, 1928



"Pull that lever below the window," called Nels, "she will go forward or backward, just as fast or slow as you want. I haf sent word ahead to friends I used

to know when I ran an engine myself. They will keep the track clear for you all the way. So good-by and good luck."

The last words were almost

drowned by a roar of steam and a grinding of wheels as 44 slid down the rusty rails out onto the smooth shining main track and on to the most thrilling and

exciting adventure imaginable.

At the lever of this remarkable old engine stood Peter Osborne, the young hero of "The Wonderful Locomotive," one of the latest books by Miss Cornelia Meigs. Peter, who lived near the round house, had been rescued one day by Nels Stromberg, ex-engineer, and the man and little boy had become fast friends, spending all of their evenings together working on the relic engine 44 which Nels had driven when new. They were determined that it would cross the continent again.

As if by magic the locomotive started one night with Peter as its only passenger. Shortly after starting he rescued a wire haired dog, Terry, who accompanied him on the rest of his journey. The adventures of these two on their trip to New York, across the continent to San Francisco and back again, their encounters with snow storms, circus trains, fruit trains, forest fires are all too many and exciting to enumerate.

It is a story of the railroad that all small boys will love and some of the older ones, too. It is a most gripping juvenile story that will hold the attention of the most difficult child. It is smoothly written in a most charming and interesting manner. The descriptions are very good, especially those forming the sound pictures.

The book is beautifully illustrated with pictures on every one of its one hundred and four pages by Berta and Elmer Hader. Mr. Hader has done most of the things that Peter did so he really knew what he was drawing when he created the many black and white ink sketches. There are also full page pictures in color.

Miss Meigs, the author of the attractive book, while a local woman is nationally known and recognized for her books for children.

KEOKUK GATE CITY

Elinor Maxwell Mentions Keokuk With Nostalgia

In her column "Flashes from An Arizona Ranch," which appears in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Elinor Maxwell recalled her childhood in Keokuk last Sunday.

In discussing Tucson as a "fine little city with bright clean, low-hung buildings, excellent and adequate shops, good schools," etc., she adds, "and the best ice cream sodas I've tasted since I was a child in Keokuk, Ia."

The author of such novels as "There Comes a Moment," "Another Tomorrow" and "After All These Years," Elinor Maxwell is a niece of A. C. and G. E. Maxwell and E. R. Cochrane of Keokuk.

TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1942

THE KEOKUK, IA., GATE CITY AND CONSTITUTION-

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1942

Elinor Maxwell Explains Why She Became an Author

In her "Flashes From St. Louis" column appearing in the St. Louis Globe Democrat, Elinor Maxwell, a former resident of Keokuk, responds to the request of numerous readers by explaining that she was only seven years old when she decided to become an author and re-establish an ego which had been soundly deflated by her mother.

Her account of the experience, which should be of interest to her many Keokuk friends, is given as follows:

Dressed For Party.

It all began this way: One day, when I was 7, my mother dressed me for another little girl's birthday party and, ever so pleased with my appearance, I twirled about in front of the mirror and admired myself no end. "Don't I look pretty?" I inquired of my mother, very definitely expecting an enthusiastic reply in the affirmative. However, she belonged to the school that practiced that principle of "Spill the compliment and you spoil the child," and her answer was a metaphorical slap in the face. "Pretty?" she replied coldly. "Pretty! Heavens, darling, no! You're merely sweet and clean!"

Shocked and sick, I stared at her. Then, with nothing more than a breathless "good-by," turned and fled from the house, a newly-born complex weighing down my young shoulders. Other little girls were pretty, but I was not! Other girls might hope, in time, to be voted "class beauty," "the toast of the town," even "Miss America," but I'd just have to struggle along with cleanliness and smiles! The outlook was as bleak as a misty Scotch moor. Perhaps, I told myself, there was something I could do or be that would make up for my lack of pulchritude. Maybe I'd better enter a convent and live the sacrificial life of a cloistered nun! Maybe I'd go on the stage! Maybe—

well, maybe I'd take up writing. The last idea seemed the best. It could be carried forward in the privacy of my own home, and in secret! If I failed, no one would ever know I'd tried! If I succeeded? Oh, boy, what a triumph—what "a way out"—for a girl who'd theretofore been "merely sweet and clean"!

That First Sale.

And so I began concocting little plots, printing them laboriously in pencil, working feverishly and in secret for hours at a stretch, and with that demon of a thought, "You're not pretty—you must make good!" pounding in my temples all the while. At 15 I made my first sale to a magazine. The publication was an obscure farm journal. The story was pretty bad. The pay was \$10. My family was thrilled—and amused—and a friend proceeded to have a photostatic copy made of that gorgeous check. This, with a picture of me in a Peter Thompson suit alongside it, was framed, and over all he had printed this caption: "Helping Poor Father Keep the Wolf From the Door!" And for years to come it occupied an honored spot in my father's office.

Success at 17.

At 17, however, my "career" ceased being such a howling joke to others. The editor of a national magazine of repute came across my stuff, liked what he called its "tone" and forthwith contracted with me to do a story a month for him. This, of course, led to other sales and other editors, to the writing and publishing of novels and hundreds and hundreds of short stories, poems, articles and essays in the United States, Canada, Australia and England. The literary life was mine at last! My mother, God bless her, had, by "telling me out" on beauty, unknowingly steered my course!

THE KEOKUK, IA., GATE CITY AND CONSTITUTION-

Elinor Maxwell Devotes Globe-Democrat Column Yesterday to Account of Keokuk

MONDAY, JULY 31, 1944

Mrs. Elinor Maxwell McCord, who uses her maiden name as the by-line for a column in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, devoted her entire article in yesterday's edition of that paper to a description of Keokuk—its historic background, present status and many of its people.

The article was written while she was visiting relatives here last week and opens as follows:

City of Her Birth.

"Once again I have returned to Keokuk, Iowa, the beautiful and gracious town of my birth. Lovely

THE GREAT DUST HEAR CALLED HISTORY
BY BUCKEY
KEOKUK, IOWA

Elinor Maxwell

little city which nestled on the banks of the Mississippi and, from its vantage point atop vineclad bluffs of rugged limestone, eternally views the calm and majesty of Lake Keokuk.

"Noted throughout the world is this midwest town, for its magnificent man-made dam, its picturesque river roads, its native sons and daughters who've attained enviable recognition, its hospitality and its delectable food. And once again, my heart is warmed by the charm which Keokuk holds for each and every person who ever lived here."

She goes on to mention the solidity of the town which has weathered depressions and booms and points out that it is "born of a century of wholesome and decent living. There is security of existence, conceived of honorable enterprise, founded in a far-past day and continued by the sons and grandsons that have followed. There is culture and learning, spawned by the desire to know all that goes on in the world—yet to return to, or remain in, Keokuk."

Praises Homes.

After a discussion of the founding of the city and the influx of eastern and southern families who have left their indelible mark upon it, she goes on: "And now, when the visitor to Keokuk strolls about the tree-shaded streets, he sees the solid spacious homes which these early citizens erected. Great, brick affairs they are, with entrance hall running the length of the house, with 'front and back parlors' to the right and 'sitting room' and dining room to the left. With open fireplaces of early American design and tall, deep-set windows, wainscoted in polished white wood."

Mrs. McCord also describes the business life of Keokuk, both the new and the old and in her concluding paragraphs mentions a number of individuals who have gone out from this city to earn national and international prominence. Among them she lists Mark Twain, John N. Irwin, W. W. Belknap, John Noble, George McCrary, Rupert Hughes, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Conrad Nagel, Cornelia Meigs and Ralston Hayden.

"Why," she adds, "Brigham Young even chose a wife from this town! Amelia Folsom she was, a sister to Mrs. Grover Cleveland and the seventeenth woman to be espoused by that early-day Mormon."

Mrs. McCord didn't include herself in the above list of native sons and daughters who have won prominence but she is the author of several books herself. Her father, the late W. C. Maxwell, was vice president of the Wabash railroad in St. Louis.

DAILY GATE CITY

PUBLISH VOLUME OF POETRY BY ELINOR MAXWELL

Former Keokuk Girl Who Wrote, Edited and Illustrated a Magazine at Age of Seven Has New Laurels.

WED., JULY 30, 1924

"Little Beggar," a collection of poems by Elinor Maxwell, former Keokuk resident, will be issued from the press of the Four Seas company, Boston publishers, about August 1st. Miss Maxwell who has had a long and varied literary career is well known here where she finds time to make an occasional visit among relatives and friends.

At the age of seven, Miss Maxwell wrote, edited, illustrated and distributed a magazine in Keokuk. The magazine sold for 2c per copy, but the subscriptions grew so numerous and the duties became so arduous that the precocious publisher was compelled to give up the enterprise and refund the subscription money that had been paid in advance.

Miss Maxwell's family left Keokuk when she was nine years old and her home has been in New York and St. Louis since that time. During recent years, Miss Maxwell's poems and short stories have appeared in numerous magazines of national circulation and she has also contributed to the daily newspapers.

Her father, W. C. Maxwell, vice president of the Wabash railroad, was born in Keokuk. He has maintained the family residence in St. Louis, where he has charge of traffic for the railway of which he is an officer, for a period of years.

The Four Seas company, 168 Dartmouth street, Boston, which is bringing out Miss Maxwell's new book, is a world-wide organization which maintains offices in Toronto, Tokyo, Wellington, Bombay and Hamburg. The collection of poems is expected to enjoy an excellent sale.

ELINOR MAXWELL

Famous Keokuk Author—

Cornelia Meigs Devoted Life To Children's Books, Teaching

TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1952

By PEARL GORDON VESTAL

Here's a riddle: how did the late Major Montgomery Meigs resemble the late Granville Watler Barr? So many people remember them both; but alike? So different? Of course! Here was their point of "alike-ness": that both men, widely known in the local field, were fathers of daughters who brought their family names to fame of national scope.

The pages of "Who's Who in America" recognizes the editor's little girl, grown up as Nancy Barr Mavity, a sketch of whom appeared in the Gate City of Jan. 3, 1952, with Papa Barr as a part of the title. Major Meigs, however, did not stop with one daughter, but was the father of six bright girls, the fifth of whom was Cornelia, the companion and joy of his old age. Cornelia's name shares the "M" section of "Who's Who" with Nan Mavity. A few of Nancy's books, which are very well written tales, by the way, are in the Keokuk Public Library, which has a practically complete file of the book-children Cornelia has written for the joy of real children, along with her one very informative historical book for adults.

This cannot be the full story of the Major's Mary, Louise, Grace, Alice, Cornelia and Emily, except to give good measure by stating that the government engineer's family is further represented in the progressive Keokuk Library (though the following two names are not yet in "Who's Who") by "Shuttlecraft of America," done by the eldest daughter, Mary Meigs Atwater. It is a book on home-weaving. Montgomery Atwater, son of Mary and grandson of the old Major, has a number of books which Keokuk boys might enjoy carrying away from the Public Library: "Flaming Forest," "Government Hunter," "Hank Winton, Smoke-chaser," "Ski Patrol" and "Smoke Patrol."

Dedicated Life.

Cornelia Meigs' life seems one dedicated to love of family, history and literature. When the other girls went into professions and homes of their own she made the later years of her father happy with her companionship. When he no longer needed her she filled up her life with teaching and writing, establishing a home of her own. It became the hub of a wheel with a dozen spokes, her nephews and nieces, always welcome for short and often long stays. The sisters produced the clever, lively new generation, were the real mothers, yet Cornelia, always fostering their welfare, enjoying them from their infancy to their present young adulthood, was, vicariously, their mother, too. Were I to sorrow the title of one of Cornelia Meigs' most famous books, "Invincible Louisa," remembering what Miss Alcott did for her family of sisters and their children, I should offer Miss Meigs what I consider a most honorable nickname, "Invincible Auntie!"

"The Fifth Daughter."

This is the story of "Fifth Daughter," Cornelia Lynde Meigs, says the 1952-3 edition of the big red reference volume, which carries thousands of Americans from name to fame, was born Dec. 6, 1884, at Rock Island, Ill., to Major Montgomery Meigs, engineer in charge of government service on a section of the Mississippi river, and his wife, Grace Cornelia Lynde. During her childhood her father was transferred to Keokuk, where he remained for the rest of his life. Her Keokuk classmates, graduating from the local high school in 1901, should remember her.

Some accounts state that Miss Meigs graduated from Bryn Mawr college, in Pennsylvania, in 1907, but the recorder of the college sends this as her professional record, as student and as long-time teacher: She "received her Bachelor of Arts degree from Bryn Mawr college in 1908; was principal of a private school in Keokuk, Iowa, 1908-10; and a teacher at St. Katherine's school, Davenport, Iowa, 1912-13. She joined the faculty of Bryn Mawr college in 1932 and continued for many years, as instructor, 1932-33; associate, 1933-35; assistant professor, 1936-37; associate professor, 1937-48; and professor of English composition, 1946-50. In 1950 she retired and is now professor emerita. Her teaching was entirely in the department of English. She gave courses in American literature and in experimental writing. Her address is now Havre de Grace, Md."

Back of Cornelia Meigs, and exerting a strong influence upon her youth was an ancestry of generations of pioneers, in New England. There were men who fought for freedom in the years of the Revolution, the War of 1812 and the Civil War. Both army and navy men, many of them officers, were on her "family tree," among them John Rodgers. As Commodore in command of the flagship "Constitution" he fought the Barbary pirates and served his country in the naval battles of the War of 1812. The stories of the early settlements, pioneer living, warfare on land and sea, were handed down through generations and told to the Meigs girls in their youth in Keokuk.

Naval stories took highest priority with Cornelia and she went to the New England coast to study original records of maritime events in peace and war times. Her interest in history

and literature joined to make historical stories for children the work of her life. She began her writing while teaching in Iowa, trying out her tales upon her child pupils. In later years she often had young nieces and nephews standing by, watching the copy come from her hands, pouncing upon the developing yarns with joy, offering their comments without restraint.

Children's Author.

Some of her early work appeared under the pseudonym of "Adair Aldon," and for copies of these, and several out-of-print books under her real name, the Keokuk library made a public appeal in our issue of March 25, 1952, with some success. Much early work, and some in later years, appeared as juvenile fiction in magazines of national circulation. The long list of books for youth, some slated for the little chaps, some for youth of the early and late "teens," contains a few of "whimsy," or fancy, but most have a background of fact. They are laid in various historic periods, some backed by the land, others by the sea.

"Invincible Louisa," a biography of Louisa M. Alcott, intended for high school students, has been read with pleasure by many grown-ups. The list culminates in a serious book for fully-adult adults, the history of "The Violent Men." It tells of the verbal violence shown by men with many opposing points of view, culminating in compromises in the writing of the Constitution of the new United States of America.

Wrote on Many Themes.

Some of Miss Meigs' books are available in the Hamilton public library, and nearly every one of them is on and off the shelves of the Keokuk public library: "Kingdom of the Winding Road," 1915; "Master Simon's Garden," 1916; "The Steadfast Princess," Drama League prize play, 1916; "The Pool of Stars, 1919; "Windy Hill," 1921; "Helga and the White Peacock," play, 1922; "New Moon," 1924; "Rain on the Roof," 1925; "Trade Wind," winner of \$2,000 prize from Little, Brown & Co., 1927; "As the Crow Flies," 1927; "The Wonderful Locomotive," 1928; "Clearing Weather," 1928; "The Crooked Apple Tree," 1929; "The Willow Whistle," 1931; "Swift Rivers," 1932; "Invincible Louisa," winner of the Newberry medal, 1934; "Wind in the Chimney," 1934; "The Covered Bridge," 1936; "Young Americans," 1937; "Railroad West," 1937; "The Scarlet Oak," 1938; "Call of the Mountains," 1939; "Mounted Messenger," 1943; and "The Violent Men," 1949. To this long list from "Who's Who" the Keokuk library adds "Mother Makes Christmas," and under the Adair Aldon pseudonym, "Hill of Adventure," "Island of Appledore," and "At the Sign of the Two Heroes."

"Shy, retiring, modest," those who know Miss Meigs say of her, and it was a real trial to stand before a large assembly and receive the award for her biography of Miss Alcott. Briefly she achieved her thanks with "Louisa and I thank you."

Aided War Effort.

The defense of a loved land and its bordering seas was not confined to several generations of the forbears of Miss Meigs, in the several branches

of her family. During World War II she left her college teaching and gave her services to the government, as a writer, at a desk in Washington, D. C. This shows up in a lack of new books during the war. Meanwhile, the young people who were her sisters' children, to whom she was a "second mother," were at the front in army or navy uniforms.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
9-1-BUCKET KEOKUK, IOWA

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THE KEOKUK, IA., GATE CITY AND CONSTITUTION.
WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1, 1939

San Diego Newspaper Carries Long Story on Elinor Maxwell

An article in a recent issue of the San Diego Journal is devoted to Elinor Maxwell (Mrs. Don McCord), a former resident of Keokuk who, since the retirement of her husband, has been living in LaJolla, Calif.

From California she still writes her weekly column for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and in recent months she has been extolling the marvels of LaJolla. One column which she devoted entirely to LaJolla has been borrowed by the Scripps Clinic as well as by a LaJolla real estate firm and issued in brochure form.

A Writer at 13.

According to the article, Mrs. McCord decided at the age of five that she would have to make something out of herself because her mother had candidly pointed out that she wasn't pretty. As a consequence she started writing at the age of 13 and at 15 had published a torrid short story, "The Maid and the Chauffeur."

That was her start on three novels, 500 short stories and the current column "of the woman who is lucky not to be merely pretty—she's fascinating. Short, iron gray curls top sparkling brown eyes and a spontaneous laugh reflects a disposition which concentrates on life's funnier aspects."

Son at Stanford.

The McCords moved to LaJolla 18 months ago to make their permanent home at 6545 Muirlands Drive, a modern Walter See design with an ocean view from every room. Mr. McCord was formerly vice president of the Bankers' Commercial Corporation of New York City, president of the Apperson Automobile Co. of Kokomo, Ind., vice president of Hussman Refrigeration Co. of St. Louis and president of the Zero-Plate Corp. of Chicago.

Their son, Maxwell, is a student at Stanford where he is sophomore class president. Years ago a Hollywood producer was so taken with the boy's appearance that he offered him a fat contract as a "typical

American Boy" but his mother said no.

Born in Keokuk.

Mrs. McCord was born in Keokuk, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Maxwell and early moved to St. Louis where her father was vice-president of the Wabash railroad. Through her father she was asked to become official historian of a European tour composed of United States railroad and steamship officials. Her account was published in book form and sent to statesmen here and abroad as well as to the heads of all European countries. It was while on shipboard for a West Indian cruise that she met Mr. McCord and they were married in New York after seeing each other five times.

Three Novels.

Elinor Maxwell's novels "After All These Years," "There Comes a Moment" and "Another Tomorrow" have been syndicated in newspapers and the rights were sold to England, Australia and Canada. She has also written a volume of verse and writes occasional magazine articles.

The article concludes: "One thing should be cleared up—the mother of the little girl was quite mistaken. Baby Elinor really was pretty. There's a painting on silk hanging in the living room, copied from a childhood photograph. An uncle, George Maxwell, in the diplomatic service in Japan, had the head transposed by a Japanese artist and the result is a charming little Occidental in Oriental garb."

marriage is permanent, and although she learns later that Phillip has been true to her, she clings to Coleman, whose affairs with other women give her heartaches. Her father's death, and then her husband's leave her free to marry Phillip, but he in the meantime has married an English nurse.

She goes abroad after Coleman's death, and meets Phillip most unexpectedly and they face their complicated situation, with Diane leaving for New York and promising him an answer to his proposal to get a divorce. Arriving home she finds her mother quite ill and on her recovery, accedes to Mrs. Kersting's request to marry, this time Anthony Phelps, well known New York bachelor. There is no love in this marriage, she frankly states, and in buying a paper which tells of Lindbergh's successful flight, sees a cable from London to the effect that Sir Phillip Richardson has been divorced. He comes to New York and she is ready to flee with him when her husband is brought in fatally injured from a fall from his horse. He may live six months the doctor tells her. But she and Phillip prepare to wait the future with hope, as the book ends.

Born in Keokuk.

Miss Maxwell, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cochran Maxwell of St. Louis, was born in Keokuk, Iowa, but at the age of nine moved to St. Louis with her parents. After her graduation from Mary Institute she travelled extensively, at one time acting as official historian on a diplomatic mission to Europe.

She began her writing career when she was seven years old, at which time she produced a magazine consisting of poems, articles and drawings created entirely by herself. The edition amounted to a single copy.

At eighteen she sold her first story to the Smart Set Magazine, and since then several hundred of her short stories and articles have appeared in the most popular magazines of national circulation.

APR 20 1935

The Gate City.

FEBRUARY 5, 1899.

Registered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

A KEOKUK WRITER.

One Who Name is a Pride to the City of His Birth.

The February number of Current Literature and Information has much of interest to Keokuk people in its notice of Rupert Hughes, who is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Felix T. Hughes and was reared in this city. He is now rapidly making his way to the front rank of American literateurs. Besides printing some of his work in the departments of the magazine, it also has several extracts from some of his latest works, that prove the sincerity of the many encomiums lavished upon him. In "General Gossip of Authors and Writers" it has the following account of his career:

THE DAILY GATE CITY

FIRST NOVEL BY
ELINOR MAXWELL
IS IOWA STORY

Elinor Maxwell's first novel "After All These Years" which Arcadia House is publishing on April 25, will prove of more than passing interest to Keokuk because the author, now Mrs. Don C. McCord was a native of this city, and has visited here a number of times, and because local people have always had an interest in her work. She lays the scene of her novel in Davenport, with

New York and Europe as incidental. In the development of her plot Miss Maxwell follows the fundamentals of writing, and she has as a result a most readable story of life in the middle west in the World War period, then in New York in the boom time, then in London, Paris and back to America for the post war and depression periods. She writes the story of Diane Kersting, her heroine through a period of thirty years from sixteen to thirty six.

Diane's love affair with Phillip Richardson, a young Englishman, begins at the time of the World war in 1914. It is blasted through the perfidy of her father, a banker in Davenport, who is pro-German, and who steals her letters from her English lover, in the hopes that she will marry a Davenport youth of German parentage. This she refuses to do, and not knowing that her father has intercepted her letters agrees to a hasty marriage with Jim Coleman, New York free lance writer. However to Diane

GATE CITY GALLERY

REPRESENTATIVE CITIZENS OF KEOKUK



FELIX T. HUGHES.

"Readers of Current Literature who have become familiar with the name of Rupert Hughes will read with interest the following brief account of his life and work:

"Mr. Rupert Hugnes' critical articles on American composers, published some time ago in one of the magazines, attracted wide attention. In these he accomplished a work that should have been done before. In the midst of almost entire critical silence an important school of American composers had grown up. In endeavoring to promulgate the virtues of these musicians, Mr. Hughes had almost no previous authorities to guide him, but was driven to the irksome task of sifting good and bad compositions alike. In forming his estimates he conscientiously examined thousands of pages of music. He has been called 'a pioneer in American musical criticism,' and not without justice; for his work, without making any pretence of finality, has opened to the public interest many careers otherwise neglected. While essentially patriotic, Mr. Hughes says he endeavors to be cosmopolitan and catholic in his standards, aiming to treat the classics with reverence, but without idolatry; and to approach every contemporary as a possible classic. He has written many compositions, but only a few have been published.

"Mr. Hughes was born in the west, of parents with strong southern traditions. He was salutatorian of his class at Adelbert College of Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio, and spent a year at Yale in graduate studies, earning the degree of Master of Arts. After a short newspaper experience he devoted himself to magazine work. He has contributed critical articles on the arts and letters, verse,

fiction, etc., to the Century, Scribner's Magazine, Cosmopolitan, Godey's, The Musical Record, Current Literature, St. Nicholas, Munsey's, Peterson's, Music, Town Topics, Illustrated American, Harper's Round Table, Life, Puck, Truth, The Black Cat, the New York Sun and Press, and other publications.

"He was assistant editor for two years of Godey's Magazine, where he ably sustained the character of the book-reviewing department once conducted by Edgar Allan Poe. He left the old ship some months before she sank, and became assistant editor of the Criterion, where he still is. He has kept five or six pen-names going. His first book, from which a spirited scene is reproduced on pages 154-156 of the present number of Current Literature, is The Lakerim Athletic Club, published by the Century company after it had run serially in St. Nicholas. The story seemed to be success enough to induce the publishers to order a sequel, which Mr. Hughes is now writing. He has duodecimated his difficulties by choosing twelve boy 'heroes,' all very hard to manage, but all very enjoyable colts to break, one would fancy—certainly so to read about; for he has succeeded in making each boy real and American, and keeping him from priggishness.

"Mr. Hughes made violent efforts to get a hand in the Spanish war—not as a correspondent, but as an active participant—but got no nearer than an acting captaincy in the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment of New York. The regiment, however, was not called out.

"Some of Mr. Hughes' passion for things military can be seen in the rather elaborate snow-battle scene of his boys' book, which is quoted on another page, as mentioned above."

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

Former Keokuk Artist Says He Has Secret to Lost Gold Mine

Charles Frederick Higham of Phoenix, Ariz., noted artist and writer who was born and reared in Lee county, is not only convinced that the famous gold mine of the "Lost Dutchman" in the Superstition mountains exists but thinks he knows where it can be found, according to an article in the El Paso, Tex., Times.

An engineer, as well as an artist and author, Higham says that he never fails to visit the renowned Main street of the only Keokuk in the United States at least every two years. His 20 watercolor paintings of the interior of the Superstition mountains have attracted wide attention and will be reproduced in a book entitled "A Picture Story of the Famous Superstitions and Their Legends".

Books to Library

Five of the paintings will appear in black and white in the book entitled "A True Story of Jacob Walzer and His Lost Gold Mine". He is sending five of the books to the Keokuk public library and a little later plans to present the library with one or more the original paintings.

The El Paso article relates that in these mountains of Arizona a fortune in hidden gold may be waiting to be claimed by someone brave enough to ignore the superstition that has grown around it and the indisputable fact that men who have searched for it have died.

It was more than 50 years ago that Jacob Walzer, known as the Lost Dutchman, died in Phoenix. His gold mine, from which he amassed a tremendous fortune, has never been found by others despite the fact that almost every year sees some adventurous individuals searching.

Believes Story

Higham thinks he has solved the mystery surrounding the mine and is convinced that the story is no legend. According to his account, Walzer, a German immigrant, landed in New York in 1862 at the age of 54.

He went west in search of adventure and gold and nineteen years later discovered a gold mine in the Superstition mountains.

"He would never disclose where the mine was located," Higham says, "yet when he had imbibed rather freely he used to talk of it. He said he shot eight men because of the discovery.

"When he died in 1891 in Phoenix, \$5,000 in gold was found under his cot. An old deed revealed that at his death he owned 40 acres of rich grazing lands.

Curse on Mountains

"The Apache Indians say there is a curse on the mountains and that the gold will never be found. It is not known how many persons have lost their lives searching for the mine. In 1910 the skeleton of a woman was found near the spot where the mine is believed to be located.

"Although many say that there is no mine, there is much evidence that there is. In 1914, C. H. Silverlake, who was searching for it, found \$18,000 in concentrated gold

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dust in wor bags. He was one of the few persons who did not have hard luck in their search.

"Many persons are known to have met their deaths. In 1927 a business man and his son decided to search for it. Their bodies were found with large rocks rolled on them.

Cowboys Are Hunting

"In December, 1931, Adolph Ruth, a retired business man, started a search. His body was found on January 9, 1932, with a bullet hole in the skull.

"About 10 years ago an Indian woman named Del Modina, who claimed to be the great granddaughter of Geronimo, came to Phoenix. She insisted that there was a mine but said it would never be found. At present there are two Texas cowboys looking for the pit.

"I don't know whether they will find it or not," Higham concluded, "but I do know this. The Dutchman did have a mine and it can be found. I'm pretty sure I know where it is."

The Daily Gate City Keokuk, Iowa WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1955

Calvin Kentfield's First Novel is Published Today

First novel of a young, Keokuk-born writer, Calvin Kentfield, "The Alchemist's Voyage" (\$3.95) was published today by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., of New York City and makes exciting reading for those who enjoy stories of adventure and seafaring—as who doesn't?

The "Alchemist" is a tramp freighter of the Caribbean aboard which two young men, Blackie and Ira, ship out from New Orleans on a summer night.

Bound Together.

Complete strangers until a chance encounter in New Orleans and of radically different temperament and background, they are strangely drawn to each other and soon become so inextricably bound together that a quirk of circumstance finds Ira's initials tattooed on Blackie's chest.

Numerous adventures befall the oddly assorted companions as the vessel stops at various ports and the ultimate adventure which severs their bonds is stranger than either could have imagined. Both were hunting treasure of very different nature; one repudiated it in the shelter of a jungle banyan tree and eventually died a violent death; the other returned a vastly

different individual. It is also a story of the oddly assorted crew members, including the panicky Captain Faircloth, his toady the purser, the bosun, Papa Snake and the third mate, Mr. Kusick, who was to exercise a strange influence on the two young men.

Worked as Seaman.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kentfield of 1521 Carroll street, Calvin was born here in 1924 and graduated from Senior high school and the State University of Iowa.

His background in the sea story is authentic because since 1947 he has sailed intermittently as a merchant seaman, visiting many ports in Europe, the Near East and South America. His first voyage to Venezuela gave him material for "The Alchemist's Voyage" which he started in 1949.

In addition to the novel he has written a number of short stories, several of which have appeared in The New Yorker and other magazines.

He and his English wife have been living recently in the Canary Islands. "The Alchemist's Voyage," he said, grew from "an evocative image in the Book of Job."

Another Keokuk author visits old home town

The Daily Gate City

6 — KEOKUK, IOWA THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1963

By Dorothy Pickett

Not all book worms wear hideous shell-rimmed glasses and present a certain none-too-prepossessing appearance ... nor do all of them hide away in a life of seclusion.

On the pleasanter side of the scale is Keokuk's own charming young author, Mary Huiskamp Calhoun Wilkins, who is presently visiting in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Clark Huiskamp.

Mary, still young in years, already has had 11 successful books published and at present is hard at work on the twelfth, getting her greatest inspirations for material she says, "While I'm ironing away ... each up and down swish of the iron gives me a fresh plot or idea!"

Mary Calhoun

Mary's books are published under the name of "Mary Calhoun," since she started her writing career while the wife of Frank Calhoun, who died suddenly a few years ago. She later married a young man, also formerly of Keokuk and who is now an Episcopal priest in Rangely, Colo. He is well-remembered in the old home town as Leon Wilkins.

Books have always fascinated the young author and the old Keokuk public library at Third and Main provided



FORMER MARY LOUISE HUISKAMP, now Mrs. Leon Wilkins, is pictured in one of her favorite haunts, The Keokuk Public Library, with her son, Gregg, 11. The older son, Mike 14 was not present at the time. —Gate City

many a pleasant hour for her. She not only read everything she could get her hands on, but was employed during vacation time in the children's room at the library.

After unpacking her bags upon her arrival in Keokuk a week or so ago, her first stop was at the new library building ... "And what a thrill it was," she exclaims, "To have this actually happen in Keokuk," and added, "I still found

many of the old books on the shelves that I had read and loved."

Katie John series

One of the writer's most popular works is the Katie John series, the third in the group having just come off the press in May. The first two in the series are now available in paper backs, brought out by Scholastic Magazines and sold through

the Arrow Book club.

Several of her stories have appeared in England under British publishers, and in the States her publishers rank among the best — such as Harper & Row, William Morrow Co. and others.

The popularity of the young author's books is due in part to the utter freshness of ideas and clever presentation, and local admirers find an even greater lure — since the setting for many of the books is none other than Keokuk ... the old familiar sights, the home place where Mary was born and raised ... and even some of the characters seem vaguely familiar.

Cat series

The titles are as refreshing as the author herself ... monikers that would entice most any youngster to spend his allowance for one of the fascinating story books ... there are such names as "Wobble the Witch Cat" and "Nine Lives of Homer C. Cat." At present a new book about cats is in the making.

Keokuk is always proud to see its sons and daughters make names for themselves and Mary Wilkins has proved to be one of those talented "Local girl makes good" members.

But in spite of "making good," in a rather spectacular way, she is still the same shy, attractive blond ... modest as she was when a very young girl in Keokuk. Perhaps that's why she is admired ... not only for her accomplishments, but for what she is.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

Contributors to Fund to Place Inscription on Ivins' Monument, to identify Grave of Mrs. Virginia W. Ivins. in Oakland Cem.

Mrs. Louise Buel Field, Buenos Aires, Argentina.....	\$5.00
Mrs. Ida Field Peacock, " " "	5.00
Mr. R.N.Hoerner, Keokuk, Ia.....	20.00
Mr. (?) Wilkinson, (?) California.....	5.00
Mrs. Wm. Timberman, Keokuk, Ia.....	10.00
Mrs. C.W.Carter, Keokuk, Ia.....	5.00
Mrs. William Blood, Keokuk, Ia.....	1.00
Mr. Alois J. Weber, Keokuk, Ia.....	5.00

*Note, Mrs. Field started the fund by sending a contribution of \$5.00

S/S A.J.Weber, Chairman.

Mrs. Virginia Ivins grave is inscribed

May 21, 1960

The grave of Mrs. Virginia Wilcox Ivins on the Ivins lot in Oakland cemetery has been identified by an inscription on the monument. Under the sponsorship of the Lee County Historical Society sufficient money has been contributed by members and out-of-town former residents, to mark the grave of one of Keokuk's most honored and best known pioneers.



The fund was started by Mrs. Louise Buel Field of Buenos Aires, Argentina, a former resident of Keokuk.

Mrs. Ivins was not only a much loved resident of Keokuk for many years, but she also was one of the few early settlers who remained to live most of her life in Keokuk and she is authority for much of our knowledge of the early days of Keokuk.

Came here in 1840

She came to Keokuk from Warsaw, Ill. in 1840 to live with her uncle, Dr. Isaac Galland, following the death of her parents. In her later years, she wrote two little books, one titled "Pen Pictures of Early Western Days", and the other called "Reminiscences of Long Ago."

In these books are many facts on the early days of Keokuk, Warsaw, Nauvoo, Montrose and Montibello, the Indians, fur traders, and the

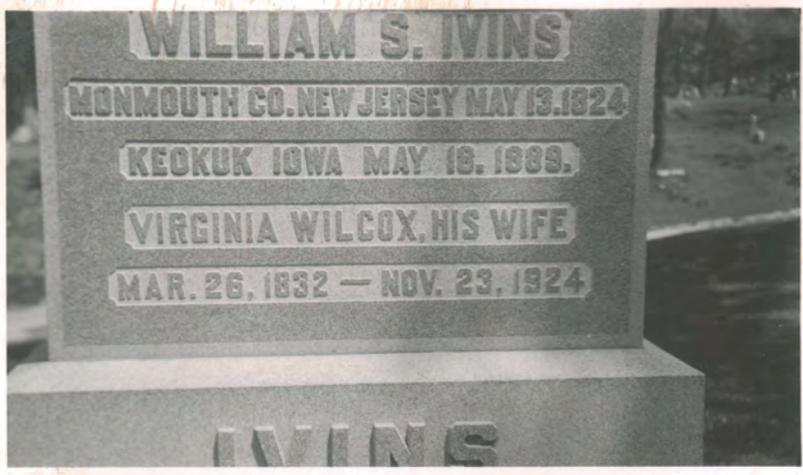
first settlers. In fact Mrs. Ivins' books are the only source for much information about Keokuk in the early days of its existence, and everyone interested in the history of this immediate locality is indebted to her for her energy and foresight in leaving a record of the settlement of this immediate territory.

Born at Ft. Edwards

Her books also contain a great deal of information about the first families to settle here and the houses which they built. Both books

LEE HISTORICAL SOCIETY raised fund to inscribe the Ivins monument in Oakland cemetery with the name and dates of Mrs. Virginia Wilcox Ivins, pioneer Keokuk woman who was largely responsible for preserving historic data about Keokuk and its nearby towns.

have become scarce and are highly prized by those fortunate enough to have copies. Virginia Wilcox Ivins was the daughter of Major John R. Wilcox and Mary Kinney Wilcox. Major Wilcox was in command of Fort Edwards, Ill., during the Black Hawk War and Mrs. Ivins was born at Fort Edwards on March 20, 1832. After moving to Keokuk in 1840 she later married William S. Ivins and except for a short residence in California, lived all her life in Keokuk. She died on November 23, 1924.



MANTELS
GRATES

CAMERON, JOYCE & SCHNEIDER

Monumental, Cemetery and Building Work
615 BLONDEAU STREET

CUT STONE
FLOOR TILE

KEOKUK, IOWA, May 20 1960

Received of Alois J. Weber \$ 56⁰⁰

Fifty Six and no/100 Dollars,

to apply on account in full Virginia Wilcox Ivins
inscription on Monument, CAMERON, JOYCE & SCHNEIDER,

F.N.S.,

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

an informal meeting is to be held Thursday evening jointly with the citizens of Keokuk to devise ways and means to accomplish the desired end. Now that active effort is about to be instituted there is encouragement to believe that something more than discussion of the subject will be the ultimate result.

Apropos this matter of statues it may be stated that fine models of General Parrott and Colonel H. H. Trimble can be secured by the city for the mere cost of boxing and shipment. They were designed for a large bas relief on one side of the soldiers' monument at Des Moines. The people of Keokuk would never forgive themselves if they permitted models of these two gallant soldiers and honored citizens to be broken up and thrown aside as rubbish, especially when they were to be had almost without expense. Such a thing as failure to secure the works of art in question is not to be thought of for a moment, under the circumstances. They would be valuable additions to the public library or High school, and properly set into niches in the wall would last almost indefinitely. At the conference Thursday evening steps should be taken to add these models to the attractions of Keokuk.



MAJ. BIDAMON HOME
NAUVOO, ILLS.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED H. S. BICKEL
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA



**MAINE TABLET
TO BE GIVEN
CITY BY CAMP
MONDAY, NOV. 5, 1928**

The Maine memorial tablet which will be presented to the city by the George V. Jenkins Camp, U. S. W. V., has been received here by Commander Ed. H. Lewis. This tablet is cast from metal from the old battleship. It is to be fastened on to a boulder and will be placed in the parking space on Main street between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets where it will be seen by everyone who comes into the city.

The boulder is being donated by Henry Kesselring, a Spanish war veteran, and it is planned to have appropriate ceremonies in connection with the dedication of the market.

George V. Jenkins Camp, U. S. W. V. plans to erect a Maine Memorial Tablet, made from metal from the old battleship, on the parking space at Twentieth and Main streets, at the opposite end of the parking strip from the G. A. R. memorial. Permission has been granted the local Spanish war veterans to place this tablet on the parking space. The matter was taken up with Mayor Krueger by Commander Lewis of the local camp. This will make two Maine Memorials here, one in Rand Park, erected by the D. A. R. chapter and this new one.

The tablets are made from metal, brass, bronze and copper, recovered from the Maine. They are thirteem by eighteen inches in size and weigh about twelve pounds each. The navy is conducting the distribution of these bronze markers. The tablet bears the words: "In Memorial," a design of Columbia hold a shield on which are the words "Patriotism" and "Devotion." There is a replica of the sinking ship, and under this the word, "U. S. S. Maine, Destroyed in Havana Harbor, February 15, 1898." On the lower strip of the brass tablet are the words "This tablet is cast from metal recovered from the U. S. S. Maine."

The tablet is designed by Charles Keck, sculptor and the cast is by the John Williams Inc., bronze foundry in New York, for the navy department.

The Gate City
AUGUST 9, 1928
THE GATE CITY COMPANY.

**MAINE MEMORIAL
TABLET TO BE
GIVEN TO CITY**

George V. Jenkins Camp U. S. W. V. Will Present One That Is Made From Metal From the Battleship.



MANSION HOUSE - NAUVOO, ILLS.



OLD HOME OF JOE SMITH, NAUVOO, ILLS.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
 R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

The Gate City.

PUBLISHED BY
THE GATE CITY COMPANY

SECURE BOULDER FOR MAINE TABLET

Committee to Erect Memorial in the
Northeast Corner of Rand Park
in Prominent
Position.

MAY 19, 1916

IS GIFT TO THE D. A. R.

Presented by Frank Griffey and is a
Handsome Boulder—Will Re-
quire Little
Cutting.

The committee having charge of the placing of the Maine memorial tablet, has secured a very handsome granite boulder upon which the bronze tablet given by the navy department of the United States to the Keokuk chapter D. A. R., will be placed.

The committee will recommend that the boulder be placed in the northeast corner of the park where it can be seen from the much used river road. The boulder is a large well proportioned one with a flat surface on one side, on which the tablet can be placed with very little cutting of the stone. It was unearthed in the work of excavation which is being done on the property of Frank Griffey, who presented the boulder to the committee for the placing of the tablet. It is hoped that the ceremony of unveiling the tablet can be arranged for flag day, June 14. Mrs. D. A. Collier is chairman of the committee, the other members being Miss Anne B. Davis and Mrs. H. J. Reeves.

MAINE TABLET IS TO BE UNVEILED

Exercises Under the Auspices of Keokuk Chapter, D. A. R. Will be
Held at Rand Park on
Flag Day.

JUNE 8, 1916

PROGRAM IS ANNOUNCED

Mrs. W. G. Blood Will Present Tablet
to the City and Mayor Lor-
ton Will Accept
Same.

The Keokuk chapter D. A. R. will observe flag day on June 14, with the ceremony of unveiling the Maine memorial tablet in Rand park. The city commissioners have given permission for placing in the park the boulder which carries the Maine tablet, and the presentation tablet. The exercises will begin at 4 o'clock and are open to the general public.

Mrs. D. A. Collier as chairman of the committee which secured the tablet from the U. S. navy department, will preside. The following program will be given:

Bugle call.
Martial music.
Unveiling of the tablet, by little George Jenkins Kiedaisch.

Presentation of the tablet to the city, Mrs. Jane Ewing Blood, vice regent of Keokuk chapter D. A. R.

Acceptance of the tablet in behalf of the city, Mayor Ed. S. Lofton.

Address, W. G. Blood, of the George V. Jenkins camp, Spanish war veterans.

Address, W. J. Fulton, president Lexington chapter Sons of the American Revolution.

Music.
Adjournment.

The boulder was being hauled to the place selected for it, today.

TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1916

READY TO PRESENT MEMORIAL TABLET

Keokuk Chapter D. A. R., Assisted by
Other Patriotic Bodies Will Give
Maine Slab to the City
Tomorrow.

EXERCISES, RAND PARK

Boulder Has Been Put in Place at
the Corner of the Triangular
Strip of Land Facing
the River.

The Keokuk chapter D. A. R., assisted by other patriotic organizations will celebrate Flag day tomorrow by unveiling the Maine memorial tablet which has been mounted on a granite boulder in Rand park. The exercises will begin at four o'clock and the general public is cordially invited.

Mrs. D. A. Collier will preside and

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give a few words of welcome on behalf of the chapter. The program is.

Bugle call.

Martial music.

Prayer—Dr. Ezra B. Newcomb, past president Iowa society Sons of the American Revolution.

Unveiling of tablet by little George Jenkins Kiedaisch.

Presentation of the tablet to the city—Mrs. Jane Ewing Blood, vice regent Keokuk chapter D. A. R.

Acceptance of the tablet on behalf of the city—Mayor Ed. S. Lofton.

Address—W. G. Blood of the George V. Jenkins camp Spanish war veterans.

Address—W. J. Fulton, president Lexington chapter D. A. R.

Address—Capt. A. H. Evans, past commander department of Iowa G. A. R.

Martial music.

Adjournment.

MAINE MEMORIAL TABLET IS PRESENTED CITY BY D. A. R.'S

Flag Day Fittingly Observed by Patriotic Organizations in Keokuk at This Ceremony.

JUNE 14, '16

PLACE SLAB ON BOULDER

Rock is Located in Rand Park Short Distance From the Statue Where it Can be Seen.

THE TABLET INSCRIPTION.

The following is the inscription on the tablet unveiled today:

"In memoriam U. S. S. Maine, destroyed in Havana harbor February 15, 1898. This tablet is cast from metal recovered from the U. S. S. Maine.

"Presented to the city of Keokuk June 14, 1916 by Keokuk chapter D. A. R."

Keokuk chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, very appropriately observed Flag day this afternoon by presenting to the city of Keokuk the Maine memorial tablet, commemorating the sinking of the United States battleship of that name in the harbor of Havana February 15, 1898, which made the breach between Spain and the United States and resulted in the Spanish-American war and the United States taking her rightful place in the first rank of nations. It was fitting that the exercises commemorating this event should be observed on the one hundred and thirty-ninth anniversary of the birth of the American flag.

Other patriotic orders were asked to join the daughters in the observance of the day, and the program was planned for by a joint committee from Lexington chapter, Sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters, the Spanish war veterans, and members of the G. A. R. posts and the general public participated in the exercises which were held at Rand park, where the boulder on which the Maine tablet has been placed, rests. The tablet was presented to the city by Mrs. Jane Ewing Blood, vice regent of Keokuk chapter D. A. R., who acted for Mrs. J. F. Elder, the regent, who is out of the city. The tablet was accepted on behalf of the city by Mayor Ed. S. Lofton. Talks were made by W. G. Blood, representing

the George V. Jenkins camp, U. S. W. V., Capt. A. H. Evans, past commander, department of Iowa, G. A. R., and W. J. Fulton, representing Lexington chapter, S. A. R.

Boulder Overlooks Historic Spot.

The Maine tablet is placed on a boulder which is placed in the triangular strip of land on the west side of the main driveway in Rand park just across the road from the cannon which stands on the point from which thousands admire the view of Lake Cooper and the majestic hills rising on each side. It was a most excellent choice of location and will be seen by every visitor who comes to Keokuk, and makes a pilgrimage to the park. The tablet is of bronze and was obtained from the navy department by the D. A. R. Below this Maine tablet is a second tablet bearing the name of the donors and the occasion of the gift. The boulder is a short distance down the road from the Keokuk monument.

A bugle call and then martial music by Chris Lock with his famous old drum and J. McGrath, a fifer who came here from Quincy to assist Mr. Lock, opened the program this afternoon. Prayer was offered by Dr. Ezra B. Newcomb, past president of the Iowa society of the Sons of the American Revolution. Mrs. D. A. Collier welcomed the assemblage.

Unveils Tablet.

George Jenkins Kiedaisch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Karl Kiedaisch then pulled the ribbons which held a huge American flag in place over the face of the boulder, and as the flag was drawn aside the first glimpse of the big boulder was afforded.

The big boulder, which weighs six tons, was found by J. F. Elder who reported to the chapter. The boulder was the gift of F. L. Griffey. The Maine tablet is prominently displayed on the face of the big rock and is sunk into the granite. Below is the smaller tablet saying that the memorial slab is the gift of Keokuk chapter D. A. R.

Arrangements for taking care of the people at the park this afternoon were excellent. The speaker's platform was Mrs. D. A. Collier's automobile which was gaily decorated in flags. There were some sixty or more benches arranged around the boulder in a semi-circle and police officers saw to it that automobiles came in only one direction and then parked in twos along the main thoroughfare.

The Flag Salute.

A feature of the program which was a distinct surprise and beautiful in its simplicity was the flag salute made by ten girls during Mrs. Collier's address of welcome. The girls were selected by Miss Elizabeth Dunlap and were stationed near the

boulder. At the proper place in Mrs. Collier's address one of the girls unfolded an American flag while the others joined by the audience repeated the flag salute.

In welcoming the assemblage, Mrs. D. A. Collier, chairman of the program committee said:

"As patriotic citizens we meet today in two capacities, first, to honor the memory of those American boys who lost their lives on the battleship Maine, and next, to celebrate the 139th birthday anniversary of the stars and stripes.

"May we stand at attention and salute the flag.

"I pledge allegiance to our flag, And to the republic for which it stands;

One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Welcome to Ceremonies.

"As members of the Keokuk chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, we welcome you all to these ceremonies. Flag day is the last of our national anniversaries to be established, the first celebration of this day having been held in 1894. It is most fitting that on one day at least of every year, we should call to mind the history of the symbolism of our flag. Our's is the oldest flag, other countries having made changes in their flags since 1777. Its red stripes symbolize courage, its white stripes purity and the blue with white stars speak for fidelity and truth. The flag as a whole stands for liberty and union.

"It is our blessed privilege to so bring up the rising generation that it will instinctively salute and protect this flag.

"One of the great objects of Flag day is to teach reverence for our flag, enlighten the ignorant who use the flag for commercial and advertising purposes. Seek the co-operation of county and city superintendents of school, teachers, and school boards to place a flag over every school house in Iowa, so we, unique among nations, may crown the day which commemorates the heroic efforts of our progenitors. Plutarch says, 'It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.' Let us prove the value of descent from glorious ancestors by following their example.

"The position of our flag should always be aloft, uplifting our eyes and hearts by its glowing colors and splendid promise. No hand should touch it roughly, and no hand should touch it irreverently. A salute to the flag or an uncovered head as it passes are only fitting acts of loyalty and reverence to the stars and stripes.

"Your flag and my flag and how it flies today
In your land and my land and half a world away,
Rose red and blood red its stripes forever gleam
Snow white and soul white the good forefathers sheen—
Sky blue, and true blue, with stars that gleam aright
The glorified guardian of the day, a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag and oh, how much it holds,
Your land and my land secure within its folds,

June 14, 1916 - page 11
(D.A.R. Presents Memorial)

Keokuk, Iowa

Keokuk Iowa

Your heart and my heart beat quicker at the sight,
Sun kissed and wind tossed, the red, and blue, and white;
The one flag, the great flag, the flag for me and you,
Glorified all else beside, the red, the white, the blue."

Namesake of the Camp.

In introducing George Jenkins Kiedaisch, Mrs. Collier said:

"The Maine memorial tablet which was made of metal from the Maine, will be unveiled by George Jenkins Kiedaisch, the little son of a member of the Keokuk Chapter, D. A. R., and a nephew of the late George V. Jenkins, in whose memory the Keokuk camp of Spanish American war veterans is named.

Mrs. Blood presented the tablet to the city of Keokuk and was introduced by Mrs. Collier in the following.

"The presentation of the tablet to our city on behalf of the Keokuk Chapter D. A. R., will be made by our vice regent, Jane Ewing Blood. It was with considerable difficulty that the committee induced Mrs. Blood to perform this service, her principal objection being, 'there was too much Blood in evidence,' but we all know you cannot have too much good blood."

Mrs. Blood's Presentation.

Mrs. Blood in her presentation speech said:
Madame Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The requirements for membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution are founded on the past. Were your ancestors regular fire-eaters? If so, you can join our organization. But we must have some *raison d'etre* besides the achievements of the past. What worth while work is there in our day? In the east, particularly in the vicinity of Boston and Philadelphia, the Daughters find work to do in fittingly marking revolutionary battle and camp sites, and in placing tablets on the homes and haunts of revolutionary heroes. But in the west such spots of interest are few and far between. This chapter finds scope for its patriotic activities in adorning our beloved city, for the delight of this and succeeding generations.

We are proud of Chief Keokuk cast in imperishable bronze through our efforts. Many years may he gaze across the Mississippi as if to meet the eye of his ancient enemy, Black-Hawk! In the near future we are planning to further beautify Rand park with a dignified gateway. Today, we present to Keokuk, a tablet moulded from the metal recovered from the bottom of Havana harbor, where lay the wreck of the gallant ship "Maine." May this tablet serve to recall the thrill which went through this country at the news that the "Maine," upholding the dignity of the United States in Cuba, had been sunk in Havana harbor.

Our young men sprang to arms. The only true preparedness, the martial spirit, was theirs. In a few short months, a naval victory had been

achieved at Manila, another at Santiago, a land victory at San Juan Hill, and before our own militia had been called further than the fever camp at Jacksonville, the war was over, and Spain reduced from a second rate to a fifth rate power.

This is not said in a spirit of spread eaglesism, but there are some facts young America needs to be reminded of, when Europe sneers at us for not rushing pell mell into a quarrel not of our making. The battlefield cannonading deafens Europe, the smoke blinds their eyes, the lust of blood infects them, and they forget that in another hemisphere, the songs of birds are audible, the stars of heaven visible, the brotherhood of man a vital doctrine.

Can we observe Flag day more fittingly than in calling to mind the achievements of the flag in our last national conflict? "Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Mr. Lofton, as mayor of this city, I, as vice regent of the Keokuk chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, present to you this Maine memorial tablet.

Mayor is Introduced.

"I have the honor to introduce Mayor Lofton, who will speak in behalf of the city," Mrs. Collier said in asking the mayor to accept the tablet.

The Mayor's Acceptance.

The following is Mayor Lofton's acceptance of the Maine tablet: "Ladies of the D. A. R. and fellow citizens of Keokuk:

"As the official head of the municipal government of this city, a very pleasant, and at the same time a very solemn, duty devolves upon me today. It becomes my privilege to accept, on behalf of Keokuk and its citizens, this beautiful and appropriate monument commemorating the sinking of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor and the stirring days which followed so closely upon that historic event.

"It is most appropriate, on this day which has been set apart as a day when we may especially honor the flag of our country, that we should take occasion to pause in the midst of our employments and here dedicate this beautiful and enduring remembrance of an event, which was fraught with most significant meaning and most far reaching results to this beloved land of ours.

"Prior to the Spanish-American war, the United States had, in a certain sense, lived unto itself and had not claimed its rightful place nor realized its full destiny among the nations of the earth. The destruction of the Maine marked the beginning of the awakening of this country to its mission as a world power and as a champion of humanity. We began to realize that, even as men can not be unmindful of, nor unaffected by environment, neither can a nation live apart, and be unheeding of what is transpiring in the great theatre of the world's events.

"It is, therefore, most fitting that this historical event in our history should be commemorated and that the example of the brave men, who gave their lives to their country on that fateful day in February, 1898, should be commemorated and that

the generations to come shall have before them this tangible reminder of noble sacrifice and patriotic devotion to duty.

"It is a source of the liveliest satisfaction that we have in America today a band of women whose efforts are largely devoted to the fostering of patriotism and who, as a means to that end, have undertaken to ever keep green the memories of our nation's glorious past. All over this broad land the Daughters of the Revolution have reared monuments and tablets which daily shall serve as reminders of the brave deeds and unselfish devotion of those who have made America the home of freedom and the great exemplar of civilization and enlightenment.

"Keokuk is fortunate in that it has the Keokuk chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution. To you we are already indebted for yonder beautiful monument, of which we are so proud. And now you have again made us your debtors by the gift of this enduring tablet fixed upon this everlasting rock, where it shall remain to teach our children, and our children's children, one of the great lessons in citizenship.

"Nor does our debt to you rest alone upon these tangible evidences of your love for your city and your country, for above all are we indebted to you for the patriotic and devoted womanhood which dwells in our midst.

"It is therefore, Madam Regent and members of the Keokuk chapter of the D. A. R., with the keenest sense of our deep obligation to you that I, on behalf of Keokuk and its citizens, most gratefully accept the Maine tablet which you have here erected. We return to you our sincere thanks for this monument which will grace one of our city's loveliest spots. We congratulate you upon the success which has attended your endeavors in the past, and we extend to you our heartfelt wishes for the continued success and prosperity not only of your great organization, but of your own Keokuk chapter."

Spanish Vets' Representative.

"As a representative of the Spanish American war veterans, it is a pleasure to introduce Mr. Will Graffin Blood," Mrs. Collier said.

W. G. Blood Speaks.

The speech in behalf of Geo. V. Jenkins camp, U. S. W. V., was made by W. G. Blood who said:

"Madam Chairman, Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution, Members of the Grand Army, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Comrades:

"That our country is now passing through one of her great crises surely no one doubts. Great political parties are selecting their leaders, perfecting their organizations and girding themselves for a great national conflict, which will for at least four years determine the country's policy in many important issues. Public opinion is rapidly crystallizing out of the extreme views of the militarist and the pacifist into an awakened demand for proper preparedness that will insure if possible a peaceful neutrality with honor, but that will insure whatever the outcome, our national honor here

January 16, 1900, page 2
CPAR, Districts, Memorial

and everywhere. Interest in domestic matters, important as it is, has been outrivalled by interest in foreign affairs.

"The assumptions of Japan are beginning to irritate our complaisance. The Mexican sore is festering on our very borders. And the awful cataclysm of the European war is involving our national prosperity, peace and honor in a way that demands attention. So that it seems to me eminently fitting that we stop a moment to consider our country's flag, and to observe this day set apart for special honor to the flag, at this time of great national stress and trial.

Three Periods Represented.

"Three periods of our national history are represented here today—the daughters and sons of the American revolution are keeping alive the glorious memories and teachings of that great achievement. The veterans of the Grand Army recall to our minds the sacred sufferings and successes of that later conflict. And it is particularly significant to me personally that we are unveiling this Maine tablet at this time, when there is being organized a local camp of Spanish-American war veterans, named after the first Keokuk boy who gave his life in that cause, and in whose name there has been just presented to the camp by two sisters, this beautiful banner.

"Those of you who represent the revolutionary war, and those who fought in the civil war, join here with the survivors of the Spanish-American war under one common flag, and in one common cause, and I know with one common purpose—to do honor to this glorious flag, and to reconsecrate ourselves to that for which it stands—the prosperity, the peace, and the honor of our country.

All Love Our Flag.

"We sometimes hear it said that patriotism is dying out in this country. At times like this we know it is not dead. We all love that flag. Does it not seem to you—when ever you look at the flags of other lands—that our flag is the most harmonious—the most appropriate—the most beautiful of all? No other flag simply in the graceful combination of its very parts compares with it. Its thirteen stripes so simply and so strangely tell the story of our simple and strong beginning. The field of blue, and growing stars spell the history of our growing commonwealth. The very colors speak of faith and courage and purity. To me no other flag approaches the simplicity and beauty and inspiration in our country's flag.

"You will pardon a personal experience? We often are not fully aware of our real feelings as to some certain matter till a testing time comes. We take our flag like our wonderful country—as a matter of course, but let some crisis happen, some event out of the ordinary occur, and then the common daily environment takes on a new and lasting meaning.

"Once in a Canadian town our party called on the American consul, just to make an informal call of courtesy to our country's representative, and I shall always remember the thrill of delight with which we

watched that beloved bunting go mounting to the sky, as the consul hoisted the stars and stripes above his office in honor of our call.

Homage to Stars and Stripes.

"Again, at Toronto, when attending a teachers' convention, a thousand Canadian school children sang their national anthem, waving as they did the Union Jack. At the conclusion of the song, out of courtesy to the American teachers present, they sang a stanza of our national anthem, each child producing a small American flag and waving it as he sang. I tell you that every American present realized, if never before, how dear that old flag was.

"Just once more—we were in Italy, down in a boarding house in Rome. It was the Fourth of July and a gloomy, dull day at that—without any signs of our American holiday, when one of our party produced a bunch of firecrackers and a small American flag that had been brought along for just such a purpose as this, and we went up on the roof of that pension and certainly made old Rome howl in that particular quarter for a short time. With new understanding we caught a new vision of our country's flag and with it a newer and truer meed of loyalty and devotion.

"No—patriotism is not dead in this country, nor is it sleeping either. In the testing times it has burst forth full grown, live and sufficient for the hour. In the great crises in our country's history that flag has stood

for the right, for victory and for human progress.

"In the early days, there came a time when human rights could suffer being trampled upon no longer—when liberty and honor and justice were more precious than life itself—when were written high and lasting on the walls of our nation's temple such names as Patrick Henry, Paul Revere, George Washington, Lexington, Concord, Valley Forge. Those were the days when this flag stood for national liberty.

Preservation of Union.

"In the adult year of the republic, there came a time when human conscience said 'slavery is wrong, set him free,' and when selfish human nature refused to surrender its property rights, when there arose the vital issue as to the relative power of the state and the union, when at cost of thousands of brothers' lives and millions of brothers' money, in a bloody fratricidal conflict such as the world never saw before, at the cost of children's sobs and women's tears and almost the destruction of one great and fair portion of our country, were again written high and lasting on these same walls of our nation's temple, such names as Lee, Grant, Lincoln, Gettysburg, Richmond, Appomattox. Those were the days when this same flag stood for the preservation of our national union, as well as of human liberty.

"In more recent years there came a time when our country could no longer turn a deaf ear to the call for help from a people suffering under the bondage of a foreign master—of an alien people, but so close to our borders that on some silent night we could almost hear their plaintive cry

stealing up from the southland across the everglades of Florida, and once again were written high and lasting on those same walls of our country's temple such names as Sampson, Schley, Dewey, Santiago, Manila and San Juan hill. Those were the days when this same flag stood again for human liberty, not only of our own people, but of our Cuban neighbors.

"In '76 our flag fought to establish our national liberty.

"In '61 our flag fought to preserve our national liberty.

"In '98 our flag fought to establish and preserve the liberty of others.

"That is a significant and glorious trilogy, and marks a majestic progress of a people from self-liberation and preservation to that high and noble altruism for the good of others—and this great distance our nation's flag has spanned in a little more than one century.

Flag Strong Enough.

"There are those of us who believe that flag is strong enough and brave enough and united enough to help to do what was done for Cuba and the Philippines—also for Mexico, for China, and for Europe; that, that beloved bunting, today on land and sea, must stand again, and stand unafraid, unshaken, and supreme, in all these troublous times, for the progress and prosperity and peace of the whole world.

"Whatever may be the outcome of this war, whatever preparation we may make, whether our neutrality may be preserved or not, whether we have peace or war, this fact has come forth out of all this turmoil—that the American people still love their flag, still love their country, and that patriotism is still ours. While we want, as all this old world wants, too, real and lasting peace, yet we want more than this, liberty and freedom, country-wide and world-wide—cost what it may. And these occasions—these representations and symbols of our national conflicts—these societies and these veterans—this tablet—this banner—this precious flag—stand for this high resolve."

The S. A. R. Speaker.

In introducing the man who spoke for the S. A. R.'s, Mrs. Collier said:

"The celebration of Flag day was instituted in 1894 by the Sons of the American Revolution. Mr. W. J. Fulton, as president of Lexington chapter S. A. R. will speak to us."

Flag Day Reflections.

Flag Day Reflections was the subject of the response by W. J. Fulton, president Lexington chapter, S. A. R. He said:

"He that is without a flag is twin brother to the 'man without a country,' whose misery is so clearly portrayed in Hale's monograph. The sentiment which attaches to 'Old Glory' dates back almost to revolutionary days. It is instilled into the school life of our children. Reverence for the flag is written on our statute books, proclaimed by president, governor, mayor and minister. The flag floats from capitol, court house, school house, ship and dwelling.

"If we were to take time to analyze

Handwritten notes on the right margin: "The flag is the symbol of our country's history and the people's pride." "The flag is the symbol of our country's history and the people's pride." "The flag is the symbol of our country's history and the people's pride."

our conduct, we would be amazed to find to what an extent we are moved to action by what we call sentiment. The thrills we get from the strains of patriotic music, or from the folds of the red, white and blue are among the sweetest and most stimulating of our inspirations. From tender childhood to tottering age, our free Americanism attains its supremest joy in a sense of loyalty to the flag. It may have come to some of us, then, to inquire, why should we have societies devoted to the promotion of this feeling? Why Sons and Daughters of a conflict one hundred and forty years ago? They preach but a sentiment—a sentiment already universal, and in this great, free land in need of no cultivation.

"Alas for such thoughts! We seem to have fallen upon times when devotion to our flag means more than a passing sentiment—a simple thrill of joy. The madness of human strife and the slaughter of furious foes on both continents, involving, as it does, the tread of armies in every quarter of the world, have aroused this generation to a new feeling respecting the flag. We must not only worship its glory, but we must compel the respect of other nations for it, and we must defend the soil on which it floats as an emblem of freedom.

Needs New Birth.

"This generation today needs, as it has not needed before, a new birth of patriotic zeal. It needs not merely a throb of feeling, but a sense of personal duty to the land in which we live, and for which we should be ready to sacrifice. We have so long enjoyed the atmosphere of peace that we can not discern the sense of danger. A recent cartoonist caught the idea when he sketched three of our prominent and worthy patriots, with their hands over their ears, mouth and eyes, like the three monkeys, and, amid the bursting of bombs and the roar of conflict, exclaiming, 'Hear no danger, speak no danger, see no danger.'

"Many of us are awakening to a sense of danger that we thought had passed from the possibilities of earth—the evil of nearly universal slaughter, the deviltry of frightfulness, the relentlessness of military despotism.

"We do not know how soon loyalty to the flag may mean to us much more than the turning of a happy phrase, or the voicing of huzzas.

"We are so devoted to the arts of peace, so in love with the past seclusion of our happy land, that we have counted our relation to government a soft and pretty sentiment. We have even resented the mild requirements of federal law as some infringement of our personal freedom, or with some sense of bitterness have made our settlements with the tax collector. Paternalism has seemed to us a specter of ugliness. We have resented any sense of ownership on the part of Uncle Sam to our private lives, or our property. Those lands where paternalism is most in evidence, where the state is first and individualism is almost swallowed up, are giving us today some frightful examples of warlike efficiency. They are saying to us: Patriotism is not the passion of old age,

it is not a thing of dress parade, or silken banners, and of lively airs. It is a young man's call to duty—therefore, be ye also ready.

Military Training in Schools.

"Though we fondly hope that love for the flag will continue to be to our youth merely a tender and beautiful sentiment, yet, it may, in the wisdom of those who rule, mean that in all of our common schools there shall be military drills. Heretofore we have had no need for the Swiss system, which has protected our sister republic, though in close contact with frightful war on every side. The necessity for universal military drill may come. It may be that we need to learn anew the lessons of our patriotism; that we can not always live in the valor of our fathers. However, from their sacrifices, from the sufferings at Valley Forge, from the monuments at Gettysburg, from this tablet here sacred to the memories of the Maine, may we get a louder call to duty and a livelier sense of our obligations to our flag.

"Whatever alarms the future shall unfold, may every unit in this glorious melting pot of races, be ready in the devoted spirit of our noble ancestry to spring to the call of freedom, and the defense of our cherished inheritance."

The G. A. R. Representative.

"Captain Evans, as past commander department of Iowa G. A. R.'s needs no introduction to a Keokuk audience, he is one of those men whom Edward Everett Hale says 'Only so many years young' and as such the G. A. R.'s, the Spanish American veterans and the D. A. R.'s greet him."

Captain Evans was cognizant of the honor that had been bestowed on him to speak for the G. A. R. posts of Keokuk at an occasion of this sort, he said in response to his introduction, and he full realized what the occasion of such a celebration meant in the furtherance of patriotism.

After several marital selections by the band, the exercises were concluded.

Picnic of Two Chapters.

Keokuk chapter D. A. R. and Lexington chapter S. A. R. planned for a flag day celebration following the presentation of the tablet, in the shape of a picnic supper participated in by the members of the two chapters. Supper will be served at the park and a most delicious menu has been provided for the occasion. The arrangements for the picnic were in the hands of the D. A. R. social committee of which Mrs. Theodore A. Craig was chairman. The general arrangements for the observance of the day were in the hands of the joint committee from the two chapters composed of Mrs. J. F. Elder, Mrs. W. G. Blood, Mrs. D. A. Collier, Miss Anne B. Davis, Mrs. Harry J. Reeves, Dr. E. B. Newcomb, Major D. B. Hamill and Frederic C. Smith.

Keokuk Constitution.

A. G. E. AUGUST 7, 1886. ec'y

CHIEF KEOKUK.

The following extract from a letter from Judge C. F. Davis, of this city, to a gentleman in St. Louis, contains some interesting history. Judge Davis says:

The old Sac chief Keokuk was born on Rock River, near Rock Island, Ill., in the year 1780. Accounts differ as to his parentage; one is that his mother was a half-breed, but I have in my possession a letter from Capt. William Phelps, who was intimate with the old chief as a trader with the tribe and understood their language, who says Keokuk told him that the very little white blood in his veins was transmitted to him through his father, who was a half-breed (French and Indian,) and that his mother was a full-blooded Sac.

Keokuk was not hereditary chief. He was a man of good physique, height about five feet, ten inches, weight about two hundred pounds. He was of commanding presence, eloquent in speech, active, brave and intelligent, and thus became an active leader of his tribe. He opposed Black Hawk in his advocacy of war with the whites in 1832, and prevented a large portion of his tribe from engaging in what was called the Black Hawk war. In the treaty with the government at the conclusion of the war, Keokuk was recognized by Gen. Scott as chief of the Sacs and Foxes and was so recognized by the government until his death, which occurred on their reservation in Kansas in the summer of 1848. He was succeeded by his son, Moses Keokuk, now chief of the tribe in the Indian territory. On the 4th of July, 1883, this son was invited, and came to this city with his present wife and grandson, Johnny Keokuk, accompanied also by H. C. Jones, a half-breed interpreter. During his stay here we ascertained the place and date of the death of his father, the old chief, and secured his written consent to remove the remains to this city for interment. Then a movement was inaugurated to erect by popular subscription, a monument to his memory in our public park, and the site selected is on the high bluff overlooking the Mississippi river and the government canal.

HIS GRAVE WAS FOUND

as indicated by his son walled around by rough sandstone and covered by a marble slab, three feet wide by six feet long, bearing the following inscription:

June 14 1916 page 47
D.A.R. Presents Memorial

Sacred
to the memory of
Keokuk:
A distinguished Sac Chief.
Born at Rock Island in
1788.
Died in April, 1848.

In the lower corner is cut the name of the firm furnishing the slab, Mathew Park & Son.

The remains were exhumed, and, together with the marble slab, were brought to this city and are now in my possession, waiting to be placed in the monument, the first section of which has just been contracted for. The design of the monument has been adopted. It will be forty-five feet in height, but will be built in sections only as the money is obtained to do the work. Our citizens are indebted to Charles Parsors and Gen. John W. Noble of St. Louis, for material aid.

During the visit of Moses Keokuk here, we ascertained from him that, at his father's death, five children survived him, two sons and three daughters, but at that date (July 1883,) he was the only one living, and the only direct descendants of the old chief at that time were himself, his only son, Charles, and his three children, Frank, John and Frazene; his brother's daughter Nellie, then attending school at Hampton, Va.; a daughter of his eldest sister, and a son of his second sister, in all eight. You will notice a discrepancy in the date of birth mentioned at the beginning of this letter (1780) and that inscribed on the marble slab (1788). The former date we get from several sources, and presume it to be the correct one.

One of the peculiarities of the race is said to be that their ages are numbered by suns, moons and stars instead of years. So there may be as great difficulty in ascertaining his correct age or date of birth as the number of wives he had. Capt. Phelps, who knew Keokuk intimately from 1829 to 1846, says: "His wives numbered two so long as I knew him, and in his visits to our house his older wife and boys usually accompanied him."

Wm. B. Street, whose father was agent for the Sacs and Foxes many years before their removal to Kansas, says: "Keokuk had but two wives; they were called his old wife and his young." Yet A. W. Harlan and others who had not so good opportunities of knowing as either Phelps or Street place the number anywhere from three to seven. It may be that, like many pale faces of the present day, he had one wife and several squaws.

A recent visitor to the Sac and Fox Agency writes of the son of the old chief, the present Chief Keokuk, thus: "He has taken for several years a bold stand

for civilization and Christianity. He is a faithful member of the Baptist church and delivers interesting addresses in the Indian tongue before the church and Sunday school. He wears the white man's dress, has a good home, and five or six hundred head of cattle. His wife is a white woman of good character."

I understand that there are now about 800 of the Sac and Fox tribe, all told. Some are located in Tama county, Iowa, some are yet remaining in Kansas, but most of them are at the Agency in Indian territory.

Keokuk, Io., August 2, 1886.

The Gate City.

OCTOBER 13, 1894.

WORKED FOR KEOKUK.

Uncle Thomas Hardman Talks of the Old Chief for Whom This City is Named.

Uncle Thomas Hardman of Hitt, Mo., who visited his daughters and attended the reunion here last week is one of the pioneers of this country and gave the Herald some interesting reminiscences. He first settled in Iowa in 1839 and in the summer of 1840 worked for Chief Keokuk on his farm on the present site of South Ottumwa, has seen and conversed with that noted Indian chief and knows much of his history from personal acquaintance. One morning Keokuk told him to hitch a fine horse and race mare to the plow and break a piece of new ground for his squaws to tend. The team got fractious and the horse kicked the sharp point of the plow and was badly crippled. Uncle Tom expected a scolding from the old chief but was agreeably disappointed. His squaws prepared some salve and dressed and bandaged the wound while Keokuk sat on a small mound and gave orders. As early as the year 1849 Mr. Hardman and Foster Collins were in Bloomfield one day to name the postoffice at Stiles, and were looking over the register to avoid giving it the same name as some other postoffice, when Stiles Carpenter, the only merchant in Bloomfield passed by. His name was at once selected and hence Stiles. Mr. Hardman moved over into Scotland county, Missouri, in 1858, and was the first postmaster at Hitt, holding the office for nearly six years from 1860. It is a notable instance that this office was named in a similar way to Stiles. One day in Memphis Postmaster Duckworth and Mr. Hardman were casting about for a name for the new postoffice when Colonel Hitt of Alexandria, Mo., passed by. Duckworth suggested they call it Hitt, which was agreed to. Mr. Hardman claimed a right to a front seat at the camp fire Thursday night, having had two sons and four sons-in-law in the service. He is now 75 years old and in feeble health.—Milton Herald.

THE GREAT EAST MAIN CALLED HISTORY
 OF THE SACS AND FOXES
 BY J. W. HARRIS
 KEOKUK IOWA

FIRST PRESIDENT FROM
WEST OF MISSISSIPPI RIVER

THE DAILY GATE CITY

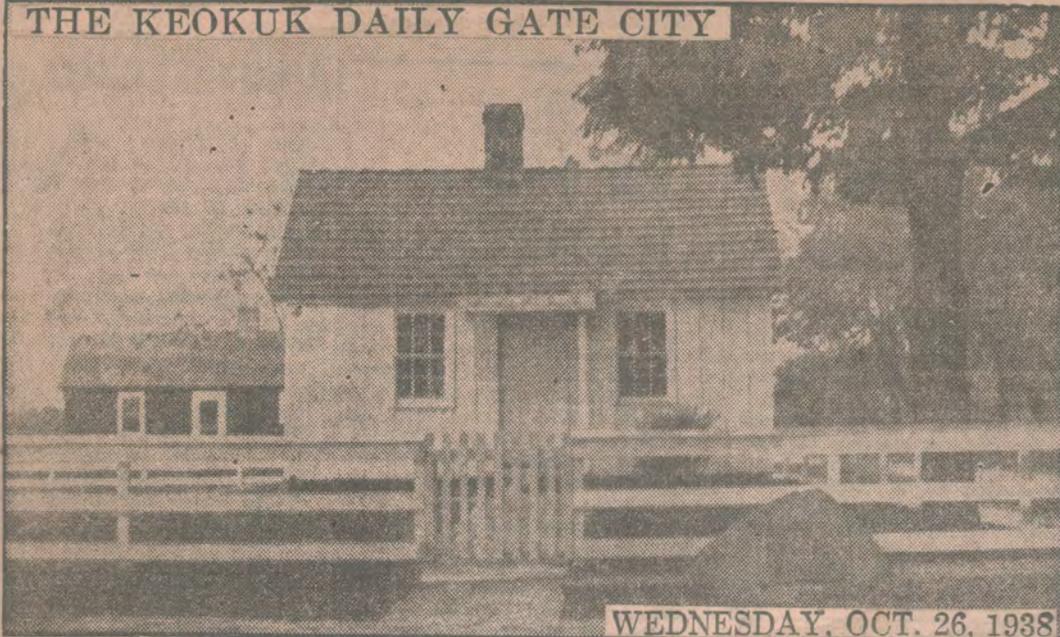
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7, 1928



HERBERT HOOVER

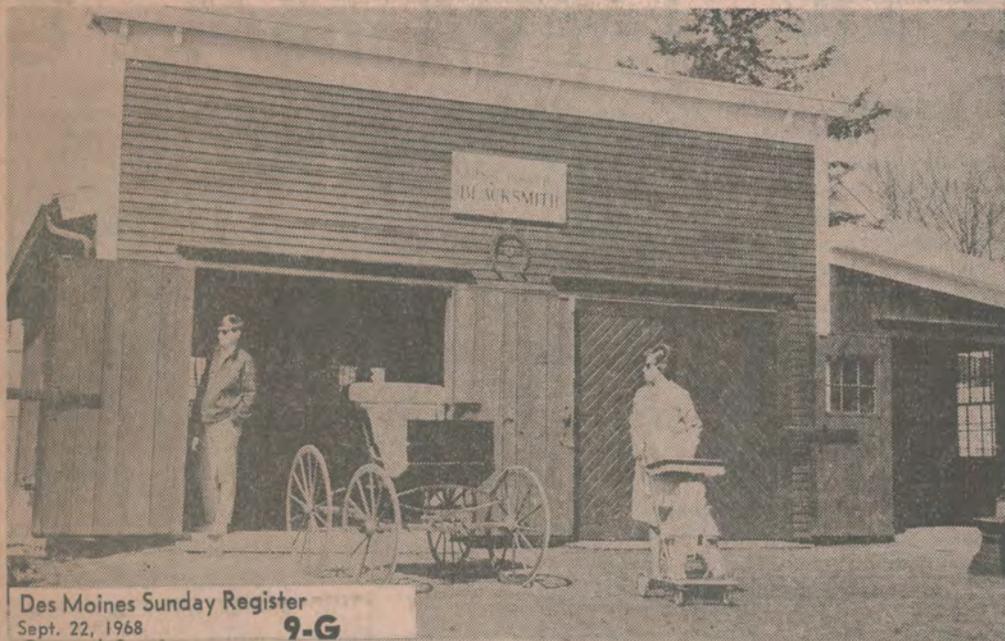
HOOVER HOME IS RESTORED

THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY



WEDNESDAY, OCT. 26, 1938

Restoration in West Branch of the modest birthplace of Herbert Hoover, first president of the United States to be born west of the Mississippi river, is now practically complete. The work was decided on by Mrs. Herbert Hoover and her son, Allan Henry Hoover, a year ago this summer. The cottage measures 14 by 23 feet, and represents the result of careful study and research. The original walls of the little cottage had been covered over several times by other materials, and the building had been turned completely around during its years of use as a leanto adjacent to a house now removed. IDPA Photo.



Des Moines Sunday Register
Sept. 22, 1968 9-G

The Hoover blacksmith shop at West Branch.

The Hoover Blacksmith Shop Visited

(The Register's Iowa News Service)

WEST BRANCH, IOWA — There's still plenty of time to visit the blacksmith shop on the Hoover memorial grounds at West Branch. This is a restoration of



Herbert Hoover's father's shop.

The grounds are open the year around with no admission fee except for the library. Hours are 2 to 5 p.m. Hoover, the thirty-first President and the first born west of the Mississippi, was the only Iowan to have this honor.

A trip through the shop brings nostalgia to many. Every town in Iowa at one time had a blacksmith shop.

There are still many around Salem, Cotter, Ainsworth,

Brighton, South English, Kalona, Iowa City, Donnellson, and other towns.

In earlier days, these shops fitted horses with shoes. It required more time to measure and mold a good fitting shoe for a horse than to fit a young lady of today with a dozen pairs.

Made of iron and molded to the hoof, the shoe was nailed on with special nails. It was necessary to first trim the hoof of the creature before fitting.

Had you known the experience of pumping an iron forge to keep up with your father's needs as he melted and then molded the metal into shapes, you'd remember the sssss — sss — ing of the forge fire and then the red hot flame from the special coal which turned red when hot enough to make metal pliable.

How the sparks flew when the shoe was beaten into shape over the strong anvil, fastened securely on the edge of a huge tree "block" cut from center of the tree's girth.

If you recall this then you remember how the smithy turned metal buggy rims into sled runners to make the fastest sleds in the country.

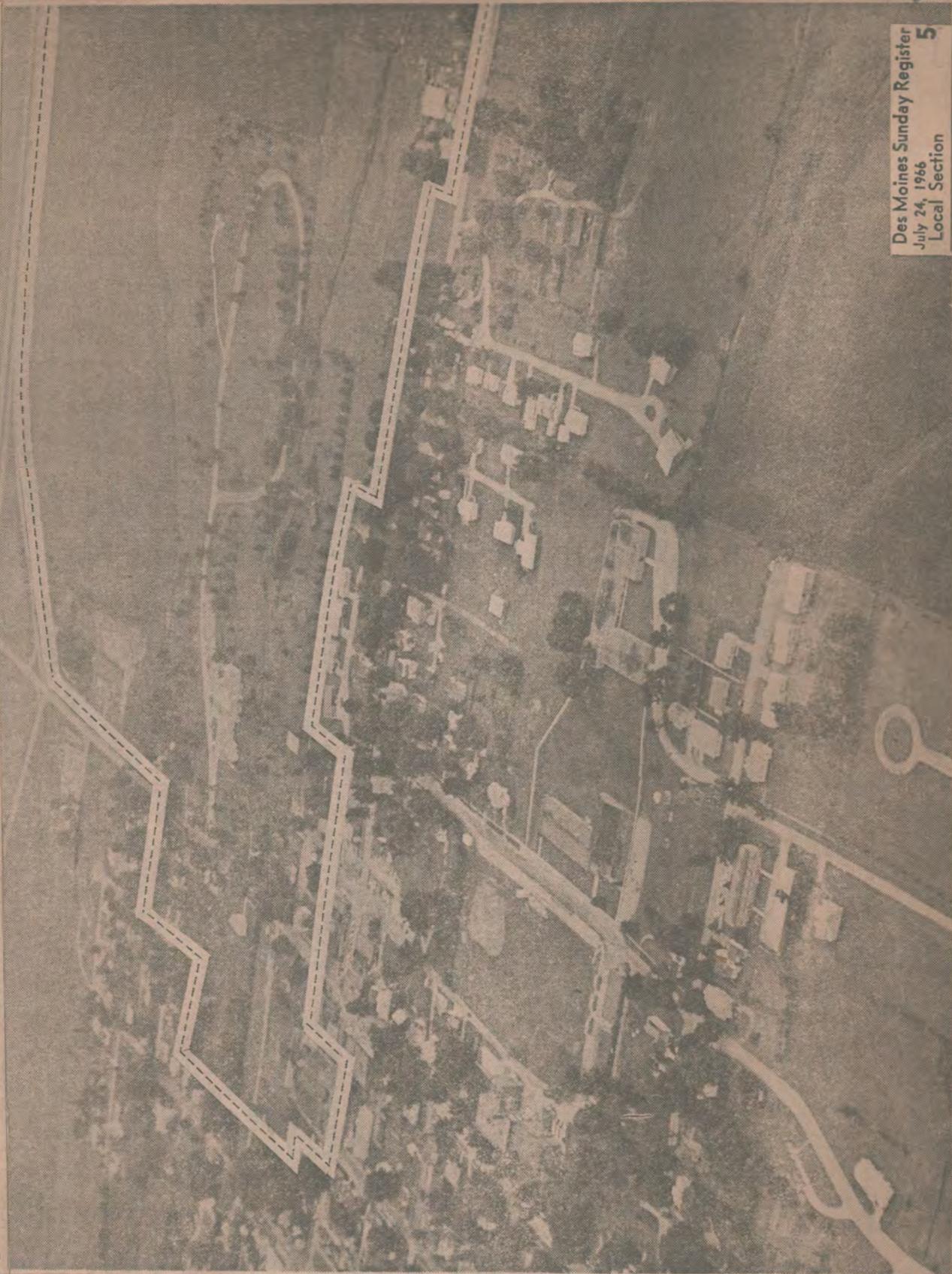
It is thought the word "blacksmith" was coined to differentiate between a worker using metal and one using tin. (These men were called tinsmiths.)

The Hoover blacksmith shop has items that are foreign to those under 50.

THE GREAT IOWA NEWS SERVICE
ATTORNEY - IOWA

Area Wanted for Hoover Site

Lines on this aerial photo of West Branch indicate the approximate area the National Park Service wants for the historic Herbert Hoover Site. It would take 30 private homes and four West Branch businesses.



Des Moines Sunday Register
July 24, 1966
Local Section 5

REGISTER PHOTO BY LARRY NEIBERGALL

WEST BRANCH SEES LOSS OF 4 BUSINESSES

Project Also Would Take 30 Homes

By Gene Raffensperger
(Register Staff Writer)

WEST BRANCH, IA. — The federal government's proposal for development of the Herbert

Hoover historic site here has stirred controversy among residents of West Branch, birthplace of the late President.

The main criticism is that the size and scope of the project will cost West Branch 30 pri-



vates homes and four business places, including the town's only two auto dealers.

Federal purchase of these properties will mean a tax loss of about \$8,700, or about 7 per cent of the town's total tax income.

Personal Hardships

Some critics say the uprooting of business and family will

Need to Protect Integrity Of Area Is Cited by Official

Des Moines Sunday Register
July 24, 1966
Local Section 2-L

create personal hardships, and could mean the permanent loss of some of the business places.

The late Herbert Hoover was born here in 1874. In 1928 he became President of the United States, an event that forever removed tiny West Branch from the category of ordinary small town.

When Mr. Hoover died in 1964 he was laid to rest on a grassy hilltop in a park overlooking the birthplace cottage and Presidential library.

Last year, Congress designated the area as a national historic site. An appropriation of \$1.6 million was made to establish the site and the National Park Service was placed in charge of the development.

Now the Park Service has come in with a preliminary plan which shows some 200 acres to be included in the development.

Expanding from the former 80-acre Hoover Park site, the plan goes east past Downey street, north to reach Main street at two points, south to Interstate Highway 80, and west to include a 50-acre "beauty easement" on farm land.

Complaint and criticism already has reached the West Branch Town Council.

Two council members and two other town spokesmen will go to Washington, D. C., Tuesday to discuss hoped-for modifications. They will meet with Iowa Senators Bourke B. Hickenlooper and Jack Miller, both Republicans, and Representative John Schmidhauser, a Democrat, and officials of the National Park Service.

"We're going in a good mood, a co-operative mood, and we hope we meet with good response," said Councilman Donald Johnson, the former national commander of the American Legion.

Said Larry Quist, superintendent here for the National Park Service, "I think the fact people are asking questions about this plan is healthy. I'm not disagreeing with criticism. I think we can resolve this to the satisfaction of most."

"We want what is best for

West Branch. The federal government did not come in here to wipe out West Branch. We want this to be a joint plan to the satisfaction of both town and the government," said Quist.

"Boxing Gloves"

Sharpest critic of the federal proposal is Dan R. Maher, 26, co-editor with his sister, Mary, 26, of the West Branch Times, the weekly newspaper here.

Said Maher in an editorial recently: "The battle is joined. The enemy has been recognized. It's time to take off the kid gloves and put on the boxing gloves.

"And it is time to recognize that the community of West Branch has a fight on its hand that can threaten its very existence as a community.

"We are talking about nothing other than the intrusion of the National Park Service into the community and their plans to take the very heart out of our community, to build a national historic site in West Branch."

Councilman Johnson is less harsh in his appraisal, in fact he declines to count himself as an out and out critic of the proposal. Rather, said Johnson, he would like some modifications.

Financial Help

Johnson would like some changes made in street planning, some changes in traffic patterns, some access rights to roads for certain neighborhoods, and possibly some financial help to those displaced in form of damage payments, and possibly some allowances made to senior citizens who live in homes ticketed for purchase.

"We feel we must maintain the two auto agencies," said Johnson. "The offers made to these businesses so far by the government are not enough to allow these businesses to relocate.

"Land values here are way up, and not because of the Hoover site, but because Iowa City is booming and that boom is spilling over into nearby towns such as West Branch."

Johnson said West Branch in no way objects to the Hoover

site, in fact, he said, local residents have been prime movers for years in the development here. "We are aware of the value to West Branch, the state and the nation of this site," said Johnson.

"The tax loss will have the greatest effect on the town. This will hurt us, but it will not cripple us," said Johnson. "This loss of tax valuation will eventually come back and I think we'll suffer only a temporary loss," said Johnson.

Tax Base Loss

Mayor Phil Thomas, a service station operator, said that in his opinion the government's proposal may be too large. "I'm concerned at what they propose to take out of the tax base. The loss of four business places here is just too much for a town this size (population about 1,400)," said the mayor.

"The real snag is that the prices they are willing to pay for the places will not allow the owners to build elsewhere," said Thomas.

Richard Olsen, a partner in

the Chevrolet agency, one of those sought by the government, confirmed the mayor's statement.

"We have been offered \$50,000 for our place. To buy another piece of ground and put up a building it will cost us \$100,000," said Olsen.

Brooks Hamilton, land acquisition officer for the Parks Service here, said appraisers, hired from Iowa firms, have at their disposal all sale records in West Branch the last five years.

"But they're only using those in the last two years, and if there was a sale as recently as 30 days ago they'll use that too," said Hamilton. He said no property has been purchased yet.

"Protect Integrity"

Superintendent Quist said: "We think we have a good plan here. This is a national park and we are not planning for just one day. We don't want this to be inadequate in 25 years . . .

"You don't keep houses within a stone's throw of the site because you never know when some day there will be a hotdog stand or a soft ice cream stand there.

"You have to protect the integrity of the area."

The Daily Gate City

KEOKUK, IOWA TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1966 — 3

Lee Historical Society plans tour to Birthplace of Hoover

Members of the Lee County Historical Society will make a bus tour to the Herbert Hoover birthplace in West Branch Sunday, May 22.

The bus will leave the Blondeau street parking lot at 7 a.m. with round-trip fare \$3.50. The bus holds 36.

En route to West Branch the bus will stop at the home of Governor Lucas at Plumb Grove, the Scattergood school, the Jesse Hoover burial ground and the Grant Wood home.

In West Branch

In West Branch those who wish will attend Quaker church, visit the Hoover Memorial library and auditorium; inspect the Hoover birthplace cottage; see the restored blacksmith shop of Jesse Hoover and stroll along Main street where the building fronts have been restored or rebuilt to original appearance.

Dinner will be available at the Century House, the old hotel dining room which has been restored and furnished as it was in Hoover's childhood days. Each will order from the menu and pay for his own meal. Others may order sandwiches and there are good picnic facilities near the Hoover grounds for those who wish to take their own lunch.

Reservations and payment for bus transportation must be made to Miss Doris Foley at the library no later than Wednesday, May 18. She also must be informed by those who wish dinner at the Century House. Cancellations will not be accepted after Friday, May 20.

Reservations are open to non-members beginning Thursday morning, May 19 until 5 p.m. Friday.

THE SEAT MUST BEY CALLED "HOTDOG"
R. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

HONORING
IOWA'S NATIVE SON

Herbert Hoover

31ST PRESIDENT
OF THE
UNITED STATES



Established by law
at Iowa City in 1857.



FIRST DAY OF ISSUE

Mr. Alford D. Beatty

17 S. 2nd Street

Keokuk, Iowa 52632

Students of American history, lovers of the Iowa scene, followers of the Quaker faith, advocates of rugged individualism, engineers, politicians, statesmen, the young and the old, the rich and the poor, people of every race, creed, and color will draw from the Herbert Hoover birthplace at West Branch an inspiring lesson in democracy — that from the humblest home can spring the Nation's leaders, even the President of the United States. It was in 1828 that Andrew Jackson, born in a log cabin and reared in the west, became President of the United States. Jackson was the first American living west of the Alleghenies to be elected Chief Executive of the Nation. A century later, in 1928, Herbert Hoover, born in a simple two-room frame house in Iowa, orphaned at the age of ten and reared amidst adversity, demonstrated it was still possible for men to journey from log cabin to White House.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

[From the address given by William J. Petersen, Superintendent of the State Historical Society of Iowa, at the 74th Birthday Celebration at West Branch on August 10, 1948]

THE BIRTHPLACE OF
PRESIDENT HERBERT HOOVER



THE HERBERT HOOVER LIBRARY



FIRST DAY OF ISSUE

BICKER
1306 CARROLL ST,

KEOKUK,

IOWA 52632



HOOVER
BIRTH
PLACE



The Honorable William F. Salbot
Vice-President, National Association of
Postmasters, Iowa Chapter
Keokuk, Iowa 52632

THE WEST BRANCH HERITAGE FOUNDATION
REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF YOUR ATTENDANCE
AT THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES OF THE
FIRST DAY OF ISSUE
OF THE HERBERT HOOVER COMMEMORATIVE STAMP
THE OFFICIAL LUNCHEON AT TWELVE O'CLOCK
THE COMMEMORATIVE PROGRAM AT TWO O'CLOCK
TUESDAY, AUGUST TENTH
ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED SIXTY-FIVE
WEST BRANCH, IOWA

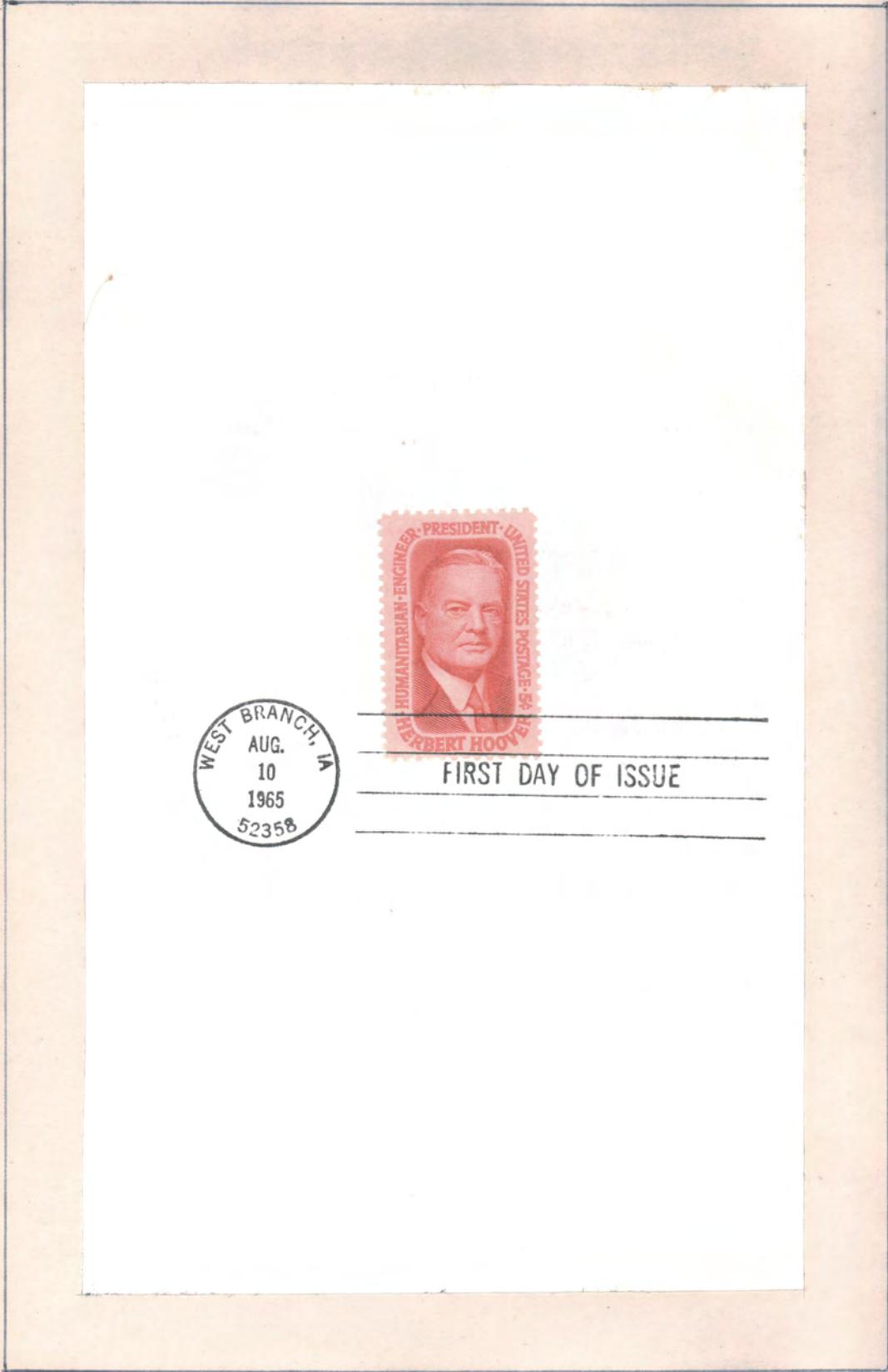
R.S.V.P.

**NINETY-FIRST
BIRTHDAY COMMEMORATION**



**HERBERT C. HOOVER
1874-1964**

**AUGUST 10, 1965
HERBERT HOOVER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY
WEST BRANCH, IOWA**



FIRST DAY OF ISSUE

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

PROGRAM

2:00 P.M.

Invocation -----Rev. William Thalacker

Introducing Mr. Murray W. Gibson
Postmaster, West Branch, Iowa
-----Dr. Richard G. Stuelke

Introducing Mr. Richard J. Murphy
Assistant United States Postmaster General
-----Mr. Murray W. Gibson

Dedication of the Herbert Hoover commemorative stamp
-----Mr. Richard J. Murphy

Introducing the Honorable Richard M. Nixon
-----Dr. Richard G. Stuelke

Address-----Honorable Richard M. Nixon

Benediction-----Rev. William Thalacker



This program honors the occasion of Herbert Hoover's 91st birthday. Mr. Hoover, thirty-first President of the United States, lived longer than any other president with the exception of John Quincy Adams. He is known for a wide variety of accomplishments: he was a great humanitarian, a mining engineer, educator, administrator, and scholar. Today he is honored by the issuance of a commemorative stamp and by a special program observing his first posthumous birthday.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower is in West Branch today to join in the commemoration. Mr. Hoover served during the Eisenhower Administration as Chairman of the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government, 1953-55; Chairman of the Mission to Germany, 1954; and as United States Representative to the Brussels World's Fair in 1958.

Former Vice-President Honorable Richard M. Nixon is successor to Mr. Hoover as Chairman of the Boys' Clubs of America. Mr. Nixon will deliver the principal address.

The commemorative stamp, reproduced above, in blue and white, is being issued for the first time on August 10th at West Branch by the United States Post Office Department, which is represented here today by Mr. Richard J. Murphy, Assistant Postmaster General. The official first day cachet envelope was designed for the West Branch Heritage Foundation by Architect William J. Wagner of Des Moines, Iowa. It shows the Hoover Birthplace Cottage, West Branch Main Street, and bears a facsimile of Mr. Hoover's signature, as well as the dates of his life.

A new illustrated booklet about Mr. Hoover is being released today by the West Branch Heritage Foundation. It contains 40 photographs and articles about the Herbert Hoover Memorial Park, Presidential Library, a history of West Branch, and a biography of Herbert Hoover. On sale in West Branch today, the booklet provides a space for the Hoover stamp and first-day cancellation. After today, mail order requests for the booklet with a first-day souvenir cancellation will be filled as long as a limited supply lasts. Send name and address with \$1.50 per booklet to: West Branch Heritage Foundation, West Branch, Iowa 52358.

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. I. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

West Branch, Ia., Rises Manfully To Task of Entertaining Hoover

THE DAILY GATE CITY

MONDAY, AUG. 13, 1928



The little Iowa village where Herbert Hoover was born has prepared an old fashioned home-coming for the republican presidential nominee August 21. Many old landmarks will be shown him and many old friends will see him again. Above (right) is Downey street, (left), the place of business of one of his schoolmates, and below, Mrs. J. K. Carran, his school teacher.

WEST BRANCH, Iowa, Aug. 13. —(P)—With the first edge of nervousness worn off, this little Quaker town where Herbert Hoover was born has risen manfully to the occasion of entertaining from 15,000 to 50,000 people August 21, when the republican nominee for president comes here to spend the day and make one of the most important speeches of his campaign.

After its big jubilation over the news of Hoover's nomination the town was wildly thrilled but somewhat stunned when Hoover announced his prospective visit. The Commercial club faced the task of making the arrangements somewhat uncertainly. The railroad lunch room, usually a somnolent place with good cooking and firemen in blue overalls eating at counters, found itself swamped with tourists demanding food. O. V. Culver, proprietor of the Railroad Lunch, began wildly tearing out a partition to enlarge his dining room so it could accommodate four tables instead of one.

Now the excitement has subsid-

ed. The town has itself in hand and is preparing for the tremendous crowd which it is indicated will be on hand. Realizing its limitations, West Branch sent out appeals to surrounding towns and cities to cooperate.

It is impossible to estimate how many persons will attend but preparations are being made to seat at least 17,000 under canvas and the grounds back of the school house where the speech will be made can accommodate twenty-five thousand. Not only the fact that Hoover was born in Iowa but the fact that his views on the farming problem to be given here are of vital importance to this section will bring people from all over the middle west.

In spite of the crowds which will be eager for a glimpse of him, arrangements are being made which will afford Mr. Hoover opportunity to visit some of the old haunts of his boyhood and allow him to converse pleasantly with old friends. Mr. and Mrs. Hoover will be the guests for dinner and for the night of Mr. and Mrs. O.

Yoder in a modest white house on the edge of town. Mr. Yoder is postmaster and his wife is a cousin of Mr. Hoover's.

Mr. Hoover also plans to visit with Mrs. L. S. Butler, of Northwood, Iowa, whom he has invited to meet him. Mrs. Butler was a schoolmate of the candidate's mother, and from her Mr. Hoover hopes to learn something new of his mother's life.

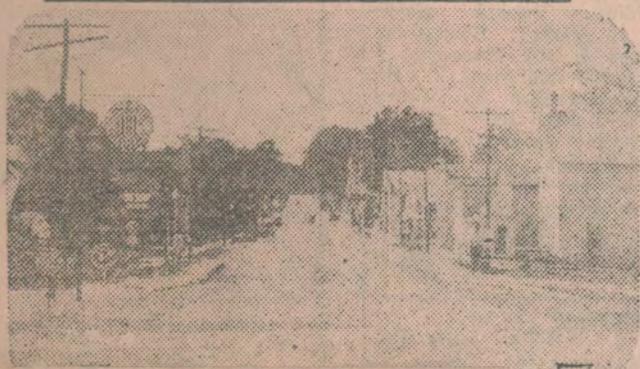
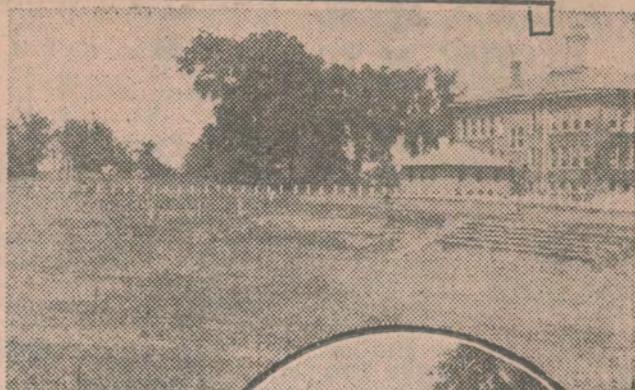
Molly Brown Carran, Hoover's school teacher, still lives here. She remembers him as a quiet, bashful little fellow, who was a good student.

The schoolmates of Hoover have dwindled to about half a dozen, among them, Newt Butler, Bert Leech, Fred Albin, Frank Hess and Mrs. James Clark. All expect to have a few words with the nominee before he is whisked away to Cedar Rapids for a two day conference with farm leaders. Then with banners flying, practically the whole town will escort their former orphan boy along the country road to the next stop in his campaign for the presidency.

Hoover's Town Eager to Greet Him August 21

It Has Been a Long Time Since G. O. P. Nominee Has Visited West Branch and the Old Place, Puffed With Pride, Is All Set to Pay Homage to Its Noted Son.

THE DAILY GATE CITY



WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1928

Scenes in Hoover's home town showing the main street, the banner stretched at the crossroads, the stadium which is to be the scene of his homecoming and the house in which he was born.

BY LEE F. WHITE

Staff Writer for Central Press and The Daily Gate City.

WEST BRANCH, Iowa, Aug. 8.—Herbert Hoover is coming back to West Branch to revisit the scenes of his boyhood.

This little town of 800 is preparing for the greatest day of its history in anticipation of the event.

Herbert Hoover hasn't been here for five years and his last visit was unofficial and unheralded. But then he was just plain Herbert Hoover, an old home town boy who had done great things. Now that he is a contender for the greatest honor that can be bestowed by the American people, West Branch desires to pay him the homage that her citizens think his due.

Arrange Homecoming.

Committees have been appointed to make all of the arrangements for a great homecoming celebration, with all Iowa the guest of the little town for a day. The date is August 21.

Fred W. Allen, a prosperous butcher and livestock dealer, who was a boyhood playmate of Mr. Hoover's declares that the town is back of the native son's candidacy without a dissenting murmur.

West Branch is telling the world that Herbert Hoover is a child of hers.

A banner is flung across the intersection of the main streets declaring that it is "Hoover's Birthplace." Just a block south of the main street is a small, white frame house where the infant Hoover first exercised his lungs. On the small porch stands a table bearing a register which already bears the names of visitors from many states.

Whether or not the homecoming celebration will center around the old home is not known. Mrs. Jessie Scellars now occupies the place and is sole owner.

Scene of Festivities.

The high school athletic field, a huge natural bowl-shaped amphitheater,

will be the scene of the great homecoming program. Here seats for 20,000 will be arranged and amplifiers installed under the direction of engineers from the University of Iowa at Iowa City, a few miles distant.

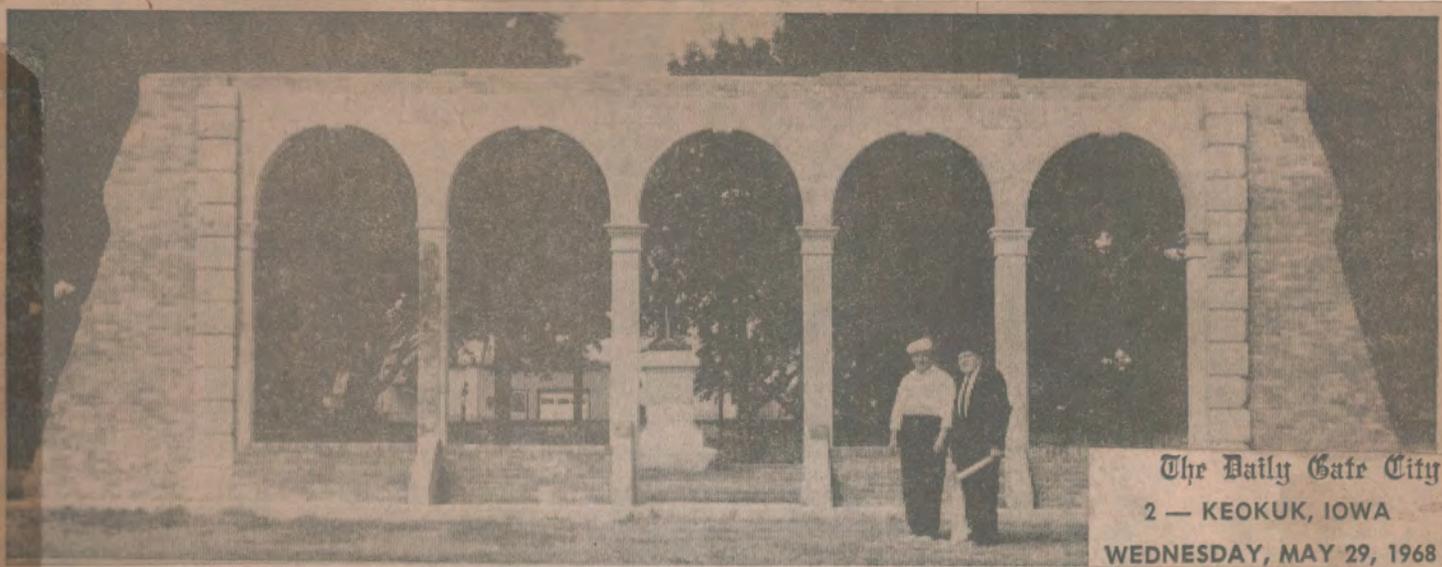
Gov. John Hammill and Charles W. Rawson, republican state committeeman, from Des Moines, will be present, also Senator Smith W. Brookhart. Hubert Work, national chairman, may also be present.

All roads leading to West Branch, including the Herbert Hoover highway, which connects with the Lincoln highway at Lowden, are being put into the best of condition to take care of the great caravans of cars expected from all parts of the state.

Newt Baker, proprietor of "Newt's Place," and alleged boyhood conqueror of Herbert Hoover, is prepared to turn the key in the lock on his front door and give the loafers a day off to take part in the festivities.

It will be a great day for West Branch.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA



The Daily Gate City
2 — KEOKUK, IOWA
WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1968

VERANDAH HOUSE ARCHES reconstructed at Victory Park as a war memorial. Historic building was formerly located at 215 Johnson, and was burned in 1914. Original arches were saved when the Keosippi service Thursday. —Gate City

Plaza was created and reconstructed by stone mason Felix Szawiel, left, with James Campbell (right), whose idea it was, in charge of the reconstruction project. The area will be the site of the VFW Sunset Memorial

Verandah House arches now a monument at Victory Park

Visitors to Victory Park at the foot of Main street may now enjoy looking at a piece of Keokuk's history, in the form of the original arches from the front of the former Verandah House.

Completed on Monday of this week,

the reconstruction was done by stone mason Felix Szawiel as the result of an idea originated by James S. Campbell. The two were commissioned by the city to do the reconstruction with Campbell in charge of the operation. The arches, erected as a war memorial, will be dedi-

cated on July 4, according to Campbell.

The Verandah House, steeped in the history of Keokuk, was formerly located at 215 Johnson. The arches are all that remain, and were saved from destruction when the area was razed to make way for the Keosippi Shopping Plaza. Workers took apart the arches stone by stone, and stored them in the city car barn. A complete history of the Verandah House, which had housed Civil War soldiers at one time in its historic background, will be given at the dedication.

Veranda arches dedication to be held on July Fourth

TUESDAY, JULY 2, 1968

Postmaster William L. Talbot, who has made extensive research into the history of Keokuk, will be the principal speaker at the dedication of the Veranda Building arches in Victory park on the Fourth of July.

The ceremony will be held at 2:30 p.m. with the Keokuk Municipal band under the direction of Gerald D. Boshart taking part along with all veterans organizations and auxiliaries.

The old standstone arches, which withstood two devastating fires at their original location on Johnson between Second and Third, finally had to come down when the area was razed to make way for the Keosippi Shopping Plaza.

Through the efforts of James S. Campbell, each stone was numbered and all were stored in a city warehouse until

such time as they could be reassembled as a memorial. That was done this spring by Felix Szawiel under Campbell's direction and the arches now stand as a war memorial honoring all men and women who died in service during the nation's wars.

They will be formally dedicated Thursday by Mayor Kenneth C. Henke Jr. with remarks by former mayor James F. O'Brien who was mayor at the time of their dismantling.

Just when the Veranda House was build is probably lost in the remote dimness of history but it was one of the largest buildings in Keokuk as far back as 1848 when the postoffice was located there under Col. William Patterson. It also housed the offices of the district court when Keokuk first became the county seat.

The year 1848 marked the destruction by fire of the Mormon Temple at Nauvoo and the cooper shop of Hughes and Company, the largest west of Cincinnati.

The Veranda building was not affected by that fire but was destroyed in 1914 when it was used by the Water Power garage.

The old arches remained, however, and stood sentinel in the area until work started on the Shopping Plaza, shrugging off another disastrous fire which destroyed the entire block, including the old Huiskamp Shoe Factory and Labor Temple. It took city street crews to finally bring them down.

The dedication program follows:

Selections. Keokuk Municipal Band; Gerald Boshart, Director.
Mass colors.. All Veterans Organizations &



The Daily Gate City

KEOKUK, IOWA TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1968 — 5

STONE MASON Feliks Szawiel guides stone into place as work to reconstruct historic Verandah building arches in Victory Park started Monday. The arches were salvaged from 221-223 Johnson street during downtown urban renewal project. —Gate City

Auxiliaries.
Invocation Reverend Cecil Wells.
Welcome Mayor Kenneth C. Henke Jr.
Introduction of guests .. Mayor Kenneth C. Henke Jr.
Band selection God Bless America.
Remarks James O'Brien.
History of arches William Talbott.
Band selection America The Beautiful.
Dedication of arches Mayor Kenneth C. Henke Jr.
(Battle Hymn Of Republic)
Benediction ... Reverend Donald Baustian.
(Star Spangled Banner)

THE GATE CITY

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 12.

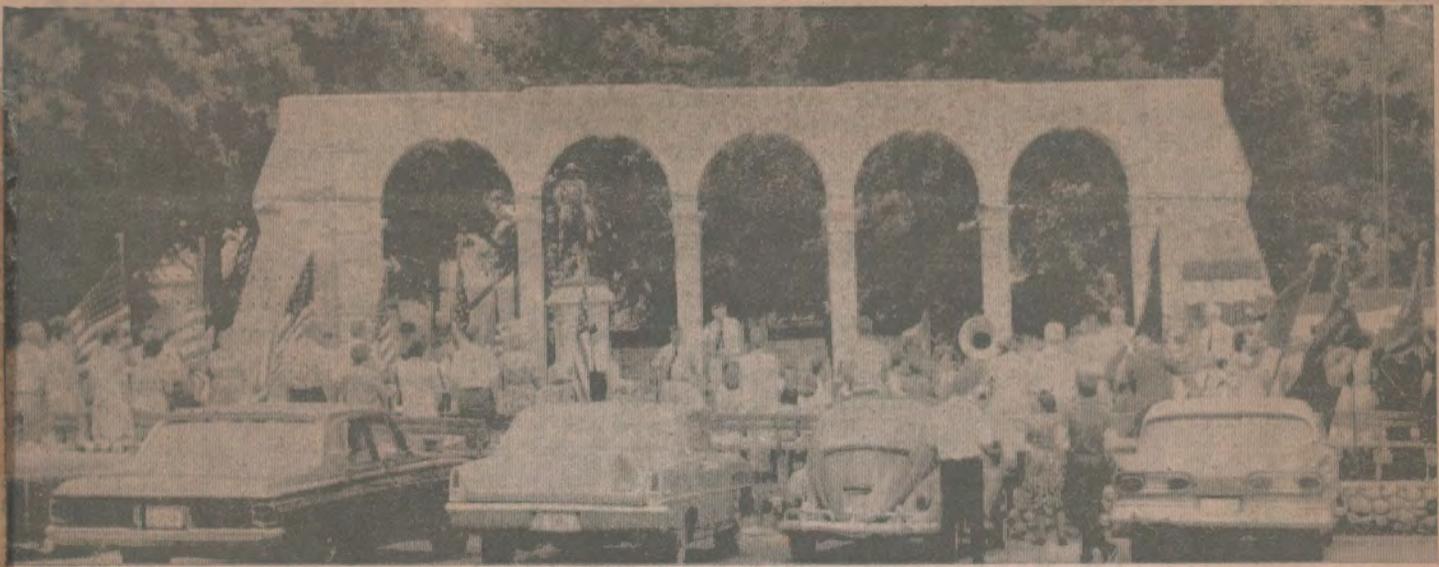
W. H. BOWMAN. HENRY CLARK.

VERANDAH LIVERY STABLE.



Horses, Carriages, Phaetons and Buggies for hire at the shortest notice. All orders for hacks will receive prompt attention. Horses and Writs bought and sold, boarded and exchanged. Stables centrally located, near hotels and depots. Telephone No. 6.
BOWMAN & CLARK,
215, 217 219 and 231 Johnson St., Keokuk Iowa.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
S. J. RICKEL KEOKUK IOWA



VERANDAH HOUSE ARCHES, dedicated as war memorial at Independence Day ceremony yesterday. Seen through second arch from left is statue of Keo-

kuk Civil War hero, General Curtis, located at north end of Victory Park on banks of Mississippi river. Additional picture on page 14. — Gate City

121ST YEAR

NO. 159

KEOKUK, IOWA

FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1968

14 PAGES

Verandah House arches dedicated as war memorial at Victory Park

By Joe Malkin

Perfect weather contributed to an excellent crowd at the formal dedication of the Verandah House arches at Victory park Thursday afternoon.

The arches, preserved when the area itself was razed to make way for the Keokuk Shopping Plaza, were reconstructed near the statue of General Samuel Ryan Curtis, as a memorial to Keokuk dead in all wars since and including the Civil War. Among those introduced at the ceremonies yesterday, was James S. Campbell, who originated the idea of the memorial and directed and planned its construction at the Victory park site.

Mayor Kenneth C. Henke acted as master of ceremonies, and climaxed the event by unveiling a dedicatory plaque. Among the dignitaries present for the occasion, and introduced by Mayor Henke, were the three members of the city council who were in office when Verandah arches were razed, and who were responsible for the preservation of the arches, former Mayor James F. O'Brien, former Public Safety Commissioner George Mayer, and former Commissioner of Streets and Parks Ken Van Ausdall.

Others were commanders of various veterans organizations, including George Leonard, American Legion Post 41; George Haywood, American Legion Post 596; F. R. Loeschen, World War I Veterans; Ed Fur-

long, VFW Post 3508; Roy Robertson, DAV Post No. 12 and American War Dads.

Mayor Henke introduced David Cramblit, president of the Chamber of Commerce, John Marion, State Representative Stanley Shepherd, and Merrill Willcutt, president of Rotary club. The keynote address was given by Keokuk Postmaster William Talbot, Keokuk historian, who described the history of the Verandah House, noting its various uses throughout the many years of its existence.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, Mayor Henke unveiled a plaque attached to the supporting wall of the arches, and made the following statement. "It is fitting that we are gathered here on this day, July 4, in this park, Victory park, to dedicate these arches that are a part of our history. All of these things are a part of the history of our great city. This park, and now these arches, are a tribute and a memorial to all of those persons who have served their country in time of need. It is my hope that someday, on these arches, we might have listed the names of all those who have served, with special emphasis to those who have made the supreme sacrifice, so that future generations who view it, will know and remember."

"With the dedication of these arches, we are joining the memories of the past with the thoughts and hopes of the present, so that future generations may have a record of that which has gone before it. From this

record the future generations can learn and understand the reasons why they can and should take pride in their community. I deem it a very great honor to dedicate, in the name of the citizens of Keokuk these Verandah Arches, in the hope that future generations might have a better insight to what our past was, our present is, and our hopes for future generations."

The Keokuk Municipal Band, under the direction of Gerald Boshart, played appropriate music for the dedication.



JAMES CAMPBELL, who planned and directed reconstruction of Verandah House arches at Victory Park, addresses crowd at dedication of arches Thursday. — Gate City

84

One man's opinion

By John Marion

Hardly a soul is now alive who remembers when the Fourth of July was really celebrated in the good old fashioned American spirit with parades, speeches, flags, and family picnics in the city park following the festivities.

William Jennings Bryan, James G. Blaine and some of the other old "silver-tongued" orators would turn over in their graves if they could see the casual approach we take to the Fourth of July in our town. These orators were Americans in the tradition of '76, and they traveled the width and breadth of our land extolling the glories of democracy, patriotism, and all of the virtues for which Americans have long given their lives to preserve.

This year for the first time in many years we are having a ceremony commemorating this day of independence of our nation; we are dedicating the Verandah House arches now proudly standing in Victory Park.

"Sweet land of liberty; of thee I sing." Singing of our land and our liberty has become strictly for squares in the past decade or two; a talk on patriotism or a speech by a political figure on our country "bombs out" today; such an event can't seem to draw flies; our pseudo-sophisticated society has no time for such "old-fashioned," "worn out," "hackneyed phrases" as democracy, liberty, freedom, justice, words that Americans have died for, died preserving our country.

This July 4th we shall have the opportunity to honor all of those who have gone from our town, some having left from

almost the very spot on which the dedication will be held. Jim Campbell, who has headed the project of the restoration of the arches, has summed the entire dedication ceremony up well in these words, "The arches now located in Victory Park are a standing remembrance of many troublesome times. They will serve to remind us of all the men and women who heeded their country's call in a time of need. They are, in a small way, a tribute to their valor. All we have left is memory. Let us all be present at the dedication of the arches to show our respect for the memories and for what they did."

The actual Verandah House arches are not important; what is important is that we are preserving something of our past. In our haste to construct modern, shapeless edifices, we bulldoze down too much that is antique, too much that was beautiful, too much that had an historic value. Here we have (by luck) saved the arches of a building that played a vital role in the past of our town, a building that at various times served as a town meeting house, post office, court house, social center, and probably many other things.

The dedication ceremony will not be long or "stuffy;" the ceremony is scheduled to start at 2:30 p.m. in Victory Park; previous to the ceremony the Municipal Band will play for half an hour. Bill Talbott, one of our town's finest historians, will give a history of the Verandah House; a plaque on the arches will be unveiled; our town will have saluted its past and its Independence day. "From every mountainside, let freedom ring."

VERANDAH ARCHES

THIS NATIVE LIMESTONE ARCADE FORMERLY STOOD AT 217-219 JOHNSON ST. AND WAS THE ENTRYWAY TO THE VERANDAH BUILDING ERECTED 1856-57 BY GOV. RALPH R. LOWE TO BE USED AS A COURTROOM AND OFFICE BUILDING. AS THE CIVIC CENTER OF KEOKUK DURING THE CIVIL WAR IT WAS HERE THAT A MASS MEETING OF CITIZENS WAS HELD ON APRIL 17, 1861, A FEW DAYS AFTER THE SURRENDER OF FORT SUMTER AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, AND PLEDGED THEIR ALLEGIANCE TO SUPPORT THE GOVERNMENT AND FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES HENCEFORTH AND UNTIL THE PRESENT CONFLICT IS ENDED. THESE VOLUNTEERS SOON RAISED AN ARMY OF BOYS IN BLUE THAT SOON DEPARTED FROM THIS RIVER BANK FOR SOUTHERN BATTLEFIELDS.

The Daily Gate City

2 — KEOKUK, IOWA

FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1968

DEDICATORY PLAQUE attached to supporting wall of Verandah House arches at Victory Park was unveiled at conclusion of formal ceremonies Thursday.

— Gate City



VERANDAH HOUSE ARCHES as they were dedicated as war memorial in Victory Park on July 4, 1968.

William Talbot tells story of Verandah building arches

On July 4, a large group of Keokuk citizens attended a formal dedication of the Verandah House arches as a war memorial at Victory Park. During the ceremony, William Talbot, Keokuk postmaster and historian, reviewed the history of the arches and the building from which they came.

For the benefit of those who were unable to attend the dedication, and who, in the future, may enjoy more fully its statuesque beauty and the meaning behind them, we are publishing here in two parts a history of the arches as written by Mr. Talbot exclusively for The Gate City.

The Verandah House Arches By William Talbot Part I

1856 was a boom year in Keokuk, and many new homes and buildings were being raised throughout the community. The second city directory to be published by "Mark Twain's" brother, Orion Clemens, in 1957 listed many new construction projects in progress at that time, one of which would be known as the Verandah Building.

On page 160 of this directory it states that a local builder by the name of Charles McDill was working on a building for Judge R. P. Lowe on Johnson street between Second and Third that was begun in August of 1856. The building was 38 feet across the front and 80 feet deep with a three story height. "The front of the first story is composed of stone columns and five arches. Upon this stone superstructure are brick columns, extending the depth of the

second and third stories, and corresponding in position to the stone columns. Back of these will be a gallery on the second and another on the third story, six feet wide — iron railing between the columns ... Cost, \$10 or \$12,000." The article also noted that the third floor would be arranged for a court room.

In 1857 the Verandah Building was finished during a period of economic misfortune for Keokuk and one of fortune for Judge Lowe. It was in this year that Ralph P. Lowe was elected Governor of Iowa, the only Governor ever to come from the Gate City. Governor Lowe was the first Governor of Iowa to serve under the constitution drawn up in 1857 which is still the base of Iowa government today. He is probably best known as the Governor who signed the bill that established an agricultural college in Story county which is known today as Iowa State University. Ralph Lowe only occupied the governor's office for one term and returned to Keokuk in 1860 to look after his interests.

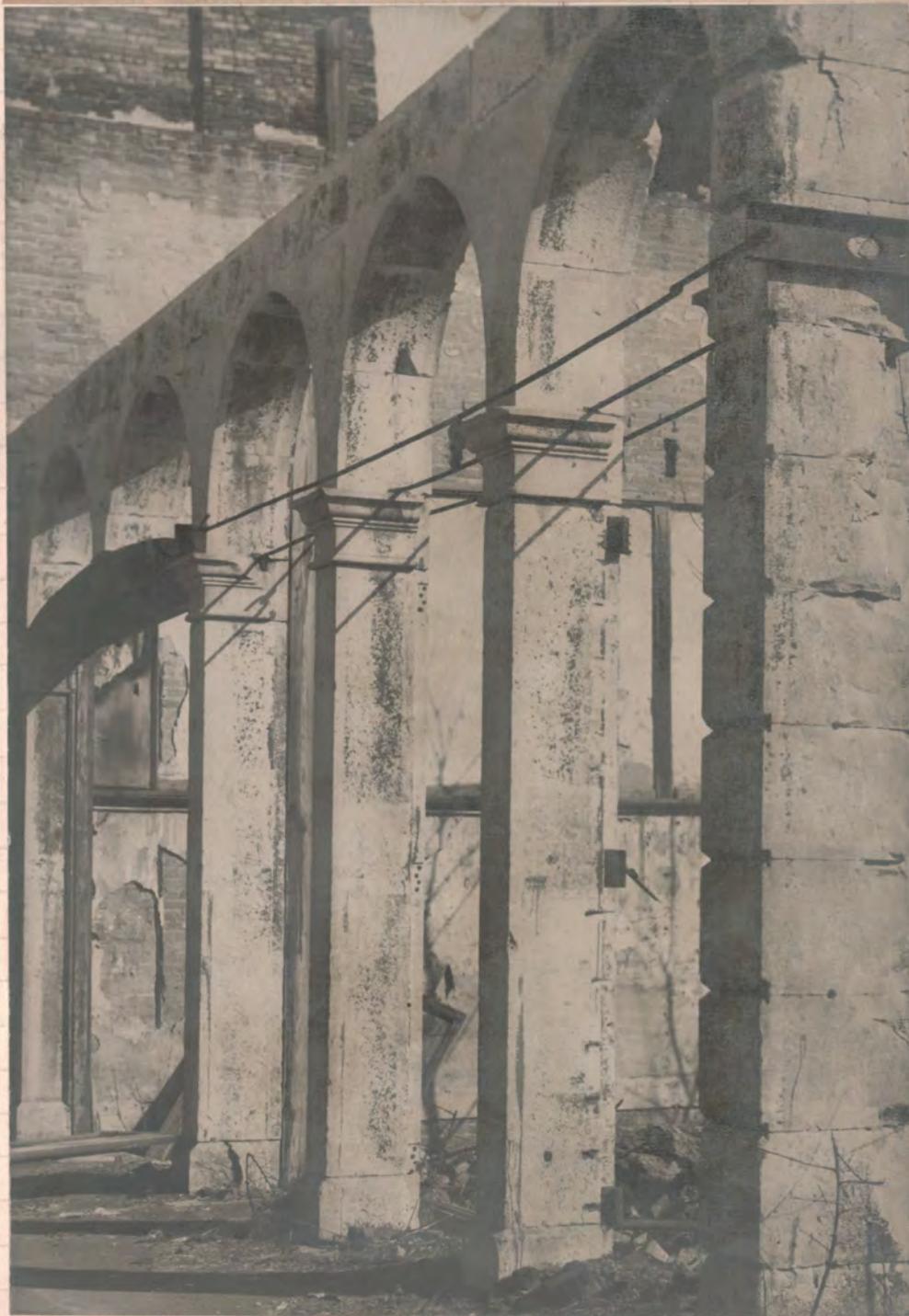
Governor Lowe was an attorney by profession and no doubt felt that he could promote the interest of jurisprudence when he built the Verandah Building and installed court facilities. In 1859 there were three legal firms who advertised themselves as attorneys with offices in the Verandah Building. One firm, Noble & Strong, was among the top lawyers of the city while others such as H. Scott Howell and James Paley located their offices in this new legal center. In later years John W. Noble achieved prominence as the Secretary of the Interior in President Benjamin

Harrison's cabinet. The courtroom in the Verandah Building was not used by the county district court since it was already in new quarters at Fifth and Concert streets in a former medical building but the United States District Court, which had no permanent quarters in Keokuk, met here under Judge James M. Love, a pioneer Keokuk barrister.

Beside becoming the legal center for Keokuk the Verandah Building soon was the central meeting place for growing militia companies being organized just before the Civil War. The city directory for 1859 states that the Keokuk Jaegers, The Emitt Guards, Keokuk Artillery, and Keokuk Guards all held their drills in the Verandah Building. The "Jaegers" was made up of young men from families of recently arrived German emigrants while the Emitt Guards were from those of Irish parentage. No doubt the intense presidential election campaign of 1860 saw a lot of activity around the Verandah Building almost any night by these volunteer military units, but it could not equal what would happen there in 1861.

By April 14th, 1861, Major Robert Anderson had surrendered the Federal garrison at Fort Sumter in Charleston, South Carolina, harbor to Confederate forces and the whole country was alarmed over the turn of events. The news was received in Keokuk by the 15th and aroused the community into action. Word soon spread that an important meeting would be held in the Verandah Building on the night of the 17th. The newspapers tell that a large crowd of

Talbot traces Verandah arches history



buque. Since the Verandah Building was the meeting place for local militia it was only natural that these first recruits would be housed there until their units were sent South. Beside the troops from Dubuque there were other units from Davenport, Muscatine and Burlington that eventually were sheltered in the Verandah Hall before departure for the battle fields. It thus became the military center of Keokuk until the military hospitals were established some months later.

The Daily Gate City
2 — KEOKUK, IOWA
FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1968

By William Talbot

(Editor — This is second and final part of history of the arches, as written by Mr. Talbot, Keokuk postmaster and historian. The arches were dedicated as a war memorial at Victory park on July 4, 1968.)

There is no record of all the use that was made of the Verandah Building through the Civil War but by 1865 ex-Governor Lowe had decided to sell his property and move to Washington, D.C., where a new job awaited him. The new proprietor was J. C. Drake a commission merchant and produce dealer.

Evidently the legal business and other commercial interests had moved from the Johnson street area to the newer business center on Main street in the vicinity of the large Estes House and former General Hospital. From court house to chicken house was the fate for the Verandah Hall of pre-Civil War days. Following Drake's business venture in a few years was Isaac Hall and Son who operated the Veranda Stables & Feed Store.

By 1879 Isaac Hall had died and the business was taken over by his son, Leroy, who continued the livery stable until 1882 when the business was taken over for a few years by Willis Wheeler. Wheeler apparently was not very successful with some of his horse trades and sold out to his competitor, William S. Ivins, a long time Keokuk liveryman. Ivins, however, found it difficult to try and operate two stables and vacated the old Veranda Stables by 1890. It was 1897 before a new operator, for the old stables was situated there again by the name of Edgar Roberts. Either business was poor or the location was worse because a number of liverymen occupied the old building between this time and 1905. In 1898 liverymen by the name of Green & Jester were in business at 217 to 219 Johnson street, the numbered address of the Verandah Building, along with B. F. Crow's barber shop. This unusual

citizens met there to discuss the problem facing the country and passed the following resolution by acclamation. "Resolved, That we, the citizens of Keokuk, casting aside all party differences, do hereby pledge ourselves, with all the means in our power, to support the government and flag of the United States henceforth and until the present conflict is ended, and that we recognize in the present crisis but two parties — patriots and traitors." The Keokuk Jaegers were the first militia company to offer their services to the Governor of Iowa by meeting in the Verandah Hall on the

afternoon of April 17th before the mass meeting that night.

Following the Verandah Hall meeting everyone in Keokuk knew that war was here and what side they were on. The Keokuk Guards met the next day and changed their name to the Union Guards while tendering their services to the Governor. By April 19th Governor Kirkwood, Iowa's Civil War Governor, announced that Keokuk would be the rendezvous center for most of the Iowa regiments, however, it was not until May 6th that the first units arrived from Du-

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(Verandah House)

VERANDAH HOUSE - 2

R. J. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

business combination did not last very long however, and a new operator by the name of M. E. Florie was operating the stables in 1903.

The beginning of the 20th Century didn't look very promising for the horse and buggy when new fangled automobiles started appearing on Keokuk streets and prompted the closing forever of the Verandah Building stables. In 1905 the former stable and some adjoining buildings were purchased to house a new firm by the name of Strickler Furniture Company. This company was formed by local interests to manufacture furniture and fixtures, which had a promising market at that time with new styles appearing after the long victorian era in the previous century. Apparently the new firm modified the former stable to meet their needs and the old walls were surrounded with strange noises from what they had heard in the previous 50 years. This new enterprise had its dangers, however, and in October of 1914 the furniture company burned out and the old Verandah was partially destroyed. The Strickler Company rebuilt its plant

though and the Verandah Building was once again in operation until the firm sold out and the McFarland Paper Company moved their business into it in 1920.

McFarland Paper Company occupied the Verandah premises for a few years and by 1930 it was again vacant. By 1932 the property was purchased by a local auto parts dealer, Harry Forest, who started tearing off the top two floors in September of that year. Sometime after that the old building was again on fire but its walls continued to stand. Eventually, all was destroyed except the arcade of the old limestone front with its five arches. In spite of all the adversity that had befallen this once civic center the arches seemed to still stand as a dignified reminder of the important affairs that took place there a century ago when this country and this community were engaged in the worst conflict ever upon this continent.

Shortly before the site of the old Verandah Building was included in the urban renewal project some members of the Lee County Historical Society tried to stimulate interest in the preservation of

this last remaining part of the historic structure. Some of these persons were: LaVerne West, a former library employee, Mrs. Jane Kerr, John Marion and Bill Wagner of Des Moines, who was an officer in the Iowa Society for the Preservation of Historical Landmarks.

Mr. Wagner, an architect, kindly gave suggestions and presented drawings of what might be done with the remaining stonework. While little interest was generated at that time the city council under Mayor James O'Brien did seriously entertain the preservation of these historic arches, as a memento of the old Keokuk and its Civil War history. It was impossible to do the work at that time but the stones were carefully removed and stored in a city storage shed when the urban renewal project began. At this time James Campbell, a long time Keokuk contractor, talked to the council about the project and offered to lend his help gratis toward finishing the project. It is through his fine designing and supervision that the project was completed this spring and dedicated on July 4.

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View on Main Street Above Fifth.

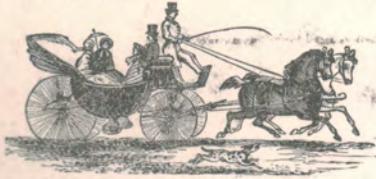
GOOD RIGS FURNISHED ON REASONABLE TERMS. ORDERS FOR WOOD AND COAL PROMPTLY FILLED.

Veranda Livery, Sale, and Feed Stable.

Office on Johnson Street, between Second and Third.

I. HALL,
J. F. McDOEL.

Keokuk, Iowa, July 2nd 1877



Mr. James D. W. W.
No. HALL & McDOEL, Dr.

Five 16 to Horse & Buggy 2.00

Rec'd Payment
Amount \$50.00
D. Hall

The Daily Gate City.

THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 31, 1871.

The Veranda Livery, Sale and Feed Stable, is the finest we have seen in the State. The building is of brick, 40 x 140 feet, 80 feet front, three stories, with Veranda front, with a fine entrance in front, stairs to the second and third stories. Front of second story occupied with offices. Third story as a public hall. The rear sixty feet is two stories, all brick, and is furnished off in the modern style office and large carriage house, in front and in fact nothing wanting to make it in every way a No. 1 stable. The turnouts are the very best. See card.

facilities. We have tried their horses and a better class of livery horses are not to be found anywhere. They have now a new lot of buggies and carriages, and the greatest of pains are taken to please those who patronize them. They have just established a new opposition 'bus line, this new one being the only opposition line in Keokuk. This 'bus line runs to and from all trains and to all parts of the city.

Mr. I. Hall has been in the business some twelve years, and his son, Leroy Hall, shows his understanding of the business by the manner in which he conducts himself.

Traveling men, patronize Hall's 'bus line, and try a rig from their stables.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

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THE GATE CITY:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCT. 6, 1875.

Verandah Livery and 'Bus Stable.

The livery stable now owned by Hall & Son, of Keokuk, has been long established, and is one of the best conducted stables in the State. The stable is on Johnson street, between the Paterson and the Hardin Houses, and is patronized so well that Hall & Son are every little while increasing their

THE GREAT DUST HEAP
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK

THE BLOODY ORDEAL OF THE DOOMED DONNERS

When snow and bitter cold sealed the wagon train in a California mountain pass, the people ate what they could—until finally they faced each other. Here's the true story of one of the most horrible experiences our pioneers ever endured

BY HOMER CROY

Illustrated by William Reusswig



In the 1840s, when the California fever was sweeping the country, two brothers named Donner met a hot-tempered Irishman named Reed and sat down to talk. They talked not once but many times, and when they were through they had made a decision that was to result in an epic of courage, determination, endurance, horrible suffering, and the dregs of bestiality—an epic unparalleled in the history of America.

During the years of the great westward migrations about 110,000 people crossed the plains in covered wagons. The wagon train that George and Jacob Donner and James Frazier Reed organized was one of the earliest, and to mark its passage there remain today four places named for it: Donner Lake, Donner Pass, Donner Peak, Donner Creek. Perhaps because of his hot temper Jim Reed was never immortalized quite so well, but he does live on, in the lore of the West, as the great and unsung hero of this trek across the wilds. And Lewis Keseberg remains unsung, too—which is as well, for his name became a byword of evil.

It was in 1846, near Springfield, Illinois, that the story started. There had been formed "reading societies" composed of people so

smitten with the country beyond the plains and the mountains that they met to discuss its possibilities and read such books as *The Emigrants' Guide to Oregon and California*, by Lansford W. Hastings, a glowing account of the West. Land was free there, and crops were rich, and a settler and his family could live like lords in vast domains. For the poor this was a siren song. But most of these dreamers weren't poor—they may not have been rich, but to buy a wagon and oxen and all the equipment and supplies needed to cross the wilderness and set up a new home took quite a chunk of money.

The Donners weren't poor. They had their own farms—George Donner's farm is still pointed out, 240 acres. But Jacob wasn't well and needed the fabulous California climate, and George agreed to stick with him. Jim Reed was a prosperous business man. Although he'd been born in Ireland, he was brought to this country when he was only 3 years old and raised around Springfield. When Chief Black Hawk and his tribe erupted in 1831, Reed had gone off to battle with another young fellow from Springfield named Abe Lincoln. After the Blackhawk war Jim set up factories for making starch and

From the book "Wheels West," copyright 1955 by Hastings House.



Donners - 18

DENVER

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
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furniture and in short order was the richest man in his section of the state.

At 46 Jim Reed had everything a man could want in Illinois—a handsome wife, Margaret, and four healthy children, and a mother-in-law he admired, and money. But he had also a spirit of adventure, and the tales of California, even before Sutter's momentous discovery, dripped with gold.

"It's the country for us, Margaret," he cried out one night after a reading society meeting. "It's a place a man

can grow in, get as rich as he wants and do what he likes."

"But Jim," Margaret Reed protested practically, "we'd be living in a wagon for more than 2,000 miles. And what about the Indians?"

"Indians!" Reed exclaimed scornfully. "Hastings says they never attack a strong wagon train. The Donners and me and some of the neighbors figure we could make up quite a party. If we started in April and got to west Missouri for the big jump in the middle of May, we'd ought to get to California by mid-September, in plenty time to beat

Donners #3



the snow over the passes. I tell you, it's for us!"

So the Donners sold their farms and Jim Reed sold his factories. When the Reeds set out to join the Donners and the other families who had thrown in with them, they had a little train of their own, with three wagons, and three teamsters to help guide the lumbering but durable oxen, and Jim Reed's money and brains.

The wagons gathered on the west side of Springfield for the first night's encampment, and amid the turmoil of cooking supper on open fires and the shouts of the children and

the raillery of the men Jim Reed cast up the score. These were all people who seemed friendly enough and capable enough; and perhaps tough enough to make the 2,400-mile journey they contemplated. But none of them did he know too well—not the amiable Will Eddy, not even the Donners. How would they work out as traveling companions for four long months?

The Donners were the most important. They had been the moving spirits, and in a sense it was their train. In sheer numbers and physical [Continued on page 100]

THE BLOODY ORDEAL OF THE DOOMED DONNERS



Banished, Jim Reed came back to get his family through alive.

[Continued from page 35]

equipment they were the largest group. Jacob Donner, a large man with a large beard, slow moving, affable, had his wife Elizabeth and seven children with him. George Donner, more active and decisive, was bringing his wife Tamsen and four daughters in two wagons. Tamsen was a school teacher who had dreams of starting a seminary for girls in California; it didn't take long for Reed to place her as a wife comparable to his own Margaret—faithful, intelligent, courageous.

In the evening hours the townspeople drifted out for a final visit. Among them two women and a boy picked their way to Reed's wagons. The wife of his old Indian war comrade, Abe Lincoln, had come with their 3-year-old son, Robert Todd, and her sister to bid them farewell.

"Mr. Lincoln asked me to present his good wishes," Mary Lincoln said, in the formal manner of the time. "He's out of town to a session of the circuit court, or he'd be here."

"He should be here," Jim Reed said chidingly. "He ought to be here in his own wagon. The West is the place with a future—it's not worn out like the East, even here in Illinois. He's missing a great thing."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Lincoln. "But he seems to like politics." There were wine bottles brought to the encampment for a parting gift, and the pledge was made that on the Fourth of July both the adventurers, wherever they were, and the townspeople, gathered together, would toast each other at high noon.

The next morning Jim Reed, sitting in the bow of his lead wagon, waved at the Donners and flung his arm forward. "Yo!" he cried, and the teamsters cracked their whips. The oxen leaned into their yokes and the wagons lurched ahead. The date was April 16, 1846, and this odyssey toward fate was under way.

At the crawling pace of the oxen it took almost a month for the train to reach Independence, on the western edge of Missouri. Independence was rightly named, for beyond that

frontier post a man was on his own. Around its edges day by day accumulated the wagons of the voyagers across the plains, and every so often a train, finally organized for travel, would break off and creak out into the dusty horizon. There was peril out there, but there was peril in the town too. Half-civilized Mexicans, degraded Indians, ruthless gamblers were ready to relieve the travelers at the slightest opportunity of any danger from robbery along the trail. Rivermen, mountain men, bullwhackers swarmed the three saloons and battled on the streets and slept in the gutters. In the stores the wagon people refilled their stocks of food and added their last pieces of equipment, and the four blacksmith shops kept their forges glowing constantly.

Although there were plenty of horses and mules around, Jim Reed was satisfied with his oxen. The clumsy beasts were slower, but in every other way they were superior and most of the wagon men knew it. Fast-traveling freight wagons with regular stops could use horses and mules, but a wagon train was safer with oxen and a minimum of riding horses. No Indian in his right mind would steal an ox, any more than he'd pass up a chance to make off with a horse. Furthermore, if a party ran out of food, it could, as a last resort, fall to on its oxen.

The wagons they pulled were sturdy affairs covered with white canvas stretched over oaken bows. Outside each wagon was lashed a water barrel, and suspended under the rear axle was a tar bucket. The tar served as grease—when the wooden wheels began to screech against the wooden axles beyond the point of human endurance, the tar was swabbed in, to give relief never more than temporary. Except for these two items practically everything else was carried inside a wagon: food, bolts of goods such as calico for clothing, spare dresses and suits, seeds, beads, mirrors, a medicine chest with "physicking pills" that made castor oil seem like a spring tonic, and a large bottle of "peppermint essence" as an antidote to the taste of the pills. The mirrors and beads were carried largely as gifts and trade goods for the Indians.

Since the Donner-Reed train was already a well-organized group, a number of others wagoners asked to join it. There were the Breens, for example—Patrick Breen and his wife Peggy and their seven youngsters. The Breens were an earthy Irish tribe, and Pat spoke with a brogue as thick as his beard. He'd settled in Keokuk, Iowa, and prospered, but the lure of California was too much. Now he led George Donner and Reed to his wagon for their inspection. That inspection was important—the leaders of a train had to be certain, before they accepted anyone, that he had the equipment and above all the food to last out his party through the laborious trip.

Reed clambered aboard and poked through the dry foods, calculating them against the number of Breen mouths lined up by the tailgate. Finally he dropped to the ground and nodded to Donner, who had been sizing up the wagon and its oxen.

"All right," he said, "you can throw in with us." He shook Breen's hand and added, "Good luck—good luck for all of us. We shouldn't have much trouble though—we're being pretty careful about who we take in."

Pat Dolan passed the same way. Pat was 40 and well-to-do and rollicking with a humor that broke out constantly in quips and wild Irish jigs. The children fell in love with him at once.

There was more question about Luke Halloran. Luke was a young bachelor planning to travel on horseback if he could get the other wagons to carry his few possessions. He coughed frequently as he talked to Reed and George Donner, and Reed would have turned him down except that Tamsen Donner, listening, put in a word for him.

Then Lewis Keseberg sauntered up. Keseberg didn't nod politely to the Donners or to Jim Reed. He spoke no word of greeting. He said abruptly, "I want to join de train."

For a reason he could not guess Jim Reed had a feeling of revulsion. In appearance the man seemed acceptable enough. He was about 6 feet tall, narrow of shoulder, with a thinness like that of rawhide with its stubborn strength. Sunken blue eyes peered out of the caverns between bushy brows and cheekbones so high they seemed almost like knobs. His chin and cheeks were hidden in a tawny mass of beard. With his build he could have been any age.

"How old are you?" Reed asked.

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Donner

Keseberg eyed him steadily. "Vat bus—?" he began, then shrugged his thin shoulders. "I am 32."

"Where were you born?" George Donner asked. "Chernany."

They pressed him further. How long had he been in America? Two years. Where? All around. What work had he done? Whatever he could get. It was apparent that Lewis Keseberg had no interest in telling of his past.

But you couldn't judge a man by that alone. There were others who weren't too keen on talking either. At Donner's suggestion the three men strolled over to Keseberg's wagons.

There were two of them, with a German teamster to handle the second. Keseberg's wife, clutching a baby boy and with a little girl hanging to her skirts, shrank back against the side of the lead wagon as Donner and Reed nodded pleasantly.

"Mind if we look through your food stuff, ma'am?" Donner asked.

She glanced nervously at Keseberg and he snapped a few words in German. Then he said angrily to Donner, "You don't ask her. You ask me. Ve got plenty food. You see."

Reluctantly Jim Reed estimated Keseberg's stores. For the journey they had in mind there seemed to be plenty. When he dropped off the tailgate he found George Donner prodding the oxen admiringly.

"Good stock," Donner said. "Good strong wagons, too. We can use them, Jim."

It was a decision that made Reed feel no less disquiet. And when, that evening, he heard the rumors that Keseberg had already been turned down by several trains, that he sometimes beat his wife and that he did not dare tell how he had gained the prosperity his wagons showed, he wondered whether he should ask Donner to change his mind. But as George had said, they needed strong outfits.

It was time to start. This morning of May 12 was clear, and there was an air of excitement, for now they were really to be on their way. West out of Independence the trail was as plainly marked as a street, for it was both the Oregon and the Santa Fé Trails until Gardner, 40 miles away in Kansas Territory, was reached.

Ponderously the train got into motion, the arklike wagons, parked helter-skelter over the fields, jerking suddenly into life and falling into line where they could. Nearly every outfit had milk cows as well as oxen, and these were led into a "cow column." From now on there would be no churning—the jolting motion of the wagons was ample to turn milk into butter. Alongside the wagons trotted the dogs, and more than one child dashed out to retrieve a protesting cat. It was a village on wheels.

The haul to Gardner took nearly three days. There the Santa Fé Trail turned to the southwest, with the Oregon Trail to California and the North Coast snaking out more westerly. Briefly the train halted while the smaller south-bound party collected itself and good-bys were said. At the actual fork in the road Jim Reed saw what he had heard was the only sign for the next 2,000 miles. It read, "Road to Oregon." It could have said as well, "Road to California, Destination Fort Sutter."

Now, for awhile, as the dust from the other train blew gently off to leave no sign that it had ever been, there grew tension in the Donner group. This was the unknown. To remember that others had gone this way before and lived made no difference, because many had also died. A dust cloud—did it mean Indians clustered in a dip in the prairie, waiting to swarm upon them? What would happen if one of the newer wagons had brought in smallpox? Suppose they couldn't find water.

It was a tension that ebbed slowly as the days sank into a steadily jolting monotony. At the Kaw River it built up again briefly, for the stream was too deep to ford. But the reading societies back home had not been in vain, and Lansford Hastings' *Emigrants' Guide* had commented on this problem. Logs were cut and lashed together, and on the shaky raft wagons were ferried over one at a time, with men straining against improvised oars and on the opposite shore the first team of oxen across straining on a tow rope.

Perhaps it was the tension that was finally too much for Jim Reed's mother-in-law. As the train came to Big Blue River, near what is now Maryville, Kansas, she slipped away, the first death among the group. Jim Reed buried her beside a

spring where the water still pours out clear and cold. There is a rock there today carved with the name "Alcove Spring," and nearby another in which Jim Reed cut his name—J. F. Reed/26 May/1846—perhaps to leave a part of her family beside her.

From then on the days became routine. It was wheels west at about 15 miles a day—bad days 12, good days 18. A dust cloud suddenly was only a dust cloud, and though a watch was always kept there was no fear. At noon each day the train stopped for dinner. The oxen unyoked to graze as a herd, and fires were built for the pots, with tin plates eagerly waiting. In an hour the wheels creaked onward again. At night the fires leaped up once more, and after supper the accordions and the harmonicas were broken out, and Pat Dolan leaped into his jig to laughing cries. As daylight waned, guards were told off for a drowsy vigil while the company slept easily. Last thing every night, when he was not himself on duty, Jim Reed made the rounds of the guards. Almost without his knowing it, he had come to be accepted as the leader of the train, and he tried to foresee every possible peril. There were no Indians—at least no one had seen any. Reed was not so sure; in the

mornings, after a night's encampment, too many things seemed to be "lost"—too many bits of clothing and knives.

Now, as the train rolled, Reed was sizing up better the people they had picked up at Independence. Keseberg in particular—what sort of fish was he?

There had been signs—there came another. One day in the Nebraska Sioux country Keseberg dropped off his wagon and walked away by himself. No one thought anything of it for both men and women often left the train and walked awhile. After a time he came back carrying something on his shoulders. He had, he said, seen a scaffold in the distance; it had proved to be the body of an Indian brave recently buried in the tribal fashion above ground. Keseberg, noting that the body was wrapped in a fine new buffalo robe, had cut the leather ties and jerked the robe away. He spread it out proudly before the gathering wagoners.

Instinctively they knew that this was desecration—and dangerous. They insisted that he return the robe to the grave.

Keseberg, glowering, folded the robe up. "I keep it, he said bluntly.

Reed, observing the sudden commotion, came hurrying back, and once he learned the story he was furious.

"Take it back where you got it," he snapped.

"Vhy?" asked Keseberg blandly.

"Because it will get us into trouble," said Reed. "Everybody knows you must not disturb an Indian grave."

"No Indians."

"None that you see. They're there."

"Look everywhere. No Indians," Keseberg growled stubbornly.

"Don't be a fool. They're all around us—waiting."

"It is not true," said Keseberg. "I tell you I look. No Indians. Keep robe."

"You'll do what we tell you," Reed roared.

Keseberg stood his ground for a moment, but finally flung the robe on his shoulder and stalked away, muttering to himself.

A half hour later he returned, and when Reed asked him if he had placed the robe back on the grave, he nodded and

mounted his wagon.

Whips cracked, oxen bawled, men shouted, and once more the train was under way. The incident was over. Or was it?

The days passed, and about the first of July the wagon train left Nebraska and entered the Wyoming country. Excitement increased as the word spread, for that meant they were coming to Fort Laramie, on the Platte River—one third of the way to California. So far they had been very lucky. There had been only one death. Two of the oxen had collapsed, but that was to be expected. No Indians had been encountered, and there was plenty of food. The only worrisome matter was that they were behind schedule; it was seven weeks since they had left Independence. At that rate it would take 21 weeks to get to Fort Sutter; it should take only 16. Five weeks—and snow in the mountains.

There, finally, was Fort Laramie, and the first buildings since the party had left Independence, a distance of 642 miles. As the wagons jolted to a stop, traders rushed out of the fort, all eager to have first go at the new arrivals. Indians were camped everywhere, and the squaws, dressed in the calicos they had obtained from other emigrant trains, solemnly got into the spirit of the occasion and began trading with the white women for mirrors, needles and toys. Some of the bucks celebrated the arrival of the train by drinking Taos Lightning, compared to which straight alcohol was a pat on the back.

That night there was a dance; out came clothes that hadn't seen the light since they had been stowed at Springfield, and the people flung themselves about in delight. Pat Dolan kicked up his heels and swung every partner until she nearly flew off the floor. What, Reed thought, would the caravan have done without light-hearted, fun-making Pat?

Catching his breath for a moment at the edge of the whirling throng, Reed glanced around the circle of onlookers—there was Luke Halloran, whose cough he now admitted to come from more than a cold, and Will Eddy, and—Reed's gaze settled on Keseberg standing sullenly in the shadow, his cavernous eyes queerly reflecting the firelight. He had already announced that neither he nor his wife would dance. "It is not good," he had said. "It is de devil."

Next day was the Fourth of July, and in the morning, after the chores, the Springfield people disappeared into their wagons, to come out dressed again in Sunday best. There was a covenant to keep, a promise to Springfield friends to broach the parting wine bottles and drink a mutual toast. At high noon, with laughter—and a good many tears—they lifted their glasses.

Then Jim Reed and the Donners called the men of the train together. They clustered about Reed's wagon, some sitting on the tongue, some standing, some squatting in the dusty yellow grass. Reed leaned back against the wagon box and spoke.

"Boys," he said, "you all know we're late now. At the rate we're going, we'll be a lot later than our schedule when we hit the mountains. That could be serious. We don't dare get caught in drifts. Anyway, we ain't going to California to find snow—I guess we had our fill of that back home."

He paused for a moment as the men chuckled. "So now we got to figure how to pick up speed or lengthen time or cut distance." His eyes lifted easily toward the oxen grazing in the background. "I guess I don't have to tell you," he went on, "that those critters ain't exactly racin' blood. And I never yet heard of the man who could stretch a day a minute more than God made it. That means we got to cut our trail down." He turned to the younger Donner. "George, you tell 'em what we think."

George Donner lifted a book overhead. "You all know what this book is," he said. "It's Lansford Hastings' *Emigrants' Guide*. Most of you been reading it on the way, and I'd say it's done pretty good by us so far. Well, Mr. Hastings says there's a cut-off through the mountains will save us 250 miles. That's about 17 days' travel time and we can sure use it. Now Jim here and Brother Jacob and me want to ask you what you think."

Lewis Keseberg, squatting in the grass, slowly rose to his angular height. "Vot you know about it?" he demanded directly of Reed. And beneath his breath he growled, "Nodding."

Reed flared red, then after a moment answered quietly. "I don't know any more about it than the rest of you. But like George said, Hastings' book has brought us a long way so far. I got no hanker to buck snow. I vote to take the cut-off."

Not everyone agreed, but as someone pointed out, it would be several days before they reached Little Sandy Creek, where the cut-off left the main trail. There they could make their final decision.

The next day the pioneers set the train in motion again. It was now heavy going, for the ground was slowly rising toward the Rockies. Sharp, flinty stones began to cut the feet of the oxen so badly that a stop had to be made for shoeing. The task was a difficult one. A foot-wide trench the length of the animal was dug, and each ox, roped tight, was thrown to its knees by half a dozen men and rolled on its back in the trench. As the frantic creature bawled its lungs out the shoes were nailed on, and the ox was rolled back onto its feet.

To lighten the load for the animals the wagoners began to walk, but found the going as hard for themselves. The trail made a great looping swing to the north, roughly following the Platte, to clear the Laramie Mountains, passing through what is now the city of Casper. At that point it cut southwest toward the Sweetwater River. But where the journey was once a happy succession of friendly days, it had become an unending drudgery, with blistering boots trudging through a blanket of dust. Tempers shortened, and bickering replaced the cheerful greetings of the weeks past. Jim Reed tried at first to placate the worst of the grumblers, but found himself losing his own temper so often that the ill will of the group began to center on him.

The change in mood was not lost on Keseberg. With a patience remarkable in him, Jim Reed observed the gaunt bearded man talking to one after another of the party, criticizing, building up distrust in the leader the train had so far accepted.

At the crossing of Green River the feeling between the two almost exploded. Though the river could be forded, quicksand bedeviled the footing, and Reed ordered every driver to whip his oxen across. Keseberg's turn came, and with great deliberateness he eased his rig down into the river bed.

"Get going, man!" Reed roared.

Instead Keseberg calmly returned his whip to its socket.

"Lay that whip on," Reed yelled, "or you'll bog down sure."

The oxen were straining now, but Keseberg made no move. Only when they stopped and the wagon began settling, with water lapping at the floor boards, did he come alive. Then he snatched up the whip and beat the animals into bellows of pain. But struggle though they did, it was too late, for they themselves were sinking.

Suddenly quiet, Reed turned to the next wagon. "Go around him," he said. "And keep going as fast as you can get those critters to move."

One by one the wagons crossed, while Keseberg screamed in rage, then hurriedly lifted his food supplies atop the wagon's furniture to escape the water seeping in.

When the train was over, Reed ordered the oxen from the last three wagons lined up, still in pairs. With heavy line strung through them, he waded out into the river and lashed fast to the yoke on Keseberg's oxen. Then scrambling back he flung his arm ahead.

"Gee up!" the wagoners yelled, and stung the oxen with their whips. The heavy blundering beasts lurched against the yokes and the rope into the river tightened. Keseberg flayed his team with the whip until the frightened animals began digging themselves deeper by their efforts. But almost imperceptibly the wagon started to move, and once it had broken free it trundled rapidly to the bank and up. When it stopped, Keseberg dropped off the wagon, whip still in hand, and strode up to Reed.

"You do dot," he snarled. "You tink maybe my vagon sink and you got nobody say you not so great." Impulsively he jerked up his whip, but as Reed doubled a fist the German turned abruptly and leaped into his wagon. The whip cracked over the oxen and the ungainly vehicle surged ahead.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD
BY J. H. RICHES, M.D., M.A., F.R.S.

James H. Richey

THE BLOODY ORDEAL OF THE DOOMED DONNERS

It was July 19 when the train reached Little Sandy Creek, and it was time for the decision. Reed and the Donners called the wagon men into assembly.

"You know what we're going to decide," Jim Reed said. "If we head straight on, we'll go by the old Oregon Trail that most people have taken. We know that's all right—except for snow. But we also know we're awful late, and if we can save time we've got to. Hastings says his cut-off starts here and that it's perfectly safe. It'll save us over two weeks. I'm taking the cut-off."

George Donner spoke up immediately. "Me and Jake are going with Jim. I never met anyone been over the cut-off, but I think Hastings knows the country."

The men were silent for a moment. Even when someone finally voiced his doubts of the cut-off, there wasn't much discussion. Most of them had known for days which route they would take. A number of wagons were sticking to the old trail, and the two groups separated for their reorganization as trains—when Reed discovered, to his amazement, that Keseberg had elected the cut-off too.

At once the German left no doubt of where he stood. "Ve vant new captain," he declared. "Ve vant a man knows what he does."

The red shot into Reed's face, and his muscles bulged. Then he said shortly, "I was never elected captain. Pick the man you want. I warn you though, choose carefully—this is rough country."

Will Eddy, who had been with the train since Springfield, sprang out then to speak for Reed, but the latter caught Eddy's arm and shook his head. The wagoners knew there was only one other man capable of the job—George Donner. And when he was elected, Reed felt relieved of a burden he had never sought. From now on it would be the Donner train.

The cut-off party moved out first, the women waving from the backs of the wagons as the rolling hills slowly absorbed them. For days they kept on at the same monotonous rate, until on July 27 they reached Jim Bridger's new fort on Black's River. There George Donner hired an extra teamster who claimed to know something of the cut-off. He was a 23-year-old sleazy mixed-blood from New Mexico named Jean Baptiste Troubode—which was immediately curtailed to "Bapteest."

Before they could break away from the fort a white-topped wagon came rumbling down a hill, and its driver sought out George Donner.

"I'm Bill McCutchen," he announced, "and I'm from Kansas City, in the state of Missouri. I got my wife and girl with me, and we're bound for California. I hear tell your train is headin' that way too. I got food and my oxen's good, and I'd like for to throw in with you."

The newcomer readily admitted that his wagon hadn't come alone. He had, in fact, joined up with several trains, traveling with them for awhile until he saw a countryside that might do for him and his family. But it never did, and now he had made up his mind to head for the coast lands.

George Donner eyed McCutchen up and down whimsically, which took a bit of doing, since he was nearly 6 feet 6. He was obviously no beanpole, and muscles would be needed ahead. Donner slid his eyes briefly toward Reed, who shrugged slightly and nodded. McCutchen was in.

They moved out again. That afternoon 13-year-old Eddie Breen fell off his pony and broke his lower left leg badly. There had been a doctor of sorts at Fort Bridger, and Pat Breen headed back to get him while the train waited.

The whiskey, tobacco-stained doctor finally ambled in on a mule. He took one look at the gruesomely angled leg and announced, "Got to cut it off. Gangrene'll get him otherwise." Nodding at the fire near which the boy lay, he added, "Hot it up." Then he took the lashings from his canvas-wrapped bundle and brought out a meat saw and a long-bladed knife and a searing iron.

With these ghastly preparations going on before him, the

boy screamed and tried to crawl away. For a few minutes his mother did her best to calm him, then she stood up. "He'll have no leg cut off," Peggy Breen declared. "Old man, you can butcher someone else, but not my Eddie."

Carefully and gently she set the leg with rough splints, the boy's moaning carrying through the camp. No one would have believed that he could live, suffering the tortures of a jolting wagon every day. Yet he was to become again one of the liveliest of the caravan children.

Now they were several thousand feet high, and although the sun sometimes burned hot at midday, the weather was pleasant during the travel hours. At night, however, a chill swept in, and one morning Reed found a skim of ice in a tin pail. Ice—and it was only the beginning of August.

Soon after that, as he and Margaret sat one evening talking with Tamsen Donner, George plopped down beside him on the wagon tongue. "Tamsen," George said, "Luke wants to ride with us in the wagon. He can't make out on his horse any longer. He's tried a couple of wagons, but they won't take him. What do you think?"

Tamsen slowly rose and looked up at the wagon opening, listening to the breathing of her children behind it. Then she turned to her husband. "Luke Halloran's a nice boy," she said, "even if he has the white disease. I think it's only right we take him anyway. We already have that little tin trunk of his, and I guess he won't be much more."

On August 16 the train came to the dreaded Wasatch Mountains, in what today is called Utah. Stumbling upward, often double-teaming the oxen to haul a wagon at a time up a steep slope, the party moved slowly ahead. Days passed, and they saw no one but themselves—no sign that anyone had ever come this way before. Only once was the plodding routine broken—when Frank Graves and his family joined the train.

The party had been well up the foothills of the Wasatches when someone spotted a dust trail in the distance behind and made out three canvas-topped white arches. That noon the train lingered, waiting in wonder for wagons going it alone. As they drew up, a tall bewhiskered man who wore no boots climbed stiffly down and introduced himself.

"I been whippin' to catch up with you," he said. "They told me at Bridger you was just ahead. We're from Lacon, Illinois, and goin' west like ever'body else. We'd sure like to join you—them mountains look awful tall for me and my man to trundle our wagons through alone."

Lacon was not too far from Springfield and to the Donners and the Reeds it was like having a visitor from home. It was

curious that Frank Graves went barefooted, but he was a good-natured kindly man, which was more important, and black-haired and large of frame. He had been a farmer, he said, and his wife had been a peddler of soft soap in a canoe she ran up and down the Illinois River. When the California fever hit them, Graves sold his farm for \$800 in silver.

"I got a little skeery of luggin' that much around," he stated frankly, "so I got me an idea, and I bet that money's safe now." He looked so openly mysterious, yet satisfied, that Reed and George Donner grinned at each other. With that start there was no opposition to his joining—even Keseberg merely grunted.

Frank Graves' hired man was a lanky young fellow named John Snyder, who soon made it obvious by his swaggering air that he not only liked to draw attention to himself, but he felt he knew more about wagoning than anyone else. Even Graves seemed to find Snyder a little hard to stomach at times.

"John's a mite young and headstrong," he said once, "but my Mary Ann seems to put some store by him." And he explained that back in Illinois Snyder had asked the daughter to marry him. She had said she'd make up her mind in California, which was enough to bring the boy along as a teamster.

With the addition of Graves and his group, the Donner party now had the strength with which it was to plunge into the annals of the West—87. Not so many were to survive—not nearly so many.

Crossing the heights of the Wasatches took nearly nine days of the hardest toil. With pick and spade the men cleared a trail through rocky passes while the women urged the oxen on. When cliffs seemed to stop any possibility of progress, they rigged blocks and windlasses and hauled wagons and oxen straight into the air, like loads of hay going into a farmer's barn. Slowly they whittled their way over the crests, and came out finally into the lovely valley of Salt Lake, where less than a year

later Brigham Young was to lead the Mormons and found a city.

There Luke Halloran died. Though tenderly cared for by Tamsen, he had grown steadily worse. The thin mountain air might have helped his lungs, but the jolting of the wagon gave them no rest and he had weakened rapidly. At the last he lay with his head in Tamsen's lap as the train was taking a noon-time stop.

Tossing feverishly at first, he quieted to her touch. His eyes, which apparently had seen nothing for some time, opened wide and stared at her. "Mrs. Donner," he gasped, "you've been good to me. My trunk—it's yours. It'll help you start your school."

After the burial, with the body laid away in a bed of almost pure salt, the train rested for the remainder of the day. Half sadly, half wondering what Halloran had meant, Tamsen opened the trunk. There were some books, some mementoes of Halloran's family, and several small heavy bags. She opened one on the floor of the wagon—and cried out in astonishment. "George!" she called. "Look at this money!"

Donner heaved himself into the wagon, and together they counted the contents of the bags. There was \$1,500 in gold and silver.

As the news spread, the wagoners rushed over to see. Keseberg looked in too, his sunken eyes roaming greedily over the coins heaped on the floor. "Ach!" he said. "Dot is mooch money." Suddenly he smiled benignly at Tamsen and reached in to pat her clumsily on the arm. "You no worry," he added. "Ve take care."

George Donner wondered.

Now, on August 27, the train rolled onto a sloping plateau, an expanse so flat the travelers offered brief prayers of thanks. Here they would have no trouble.

It was the Great Salt Desert, and it was pure hell, with the sun bouncing off the mineral to double its fury. For six days and nights and 80 heartbreaking miles the train forced its way through the salt. Most of the horses died with a gunshot to save them agony. So far the oxen had stood up well, but now, bellowing their thirst and hunger, limping from the grisly heat, they weakened rapidly, and when the wagons finally reached grass and the water of a tiny creek only the sturdiest of the animals stood any chance of quickly recovering strength. The train was halted.

On September 10, George Donner brought all the wagoners together, men and women.

"I don't have to tell you," he said, "that we're in bad shape. Most of our oxen are pretty far gone, though I guess Jake's and mine will hold up awhile yet. But it looks like we're going to need help, and I'm for sending for it now while there's time."

"Where we gonna send to?" Bill McCutchen asked.

George Donner shook his head. "That's it," he said. "I've talked to Jim Reed about it, and neither of us know any place but Fort Sutter. That must still be around 500 miles away. Even if we get somebody off now, it's going to take time for any help to come back. But we got to decide right away to ask help or fight through on our own."

"Vot chance ve got alone?" Keseberg growled.

"Not much. Snow's coming soon."

"It's dot Reed," the German snarled. "He says take de cut-off. He is to blame."

Some of the wagoners stared at Reed, but he did not move, and if the color of his face deepened, it was scarcely perceptible beneath the deep brown the desert sun had burned in. He sensed their resentment and knew they had forgotten that they had discarded him as their leader even as they had decided to string along with him.

George Donner spoke again. "Who'll volunteer to go? It'll be a rough ride and you may have Indian trouble."

There was an uneasy stir, with the women unconsciously grasping at the arms of their men. Gently one man sighed and unfolded his wife's arm. "I used to be a pretty good rider," Bill McCutchen said.

"One more," prompted Donner. "There ought to be two."

A man who had started out as a cowherd raised his arm silently.

"Charley Stanton," said Donner. "Good."

McCutchen and Stanton, mounted on two of the best horses remaining, got away the next morning. It would be weeks before the train knew whether they had got through.

For several days the party remained by the tiny stream while

the oxen rested. A few of the animals recovered fairly well, but most were visibly weaker than they had been before the ordeal of the salt desert. Weaker, too, were the people themselves, and worry did not strengthen them. The food reserves once so ample that they were blithely ignored were now counted up not only daily but at every meal, and more than one wife was thumping the bottom of the flour barrel as she took out a portion for making trail biscuits.

When they finally started once more, the pace was much slower—barely 5 miles a day—and double-teaming for the hills became almost a commonplace. It was September 30 before they reached the river some day to be called the Humboldt, and still they had left three quarters of what is now Nevada before they reached the golden country.

That morning brooding clouds had cut off the sun entirely, and the chill in the air was intense. Jim Reed, thrusting his head from his wagon at dawn, eyed the lowering horizon and the mountains never far away and could not repress a shudder. He felt a drop of rain, and the thought of the multiplied drag on the oxen in soggy going crashed through his mind. There was another drop and he held out his hand. White flakes settled on it, melting instantly.

Snow!

He bawled the word, and from every wagon both men and women came tumbling out. A breeze whipped up, and the snow flung itself in a dense flurry over the camp. Almost as quickly it was gone, with only patches lingering more than a few minutes.

It was enough. The people moved slowly toward the center of the circled wagons. George Donner made his way through and mounted a stone.

"You all know what this means," he said. "Maybe the big snow will hold off awhile yet, but we can't depend on it. We got to get through those mountain passes before it comes. Now, we been spending a lot of time figuring out a trail. I think maybe if Jake and me was to move ahead with our wagons and try to sort out a reasonable way we all might move faster. Our critters is probably the strongest left and best able to break through rough country. Anyway, you got a good man here to keep the train moving. Jim Reed will hold you together."

There was no comment. Donner waited a moment, then strode off toward his wagons. Rapidly he and his brother yoked up their oxen while the women stowed the campstuffs away. Swinging up into his seat, George turned toward the silent group.

"Follow us," he said, "as fast as you can. Jim, take care of them." And he flicked his whip out over the animals.

There was neither sound nor motion as the Donner wagons moved out. Then as they bumped over a small hill and began to settle behind it, Keseberg spoke.

"Bah!" he grunted. "Better ve take care of him—goodt."

Overhead a wide V-formation of wild geese honked sonorously on their way south.

By October 5, the party, following the trail of the Donners, had reached out into less mountainous country. But there were still long hills, and if they did not seem steep they were often sandy, which made the going at least as hard. In the afternoon of that day they struck such a deceptive slope, with the trail winding up between rock outcroppings, and Reed, following Frank Graves, halted when Graves did to double-yoke his lead wagon. But Graves' prospective son-in-law, John Snyder, shouting boldly, pulled his oxen in the family's third wagon out of line and lashed them into a lurching trot.

The whip was not enough to keep the single team going, and in a narrow section of the trail the wagon bogged down to a standstill. Behind Snyder came Reed's first wagon, with Reed's teamster Milt Elliott handling the double team. In the crumbling sand it was an almost impossible place for him to stop, and he pulled his oxen off to the side to try to squeeze by Snyder.

The trail was too narrow. The yokes tangled, and as the double team strained, Snyder's pair were forced aside. In sudden rage the swearing Snyder began beating Reed's oxen over the head with his whipstock. Reed came running up and grabbed at Snyder's arm, but the teamster shoved him aside and struck again at the churning oxen, yelling, "Get those damned beasts out of my way."

Donner - #1

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY

THE BLOODY ORDEAL OF THE DOOMED DONNERS

Reed plunged at the man again, and they clung together now, driving short blows into each other. As they broke once more Margaret Reed scrambled between them. "For God's sakes stop!" she screamed.

Snyder raised his whip again, aiming at Reed. But he slipped in the sand and the heavy stock caught Mrs. Reed across the face. Jim Reed's face turned white, and instantly he snatched out his knife and sank it into Snyder.

The teamster staggered back into the arms of Patrick Breen. Slowly he slipped to the ground, his eyes rolling wildly.

"I'm dead," he gasped. "Uncle Patrick, I'm dead!"

He stiffened momentarily, and all strength seemed to leave him. Quiet so quickly, he looked at Jim Reed, standing horrified, the knife still in his hand.

"I am to blame," he muttered, and was dead.

It was all over before most of the wagoners could come up to the scene. All they saw was Snyder's body and the knife in Reed's hand. He stared at it unbelievably himself, then with a jerk hurled it far down the hill.

Milt Elliott, watching the milling group, caught Will Eddy's eye. Without another signal they moved away. When they came together again they were carrying rifles, and they stood beside Jim Reed. Margaret was before him, holding a bloody scrap of rag to her head, but gently Reed took her shoulders and moved her aside.

Keseberg forged up now and eyed the body. He listened and he watched the wagoners, and suddenly he cried, "Sthring him oop!"

The men stopped still, glaring at Reed. Keseberg shoved in front of them. "He is badt," he declared. "He is a killer. He must pay." Then he stalked off to his own wagon and unyoked the oxen. Tilting up the tongue of the wagon, he propped it in place with an ox bow. Pointing to the improvised gallows, he yelled again, "Sthring him oop!"

Impulsively some of the men started toward Reed, but even as they did Eddy and Elliott stepped in front of him, lifting their guns to hip level, their fingers curling about the triggers. At the same time others of the group broke off, crying, "Wait a minute. Let's talk this over."

It was a furious argument, motivated partly by the death of Snyder, but mostly by the failure of the shortcut Reed had advocated. At last the men moved toward Reed, determined but not violent. Frank Graves was at their head.

"Jim Reed," he said, "a lot of us were for hanging you, because we think what you done was plain murder. But we can't afford to throw away any more lives. So we're going to send you on ahead toward Sutter. You'll get a horse and what grub we can spare, but no rifle. And you can start praying that you get help back to us in time to save your family."

Reed blanched, but it was Will Eddy who spoke up. "Hell, man," he said, "you might's well run him up now. Ain't no one can get over those mountains without a gun."

"Maybe so," admitted Graves. "But he's got more chance than he gave John Snyder."

In the morning a bag of provisions was given Reed, and he mounted one of the worst of the remaining horses. Nearly everyone was there to see him leave, but there was little said. After a few handshakes he cantered off, heading along the tracks of the Donner wagons.

Over a hill he went and down around a rock outcropping lined with bushes. As he rode easily past he heard a voice calling him and he reined in and wheeled. His eldest daughter Virginia stepped out from the bushes, and behind her stood Milt Elliott grinning. Reed's daughter was holding a rifle.

"Milt said we wouldn't dare take yours," she said, "so this is Will Eddy's."

He grasped the gun and leaned over and kissed her, then took powder horn and shot bag from Elliott and was on his way.

That night he slept well off the trail. Though he was exhausted, he awakened often, at the stomp of his horse's feet, at the rustle of a bird. He was in the saddle again as soon as the Donner tracks were visible. To spare his horse he walked almost as much as he rode, and only when the sun was far in the west did he stop to build a small fire and eat.

The afternoon of the second day, October 8, he caught up with the Donners and told them what had happened.

George Donner glanced up at Tamsen. "A man can't see his wife hit," he agreed. "There've been times on this haul when I've felt same as you did."

"Keseberg?" Reed asked.

Donner nodded.

In their talk they accepted, as before, the theory that two men stood a far better chance than one to make the fort. Walter Herron, a teamster for the Donners, volunteered. But there was no horse for him.

"We'll ride and tie," said Reed—one would ride awhile, tie the horse, and walk. The other, catching up to the animal, would mount, pass his partner and, in time, tie and walk again.

For the train and the Donners ahead, the going became considerably easier. As fall came, temperatures slacked and the oxen, refreshed by the comparative coolness, made better time. For nearly a month the wagoners pushed ahead, watching uneasily every cloud that drifted across the sky. There were a few snow flurries, but these, like the first, were gone before they did more than cause alarm.

November came, and both groups were driving now for the 8,000-foot-high pass—the Donner Pass of today. Still they hoped the snow would hold off the short time more for their race through. For the Donners it seemed a possibility, but the main party behind could only pray.

And then, a little way below the pass, the well-worn back axle of George Donner's lead wagon snapped under the jolt of a boulder. Axles had broken before on the trip and been replaced with new ones carved on the spot from trees nearby, but none had timed its breaking so badly. George and Jacob found suitable wood quickly enough, but the carving was a tedious job. With their axes they hewed the axle roughly to shape, then began chiseling it to fit. Working desperately, they had it nearly finished when the keen blade slipped in George's hand and gouged deep into his palm.

Tamsen bound the wound at once, but the bleeding was difficult to stop. As George pressed the bandage tight, one of the children cried out from the back of the wagon.

And there it was, the first of the white-topped wagons struggling around the hillside below. In an hour the train had come abreast and was passing. The Donner wagon would soon be fixed, and the Donners should catch up shortly. They never did.

It was November 3, 1846, and the Donners, having got moving again, sagged to a halt for the night beside a small stream—Prosser Creek, it is called, in Alder Creek Valley, 10 miles into the mountains, inside the California border. As the men cut wood for a fire, they felt the snow, gentle at first, then driving in hard as the winds swept down the valley. Hurriedly cutting brush, they put together rough shelters to protect those who had to sleep in the open. In the morning there was two feet of snow, and it was still coming down. Building a fire was impossible, and the children—there were twelve in the group—began to cry with hunger as the day wore on.

Next day three feet of snow had fallen. It showed no signs of stopping.

In all, it snowed for eight days, and the wagons were buried. The Donner men erected huts of small trees in the snow, covering them with skins and blankets to cut off the wind. The oxen were bogged down in the drifts unable to move, unable even to paw through to the ground for grass.

The men knew the main body could not be far ahead, and when the snow stopped, Jacob Donner, with improvised snowshoes, struck out for it. Late that night he returned, bone-tired.

"They are 5 miles ahead," he said. "Beside a lake not far from the pass." He shrugged. "It does not matter. If they were in the pass, they could not get through now."

Food was running very low, and since the oxen were starving, they killed one for food. To give the animals a chance to forage on tree leaves they shoveled out a ramp leading to the top of the hard-packed snow. One night it snowed again, and by morning four of the animals had disappeared.

George Donner's hand was inflamed now, and the red was spreading up his arm. Tamsen treated it, but every day it grew a little worse.

The weeks started slipping by, and the oxen were finally gone. One day Tamsen struggled the five miles to the main camp to seek food. There was none. All the wagons had started out with nearly the same provisions, and all had run out at

Donner - #9

nearly the same time.

When, back in her own hut, she had caught her breath, George asked from his cot, "Any word from Jim Reed or the others?"

She shook her head. "Not a thing. No one knows whether any of them reached Sutter."

Jim Reed and Walter Herron had reached Fort Sutter, even before the snow came. On October 28 they had stumbled through the gates, both so far gone they had to rest several days. Their horses they had killed far back for food, but still they were starving.

The people at the fort were sympathetic, but despite Reed's entreaties, made no move for a rescue party. There wasn't time, they said.

It wasn't that they meant it would be impossible to reach the train, though that would be extremely difficult. It was that a more important event was taking place.

The United States—and most of California—had gone to war with Mexico.

It was this that had stopped Big Bill McCutchen from returning earlier with aid. He had arrived at the fort, but so ill that he had been bedded for several weeks. Charlie Stanton had died on the way. Now Reed and McCutchen sought out John Sutter, the Swiss pioneer who had built the fort but who, in a couple of years, was to become far more famous for his discovery of gold in the California highlands.

Sutter was blunt. "I'll do what I can for you," he said. "I can get you food and maybe some pack animals, but there aren't any men to spare." He nodded at Jim Reed. "I don't know whether you know it yet, Reed, but your friend Walter Herron has agreed to join our defense forces. Not that he had much choice."

"But Captain," Reed protested, "there are more than eighty people out there, most of them women and children. They'll die unless we get back right away."

Sutter shook his head. "I can't help it. This is war and we need the men to defend our own homes. If we don't, our women and children die too. Anyway, this mess you people got into is your own fault. Only a few mountain men got over that pass—how in hell did you expect to get a whole train through?"

"There was a book," Reed said bitterly, "by a man named Lansford Hastings. He said this was a good trail discovered by him."

"Hastings!" Sutter roared. "That crook doesn't know any more about California than you do. He was here but we had no use for him."

Reed ran his hand over his face. "All right," he said. "But get a pack train together as soon as you can, will you?"

It was nearly two weeks more before the train could be organized. When it started, it had 26 horses and mules loaded with food. Sutter told Reed and McCutchen to make for Johnson's Ranch, west of the pass, the closest refuge for the wagon train.

A chill rain dogged the rescue party once they were out of the Sacramento valley, and this turned to snow as they climbed higher. It was only about a hundred miles from Fort Sutter to the wagons—a fraction of the distance the train had traveled—but it was an impossible journey. The pack horses floundered through the snow to the ranch, but there Reed and McCutchen were told that bringing the animals farther was out of the question. Any rescue party to go into the pass would have to be men alone—and there were no men to spare who knew how to fight the snow.

Jim Reed and Bill McCutchen turned back. At Fort Sutter the demands of the struggle with Mexico had grown worse. The captain told the two that there was no possibility for months of assembling another rescue train.

Stopped at Sutter, Reed and McCutchen tried other towns.

They went as far south as San José, begging for men and food and finding sympathy, but no more. Only once did they receive encouragement, when two experienced snow travelers and

mountain men, Aquilla Glover and Reasin P. Tucker, promised to make a rescue effort as soon as they could.

Long weeks of despairing effort went by. Finally, with a slackening of Mexican cavalry raids in the area, Reed and McCutchen got together a party and provisions. On February 7, 1847 their second rescue attempt got under way.

But Glover and Tucker had beaten them by a week.

On the other side of the pass Margaret Reed heard voices outside her hut one day, but they meant very little and she was too tired to see who had strength enough to shout. On rough pallets across the brush-covered floor lay her four children. In a way she was glad they no longer cried, though their silence and the wooden way in which they now moved made them seem more like dolls than the rollicking scamps they had been in Illinois. But that was so long ago it remained only as the dimmest memory.

She heard the voices again, and someone thrust aside the blanket serving as a door. Weakly she turned her head to see a man standing vigorous, exhaling clouds of steamy breath.

"It'll be all right now, ma'am," said Aquilla Glover.

It wasn't all right, but it was better. Glover and Tucker, after sharing what food they had packed in, set about organizing a group that would have a chance of getting through to Johnson's Ranch.

From every family some members were taken. Altogether there were 24—three men, four women, the rest children. Keseberg's wife and daughter were among them, and Margaret Reed and two of her four children. The three men were the strongest in the camp, so chosen to help with the children, and Will Eddy was one of them.

On February 22, the day after their arrival, Glover and Tucker lined their charges up, and through 30-foot drifts they began their walk. To save energy, each stepped in the footprints of the one before him, and as the children tired they were swung up and carried as far as possible. Rests had to be frequent, but the leaders of the group never let them be long.

Days melted into days of unending trudging, resting, plodding on. Nights were simplicity itself—bare brush lean-tos facing a fire for warmth, and as food only the few scraps Glover and Tucker had left, with, for a lucky few, a private piece of oxhide to gnaw on. Because they were exhausted, from hunger and the thin air that always kept them gasping, they dropped to sleep the moment they lay down.

The day came when there was a shout at the head of the line, and two figures plunged down its length. One stopped in front of Margaret Reed and lifted her from the snow.

"Thank God! Thank God!" Jim Reed cried and embraced his two children. "Where are Patty and Tommy?"

Margaret Reed shook her head wearily. "Back at the camp. But they've got to have food!"

Reed slipped the pack off his back and fumbled at its lacings. "We've plenty—plenty for all." He handed each of them a chunk of dried meat, but when they reached for more he shouldered the pack again. "Only a little at a time," he said. "Too much and you'll get a deadly cramp when you've been starving. We'll leave enough to get everyone to Johnson's Ranch. It isn't far."

Now McCutchen stomped up. He had been ranging up and down the line, searching for his wife and daughter. Margaret Reed took his hand.

"They died a week ago," she said.

"Both of them?"

She nodded. "Almost at the same time."

McCutchen stood motionless a moment, then walked off by himself to stand alone staring across the glistening snow. When he came back he said dully, "Let's go. Maybe we can get your kids and some of the others out anyway."

Using the trail broken before them, Reed's rescue party went through the pass in a third the time the others had taken. On the shore of flat, snow-covered Donner Lake they could make out an occasional curl of smoke rising apparently from snow. No shelter could be seen until they were on the camp. Then the holes in the snow showed up—holes leading down into huts buried deep under fall after fall.

Reed dashed from hole to hole, crying down into each the names of his children. Hearing an answering cry farther on, he raced for the figure sitting at the entrance to a hut. He scooped

Donner #10

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD HISTORY
R. J. SICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

THE BLOODY ORDEAL OF THE DOOMED DONNERS

up the frail form, murmuring, "Patty, Patty, you're all right." It was March 1 now, and he hadn't seen her since his banishment from the train October 8. Slowly he lifted her head from his shoulder and asked, "Where's Tommy?"

"In the hole."

Carefully he set the girl on the snow and dropped down into the smelly hut. It was so dark he could hardly see at first, but then he made out a heap of rags in a corner and on them a child whose only greeting was, "I'm hungry."

Quickly Reed made a fire and cooked up a kind of gruel with which he fed the children a few spoons each. Warming more water, he washed them and dressed them in the clean clothes he had brought along.

Then, with the others of his party, he moved on from hut to hut, doling out a little food at a time to keep the starved company from gorging itself to illness. Halfway through, he and McCutchen dropped down a snow hole together. There they saw a gaunt figure sitting on a crude bed.

"What you want?" said Keseberg, eying them balefully.

The appearance of the man was more revolting to Reed now than it had ever been before. He was thin, but not greatly thinner than he'd been the last time Reed saw him—not nearly so emaciated as the others.

"We've brought help," said Reed shortly.

"I don't want it."

Reed and McCutchen glanced at each other. "Take your clothes off," Reed ordered bluntly. "You're filthy. Wash up and change into these." He tossed fresh clothing on the floor.

"Go away," Keseberg growled.

"Take them off," snapped McCutchen, and jerked the German to his feet. Reluctantly Keseberg peeled down and washed briefly in a pan of water. Only after he had dressed did he touch the food the rescuers had brought for him. Deliberately he began eating it—totally unlike the ravening way the other survivors had snatched at it.

Thoughtfully Reed and McCutchen climbed out of the cabin, and Reed stood there a moment gazing down into the hole. Then he followed behind as McCutchen set out for another cabin. Almost absent-mindedly he paused to tug at a loose sleeve thrusting out of the snow beside the path. It wouldn't come, and he dug in with his hand to free it, first methodically, then frantically.

"McCutchen!" he yelled, and as the man returned the two scooped away the snow. Lying before them were the remains of a body—a few bones, some entrails, a little flesh, and the head, with the brain removed, of Milt Elliott, Reed's teamster.

Both men became sick on the spot.

The next day Reed took three men for the five-mile journey to Prosser Creek and the Donner families. As they approached the huts, which had been rebuilt atop the snow so that they thrust up like igloos, they saw the half-breed Bapteest slinking away, carrying something over his shoulder. Startled at their shouts, he tossed down his burden and attempted to make off, but one of the men caught him.

"We've brought food," Reed announced, puzzled at the man's actions. "What were you carrying?"

Bapteest squirmed. "An ox leg," he said finally.

One of Reed's men made his way to it, and gave a shout. Thrusting the half-breed before them, the others came up. It was a human leg.

"Whose is it?" Reed managed to ask.

"Jakie's," said the sniveling Bapteest.

Nearby they found what was left of Jacob Donner's body. The head had been cut off, both legs removed, and the body hacked open, with heart and liver taken out.

Bapteest indicated Jacob Donner's hut, and the men walked over. Outside they found Jacob's children wolfing at half-roasted "meat"—their father's heart and liver.

Nauseated, Reed turned away and crawled into the Donner hut. Lying on a bed of canvas wagon top was Jacob's widow, Elizabeth.

She nodded wearily. "Yes, that's Jake. After he died—well, I had to keep the children alive. I didn't touch him myself, but I guess Bapteest—does it matter so much? Jake's dead now, and

the children just thought it was meat. They were starving."

The rescuers went on to George Donner's cabin. Tamsen was sitting listlessly within and George lay on a pallet. Woodenly they looked at Reed, and he could not help staring back. It was nearly five months now since he had seen them and they looked like caricatures of the couple he had left.

"Jim Reed!" Tamsen whispered, and George's breathing grew more labored as wordlessly he watched Reed's face.

"It was hard to get help," Reed began and explained briefly about the war. Then he eyed George for a moment and asked gently, "Can you walk at all, George?"

Slowly George Donner shook his head. "Take Tamsen and the children out, Jim," he gasped. "I'm done. The fever—"

As Reed handed them the food he had brought, Tamsen told about the cut on George's hand and the creeping infection.

"We'll do what we can," Reed said, and nodded toward the door. Tamsen stepped outside and he followed.

"I'll try to take you and the children out," he said. "but George is too far gone. We can't carry anyone and we can't get any pack animals in."

Tamsen twisted her hands. "The children," she murmured. "Get the children out. I can't leave George."

"I'll leave one of my men with food to care for him."

She looked up at him. "No," she said. "He's my husband. I can't desert him."

It was a final decision—and a fateful one. Shortly all the Donner children, strengthened by a pittance of food, were ready for the trek, and the small party set off for the main camp at Donner Lake.

There another group was organized of those who had strength enough left. One was Mrs. Graves. Retiring very mysteriously, into the wreck of her wagon, which she had kept from being crushed under the snow by laying poles over its top, she began to hammer away and pull out screeching nails. When she lugged out a clinking bag that almost bore her down, Reed asked what she was trying to take with her.

She drew him aside. "Mr. Reed," she said, "it's like this. Me and Frank saved up \$700 in gold and silver to get us started in California, and to keep it safe he hid it in holes in the wagon cleats. Well, Frank's gone, but I still got the girls to keep and I got to hang on to it."

Reed was sympathetic but dubious. "I won't stop you. But that money's heavy and it's a tough trip."

Formally Reed told Keseberg he could join the outward-bound group. The German listened without expression, his eyes running down the line of those ready to go, as though he were searching for someone.

"You take my little girl," he said at last. "I got lame foot. I be all right." He grinned evilly.

At noon of March 2, the line got moving. Through the rest of the daylight hours it picked its way, hoping always to meet another rescue party. The thought spurred them into good spirits, and when they camped that night they joked about the problem of Mrs. Graves, whose clinking burden was no longer a secret. Alarmed, she crept out that night to find a windswept rock and there scraped the frozen earth over her bag of money. It was to be forty years before that cache was found, and it was not by Mrs. Graves. That night, too, Reed found that only one of Tamsen Donner's children was with them, and he could only surmise that the others had slipped back, refusing to come without their parents.

The days dragged by again, and now even the rescue party's food ran out. Exhausted, the line slowed up and stragglers fell far behind, among them Mrs. Graves. One night, after the camp fires were going and as Reed was feeding his Patty the last crumbs he had been able to scrape from his pockets, she staggered in and fell beside a fire. McCutchen crossed to her and gently lifted her head. But she only rolled her eyes for a few moments,

Donner 8/1

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and took another bite.

buried her in the snow. No one had struggled so pathetically.

Quite suddenly the worst of the trip was over. As the party started down the west side of the pass the air was warmed with the gentleness of spring. Soon they reached Johnson's Ranch and food, and the road to Fort Sutter was open again.

Back on Prosser Creek George Donner had regained his strength enough so that Tamsen felt justified in making the five-mile trip to Donner Lake. She wanted to be sure that her children had got out—the thought of their being left in camp with Keseberg weighed on her.

As she neared the lake, she came on one of the older women in the party, a Mrs. Murphy, struggling along with a load of brushwood. The woman burst into tears.

"That beast!" she began, and told of her grandchild, Georgie Foster. The 4-year-old was crying almost continuously, and Keseberg shouted at him to be quiet. Then late one afternoon the German said kindly that if the boy slept with him he'd get warm enough to stop crying for awhile. Mrs. Murphy agreed. In the morning, coming to get him back, she found the boy dead. Keseberg snatched the child from her, put a rope around it, and hung it up inside the cabin. She had never seen the body after that.

Little Jimmie Eddy, Will Eddy's son, was gone too, she said. He'd starved to death and been buried in the snow. But after the burial Keseberg had come back with a few thin strips of flesh which he had roasted and eaten.

Tamsen was frantic. "But my children," she cried. "What's become of them? Did they get out?"

Mrs. Murphy shook her head sadly. "Only one. Three of them wouldn't go without you and George. They're in that cabin over there—next to Keseberg's."

Tamsen found her daughters hungry and cold—but alive. She had hardly had time to put her arms about them, however, before the light was blocked out from the door.

It was Keseberg.

"You come here?" he grunted, and added sharply, "Die Kinder cry."

"They'll be all right now," Tamsen whispered.

"Dey besser." There was a silence, then he said in the same threatening tone, "Ve haf no foodt."

He seemed to consider this statement for awhile. Suddenly he grinned and patted the shrinking Tamsen on the shoulder. "You no worry," he said. "Ve take care."

There was a shout outside and Keseberg darted up the snow steps. With a sigh of relief, Tamsen climbed after him.

Will Eddy had arrived with another rescue party.

As Eddy's men distributed their food, he listened to the story of his son's death. Then he stalked over to Keseberg.

"Vot you mean?" the German growled. "Your liddle boy dies and I bury him in de snow someplace—I don't remember where. Dot Mrs. Murphy—crazy voman! Do not listen to vhat she say."

Eddy turned back to Tamsen, defeated.

"Will," Tamsen said, as Keseberg eyed them, "I want you to take my girls out."

"I'd like to, Tamsen," he said. "But it'll depend on those most fit for the trip."

"I have \$1,500," she persisted. "It's all yours if you take them out."

Eddy smiled. "Keep your money. I couldn't carry that much in my pack. But I'll take the girls." Pausing, Eddy looked at her carefully. "You're strong, Tamsen. You come with me and help get the girls through. We start in the morning."

"I can't, Will," she said.

"You don't want your children to arrive as orphans, do you?" he asked bluntly.

Briefly she wavered. "Could you wait until I see George again? Maybe he'll be better."

"Impossible, Tamsen. That would take a day. We have to start early."

"I must stay then," she said.

It was growing late. Sorrowfully she bade her daughters good-by. This time, she admonished them, they were going out with Will Eddy, and no nonsense.

That night she told George Donner about the girls. She didn't mention Keseberg.

The weeks went by again, until the spring sun began warming the snow. There were only two Donners now, in a camp

that had once held 31, and Tamsen spent every moment tending her husband, feeding him from the little hoard of food Will Eddy had left. On April 14 he died. She carried his light body up into the daylight and buried it nearby in the snow.

She was all alone—but not for long.

In the morning she began, in the deliberate manner of one deeply grieving, to assemble what she thought might be taken out when a pack train could come through. Anything she could save would be invaluable in a land where goods were scarce.

Wrapped in her thoughts, she was startled at the sound of feet crunching down the snow steps. The oxhide covering over the door slowly moved back to reveal a hairy face. Familiar hollow eyes stared at her in the low light, then a voice said ingratiatingly, "Can I come in, please?"

Tamsen stood still. "My husband is dead. What is it you want?"

"Is deadt? Ah, it is badt. I vill come in."

"What is it you want?" she repeated.

"Yoost to come in. Ve are alone? Jah?"

He seated himself on the edge of the bed. "It is badt about your husband. I am sorry. I always like him. It is badt." He blinked steadily. "De whole trip is badt. Many horrible deat's. But now mercy comes and ve go. I have come to help you outd."

"I don't need you, Mr. Keseberg. I can get out myself."

"Many t'ings to carry, you have. De money . . . vere is it? I vill help you. Ve vill be friends, is it not so?"

"Please go, Mr. Keseberg."

She tried to edge toward the skin door, but he moved forward quickly and glared at her.

"I have no money," cried Tamsen.

"Hein! De money belt, vere is it? You-vill not give it to me, heh? Ve vill see." Snatching up a stick of firewood, the man advanced toward her.

In a moment it was over. Tamsen lay still, a trickle of blood seeping from her head through the brushwood floor. Keseberg, exhausted from the struggle, again sat down on the bed, panting and staring at the crumpled body. Finally he started to ransack the hut.

After a time he found the ax used to cut firewood, and methodically he chopped up the corpse. Stirring up the fire, he hung an iron kettle over it and put in chunks of flesh and bone.

The end had come for Tamsen Donner just one year after she had left Springfield on what she thought would be a four-months' trip. Two days more and it might not then have come at all.

Spring had arrived. In the mountains the bitter cold was gone and the snow was sliding into the streams. At Sutter's Fort it was no longer so dramatic to think of women and children starving and freezing a hundred miles away. But if saving human life did not now seem so imperative, there was another matter—the valuables the emigrants had abandoned in the snows. No one wanted to leave them to the Indians—least of all William O. Fallon, a renowned Indian fighter of the region.

Fallon interviewed the survivors who had reached Fort Sutter and made them a proposition which seemed profitable all around. He would organize another relief party—the fourth—make a quick dash to the train, pick up what valuables could be brought out with little difficulty, and rescue anyone left. In return he would be entitled to half the worth of the goods he salvaged—which would restore to the survivors half the goods they would otherwise lose completely. Only Mrs. Keseberg declined to agree—Fallon, she said, would have to ask her husband when he reached the train. Anyway, she added in confusion, they had no valuables and no money—everything they owned had gone into the wagons and oxen.

Fallon picked six men—at \$3 a day—to come with him. They reached Johnson's Ranch in good time and headed immediately for Donner Lake. It was the evening of April 16 when they arrived, and though they halloosed vigorously as they came in sight of the collapsing huts, there was only silence in return.

That night they camped by the lake, and in the morning looked around the site. It was a shocking place. The hardened men were grim as they found little heaps of bones with human hair mixed in, and putrefying masses of human flesh, and clothes that had been slit for the easier removal of the bodies. One hut in particular had an array of human remains about it, and

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
DONNER'S WIFE

THE BLOODY ORDEAL OF THE DOOMED DONNERS

Fallon looked inside. Suspended from the roof were drying strips of flesh.

Outside, Fallon stopped to think. There was no one here, but at the Donner camp there might still be life. He noticed, then, the dragging mark of a lame foot leading from this cabin eastward.

"Come on," he said to his men and moved off along the muddy grass trail.

At the Donner camp the scene was the same—fragments of bodies lying about, and silence. Almost whispering themselves now, the men peered into the huts and the wagons with their shredded tops. Glancing at one of the books strewn about, one of the men exclaimed, "Here! This was Tamsen Donner's. This was her place."

It had been thoroughly ransacked. Bolts of dress material, rifle caps, shoes and Tamsen's books were strewn about, with stains of what was undoubtedly blood spattered through them.

Under a pile of clothes they found the body of George Donner, with patches of snow adhering to it. Its head had been split and the brain taken out.

Fallon examined the body briefly, then rose. "Well," he said, "let's see if we can scrape a little dirt over it and pick up whatever we can here. That \$1,500 ought to be somewhere around and I guess the Donner girls could use the money."

Dark came before the men quit their search, but there was no sign of the money—neither the \$1,500 nor the stake George Donner had with him. Whoever had gone through the wagon before must have got it.

In the morning Fallon walked slowly around the camp site, scanning the ground carefully. He knew what he was looking for, and shortly he found it—the dragging mark the man with the lame foot had left, leading back now by a different route toward Donner Lake.

He called one of his men to him. "Ned," he said, "take a couple of the boys and catch up with the guy who made that track. It's probably Keseberg."

They moved at a long-striding pace, and in little more than an hour were back at the lake. There the silence was as profound as it had been yesterday. But smoke was curling up from a small cooking fire before one of the hovels.

Ned Coffeemeyer and his two companions stepped inside. A gaunt bearded man was squatting there, blinking at them in the sudden light, his hands holding a strip of roasted meat.

"You Keseberg?" Coffeemeyer asked—and suddenly realized what kind of meat the man was eating. He jerked back and stared.

"Jah," said Keseberg, and took another bite.

"Where is everybody?"

"Effrybody is deadt." He wiped his mouth on his sleeve.

"Where is Mrs. Donner—Tamsen Donner?" Coffeemeyer asked. "We expected to find her."

Keseberg sucked at his fingers. "Deadt. It is badt so many die."

They asked him why he had tried to avoid them by taking a different trail back to the camp. He had not tried to avoid them, he said. Why should he? And anyway he had not known they were there.

"When did Mrs. Donner die?" Coffeemeyer persisted.

Keseberg lifted his shoulders. He didn't remember—it was hard for him to tell time any more. "She come vun night all vet from fall in creek. I take her home and put blankets on her and build fire. In morning I come back. She is dead." He shrugged again.

"Then what happened?"

He had eaten her, he said frankly, and found her flesh the best he had tasted. To the horror of the men he added calmly that he had obtained four pounds of fat from her body.

Fallon's men poked about the hut and came onto two kettles filled with a thick dark red substance. "What is this?"

"Dere is bloodt in deadt bodies," Keseberg explained simply.

The men looked at each other—blood could be obtained only from living bodies. Nonchalantly the German answered more of their questions—until he saw that they were leading up to an accusation of murder. For the first time he arose and gesticulated violently.

"Nein!" he shouted, and repeated that he had only helped Tamsen Donner.

Finally Coffeemeyer said bluntly, "Where's the money she had? We know she had it. Everyone knew it—including you."

Suddenly Keseberg was sullen. "I no got," he growled. "I only got vhat is mine own."

One of the men kicked over a pile in a corner. A couple of fine dresses fell out—hardly the type that Mrs. Keseberg had been wearing. There was jewelry too.

Coffeemeyer jerked Keseberg around and ran a swift hand through his pockets. From one he pulled out a leather money bag sagging with \$225 in gold and silver. "Where did you get all this?" he demanded.

"Id is my vife's," Keseberg asserted.

Coffeemeyer slammed him roughly into a corner and stepped outside with the men. "We'd better tell Fallon," he said.

At the Donner camp Bill Fallon listened to their story without expression. For a moment he was silent, then he said harshly, "He'll tell what he knows."

The next morning the seven men shouldered their packs and started back to the lake. When they reached Keseberg's hut they found him sitting before it tasting a soup of whose main ingredients there was not the slightest question.

"Where did you hide the money?" demanded Fallon.

Keseberg stirred the soup. "I haf no money."

Fallon's hand shot out and jarred the German's shoulder. "Keseberg, you know damned well where that Donner money is, and you're going to tell me." He turned to his men. "Hand me the rope."

Defly Fallon made a slip-knot and dangled the loop before Keseberg's face. "All right, now where'd you get the jewelry?"

Keseberg ducked his head. "I was only taking it to de people vhat owned it."

"And where's the money?"

Keseberg shrugged.

Fallon promptly "bent the rope around his neck," as he described it later. Not until the rope was drawn tight, however, and the German was gasping for breath did he indicate that he had anything to tell. Then he became evasive again, Fallon jerked the rope up and hauled Keseberg to his feet at the end of it.

"I tell, I tell," he muttered when he had loosened the noose enough to ease his throat. He led them to a scrubby tree and pointed to a spot beneath one of its downward dipping limbs. "Dig," he said, and turned back toward his hut.

The salvagers found \$273—a figure so odd they dug repeatedly around the area, convinced there must be more. There wasn't, and when they headed at last for Keseberg's hut there seemed nothing more they could do but pick out the more readily saved of the abandoned belongings. Along the path back, sticking out of a melting mound of snow, were the remains of an ox, partly consumed, but with the rest of the flesh still frozen and well preserved.

Keseberg was eating again—brains and liver, he explained, somewhat uneasily, and added, "I hope Godt vill forgiff me vhat I do—I couldn't help it."

"What was the matter with that ox out there—not good enough?" Fallon commented drily.

Somberly Keseberg nodded. "Too dry. Human lights and liver are better and human brains make goodt soup."

Fallon spat into the dish. Keseberg paused momentarily, then went on eating.

"Where's the rest of that money?" Fallon abruptly shouted.

Keseberg looked up. "You see vhat I haf, you go t'rough my t'ings, dere is nodding. Dot money in de ground, it is only from people who are deadt, whole family deadt." He spread his hands to say this was all.

That night Fallon and his men camped by the lake shore, with Keseberg's tiny fire a little above them in the center of the site.

"Does he come with us?" Coffeemeyer asked.

Fallon eyed the distant fire. "Up to him," he said. "We got no proof of murder. If he

Donner #13

THE BLOODY ORDEAL OF THE DOOMED DONNERS

well that he became a leading citizen and streets were named for him and the members of his family. He died July 24, 1874, a well-loved man.

There were 87 people in the Donner Party. Forty-seven survived. Depending on how you look at it, there were 40 too few—or one too many.—Homer Croy

wants to string along to Sutter I won't stop him. I won't stop the Sutter people if they want to swing him either."

The start was early in the morning, but as the men moved off, bent beneath their packs, they saw Keseberg hunch his belongings up on his back and prepare to follow. When they finally stopped to eat, he stopped well behind them, munching at the flesh he had brought along. Every meal it was the same, and at night

he bedded down at his own little fire. No one spoke to him.

The second day along, the party settled for a noontime meal at a spot used by one of the other relief parties, the charred embers of the old fires showing now above the snow. Keseberg found a bare rock back on the trail to sit on, and as his jaws mechanically worked his eyes roved about him, never touching on the men ahead. Suddenly Fallon saw him start up from the rock and begin to scrape away at the snow. Soon he was digging frantically, and a few minutes later the men saw him snatch up with a cry of pain the body of a young girl, her skirt thrusting out at a rigid angle.

"Must be his daughter," Fallon said. "His wife said she'd died on the way. And his boy'd gone before."

There was silence for a moment, then someone said, "Tough on the kids, but I got no sympathy for the old man."

On April 26, 1847, the group reached Fort Sutter. Lewis Keseberg was pointed out at first as the last man to leave the ghost-ridden site of the doomed Donner party. But as the word spread of how he had survived, he was reviled by everyone who saw him.

In defense he brought suit for \$1,000 against Ned Coffeemeyer, who had been most active in accusing him of murdering Tamsen Donner. The judgment, handed down immediately, was for an award of \$1—with Keseberg ordered to pay the expenses of the trial. What it meant, as everyone knew, was that there was no legal proof he had killed her.

But in the excitement of the time the surge of feeling against the man quieted. Keseberg remained at Fort Sutter for awhile, opening, with his wife, a boarding house—of all things—which did so well because of the scarceness of accommodations that he bought a hotel and soon sold that at a profit. In 1848 he went off to the gold strikes and came back so wealthy he bought both a brewery and a distillery. Two daughters were born to him, and he had everything—but respect, and friendship, and the ability to walk the streets with his head held high.

In a few years his wife died, and with her went his luck. His businesses failed and he lived miserably. His daughters both turned out to be helpless idiots, needing constant care. In later years he protested his innocence of the charges of both murder and cannibalism, and at that time he began to insist too that he had refused to give Fallon Tamsen's money because he had promised to keep it for her children and was afraid Fallon intended to steal it.

There is no record he ever gave the Donner children their money, but in 1879, when one of the girls, Eliza Donner, visited him to learn, if possible, the truth, he convinced her in an emotional scene that he was guiltless, although a historian of the time said he had collected enough evidence to convict the man of murder.

Lewis Keseberg died on September 3, 1895 at the age of 81. He was a charity patient in the local hospital, and no one knows what became of his body.

Jim Reed, the man banished from the Donner train for murder, came out the best of any of its members. His entire family escaped and he settled in San José, one of the towns in which he had tried to organize a rescue party. There he prospered so

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Keokuk Family Shared in Horrors Of Donner Pass Incident in 1846

FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1948

A little-known chapter in early Keokuk history is found in "The Overland Trail" by Jay Monaghan (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., publishers) which reveals that a Keokuk family was a member of the famous Donner party which became snowbound in the Rocky Mountains enroute to California in 1846.

The plight of this party became so desperate that some of its members resorted to cannibalism and of the 87 men, women and children who started, only 47, including the Keokuk family, survived.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Breen.

The Keokuk group was made up of Patrick and Peggy Breen, their seven children ranging in age from 14 to one year old, and a friend of the family, Patrick Dolan.

George Donner, a wealthy farmer in Sangamon county, Ill., organized the overland trip, first enlisting his brother, Jacob, 65, and another well-to-do Illinois farmer, James Reed, and his family. In addition to elaborate wagons which were described as veritable arks on wheels, they took milk and beef cattle. George Donner alone had 12 yoke of oxen to pull his wagons.

They set out from Springfield on April 16, 1846 in nine wagons which carried 32 emigrants and spent a month reaching Independence, Mo. Enroute they met a family from Quincy, Ill., the Jessy Quinn Thorntons and the Keokuk party of Breens with their three wagons which joined the Donner party for the trip to California.

Joined 70-Wagon Party.

At the jumping off point at the edge of the prairie they joined the Russell party of 70 wagons and set off on the long and arduous journey across the poorly charted plains. As was the case with most emigrant groups numbering so many persons, they argued frequently about directions and other matters and it was an inaccurate guide book written by Lansford Hastings which eventually put the Donners in the snowbound mountains.

They insisted upon taking a cut-off listed in Hastings' book and broke away from the Russell party with the Donners, Breens, and Reeds heading up the Platte river toward Fort Bridger, a route many experienced plainsmen warned them to avoid. At Fort Bridger they met the veteran Jim Bridger who distrusted written messages and neglected to tell them of a letter left by Edwin Bryant who had preceded them with a pack-horse party. Bryant had tried to follow the Hastings cut-off but had found it impossible for wagon travelers and left the message warning the Donners to make no attempt to cross the Wasatch mountains in their wagons.

Six Days Without Water.

From then on they ran into impassible canyons and mountain barriers but eventually reached the Salt Lake basin and plodded across

the alkali desert in the face of unimaginable suffering, at one time-going six days and nights without water. Along the Humbolt river they lost 100 cattle to marauding Indians, thus making paupers out of many of the travelers, but as the author says, "by luck the Keokuk Irish had lost fewest cattle to the Indians."

By October 20 they had reached the Truckee meadows with only one more mountain pass between them and the Promised Land. By that time, however, both they and their oxen were worn out but after a few days rest they set out for the pass, 50 miles away, with the Breens of

Lots of Snow at Donner Summit



Looking up Donner grade toward Donner Summit, Cal., U. S. Highway 40 resembles a snake writhing in the snow. Arrow at top points to the highway maintenance station at the summit where the snow pack is 12 feet, 10 inches deep, nearly twice the amount on the same date last year.—WIREPHOTO (AP).

Keokuk going first and the others following in two groups, the Donners last.

Blizzard Strikes.

A blizzard struck on the night of November 3, catching the Donners in the forest and the Breens about five miles ahead on Lake Truckee. The snow was now too deep to pull the wagons any farther and although some abandoned them in an attempt to make the pass on foot, they were forced to turn back.

In their camp the Donners built miserable lean-tos but the advanced group on the lake built cabins. Big game had long since left the mountains, the lake yielded no fish and the entire party realized that it faced starvation now that it had lost 100 cattle to the Indians.

Almost everyone became ill, the cabins were infested with vermin and the only animals left alive at Christmas time were two little dogs, the Breens' Towser and Mrs. Reed's Cash. All were living on hides which they prepared by singeing off the hair and boiling until a glue formed on top of the pots.

Breens Found Alive.

Relief parties battled their way over the pass from California at different times during the winter, each time finding conditions more appalling. People were dying right and left and eventually it was discovered that some of the survivors were digging up and eating the dead. As an example of the horror the relief party found a group of children sitting on a log, their faces smeared with blood and eating the partly roasted heart and liver of their father.

Although all of the Donners and many of the others died or were eaten—it was charged that a German names Klesberg did not wait for his victims to die but killed them to eat—the Breens came through alive. They were found by a rescue party in a horrifying condition at the foot of a 25 foot pit burned through the snow by their fire.

THE KEOKUK CITIZEN
FEBRUARY 29, 1924

Grandchild of Patrick Breen Is Wife of Foreign Consul



FORMER Keokuk woman, on a visit to San Francisco, met the wife of a foreign consul stationed there and during their conversation the name of the city of Keokuk was mentioned.

"I take an interest in the town of Keokuk," the official's wife said. "My grandfather was once a resident of that place."

Further conversation revealed the fact that she was the grandchild of Patrick Breen, one of the members of the ill-fated Donner party which left here April 5, 1846, for the California gold fields, and whose terrible experiences in the west is one of the romantic stories of California history.

The party was snowbound in the mountains, and many of them died of hunger and starvation near a spot

now known as Donner lake. The survivors were rescued just in the nick of time.

The woman said that her father was a six months old baby then and she denied the story told of the Donner party that they were forced to eat human flesh to exist. Patrick Breen and the baby were the only members of his family who survived.

Breen was born in Ireland and came to the United States in 1828. He left Keokuk April 5, 1846, to join the Donner party, taking his family with him, consisting of Patrick, Jr., Margaret, John, Edward, Simon, James, Peter and Isabella.

As the grandchild was educated abroad and there married to a high official, it is presumed that Patrick Breen found the gold he sought and was able to bring up his descendants in luxury.

Patrick Breen, one of the Donner Party, after which Donner Lake, Utah was named, lived 4 miles out of Keokuk. He was one time overseer of the Poor for Lee County.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. I. RICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Keokuk Had Slaves Despite Fact Iowa Was a Free State

JULY 1, 1947

Slavery once existed in pioneer Iowa, despite the fact that Iowa has generally been referred to as the "first free state in the Louisiana Purchase."

When the first white men settled in Iowaland, a few brought Negro slaves with them. Although the Missouri Compromise had prohibited slavery North of Missouri, the frontiersmen paid scant attention to such legal technicalities. Thus, Isaac R. Campbell, living on the present site of the city of Keokuk in 1834, owned a slave named John who, it was said, was saving money to buy his freedom.

Colonel Stephen W. Kearny, who came to Fort Des Moines near the

mouth of the Des Moines in 1834, had a mulatto slave woman as a family servant. She left Iowa with the Kearny family, still a slave. Dred Scott squatted on Scott county land for his master, Dr. John Emerson, while the latter served as an army surgeon at Fort Armstrong.

When the Methodists at Dubuque built the first church in Iowa in 1834, three "collared" residents, said to be slaves, contributed a total of one dollar to the historic log cabin edifice. Josiah Smart purchased two Missouri female slaves to act as servants at his Indian agency home on the Des Moines. The census of 1840 showed 172 free colored persons and 16

slaves in the territory of Iowa.

The status of the few slaves in Iowa was questioned after the creation of the territory of Iowa in 1838. When a Missouri slave owner attempted to repossess a slave named Ralph, whom he had permitted to go to Dubuque to earn money with which to purchase his freedom, the territorial supreme court declared him not a slave because Iowa did not recognize slavery. A brief editorial comment on slavery in Iowa is given by Dr. Ruth A. Gallaher in the May issue of "The Palimpsest," the monthly publication of the State Historical society of Iowa.

Record of Freeing Slave 110 Years Ago Found in Deed Book

MAY 7, 1947

What was probably the first manumission or freeing of a slave in Lee county occurred in 1837, nine years before Iowa became a state and 24 years before the Civil war, when a Negro named Jack Brown was liberated by his owner.

A record of this action has been uncovered by Ralph E. Smith in going over his photographic enlargements of the first deed book on file in the county recorder's office here.

Occurred at Montrose

Although the manumission was recorded 110 years ago, in long hand, the writing is just as legible as the day it was written, particularly when illuminated on the screen of the miniature film viewer in Smith's office.

Occurring at Fort Des Moines, Wisconsin territory, now Montrose, the liberation of the slave was formalized in these terms:

"Ft. Des Moines, W. T., Oct. 7, 1837.

"Jack, known as Jack Brown, is hereby entitled to freedom from this time and he is ever after to be regarded as a free man, day and date above written.

"Signed:
S. B. Browne."

It was recorded in July of 1838.

Registration of Negro

On the same page of the old record is an account of the registration of another freed Negro, Elizabeth Thompson, who had apparently brought her papers with her from the south and had them recorded in Keokuk as proof of her freed status.

This registration dates back to November 2, 1835, in Powhatan county but there is nothing in the book to indicate the state in which the county is located. A representation of the state seal is scrawled on the record but is not legible. The chances are, however, that it is Virginia, which has a Powhatan county. Although many of the early pioneers came from Kentucky, it does not have a county by that name.

The Record

The record reads as follows:
"Powhatan County, to-wit:

"I, William S. Dance, clerk of the county court of Powhatan aforesaid, do hereby certify that Edith Thompson, a free Negro woman, was this day registered in my office as the law directs and the following description to-wit: About the age of twenty years, black complexion, four feet eleven inches, scar on the forehead, in Powhatan county is numbered 374.

"November 2, 1835."
The recording was made by R. F. Graves, justice of the peace.

John Hay, Diplomat and Cabinet Member Lived in Warsaw in Which His Name and Fame Still Survive



In Warsaw, Ill., site of the old Indian barrier, Fort Edwards, are many reminders that John Hay, secretary to President Abraham Lincoln, member of the cabinet of President Theodore Roosevelt and minister to England was once its resident. The little old school in which Hay first learned his lessons, is now used as a home for the American Legion and the other patriotic orders.

The Hay home overlooking the river is one of the finest examples of southern architecture to be found around here. One room overlooks the broad expanse of the Mississippi and it is here that Hay is said to have written some of his best loved poems of the

great river.

He used to spend some of his vacations in Warsaw, and for years his sister, Mrs. Woolfolk, occupied the home, and told visitors to the house about the various members of the household.

It was in this house that Hay wrote the immortal poem about "Jim Bludsoe," the pilot of the "Prairie Belle," whose boat is said to have run aground on some of the islands visible from the window that overlooks the river. "For God ain't gem' to be hard on a man that's kind to men," is an oft quoted line of the poem.

The upper picture shows the old school, and the lower one is that of the old Hay home.



The Daily Enquirer.

JAMES J. FARAN AND H. H. ROBINSON,
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS. 1852

WEDNESDAY MORNING.....DECEMBER 15.

Slave Trade to Cuba.

The N. Y. *Herald* has a correspondent at Havana, who furnishes the following information in reference to the slave trade to Cuba. Few American citizens, we apprehend, are aware of the extent of this horrible traffic in the Spanish possessions in our neighborhood. If Cuba were annexed to the United States this traffic would instantly cease, and the condition of the slaves now on the Island be greatly ameliorated:

The following list of disembarkations of negroes from the coast of Africa, which have been effected with the knowledge of the authorities in this island within the last few months, I have from an undoubted source, being from a person who was formerly largely interested in the traffic. I have the names of all the parties concerned in these rascally transactions, the estates upon which the negroes were placed, the principal purchasers, aye, even to the very sums which were paid and received for winking at the business; but as all this more seriously concerns the British Anti-Slavery Society, I will forward this latter information to them, with a Yankee's notion on Cuban slave trade:

400 slaves were landed at Ensenada de Cochinos, near Trinidad.
560 .. at Camirioca, } on the south coast of Cuba, in
670 .. at Slovia Morina, } the early part of the year.
106 .. at Santa Cruz.
500 .. at Cayo Frances, near Cardenas, } June, 1852.
640 .. at Ortigoso, near Mariel, } July 16.
450 .. at Rio Zarza (Trinidad), } September 14.
450 .. at Ortigoso, } September 26.
200 .. at Cayanas, near Bahia Honda, } about two weeks
ago, the Spanish war steamer *Isabel* being in sight during
the whole time the negroes were being landed from a small
Spanish brig.

You must not suppose that those enumerated are all the slaves which have been imported within the last few months into this island—by no means.—There have been a great many others, the exact points of disembarkation, numbers and names of the vessels which brought them, I have been unable to ascertain, but surely the above correct statement of those I do know all about, is sufficient to convince you of the thriving state which, under General Canedo, the horrible traffic in slaves is carried on with the Island of Cuba.

WASHINGTON.

“Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.”

THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1854.

NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

\$300 REWARD.—I will give the above reward for the recovery of my negro man HAMILTON, who made his escape from the steamer Royal Arch at Cincinnati, Ohio, on Saturday, the 11th instant. Said Hamilton is 21 years old, 5 feet 10 or 11 inches high, copper color, with a bushy head of hair, very long and black eyelashes; is quite intelligent, and is in the habit of casting his eyes down upon being spoken to; has lately been engaged as a waiter in a hotel.

The above reward will be paid for him if lodged in any jail in Kentucky or Virginia, so that I may get him again.

My address is Sangster's Station, Fairfax county, Va.
mar 18—law3mcp C. F. FORD, Jr.

\$100 REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, living near Bealeton, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, Fauquier county, Virginia, on the 1st of March, 1854, a negro man named Tom, about 25 or 26 years of age, and about five feet ten or eleven inches high, well-made, walks erect, but a little knock-kneed, of a rather tawny complexion, with a space between his front teeth and a scar on his face near his mouth, occasioned probably by a burn. He had on a low-crowned glazed hat, a good deal worn, and other clothing not recollected.

Tom is an artful fellow, and I have no doubt is making his way to the North, I think by Washington or Georgetown, and will cross at one of the bridges leading to those places.

I will give \$25 if taken in the county, \$50 if taken out of the county and in the State of Virginia, and the above reward of \$100 if taken out of the State. In either case to be secured in jail so that I can get him again, or delivered to me.

mar 4—eo3wep Bealeton, Fauquier county, Va.

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"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Lincoln Day Tomorrow Recalls Letters Written To Keokukians

DAILY GATE CITY

116th Anniversary of the
First Martyr President
of the United States
Will be Observed.

WED., FEB. 11, 1925

Tomorrow will be the 116th birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln, the first martyr president of the United States, and America's man of sorrows through the great Civil war. Flags will deck Keokuk buildings tomorrow in his memory, and in the schools there will be mention of the Great Emancipator.

Although President Lincoln in his lifetime did not visit Keokuk, personal letters to Keokuk people are contained in the collections of his papers and letters which have been made in many of the states. One of his letters has been the treasured property of the Blood family in Keokuk for years, and was given to the late Col. Blood on the Gettysburg field, in the form of an order for a horse.

In 1863, Lincoln wrote to Mother Mary Gonyeag of the Academy of the Visitation, with reference to a raffle which was to be sponsored by the academy. Some of the Keokuk Civil war veterans, especially those who happened to take part in the review on Pennsylvania Avenue at the close of the war remember seeing Lincoln.

Letter to Taylor.

Probably one of the most interesting sidelights on Lincoln's personal history is found in the letter to Hawkins Taylor of Keokuk

written in 1859, when Lincoln admits that his funds are too low to permit of his visiting Keokuk. He was evidently expected to have come here to attend a session of U. S. court. This letter which is preserved by the state historical society is as follows:

"Springfield, Ills.,

Sept. 11, 1859.

"Hawkins Taylor, Esq.

"My Dear Sir: Yours of the third is just received. There is some mistake about my expected attendance of the U. S. Court in your city on the 3rd Tuesday of this month—I have had no thought of being there—it is bad to be poor—I shall go to the wall for bread and meat if I neglect my business this year as well as last—It would please me to see the city and good people of Keokuk, but for the year it is less than an impossibility—I am constantly receiving invitations which I am compelled to decline—I am pressing urged to go to Minnesota; and I now have two invitations to go to Ohio—These are prompted by Douglas' going there; and I am really tempted to make a flying trip to Columbus and Cincinnati.

"I do hope you will have no serious troubles in Iowa—What thinks Grimes about it? I have not known him to be mistaken about an election in Iowa—Present my respects to Col. Carter and any other friends; and believe me

"Yours Truly
"A. Lincoln."

GATE CITY AND CONSTITUTION-DEMOCRAT

If He'd Had More Money— FEB. 11, 1948

Abraham Lincoln Might Have Visited Keokuk During 1859

If Abraham Lincoln had not been a poor man in 1859, he probably would have visited Keokuk, and given this city an opportunity, like Carthage and Quincy, to localize the celebration of his birthday tomorrow.

In 1859, the year after Lincoln's defeat by Stephen A. Douglas for the senate, he was invited to come to Keokuk for a session of the federal court which was meeting in September.

Wrote to Keokuk Man.

It would have pleased him very much to come to Keokuk, he wrote in a letter to Hawkins Taylor, former mayor of the city and a political power in the state, but said that he was too poor to travel about as he liked and "would go to the wall for his bread and meat" if he continued to neglect his law practice in Springfield.

Written from Springfield on September 6, 1859, to Mr. Taylor, Lincoln's letter follows:

Lincoln's Letter.

"Yours of the third is just received. There is some mistake about my expected attendance of the U. S. court in your city on the 3rd Tuesday of this month. I have had no thought of being there. It is bad to be poor. I shall go to the wall for bread and meat, if I neglect my business this year as well as

last. It would please me much to see the city and good people of Keokuk, but for this year it is less than an impossibility. I am constantly receiving invitations which I am compelled to decline. I was pressing urged to go to Minnesota, and now I have two invitations to go to Ohio. These last are prompted by Douglas going there; and I am really tempted to make a flying trip to Columbus and Cincinnati.

"I do hope you will have no serious trouble in Iowa. What thinks Grimes about it? I have not known him to be mistaken about an election in Iowa. Present my respects to Col. Carter and any other friends and believe me

"Yours truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

Interested in Iowa Election.

Lincoln was just coming into prominence as a national figure at this time and the letter discloses the interest he had in the Iowa election in which Samuel J. Kirkwood was to succeed Ralph P. Lowe of Keokuk as governor. James W. Grimes of whom he speaks had completed his two terms as governor.

His correspondent, Hawkins Taylor, was to become one of his staunchest political supporters in 1860 and was a delegate to the republican national convention in Chicago which nominated Lincoln for the presidency.

A contractor, Taylor operated a brick yard from which the materials for the old Estes House came and he built a block of buildings known as Mechanic's Block on Main between Eighth and Ninth. Born in Kentucky, he came to Lee county in 1811, locating at West Point and served in the first territorial legislature of 1833. He served as mayor of Keokuk in 1857.

Another Letter.

Historians also have another letter from Lincoln to Taylor, written from Springfield April 21, 1860. It reads:

"Yours of the 15th just received. It surprises me that you have written twice, without receiving an answer. I have answered all I have ever received from you, and certainly one since my return from the east.

"Opinions here, as to the prospect of Douglas being nominated, are quite conflicting—some very confident he will, and others that he will not be. I think his nomination possible but that the chances are against him.

"I am glad there is a prospect of your party passing this way to Chicago. Wishing to make your visit here as pleasant as we can, we wish you to notify us as soon as possible whether you come this way, how many, and when you will arrive.

"Yours very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

Wrote to Sisters of Charity.

During the Civil war President Lincoln also took time to write to the Sisters of Charity in Keokuk with reference to an entertainment they were conducting and at another time during the war secured from Col. H. B. Blood, who was in charge of army supplies, a horse for use in inspecting the battlefield of Gettysburg.

JUNE 22, 1948

Keokuk Man Helped Nomination Of Lincoln in Convention of '60

Two Keokuk men, J. W. Rankin and James B. Howell, helped nominate Abraham Lincoln at the Republican National convention in Chicago during the summer of 1860, an account of the convention by the State Historical Society of Iowa reveals.

Rankin, grandfather of John R. Irwin, attended the convention as a delegate and Howell, publisher of The Gate City, was among several other prominent Iowans who played an important if unofficial part in the convention. These included Fitz Henry Warren of Burlington, James Weaver of Bloomfield and Governor Kirkwood of Iowa City.

The prophecy of Horace Greeley had come true. "As it is in Iowa, so it will be elsewhere." At first, there had been confusion and indecision—there was a faltering between two opinions both in Iowa and across the nation. In the end, there was unity in the Iowa delegation and there was sufficient unity everywhere to secure a nomination. Moreover, the unexpected had happened. The emerging successful candidate was Lincoln.

Seward Favored.

When the convention opened public sentiment very generally seemed to be in favor of Seward. Lincoln's own delegation from Illinois, it is said, embraced one-third of "positive" Seward men. They were instructed for Lincoln with no hope of his nomination at the time. Other candidates for nomination included Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Edward Bates of Missouri, and John McLean of Ohio.

Three months before the convention convened Horace Greeley had said: "As it is in Iowa, so it will be elsewhere." This proved to be true.

Look to Iowa.

When Iowa was called on the first ballot, "the immense throng in the Wigwam was in a state of intense expectancy." William H. Seward had received 147½ votes—not as many as had been expected. Abraham Lincoln had 100 votes—more than twice as many as any of his competitors. It was a great moment in American history. The votes of the Hawkeyes, though few, were important, for Iowa was known to be in the doubtful column. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, but the Iowa delegation faltered. William Penn Clarke, a lawyer and leader of Iowa City, whose fame exceeded the borders of the state, arose as chairman to announce the vote. But the vote was not unanimous. There was great confusion. "He essayed to speak, but not a word was forthcoming. His effort was obvious but vain. . . . Perceiving that utterance would be futile or painful, a delegate came to his relief and announced that Iowa gave one vote each to Edward Bates of Missouri, Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Simon P. Chase and John McLean, both of Ohio, two votes to Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and two votes to William H. Seward of New York."

Five for Lincoln.

On the second ballot the vote of Iowa was: Lincoln 5, Seward 2, Chase ½, McLean ½.

On the third ballot the Iowa vote at first was: Seward 2, Chase ½, Lincoln 5½.

Before the results were announced by the chairman, however, there was a land slide for Lincoln. Meanwhile the Iowa delegation became unified and cast its eight votes for Lincoln.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL
KEOKUK, IOWA

Handwritten Autobiography of Lincoln Dated in 1859 Shown in Unitarian Church

MONDAY, FEB. 15, 1932

The hand written 500 word autobiography of Abraham Lincoln, written in December of 1859 for Judge Jesse Fell, and now in the custody of the Rev. Robert D. Richardson and his mother, Mrs. Harriet F. Richardson was exhibited to the congregation of the First Unitarian church yesterday morning, when the Rev. Mr. Richardson spoke on the "Religion of Abraham Lincoln." In addition to the autobiography the pastor read a deposition on Lincoln's religion, made by his great grandfather, Mr. Fell, and also exhibited three letters written about 1860 with reference to the candidacy of the Illinoisan for president.

The autobiography was written by Lincoln at the request of Mr. Fell for material to present to eastern republicans in support of the candidacy of Mr. Lincoln for the nomination to the presidency. Once refused, Mr. Fell later was rewarded by Lincoln's penning the story of his life. At the time of his refusal he declared he could not hope to be nominated. A year later he changed his mind and the autobiography which was placed under glass was exhibited to the congregation and many visitors yesterday morning.

Reading from the deposition of Jesse W. Fell who "had the opportunity of knowing Mr. Lincoln intimately," as the deposition asserts, the Rev. Mr. Richardson pointed out some of the religious trait of Lincoln as his great grandfather set them down. This was written about 1872, and is in some ways in direct variance to the biographers of Lincoln at that time.

Truth and Candor.

"If there were any traits of character that stood out in bold relief in the person of Mr. Lincoln they were those of truth and candor," says the deposition. "He was utterly incapable of insincerity or professing views on this or any other subject he did not entertain. Knowing such to be his true character, that insincerity, much more duplicity, were traits wholly foreign to his nature, many of his friends were not a little surprised at finding in some of the biographies of this great man statements concerning his religious opinions so utterly at variance with his known sentiments. . . . Mr. Lincoln seldom communicated to any one his views on this subject. But, be this as it may, I have no hesitation whatever in saying that whilst he held many opinions in common with the great mass of Christian believers, he did not believe in what are regarded as the orthodox or evangelical views of Christianity. . . . His religious views were eminently practical and are summed up in these propositions 'the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.'"

The deposition covered four pages, and went into some detail

on the matter of Lincoln's beliefs.

The Autobiography.

The autobiography which was presented yesterday is the following:

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia of undistinguished families, second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and other in Macon counties, Ill.

My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham county, Va., to Kentucky, about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest.

His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks county, Penn. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name, ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names of both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham and the like.

Moves To Kentucky.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer county, Ind., in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up.

There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teach beyond "readin', writin' and cipherin'" to the rule of three.

If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard—there was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education, of course. When I came of age I did not know much—still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all—I have not been to school since—the little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity—I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was 22.

Comes To Illinois.

At 21 I came to Illinois and passed the first year in Illinois—Macon county. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard county, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk war and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than

any I have had since. I went into the campaign, was elected, ran for the legislature the same year (1832) and was beaten. Only time I have ever been beaten by the people. The next three succeeding biennial elections I was elected into the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward.

During this legislation period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1841 I was once elected to the lower house of congress—was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law now more assiduously than ever before—always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am in height six feet four inches, nearly, lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, 180 pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes—no other marks or brands recollected.

Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN.

DAILY GATE CITY

FAMOUS LINCOLN DOCUMENT WILL BE SHOWN HERE

FEB. 10, 1932

Autobiography of President
Written in 1859, Will be
Exhibited at First Uni-
tarian Church Sun-
day Morning.

Abraham Lincoln's autobiography approximately 150 words long, written in 1859, will be shown at the First Unitarian church Sunday when the Rev. Robert Dale Richardson, pastor of the church preaches on the subject, "The Religion of Abraham Lincoln." It is the hope of the pastor that Lincoln students and any persons interested in seeing this brief document which was written at the request of the great grandfather of the Rev. Mr. Richardson, Jesse W. Fell, of Bloomington, Ill., will avail themselves of the opportunity to see this document, which has been in the family for many years, and which will be given to the nation.

Besides this autobiography, the Rev. Mr. Richardson will exhibit a number of pieces of personal correspondence which passed between his great grandfather and Colonel Lewis, of Westchester, Pa., who was prominent in swinging the East into line for the western

railsplitter in the campaign of 1860 when Lincoln was nominated and elected president. The autobiography was written in response to Mr. Fell's request to Lincoln that such be produced. It has been in possession of the family for years and will soon be presented to the nation to be kept with other great national documents.

How It Was Written.

Jesse W. Fell, the great grandfather of the Rev. Mr. Richardson, was a prominent citizen of Bloomington, Ill., during the days prior to the Civil war. Giving the story of the Lincoln autobiography in 1872, Mr. Fell wrote that in the fall of 1858, during the Lincoln-Douglas debates, he had occasion to visit the middle and eastern states and was frequently appealed to for information in reference to Mr. Lincoln. He furnished such facts as he had at hand, and felt that from interest being shown Lincoln could be made a presidential possibility in 1860. So Mr. Fell approached Lincoln as he came from the court house one evening after the senatorial contest had closed. He asked Lincoln to go with him to his brother, K. H. Fell's office, which was over what in 1872 was the Home Bank.

As the two men sat there Mr. Fell unfolded to Mr. Lincoln his idea that if he were sufficiently brought to the attention of the people he could be made a candidate for the presidency. After some discussion Mr. Lincoln closed the interview, saying:

Lincoln Vetoes Idea.

"Fell, I admit the force of much that you say and admit that I am ambitious, would like to be President; I am not insensible to the compliment you pay me and the interest you manifest in the matter, but there is no such good luck in store for me as the Presidency of these United States; besides there is nothing in my early history that would interest you or anybody else, and as Judge Davis says, 'it won't pay'."

Thus ended Mr. Fell's idea for the time at least, of helping to make Lincoln President. "I notified him however," he writes, "as has giant form wrapped in a dilapidated shawl disappeared in the darkness, that this was not the last of it, that the fact must come."

The Paper Is Written.

The next year Mr. Fell was engaged as corresponding secretary of the Republican state central committee in traveling over the state and in planning for the coming campaign. He found a great sentiment for Lincoln crystalizing and was able to convince Lincoln that such a document as he had asked for would "pay." The result was that Mr. Fell induced Lincoln to place in his hands this "eminently characteristic paper" as he describes the autobiography. He made such notes as he saw fit and forwarded the papers to Col. Joseph J. Lewis, of Westchester, Pa.

Based on the Lincoln paper and notes by Mr. Fell, Lewis wrote a biographical sketch and notice of Lincoln's public services which was widely circulated in Pennsylvania, Illinois and the whole country. The morning after the nomination of Lincoln in Chicago, the press of that city reproduced the

Lewis contribution "Who Is Lincoln."

It is this autobiography which was the basis for this sketch that the Rev. Mr. Richardson will give Keokuk people an opportunity to see at his church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

DAILY GATE CITY

**KANSAN FINDS
KEOKUK "EXTRA"
ABOUT LINCOLN**

FEB. 11, 1932

Gate City's Story of Assassination of President Who Was Born 123 Years Ago Tomorrow is Discovered Recently.

A copy of the "extra" issued by The Gate City upon the assassination of Lincoln has been found in Pratt, Kansas. The Pratt Daily Tribune devotes considerable comment to the old paper. The clipping was sent to the roommate of Carroll Taber, Jr., who is attending Culver Military Academy and he sent it to his father.

The story of the finding of the old paper is the following, and is of interest in view of the fact that tomorrow will be the 123rd anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln:

In these days when Wichita newspapers put out "extras" every time a Japanese shell explodes, it is a pleasure to view an extra that was an extra. G. C. Phillips, widely known Rock Island conductor, was rummaging around in some of his father's effects the other day and among a number of interesting things found a copy of an "extra" published by the Keokuk, Iowa, "Gate City." It is now only a tattered strip of paper, ten inches long and three wide, but what a startling tale that little extra told. It was published early in the morning of April 15, 1865, and its headlines set in about the same size of type that appears on the Tribune's top headlines, proclaimed this fact: "Lincoln and Seward Assassinated!" And here is the story which followed:

"Chicago, April 15—President Lincoln was assassinated last night while at Ford's theater. He was shot through the head and died this morning. Seward was also assassinated and his throat cut by a desperado who cut down Fred Seward, his son, nephew and two nurses before reaching the secretary's bed. At last accounts he was still alive.

Later.

Later accounts say Seward is dying.
Flag at half-mast in Chicago.

OFFICIAL DISPATCH
War Department, Wash. 15

To Maj. Gen. Dix:
Abraham Lincoln died this morning at 22 minutes after 7 o'clock.

(Signed) E. M. Stanton,
Secretary of War.

If Wichita newspapers use type and headlines now that cover half a page in telling that 300 U. S. marines landed in Shanghai they wouldn't have type big enough for the news story that the Keokuk Daily Gate City handled.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA



The Lincoln cabin, a restoration on original site.

KNOB CREEK CABIN

Lincoln First Recalled Home in Kentucky Wilds

By Laura Fenner

Written for Central Press
"My earliest recollection is of Knob Creek," Abraham Lincoln once said when asked about his childhood in Kentucky. The Knob Creek Lincoln farm, named for the stream which flowed through it, is about nine miles from his birthplace near Hodgenville.

He had no remembrance of his birthplace as he was but a little more than two years old when the family moved to Knob Creek, and he was not quite eight when his father again moved his family, this time to Indiana. However, Lincoln's memories were legion of those few years between. They were filled with the rugged activities of a pioneer boy who early learned the ways of the wilderness.

His cousin Dennis Hanks took him on fishing excursions and sometimes they hunted ground-hogs, or they just tramped through the forest learning many things.

Planting Episode

A happening Lincoln well-remembered and loved to tell his own boys, who led an entirely different life than did their father in his youth, was about the corn and pumpkin planting episode. The corn was

dropped by hand in the rows and covered with earth by a hoe.

Abe's job was to plant the pumpkin seeds in every other hill in every other row. At the end of a hard day's work a torrent of rain washed down from the hills and swept corn and pumpkin seeds away.

Lincoln never forgot the time he was attempting to "coon" across Knob creek on a log. He was about seven at the time. He lost his balance in mid-stream and fell into the water.

Abe's chum, Austin Gollaher, with great difficulty rescued him by means of a long pole which he held out toward the struggling boy. Abe clutched it and was drawn to safety. Undoubtedly Austin saved the life of the future President.

There were no public schools in Kentucky until 1831, and backwoods areas like Knob Creek had few educational advantages. Lincoln's mother taught him and his sister Sarah to read and write.

Attended School

Then came one Zachariah Riney who announced he was opening a school in an unused cabin, and for a small fee would teach all who came. Although the Lincolns were very poor they managed to send

their children for the few weeks the school was in session.

However, the teacher's education included only reading and writing, so it is doubtful if the Lincoln youngsters learned more than what their mother had taught them.

Later, Caleb Hazel conducted classes for a short time. He taught other subjects, including arithmetic. The school was four miles away and Sarah and Abe with their tattered speller and lunch of cornbread tramped the long distance each day.

The Knob Creek farm is the only Lincoln home now privately owned. The original 228-acre tract is a part of the thousand-acre farm of Chester Howard. Abe's father, Thomas, never succeeded in getting more than very few acres under cultivation.

The original cabin home was torn down in 1870 by Robert Thompson, who used the logs for firewood.

Cabin Restored

In 1931 Howard had the cabin restored under the direction of the man who took down the original one.

Logs used were taken from the Austin Gollaher cabin, which stood "up the hollow" behind the Lincoln home. It is furnished in the manner of the pioneer cabins of that time.

It is still quite woodsy around the cabin. It is not difficult, in imagination, to see the boy Abe at play and work for surely every bit of ground around that home was touched by his bare feet.

Lincoln Gave Our Nation Moral Fiber

By George E. Sokolsky

It would seem to me, after all that has happened to the United States since Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, that the partialities of area and the prejudices of geography would have disappeared. But it is not so. If anything, sectionalism is being intensified, possibly as a reaction to the increased power and authority of the federal government.

Of all our presidents, Abraham Lincoln stands out boldly as our greatest in mind and spirit. He can no longer be claimed by any political party because his intellectual guidance was universal and what he sought to give his nation was

a moral basis for political existence. And it is a curious fact of history that nations which are not founded on a system of morality do not survive periods of great stress, particularly periods of external pressure.

Carlyle, writing on Burns, makes this point:

"... We hope there is a patriotism founded on something better than prejudice; that our country may be dear to us, without injury to our philosophy; that in loving and justly prizing all other lands, we may prize justly, and yet love before all others, our own stern motherland, and the venerable structure of social and moral life, which mind has through long ages been building up for us there..."

Unfortunately in the terrific speed of our material advances, we have only too often forgotten that no nation can live by things alone, by its vast stockpiles alone, because at the moment of stress, there must be a moral force that sustains an entire people and holds them together. Simply stated, there must be a reason for continuing to exist as a people, separate, distinct, different and very proud of its achievements.

We have witnessed a decay from the stability of life after World War I, speeded up and accelerated during and after World War II. But today, in most countries, including our own, the trend toward stabilization is not only obvious but visible. We are on the verge of a moral resurrection.

Abraham Lincoln's problems were not as much political as they were moral. His most profound writings were moral. The two most quoted and therefore best known, "The Gettysburg Address" and the "Second Inaugural," are moral documents breathing the spirit of equity and justice and at no point containing one word of hate. Lincoln was incapable of hate.

It is significant that we celebrate the birthdays of only two of our numerous presidents, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Washington fought to make us a free people and he laid down the pattern for our personality as a nation; Lincoln bound the wounds of dissension and disbelief together and therefore preserved us a nation. But mere preservation would have been insufficient to carry us through difficult years and these past three wars. We needed some-

thing more. We needed a doctrine of Americanism. Somehow, despite the efforts of many to debunk our creed and to laugh at patriotism, we have survived all their diversions and again we are standing solidly together, not on a political but on a moral basis.

We believe in human liberty. We accept that doctrine as a grace of God and therefore permanent, cangeless, constant.

We reject slavery. We reject the power of the state to restrict the freedom of the individual. We have for several years struggled over the various expediencies which have made it easier for us to get along with those peoples who have restored slavery, or secondhand citizenship, or the supreme power of the state over the individual.

But on that now the American people are united. Slavery is intolerable because it is immoral; and the state has no greater moral right to enslave the individual than has another person. On that moral issue we are now basing all our policies and relationships.

It is on that moral issue that Abraham Lincoln stood as president.

OLD ABE IN WASHINGTON

Capital Has Reminders Of Lincoln's Guidance

By David and Deane Heller
Central Press Writers

WASHINGTON — Old Abe Lincoln is not dead in the nation's capital. The magnificent personality of the Great Emancipator still makes its impact upon those who live and work in Washington.

There are constant reminders of the lean, lanky man from Illinois who was born in a log cabin, studied law at night by the light of a fireplace, and who rose to be the President and preserver of his country.

It is easy to name the more obvious Lincoln landmarks: the Lincoln memorial, which attracts more visitors to the nation's capital than any other single thing in the city; the Lincoln museum; the house where Lincoln died. There are also many others less apparent to the eye.

Some of these are statues: the classic Borglum head of Lincoln in the Capital of the United States; Lincoln statues in Judiciary square, in Lincoln park, and the "Rail Splitter" statue in the Department of the Interior building. The nation's capital is filled with lesser monuments to the Great Rail Splitter, too.

There are other, more human, reminders of our martyred President. The New York Avenue Presbyterian church, for example, still glories in being called "Lincoln's Church." It reserves a place of honor for the Lincoln pew—the same pew which the wartime President often occupied during the dark days of the Civil war as he sought relief from the crushing burdens heaped upon him.

Original Documents

Lincoln's state papers are all in Washington, too—at the National archives and the Library of Congress. Among them the great documents, immortal documents: the Emancipation Proclamation, the Gettysburg Address, the original printer's copy of the Lincoln-Douglas debates and many other items of great interest.

The Library of Congress is custodian of the world's largest collection of Lincolniana.

Its collections contain literally hundreds of thousands of items which shed light on Lincoln's character and times.

Consider just a single one of these items: a blood-stained playbill of Our American Cousin. It is believed to be the one held in Lincoln's hand the night he was shot by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's theater (now the Lincoln museum).

The playbill an authentic one, is deeply stained with blood. Whether or not the blood is Lincoln's can never be finally determined, but the Library of Congress sent it to the scientific crime laboratories of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

After examination, the FBI reported that it is definitely human blood. Further identification is impossible, but it is probable that it was shed by our 16th President.

The prints and photographs division of the Library of Congress has thousands of prints and pictures, many rare or unique, which trace the life of Lincoln.

However, probably the greatest tribute to the enduring appeal of Lincoln's personality to be found in Washington is the Lincoln club of the District of Columbia.

When more than 250 persons of culture and education meet regularly to study a man's life more than 90 years after his death, you can mark it down that there is much of real value in such a study.

Lincoln Club Meets

Col. Randall Truett, director of the Lincoln museum, is president of Washington's Lincoln club. The group holds about six formal meetings a year, and informal gatherings several times additionally, according to its vice president, Percy Powell, of the staff of the Manuscripts division of the Library of Congress.

"We usually hold several meetings about the time of Lincoln's birthday," Powell says. Other meetings are held on the anniversary of the Gettysburg Address, on the anniversary of Lincoln's death, and at times when noted Lincoln scholars come to Washington.

"We also hold a September meeting at the Soldiers' home, commemorating the time when it was the temporary White House during the Civil war."

Dues in the Lincoln club are only a nominal \$1 a year and membership is open to all interested persons, Powell adds.

"We often have famous Lincoln scholars speak to us," he declares. "They all have come here at some time or other because Washington is Mecca for Lincoln scholars."

Gate City Keokuk, Iowa
SATURDAY, FEB. 11, 1956

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Lincoln Owned Iowa Soldier-Grant Land

By Pearl Gordon Vestal

Not many Iowans know that Iowa has a right to also be called "Land of Lincoln" because The Great Emancipator actually owned land at Tama. It was granted to him as a result of his military service when a young man.

Perhaps Illinois or even Kentucky might have a more legitimate claim due to the fact Lincoln lived in both these states, especially in Illinois. He actually never visited his Iowa land and at his death it was sold to Iowans.

Indian Fighter

Indians, led by Chief Blackhawk, had an accumulation of grievances which led them to take the warpath, back in 1832. The brief campaign of that spring was conducted mostly in northern Illinois, with some skirmishes running across the line into Wisconsin.

Abraham Lincoln, the future President, then a young man and not at the moment tied up with a job, volunteered for service and made several short enlistments, going to the front at times as a private soldier, and for one stretch of soldiering elected as Captain by the men he led. His total time came to 80 days. He came out of it safe and sound and with a small compensation.

Now we learn why and how Iowa became a land of Lincoln. A grateful government, during the 1850's, gave warrants as rewards to the soldiers of the Black Hawk War in 1832. Abraham Lincoln received, as his share, two tracts of Iowa soil as "bounty lands."

The first tract, 40 acres, was located for him by Clifton H. Moore, a partner of Judge Davis of Illinois. It was located in Tama county, Iowa, about 14 miles northwest of Toledo, the county seat.

In 1867, says Dr. Harry Pratt, Illinois state historian, Mr. Moore wrote to the then deceased president's eldest son, Robert Lincoln: "In 1854 I entered for your father 40 acres, the N. W. 1/4 of the S. W. 1/4 Sec. 20, T. 84, R. 15 West in Tama county, Iowa, and have paid the taxes on it ever since.

but am now instructed to turn it over to you by Judge Davis. The land is now worth \$10 per acre cash, or \$12, 1/4 down bal in 1, 2, 3 years 6 pr ct . . . It is improved all around it . . . "The tax on the land, Or. Pratt states, had been but \$1.60, in 1858, and \$2.90 in 1859."

Says our Illinois historian, in his interesting book, "The Personal Finances of Abraham Lincoln," "The President having died without a will, this land descended in undivided interests of one-third each to Mrs. Lincoln and her sons Robert and Thomas. On April 6, 1874, for a consideration of \$100, Mrs. Lincoln executed a quitclaim deed of her interest in the Tama County land to her son Robert. On Dec. 1, 1874, Robert T. Lincoln and his wife, Mary Harlan Lincoln, executed their warranty deed to Adam Brecht for a consideration of \$500. Incidentally, this younger Mary Lincoln was a daughter of a famous Iowa, James Harlan, who held many state and several national offices of importance, including several University presidencies, national Senatorship and the post of Secretary of the Interior.

Second Grant

Lincoln, for his second military bounty land gift, received a warrant for 120 acres in Iowa. This he located in Crawford county, about 8 miles east of Dennison. Dr. Pratt says that the Denison chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has "placed a two-ton boulder at the corner of the land, a copper plate upon which bears this inscription, 'Land grant made to Abraham Lincoln for services rendered in the Black Hawk War, 1832'."

It is believed that Abraham Lincoln never visited his Iowa farm lands and that he received no income from them. Judge Davis, who administered the Lincoln estate, recorded no income from these lands in 1865-1868. "Possession of the land, however, was a source of gratification to Lincoln," Dr. Pratt wrote. "He made fun of the Black Hawk

War and the part he played in it, but underneath his raillery lay a vein of pride. When Congress voted the bounty to volunteers he was pleased, and after he had located his first warrant, he remarked to Hurdson that he would die siezed of the land. The hidden future bore out his prediction."

Land of Note

Obtained in an entirely different way were the smaller tracts Mr. Lincoln owned in far western Iowa. In 1857 Norman B. Judd, an attorney for the Rock Island R. R., borrowed money from Lincoln, giving an interest bearing note. The debt was renewed and then protected by a mortgage on this real estate Judd had bought in Iowa.

In 1859 Lincoln visited Council Bluffs and inspected the tracts and on Nev. 10 of that year Judd gave Lincoln a quitclaim deed, "which, though absolute in its terms, was to operate as a mortgage to 17 lots in Riddle's subdivision in Council Bluffs and to 10 acres along the right of way of the Mississippi and Missouri R. R. . . . Judd repaid the loan after it had run 8 years, the principal and interest amounted to \$5400.

Quitclaim deeds to the Council Bluffs property were signed by Mary Lincoln on Aug. 10, 1867, and 10 days later by Robert T. Lincoln. On Feb. 8, 1868, Morris P. Brewer, commissioner, executed a conveyance from Thomas (Tad) Lincoln to Judd."

Lincoln declined request to visit Keokuk during '59

SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1959

"It would please me to see the city and good people of Keokuk, but for this year it is little less than an impossibility," said Abraham Lincoln in a letter to Hawkins Taylor of Keokuk, in 1859.

By way of explaining his inability to come he wrote: "It is bad to be poor . . . I shall go to the wall for bread and meat if I neglect my business this year as well as last . . ."

Abe Lincoln was very familiar with the state of Iowa, if not so familiar with the city of Keokuk. At one time he was a landowner in Iowa, having received three land warrants for service in the Black Hawk War. He selected two of the three in Iowa, showing what he thought of the future of the territory, according to Dr. William Peterson of the Iowa Historical society.

In Tama county

The first Iowa land allotted him was a 40-acre tract in Tama county, 14 miles northwest of Toledo. When Lincoln acquired it, it was improved land, worth \$10 an acre, and the taxes were only \$1.60 in 1858.

After Lincoln's death this property was sold by his heirs, as was his other warrant, a 120-acre tract in Crawford county, eight miles northwest of Denison. In 1923, the Denison chapter of the DAR erected a boulder and copper plate on this land as a reminder that it was once owned by Lincoln.

In addition to his two military land warrants, he acquired certain lots and small parcels of land in and near Council Bluffs from Norman B. Judd in 1859. These lots were reconveyed to Judd by the Lincoln heirs upon his death, in 1867.

Two Iowa speeches

Lincoln also made two known speeches in Iowa, the better of which was one delivered in Burlington during the course of the famous Lincoln-Douglass debates.

Clark Dunlap, editor of the Burlington Hawkeye and an ardent Lincoln admirer, made the following comment on Lincoln's speech:

"Grimes' hall was filled to its full capacity . . . So great is the sympathy felt here . . . and so high is the opinion . . . of Mr. Lincoln as a speaker that a very short notice brought together from 12 to 15 hundred ladies and gentlemen.

"High, however, as was the public expectation, and much as was anticipated, he, in his address of two hours, fully came up to the standard that had been erected."

In Council Bluffs

The other speech made by Lincoln in Iowa was in Council Bluffs on the occasion of his trip west in 1859. Even though it was unscheduled, it attracted a good crowd, and elicited conflicting reactions from various editors.

Lincoln's feeling for Iowa was returned in full measure during the Civil War, when half of the able-bodied men in Iowa answered the call to Union Blue. It represented a greater segment of the popula-

tion than had gone to either World War I or World War II.

And not only on the battlefield, but in the ballot box did Iowans support Honest Abe: during the presidential campaign of 1860, he received 54.8 per cent of the total number of votes. In 1864, Iowans gave him even stronger support, with 89,075 out of 138,671 votes going to him, or 64.2 per cent of the total.

Keokuk appointee

If Iowans admired and supported Lincoln, the President was not less mindful of them, for he appointed James Harlan of Mount Pleasant as his Secretary of the Interior and named Samuel Freeman Miller of Keokuk to the Supreme Court. He also invited Annie Turner Wittenmyer of Keokuk to the White House, and together they laid the foundations of the Diet Kitchens that saved many a soldier's life during the Civil War.

His only surviving son, Robert Todd Lincoln, married the daughter of James Harlan, and the Harlan-Lincoln home at Mt. Pleasant is still standing, one of Iowa's most prized possessions.



This rare photograph is of Lincoln and his son Tad. It is in Library of Congress files.

Lincoln Letters to Keokuk Man Shown in Des Moines

FEB. 10, 1940

In a specially arranged "Lincoln's Birthday" show case at the state historical building in Des Moines are two extremely valuable letters, written by President Lincoln to a Keokuk man, Hawkins Taylor Esq., a widely known politician of the Whig and Republican eras.

These and other letters, one of them just discovered a few months ago, and a shawl once worn by Mrs. Lincoln are included in the case which is expected to attract much attention this weekend and Monday, Lincoln's birthday.

Through all of the letters runs Lincoln's strong feeling for the Union cause and they also show his shrewdness as a politician.

Lincoln to Taylor

One of these pre-presidential messages, written September 1, 1859, and mailed from Springfield, Ill., to Hawkins Taylor in Keokuk reads as follows:

"My Dear Sir:

"Yours of the 3rd is just received. There is some mistake about my expected attendance of the U. S. court in your city on the 3rd Tuesday of this month. I have had no thought of being there. It is bad to be poor. I shall go to the wall for bread and mean, if I neglect by business this year as well as last. It would please me much to see the city, and good people, of Keokuck, but for this year it is little less than an impossibility. I am constantly receiving invitations which I am compelled to decline. I was pressingly urged to go to Minnesota; and I now have two invitations to go to Ohio. These last are prompted by Douglas' going there; and I am really tempted to make a flying trip to Columbus & Cincinnati.

"I do hope you will have no serious troubles in Iowa. What thinks Grimes (Senator James W. Grimes, Burlington) about it? I have not known him to be mistaken about an election in Iowa. Present my respects to Col. Carter, & any other friends; and believe me."

It was signed "A. Lincoln."

Another Taylor Message

Another pre-presidential letter to Taylor; April 21, 1860:

"Yours of the 15th is just received. It surprises me that you have written twice, without receiving an answer. I have answered all I ever received from you; and certainly one since my return from the east.

"Opinion here, as to the prospect of Douglas being nominated, are quite conflicting—some very confident he will, some others that he will not be. I think his nomination possible; but that the chances are against him. . . ."

Another example of his political knowledge is shown in a letter to Senator Grimes from the White House, Oct. 29, 1863, and now on file with the state historical department. It was prefaced with an act approved the previous March 3 by congress, providing that "before the first meeting of the next congress and of every subsequent congress, the clerk of the next preceding house of representatives shall make a roll of the representative elect, and place thereon the names of all persons and of such persons only, whose credentials show that they were regularly elected in accordance with the laws of their states respectively, or the laws of the U. S." Text of the letter:

Urges Secrecy

"The above act of congress was passed, so I suppose, for the purpose of shutting out improper applicants for seats in the house of representatives, and I fear there is some danger that it will be used to shut out proper ones. Iowa having an entire union delegation will be one of the states the attempt will be made upon, if upon any. The governor (Samuel J. Kirkwood) doubtless has made out certificates, and they are already in the hands of the members. I suggest that you, and perhaps Mr. Harlan (Senator James Harlan, Mount Pleasant) with you, consult with the governor and have an additional set made out according to the form on the other half of this sheet; and still another set if you can, by studying the law, think of a form that in your judgment, promises additional security, and quietly bring the whole on with you, to be used in case of necessity. Let what you do be kept still.

"Yours Truly,
"A. LINCOLN."

Your Lincoln Penny

There's Quite a Story Behind It

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 24, 1951

By HENRY C. NICHOLAS
Central Press Correspondent

SPRINGFIELD, Ill.—"The next time you handle the Lincoln penny," said a mint official the other day, "examine it closely and think of its history. This penny reveals, as does no other coin, how sentiment can influence the big politician, the federal government and the American people."

It was originally planned to issue a memorial 50-cent piece in 1909 to commemorate the one hundredth birthday of Lincoln. Only a relatively small number would be issued and it was thought they would soon become a choice collectors' item.

When Jerome Sivia, clerk at Bolles drug store in Springfield and now a Chicagoan, heard that the new Lincoln coin was to be a 50-cent piece the idea did not appeal to him.

He felt that a Lincoln penny would be more in keeping with the Lincoln Centennial—much more than the proposed half-dollar which would soon disappear from circulation and could be seen only as a collectors' or museum piece.

Sivia wrote a letter to President Theodore Roosevelt, a letter which is now historic. It seems logical and appropriate that this letter should have been written by a citizen of Springfield, the city where Lincoln lived for so many years.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, wrote Sivia, was the friend of the common man and should be honored by a coin which would be in the pocket of everyone. No one need be without this coin if it were a penny. Then, too, cent is part of the word centennial and also appropriately would be a one-100th part of a dollar.

In his letter Sivia sent along an old pocket-piece he carried to illustrate his point. This piece had a Lincoln head on one side and that of his vice president, Andrew Johnson, on the other side. It was the exact size of our penny and is believed to have been given away by Lincoln when he ran for President the second time.

President Roosevelt acknowledged the letter, saying he was pleased with the idea, and that Sivia's suggestion had been forwarded to the mint authorities.

The mint authorities promptly started working on the revolutionary suggestion, discarding the idea of the 50-cent coin.

THE LINCOLN PENNY was first issued in the summer of 1909. No other of our coins ever aroused



Brady portrait of Lincoln from which image on the famous and now plentiful one-cent coin was designed.

so much interest or caused so much criticism and praise.

Abraham Lincoln was the first public figure to have his portrait appear on a coin of the United States.

The Lincoln penny was the first on which the motto *In God We Trust* appeared. The use of this motto had been a controversial issue for some years, and after much debate the phrase was made legal by congressional action on March 3, 1865. The phrase was first used in the minting of the Lincoln penny in 1909.

The Lincoln penny was also the first of our coins on which the initials of the sculptor appeared. The first coins carried the initials V. D. B. (Victor D. Brenner, the sculptor chosen by President Roosevelt, who had copied the portrait of Lincoln from the famous Civil War photograph by Matthew Brady in 1864.)

THE USE of these initials caused so much criticism that before 1909 was over new dies were prepared in which the controversial initials did not appear. As only a limited number of these coins were issued they soon disappeared into the hands of coin collectors.

The criticism soon died down and the initials of the sculptor were returned to the coin nine years later in 1918.

Among the people generally, however, the Lincoln penny proved to be more popular than any coin

ever issued by the United States. When first issued, the demand for the new penny was so large that banks opened new windows to furnish enough of them to the people lined up to obtain them.

The unprecedented action was then taken of rationing the first issues of the penny. Black markets then sprang up where the coin was sold to eager buyers at the rate of two for a nickel.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
S. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

THE KEOKUK, IA., GATE CITY AND CONSTITUTION-

Lincoln Letter Among Papers Uncovered at Parsons College

MONDAY, FEB. 12, 1951

FAIRFIELD, Ia., Feb. 12—(P)—Discovery of a letter by Abraham Lincoln showing that the war president took time from greater problems to recommend the promotion of an Iowa army officer was announced by Parsons college today.

The letter, in Lincoln's handwriting and dated March 9, 1865, asked Secretary of War Henry M. Stanton to promote Lewis B. Parsons, Jr., from colonel to brigadier general if there was no "legal obstacle."

It was found at Parsons college several days ago in a padlocked tin box containing Civil War records of Gen. Parsons, son of the founder of the Fairfield school. The letter, which the college said was in "remarkably good condition," read:

"Dear Sir:

"I have long thought that Col. Lewis B. Parsons of the quartermaster's department ought to be promoted; and this impression has been deepened by his great success in the recent matter of transporting troops from the West to the East. Is there any legal obstacle in the way? If not, let the promotion be made at once.

"Yours truly,
"A. Lincoln."

The college said the letter apparently never was sent to Stanton, but that its text was incorporated in a second letter to the war secretary, dated March 17, 1865. The second letter, also found in the Parsons collection, is in the handwriting of a secretary but bears Lincoln's signature and a clause inserted into the final sentence by him.

The college said penciled notes indicated the letters were given to Parsons by Col. Hay, Lincoln's private secretary.

Ironically, on the same date as Lincoln wrote him second letter to Stanton, Parsons wrote one to the president complaining that his pro-

motion had been promised but not yet granted.

That letter also was found in Parsons' collection.

Parsons, a volunteer who was head of river and rail transportation for the Union forces, actually did not get his promotion until after Lincoln's death. His papers include a scroll naming him a brigadier general, dated May 11, 1865, and signed by President Andrew Johnson.

The college said Parsons' papers "represent a wealth of historical information on Civil War troop movements" and include correspondence with Gens. U. S. Grant, William T. Sherman and other Union army leaders.

The collection also includes an historical sketch about Parsons which describes objections to his promotion raised at a cabinet meeting and quotes Lincoln as saying:

"That may all be well as to your stall fed fellows; but Colonel Parsons is about the best grass fed quartermaster we have got. I think he should have the promotion now."

Among other items in the collection is an envelope containing pressed flowers which a penciled memo indicates Parsons obtained from Lincoln's casket at the White House following his assassination.

never would have been done if I had the least suspicion it was to be done—I thought the maxim 'least said soonest mended' applied to the case.

"Your very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

The Injury.

Colton explains that the "injury" to which Lincoln referred apparently concerned an investigation made by Adj. Gen. Lorenzo Thomas who was sent to the west by President Lincoln after General Curtis, then a Brigadier General in command at St. Louis, had expressed opinions about the ability of General John C. Fremont, his superior officer who was commander of the West.

In his report, which was published, General Thomas quoted Gen. Curtis as saying that Gen. Fremont never consulted him on military matters nor informed him of his plan, and that he regarded Gen. Fremont as unequal to the command of an army. This report embarrassed Gen. Curtis and he apparently wrote to President Lincoln protesting its publication.

General Curtis later became a major general and served throughout the war. When Patrick J. Hurley then secretary of war, visited Keokuk several years ago in the interests of President Hoover's campaign, he said that he regarded General Curtis as one of the most brilliant tacticians the Civil war produced. Gen. Curtis died in Council Bluffs in 1866 while serving as government engineer-inspector for the construction of the Union Pacific railroad.

THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 2, 1942

GRANDDAUGHTER OF GEN. CURTIS GIVES LINCOLN LETTER TO HISTORICAL DEP'T.

Iowa's historical department was recently enriched by a collection of letters and documents, including an invaluable Lincoln letter, of Gen. Samuel R. Curtis, presented by Miss Lynn Curtis of New York City, a granddaughter of the famous Civil War hero and resident of Keokuk.

Miss Curtis has visited in Keokuk frequently during late years as a guest of Miss Martha Baldwin. Her grandfather built the large stone house at Second and High streets which is now the McEain apartments.

Written in 1861.

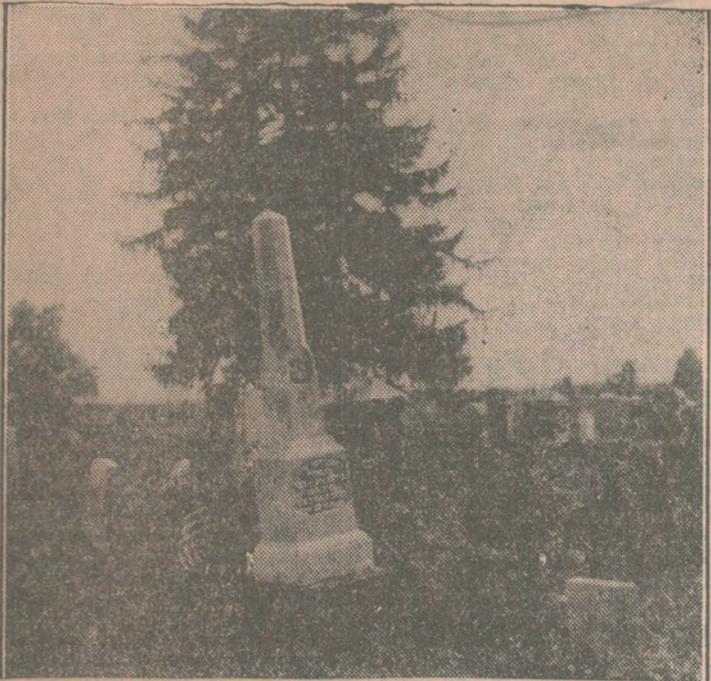
The Lincoln letter, believed by Kenneth Colton, editor of the An-

nals of Iowa, to be hitherto unpublished is called by him one of the finest gifts received by the historical department in recent years. Addressed from Washington, D. C., to General Curtis on December 12, 1861, the letter reads:

"I snatch a moment to both thank you and apologize to you—in all sincerity I thank you for the complete and entirely satisfactory manner in which you executed the trust I confided to you by letter.

"You, and others, particularly, and the public service generally were wronged and injured by the publication of General Thomas' report on his return from the West. I have no apology, only to say it

Grave of Mary Ann Rutledge

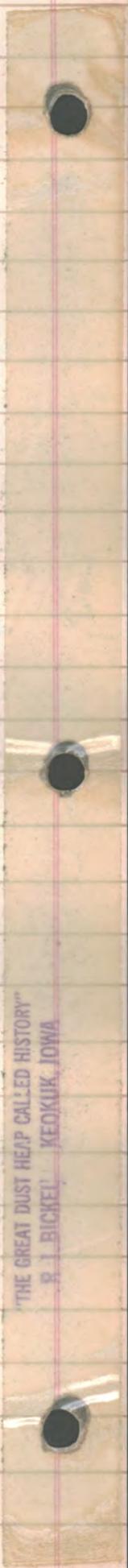


THE KEOKUK DAILY GATE CITY

TUESDAY, FEB. 12, 1935

—Iowa Daily Press Photo.

Ottumwa.—The graves of Mary Ann Rutledge and her son, John Rutledge, mother and brother of Abraham Lincoln's boyhood sweetheart, are in Bethel cemetery about twenty-five miles southeast of here and between Fairfield and Keosauqua. This picture was taken from the southwest corner of the cemetery. In the immediate foreground is the Rutledge monument, with John Rutledge's grave marked by a flag. Mrs. Rutledge and her children moved to the Bethel vicinity from New Salem, Ill., about two years after her husband, James, and daughter, Ann, Lincoln's sweetheart, died in a typhoid epidemic.



"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. I. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Lincoln Slept Here



Team of oxen driven by Raymond Montgomery gives New Salem the look of the 1830's. Log structure at left is restored Hill-McNamar store.

New Salem, Ill., was Abraham Lincoln's "university of hard knocks." He arrived there in late July of 1831, "like a floating driftwood," poor, uneducated, aimless; he left a man of destiny six years later.

Lincoln learned to depend on the friendship and understanding of his neighbors. The menfolk debated with him and helped him. The married womenfolk mended his scanty wardrobe and cooked for him. The Rutledges, the Camerons, the Kelsos, the Onstots, the Doctors Allen and Regnier, Mentor Graham, the schoolteacher—all played important roles in the moulding of the man.

In New Salem, Lincoln supported himself however he could. He worked as a clerk and mill hand, soldier, storekeeper, postmaster and deputy surveyor. He split rails. He developed elements of leadership and met Ann Rutledge. Three years after his arrival he was elected to the legislature. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1836. Next Spring, astride a borrowed horse, he moved to Springfield.

Strangely, Lincoln's stay in New Salem almost completely encompassed the village's brief history. In 1839, the county seat was established at nearby Petersburg and New Salem declined rapidly.

Now New Salem is a state park. It was rebuilt in the 1930's. Its 13 cabins, plus the Rutledge Tavern and shops, are of the squared logs of the Lincoln era.



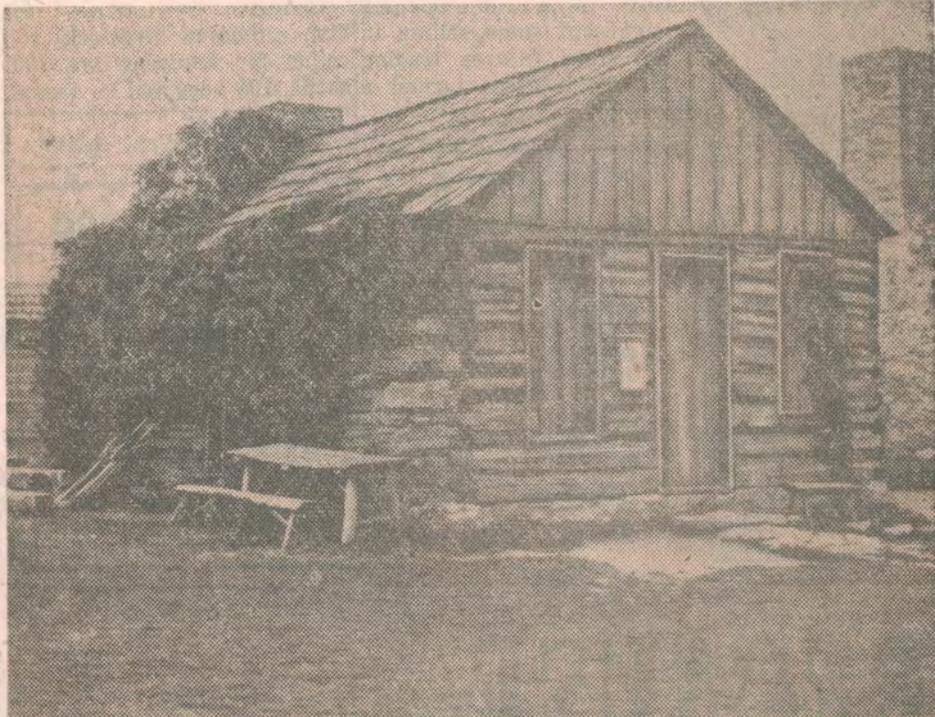
First of two stores run by Lincoln and William Berry is now U. S. postoffice. Clerk John Doyen gives Carla Rebbie a letter.



Statue of Abraham Lincoln as young man during his New Salem years stands at entrance to restored village.



Cooperage fireplace in front of which Abe studied is shown in back. Raymond Montgomery demonstrates barrel-making machine.



Henry Onstot cooperage where Lincoln studied by logfire. Cabin is only structure in village in which any of original material remains.



James Rutledge's Tavern where Lincoln roomed for a while. Here he met Ann Rutledge. They were reported to be sweethearts. Family moved in 1833. She died two years later.



Second Lincoln-Berry store is stocked with merchandise typical of the 1830's. Venture failed and shackled Lincoln with debts. Raymond Montgomery and his wife, Alia, pose at the counter.

The Poor People's 1894 March

Through Iowa

Stranded at Council Bluffs, Jack

London and Companions Trudged to Des Moines

PAGE 16—DES MOINES SUNDAY REGISTER—MAY 26, 1968



BY WAGON, BICYCLE AND FOOT, Jacob S. Coxe's army headed for the national capital in 1894. Coxe is the man in the white suit at right in the buggy. This was probably taken in the east.

The Poor People's Campaign march to Washington now in the headlines is another instance of history's repeating itself. On more than one occasion in the past, Americans seeking a better life for themselves have marched on the national capital. Here is the account of one such event, and how it involved Iowa.

By Oneita Fisher

A THOUSAND marchers left the Council Bluffs area on Apr. 19, headed for Des Moines and Washington, D. C. They were part of 100,000 men expected to converge on Washington to demonstrate on the steps of the Capitol. The year was 1894.

Mortgage foreclosures were common in 1894.

Corn was 10 cents, interest 10 per cent. Machines were replacing men in industry. Unemployed from more than 80 trades and professions enlisted in so-called Industrial Armies to march to Washington—"petitions in boots" that could not be pigeonholed. One such army, led by Jacob S. Coxe of Massillon, Ohio, wanted \$½ billion spent on road construction to give employment at \$1.50 for an eight-hour day.

A HEALTHY, HANDSOME YOUNG ADVENTURER

"General" Charles T. Kelly led a division from California, to Omaha and through Iowa. His plan was to put men to work reclaiming arid land the workers could buy with wages earned on the project. By the time Kelly's army reached Des Moines, nearly



AN ENCAMPMENT of Charles T. Kelly's army somewhere along the way presented this sight, as chickens wandered among the tents. The young man in lower right-hand corner facing camera was Jack London. This photograph is from "The Book of Jack London" by his widow, Charmian London.

2,000 men had enlisted, among them 18-year-old Jack London, whose tales of adventure were to thrill readers for decades.

London's tramping later led him to Socialism but in 1894 he was a healthy, handsome, young adventurer. He had been shoveling coal for \$30 a month, a dollar for a double-shift day. When he learned that he had replaced two men who were paid \$40 each, he quit the electric railway company and left California to join Kelly's Army of Unemployed. He missed connections in Sacramento because the army was "railroaded" on its way ahead of schedule by authorities anxious to be rid of unemployed men.

IOWANS CONTRIBUTED MONEY, FOOD, CLOTHING

London road the rods to Omaha, sometimes sitting on a wooden "ticket," a board six inches long, four inches wide, and grooved to fit over a rod under a railroad car. The railroads refused to carry passengers eastward from Council Bluffs for less than regular fare, so the army was stranded there on Apr. 18. The next day they walked to Weston, a few miles up the line, to spend several more miserable days in cold rain, sleet, hail and mud. Apr. 22, they departed toward Des Moines, hoping to walk 20 miles a day.

Jack London kept a diary during the march. He listed the towns they passed through in "the fat Iowa country": Underwood, Neola, Minden, Avoca, Walnut, Marne, Atlantic, Wiota, Anita,



JACK LONDON sometimes took in a dollar a day in pennies during the march by telling sympathetic visitors to the camps, "if I had a stamp I'd write to my mother."

Adair, Casey, Stuart, Dexter, Earlham, DeSoto, Van Meter, Booneville, Commerce, Valley Junction, and finally Des Moines.

Hundreds of spectators came to see the army, and to contribute money, food or clothing. Sometimes they sang and

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page
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1894 MARCH-7

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED MORGON
FICKEL KEEKUN IOWA



"KELLY'S NAVY YARD" was this spot at the junction of the Des Moines and Raccoon Rivers, where the 1894 marchers built scows to continue their journey east.

'He Realized Changes Must Come...'

danced with the men, or watched a ball game between the army's team and a local nine. London said it was like a circus for the towns, "and every day was circus day because there were plenty of towns."

A 20-FOOT VESSEL WITH 20 MEN ROWING

On Apr. 30 the army reached Des Moines. The city fed nearly 2,000 men three meals a day, and hospitality soon wore thin. Townspeople wanted the army moved on, but transportation was not available. After a week, someone devised a plan for shipping the army down the Des Moines river on flatboats. London said the boats were built by the mile and cut off in 10-foot lengths. (Another writer said 18 feet.) One hundred and fifty were constructed in three days and on May 9 the Industrial Navy got on its way.

London and his crew in the *Pirate* generally out-distanced the rest of the fleet and skimmed off the best provisions donated by towns along the river. In an effort to keep the *Pirate* and her crew in line, another boat was stapled to it, making a vessel 20 or more feet long with 20 men to row. The arrangement proved to be advantageous to both. When the front half caught on rocks of the river's many

rapids, all hands jumped into the rear boat, causing the first to float free. Then the men leaped into the lead boat until the second had cleared the obstruction.

An early writer - historian, Tacitus Hussey, immortalized the departure of the navy in a poem, "A Friend in Need." Most of the time, the army enjoyed a favorable reputation but Hussey contended there were "angels" aboard the Flagship. He said farmers could leave their chicken coops wide open but they should fasten up their wives.

Down the Des Moines River the army floated, past Eddyville and Ottumwa, to Keosauqua, where Jack's boat passed the rapids safely but several others were swamped, including that of "the popcorn man who lost his outfit and 500 cigars." London's boat was first over the dam at Bonaparte, on May 17. A few days later, in Hannibal, Mo., Jack deserted, to see the U. S. and Canada on his own.

This tramp made a profound impression on Jack London. Young, strong, unafraid of hard work, he never had been unable to find a job when he wanted one. As he observed destitute men, now old but once as young as he, he realized that changes must come. Trade unions were

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1894 MARCH

growing; Socialism was gaining ground. London lived intently, read avidly. Much of his writing shows the influence of earlier writers; he was, in fact, accused of plagiarism. In 1905, he wrote "War of the Classes" in which he said:

It is the ambitious young men denied the opportunity to rise from the working class who preach revolt in the working class.

Noting the various skills and professions represented in the industrial army, London asked, "What would happen tomorrow if 100,000 tramps strenuously and indomitably sought work? Why, by the end of the week, 100,000 workers, their places taken by tramps, would re-

ceive their time and be 'hitting the road' for a job. Let us refrain from telling the tramp to go to work. Not only is it unkind, but it is untrue and hypocritical. We know there is no work."

London quoted capitalists who said, "What if we do divide up? In ten years there would be rich and poor men such as there are today."

In another of his observations, London said: "When civilization has reached a maximum of development in any given direction, society must either retrograde or change direction of its advance. The procession of the ages has marked not only the rise of man, but the rise of the common man." **END**



AT BONAPARTE, where Jack London's boat was first over the dam, many spectators came down to the river to welcome the flotilla. The town is in background.

★★★★E
Des Moines Sunday Register
June 9, 1968
Third News Section **7-T**

Saw 'Coxey Army' At Bonaparte

To the Editor:
I was most interested in reading the article and seeing the pictures of the poor peoples' march of 1894 ["Coxey's Army"] in the May 26 Picture Magazine.

I especially enjoyed the picture of Bonaparte, with the boats being taken over the dam. I am undoubtedly somewhere in that picture. I lived in Bonaparte as a young man, and remember well going down to the river and watching the boats as they were being taken over the dam.
I am now 89 years old and live with my daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pence. Thank you for bringing back these fond memories. —
Alex W. Glasscock, Route 2, Keosauqua, Ia. 52565.

1874 11/11/2011 11:581
THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
K. L. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA



Constitution-Democrat.

APRIL 25, 1894.

HELP FOR KELLY.

**Thousands of Omaha Workers In-
vade the State of Iowa.**

**They Demand That the Railroads
Shall Transport the Commonweal
—Much Excitement Exists.**

A HOST OF SYMPATHIZERS.

OMAHA, Neb., April 21.—Three thousand laboring men marched out of Omaha with banners flying, bound for the camp of Gen. Kelly's commonwealers at Weston, Ia., 14 miles east of Council Bluffs. At 9 o'clock a. m. the signal agreed upon at Thursday night's meeting of the Central Labor union—the ringing of church bells and the blowing of whistles—was given announcing that Kelly's army was still at Weston unable to secure a train for the east. Inside of five minutes 1,000 men had gathered at Jefferson square and were quickly organized into companies with a captain for every ten men. The march was then taken up through Sixteenth street to Farnam, where the column proceeded to the city hall and countermarched. At every street recruits were received, and

when the Paxton hotel was reached there were 2,500 men in line. **Five Hundred Recruits.**

At Eleventh and Farnam streets the main column was met by a detachment of 500 men. They joined forces and proceeded to the Douglass street toll bridge across the Missouri river. Here they were met by the superintendent, who said the company was glad to give them free passage across the river. This was a graceful act, for the men were prepared to cross with or without permission. It had been expected that the Union Pacific shopmen would join the column at this point, but that part of the programme was not carried out, for the company warned the men when they came to work that those working would be expected to remain on duty all day.

Thousands of people followed the column to the bridge and other thousands were on hand on the other side of the river to welcome them. The cold seemed to have the effect of bringing out a greater throng than had been expected last night, when the rain was falling so heavily. All the men seemed to be in excellent spirits and determined that the march should mean business.

The column had been preceded to Council Bluffs by a committee of prominent citizens appointed at Thursday night's meeting of the Central Labor union, including Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Durica, pastor of the First Congregational church; Rev. Dr. Hamerson, of the First Presbyterian church, and Rev. Frank Crane, of the First Methodist church. The committee was

to call on Gov. Jackson and the managers of the railroads and urge that the commonwealers be at once started on their way east.

Arrival in Council Bluffs.

A strange sight was witnessed on the march from the bridge to Council Bluffs. Men and boys seemed to spring up from the ground and the column which crossed the bridge had grown to over 6,000 men by the time it reached the heart of the city. The burly form of Capt. O'Donahue headed the column, and at intervals the line was broken into companies, each one headed by a flag-bearer and acting under the orders of a captain. At Fifteenth and Broadway streets the Omaha army was met by a detachment of Council Bluffs laborers with a five-and-drum band and a dozen flags. These, acting as an escort, took the company to Bayless park, where a halt was called, and in response to a request from Chief of Police Scanlan a committee was appointed to present the demands of the men to the railroad officials, who were found in the office of John Y. Stone. While the committee was in the office the men lined up along the sides of the square, warming their toes by stamping on the pavement and cheering impromptu speakers.

Demand Transportation.

In Mr. Stone's office Dr. Duryea addressed the committee, explaining that he had conferred with Gen. Kelly and Gov. Jackson. He was convinced that the governor was in sympathy with the men, and was anxious to do what

was right and for the best interests of the army. He had made an earnest effort to provide for transportation. He had conferred with all the railroads, but so far had failed. He had even been willing to put his individual hands into the state treasury and pay their fares. Now, Dr. Duryea said, two alternatives present themselves: To bring back the men to the Chautauqua grounds and house and feed them until transportation could be provided by way of Kansas City, or take advantage of an offer made by the Rock Island to the men as regular passengers.

Mr. Tichnor, who acted as spokesman, was very positive that Kelly's army would not go to Kansas City and that they would go to Chicago.

Col. D. B. Dailey wanted to pacify matters, but the committee was warm and informed him that there was no use of multiplying words, for they were determined to see that the army went out of Council Bluffs. They demanded to see some representatives of the railroads, but were informed that none was in town.

After some talk it was explained that the plan was to bring the men back to Council Bluffs and take them to Kansas City by boat. Nedrey and others of the committee were of the opinion that this was a scheme on the part of the railroads and refused to listen to it. They said the men were not going to Kansas City but to Chicago, and Dr. Rodolph said that the committee was not in Council Bluffs to talk to the governor, but to railway officials.

Wanted to Seize a Train. Attorney Harle made an attempt to say something, when a little pandemonium broke loose, in the midst of which a troop of twenty or more women, headed by Mrs. T. Herman, marched into the office. A proposition was made to march to the depot and seize a train when Dr. Duryea cried out:

"Hold on, brethren, don't forget that we are all under one flag, and that Council Bluffs and Omaha and Nebraska and Iowa are all one on this matter."

The committee left the office in a huff to look at the telegrams said to have been sent to the railroad officials.

Chief Scanlan, who met the army at the bridge, had all the saloons closed and the company officers suppressed the numerous vocal demonstrations which were made.

Governor Confers with Kelly. Gen. Kelly came over to Council Bluffs with the intention of catching a train for Weston, being very desirous of getting out of the city before the outpouring from Omaha, as he said he was in no way responsible for the demonstration and did not want to be even a party to it.

In some way Gov. Jackson learned of Kelly's presence and sent for him. Kelly hurried over to the governor's headquarters where were gathered several citizens, besides the attorney general. The interview was a long one.

Gov. Jackson took occasion to review at length and in detail all the actions he had taken, the purport being that he had taken every means possible to get the army on its way, and that the state authorities had not laid a single

straw of detention in its way. His correspondence with railway officials had resulted in nothing so far as the Northwestern, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Burlington were concerned, they refusing to do anything. The Rock Island at first suggested that it might take half the army to Davenport if the St. Paul would take the other half to the river, the railways to be paid a fair rate, as might seem just to the governor. The governor had agreed to recompense the roads, although there was no authority for him to put his hand into the state treasury for that purpose. This proposition to take the men across the state had been recalled later, and now the railways would do nothing but transport them as other passengers, at full rates. He notified Kelly that the citizens of Council Bluffs had arranged to furnish boats to take the army to Kansas City and to provide them with shelter and ample provisions while the preparations for this trip were being made.

Kelly replied that he preferred to go east, but he would take the proposition to his camp, let the boys decide, and he would wire back his answer.

Railroads Asked to Relieve the State. COUNCIL BLEFFS, Ia., April 21.—A dispatch has been sent to Marvin Hughitt and other railway officials in Chicago asking them to immediately relieve this community of impending danger. It is signed by Judge McGee, of the superior court; Judge Deemer, of the district court; J. J. Steadman, clerk of the federal court, and Thomas Bowman, postmaster. The railway officials have left the city. The thousands of men mean business. Engineers and firemen are among them, and unless the railways do something these men will seize a train and run Kelly's army through to Chicago. The committee of laboring men from Omaha is headed by Rev. Dr. Duryea, one of the best-known pastors of that city. Unless the railway officials act trouble will surely follow.

Hard Night for the Army. WESTON, Ia., April 21.—Gen. Kelly and ex-Congressman Pusey left here for Omaha on an early train. The weather is severely cold and the ground was covered with ice. The industrial army put in a hard night, but most of them were enabled to find a dry place to sleep. In the morning Mr. Nixon, who runs a woodyard, gave the men about twenty-five cords of wood and they built rousing fires below the Milwaukee tracks. Several of the men are suffering from pneumonia, but they have a good supply of medicine to counteract illness.

Railway Officials Alarmed. Thursday night the railway agents received instructions to prevent any common wealers from occupying depots or other railway buildings. The superintendents were afraid that this order might anger the men into committing some malicious act, and several deputy sheriffs were placed on guard, but the night passed off quietly and nothing was disturbed.

At 10 o'clock a. m. Superintendent Goodnow received a telegram from F. A. Nash, of the Milwaukee, at Omaha, stating that several thousand men

were on their way here to help Kelly's army. Superintendent Goodnow is much alarmed and fears that these men may incite destruction of railway property. He said he could not get a large enough force here to stop any destructive acts, but would stop all trains and get all rolling stock out of the way.

May Grant Transportation. General Manager St. John, of the Rock Island, passed through here on a special car. He was accompanied by Mr. Pusey, of Council Bluffs. The train stopped here for a few minutes while the general manager consulted with Superintendent Fox. The party in St. John's car came out on the platform and viewed the shuddering men wrapped in wet blankets. Expressions of sympathy were heard and St. John expressed willingness to carry the men if he had the authority. He is going on east, and expects to receive a telegram from the president and directors of the road granting permission to carry the army.

Trains Abandoned. The Milwaukee has ordered all trains to stop running, and so has the Rock Island. Sheriff Hazen reached here at 10:15 a. m. and was immediately notified by Gov. Jackson to come to Council Bluffs and assume command of the militia on his orders. The sheriff could get no train from here and was compelled to go on horseback. The industrial army is kept in ignorance of the true state of affairs.

Keokuk Constitution.

MAY 2, 1894. ink as repaid

ON THE MARCH.

Latest Figures Showing the Aggregate of the Bands of Industrials.

It Numbers 6,650 Men—Kelly Factions Settle Differences and Proceed—Progress of Coxey's Band.

STRENGTH OF THE ARMY. WASHINGTON, April 27.—Reports have been received at police headquarters from the authorities of other places showing the strength of the various contingents now moving on Washington. A summary follows:

Kelly, Neola, Ia., 1,600 men; Frye, Terre Haute, Ind., 1,000; Frye's second division, McLeansboro, Ill., 800; Grayson, Platteville, Col., 100 men; Galven, Loveland, O., 200 men; Pandall, Chicago, 500 men; Contingent, at Little Falls, Minn., 100 men; Butte, Mont., 300 men; Menmouth, Ill., 100 men; Ottumwa, Ia., 100 men; Sullivan's force, Chicago, 1,000 men; contingent at Anderson, Ind., 150 men, and Aubrey's force, Indianapolis, 700 men. Total, 6,650.

Reports from the police authorities in the towns through which these contingents pass are received here daily. The police authorities of the District of Columbia have decided to swear in special policemen to serve during the Coxey invasion in the event of the commonweal force being considerably augmented. In preparation for this service the names of prospective special officers are being enrolled at the sev-

May 2 1894 Kelly's

eral station houses in Washington, and 200 of these will be selected for duty to begin Monday next if necessary. The chief of police will not ask congress for a special appropriation for this force, but will pay its members out of an emergency fund.

Preparing for Coxe.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—Preparations were being made here to receive the commonwealers. Subsistence funds are being raised and extra guards placed.

A Reconciliation.

ATLANTIC, Ia., April 27.—Kelly's army remained in camp here on Wednesday. Rev. J. G. Lemon, of Council Bluffs, visited the camp ground in the capacity of a peacemaker, and succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between Kelly and Speed, the leaders of the two factions. Kelly showed by his books and receipts that he had received \$1,400 in cash and had about \$1,000 left. This he said he intended to keep until his army was in such straits that nothing but the \$1,000 could get it out again.

The adjutant's books showed that 1,260 men had responded to roll-call at Weston last Sunday. Of these 75 per cent. were skilled workmen, 20 per cent. were laborers and 5 per cent. were unplaced. Over 80 per cent. were Americans and all were citizens of the United States. Less than 40 per cent. were married men. Among the men are two stenographers, a doctor, preacher, two lawyers, six electricians, one photographer and six barbers.

Kelly Army at Anita.

ANITA, Ia., April 27.—Gen. Kelly's army arrived here about 2 o'clock p. m. and camped for dinner. This is one of the wealthiest and most fertile farming regions in the state, and while the people as a class have no sympathy with the movement the amount of provisions and assistance given the army indicates that there is lots of charity for the unfortunate fellows. Nearly 100 farm wagons were here ready to move the men onward. The Rock Island train following in the wake of the army was attacked by some of Kelly's camp followers a short distance from the army, and an effort was made to steal a ride on the trucks, but was prevented by the train crew.

Made a Good Impression.

FREDERICK, Md., April 27.—The army of the commonweal marched out of Frederick this morning in sight of even a larger crowd than that which greeted their entrance on Tuesday. It was quite a compliment to the rough-looking travelers, for they had come in the face of strong and determined opposition, and they left the town leaving a very good record behind them. The sheriff's posse had been summoned to bring them into camp like a gang of criminals, and ten of the same posse rode at the head of the procession, but it was a sort of guard of honor in the eyes of the commonwealers and of the people who lined the sidewalk. The Coxe men themselves were arrayed as usual, the rank and file not having made any changes of clothes, even in honor of a sheriff's escort. Some of them were armed with their flags of peace, and looked as if with these weapons they

could have made a pretty good stand off for the mounted deputies.

A Midnight Row.

There was a lively time in the commonweal camp just after midnight. Some of the new recruits who had been drinking got into a free fight. In the midst of the row a revolver was fired and the police rushing to the scene, the crowd scattered. One Hungarian, who was too drunk to run, was captured.

Gen. Frye's Army at Brazil.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., April 27.—Gen. Frye's army has left Terre Haute, and is now in Brazil, a mining town 16 miles east of here. He chartered a freight car on the Vandalia road and filled it with himself, his two horses and wagon, tents, and a part of his followers. Those unable to get on the car the road refused to take. He had estimated the weight of his army, the horses and camp equipment and claimed they were entitled to ride on his contract, or on other cars up to the weight-carrying capacity of one car. The remnant left behind camped just east of town by the roadside. Late Wednesday evening they clambered on a freight train that had slowed down at the crossing, and the trainmen being unable to put them off, carried them on to Brazil, where they all now are.

Will Take No Action.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—The war department has taken no action toward interfering with the Frye party which captured a train on the Vandalia railroad in Indiana Wednesday and probably will not do so unless application for assistance is made by the governor of Indiana. The Vandalia line is not operating under the direction of the United States courts and, therefore, the federal government cannot take the initiative in moving against the train stealers. It is evident that the national authorities are somewhat disappointed and chagrined at the failure of the governors and local authorities in western states to do their full duty in such cases as that happening at Terre Haute.

Railroads Take Action.

NEW YORK, April 27.—The Trunk Line association has decided not to give special transportation rates to the Coxe armies, for which application was made by "Gen." J. S. Coxe last Saturday.

Attracts Attention Abroad.

LONDON, April 27.—The Coxe movement in the United States is attracting considerable attention, both in this country and on the continent, and is furnishing a fruitful theme for the editorial writers of the leading papers. The organs of the trade unions and labor organizations in general are publishing long reports of the movements of the different "armies" and are inclined at long range to regard the commonweal movement as the inauguration of social emancipation of the toilers of the states. The fact that the movements of the armies have not been checked by the authorities is also the source of considerable surprise and comment. In this country such a demonstration would have been impossible, both under the general laws and the various county regula-

tions governing assemblages and demonstrations, and were a "commonweal" to start out from any of the large English centers of population bound for London with the same object in view as those popularly ascribed to Coxe, the chances are that the ringleaders would have been arrested for treason by the time their first halting place was reached.

The Gate City.

Enter, MAY 2, 1894. Class

KELLY'S ARMY.

Its March Across Iowa. [To the Editor.]

So seldom do I write for the public, I scarcely know how to begin, but as some of my friends in Lee county have made the request, I shall attempt to give them the modus operandi of transporting the industrial army of General Kelly now crossing the state. Being a member of the transportation committee and having just returned from duty, I will give it as I saw it. Let us suppose that an army of 1,500 crusaders has crossed the state of Missouri, crossed the Des Moines river at Athens and are now in camp at Croton desiring to cross the Mississippi at Ft. Madison. It will require about 200 teams to transfer them and their baggage across the county. These teams must be furnished by the business men. They hold meetings and appoint committees along the line of march. Each committeeman is expected to bring twenty-five teams and report to General Kelly at 8 a. m., say May 1. Each wagon is provided with a driver, feed for team and as much hay or straw as the box will hold. At camp one wagon is reserved for the sick and used as an ambulance; the commissary department is then loaded and the remaining wagons are filled with men, the old men and those who marched the day before taking precedence. All things being ready, the command is given to "fall in." They reach Donnellson for dinner and camp on the fair grounds. If the citizens feel kindly toward them and donate supplies the officers and men are very grateful, otherwise no complaint is heard; they simply buy their supplies and pay for them. At 1 p. m. they "break camp" and resume their march, reaching Fort Madison at 6 p. m., where Mayor Atlee extends to them the use of "Old Settlers Park" or denies to them entrance into the city as the case may be. Now one word in regard to the army. I had control of twenty-five wagons and 200 men from Stuart to Van Meter, a distance of twenty-five miles, and in all that distance I heard no manner of complaint. No profane or obscene language escaped their lips in my presence. It is astonishing the alacrity with which they obey orders and

they seem to almost worship their leader. They are of all sects, trades and professions and seem as determined and sure of performing their mission at Washington as were the ancient crusaders in marching on Jerusalem. General Kelly is 32 years old, of Irish ancestry and a printer by profession. W. A. Ross, Dexter, Ia., May 1, 1894.

Keokuk Constitution.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION CO.,
W. A. GEORGE, Pres't F. B. GEORGE, Sec'y

MAY 2, 1894.
FIGHT FOR A TRAIN.

Unsuccessful Attempt to Stop the Train-Stealing Coxeyites.

Commonwealers and a Posse Fight at Billings—Leader Hogan Shot—Troops Ordered Out.

THE WAR BEGINS.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., April 26.—Late advices say that the Butte (Mont.) Coxeyites, with the stolen Northern Pacific train, arrived at Billings at 11 a. m. A force of seventy-five marshals attempted to take possession of the train, but the mob, who was armed, prevented them. Shots were exchanged, and the Coxey leader, James Hogan, was shot three times. The wounds are not serious. The deputies were surrounded, their arms taken from them, and the mob got on the train again and the journey was resumed eastward. The military will now meet them on the Dakota line.

Ordered Out by the President.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—President Cleveland has ordered the troops stationed at Fort Keogh, Mont., to intercept the Coxey army tramps who seized a Northern Pacific train at Butte. United States soldiers are to assist the United States marshals of Montana and Minnesota, and Gen. Schofield, who is in command, has been instructed to arrest the whole crowd. The troops left Fort Keogh Tuesday night and marched to a point on the Northern Pacific where a bridge had been removed by the railway employes to stay the progress of the army. It was expected that the troops would reach the point early in the morning and that the thieves would be caught in a trap between the troops and the 100 United States deputy marshals who left Butte on a special train at 11 o'clock Tuesday night. The Coxey gang can scarcely escape. It is understood that four companies of cavalry were sent from Fort Keogh.

Schofield's Orders.

Maj. Gen. Schofield, commanding the army, has sent a telegram to Gen. Merritt, commanding the department of Dakota, instructing him, by direction of the president, to have a sufficient force sent to arrest all persons engaged in

the unlawful seizure of the Northern Pacific train at Butte and to hold the train and all on board until they can be delivered to the United States marshal for Montana, subject to the order of the United States district court.

Follows Olney's Orders.

This action follows close upon Attorney General Olney's telegram of instruction to United States Marshal Bede at St. Paul. There is no legal difficulty in the way of governmental action at this stage, as the railroad property is now in the hands of the United States courts, acting through a receiver, and the president may move at once upon the representations of the United States judicial officers.

Apprehension Aroused.

It can no longer be denied that the movement now in progress throughout the west has aroused the apprehension of the national authorities. As long as the numerous "armies" and other organizations conducted themselves in a peaceable and law-abiding fashion there was no disposition to interfere with them. But by such acts as the seizure of trains and other lawless doings it is made evident to the officers of the government that they no longer can stop at a policy of non-interference. Further trespass upon vested rights and the good order of the community probably will be severely repressed whenever by violation of United States laws the national government finds itself justified in acting.

Senator Allen's Resolution.

WASHINGTON, April 26.—Senator Allen (pop., Neb.) offered a resolution in the senate reciting that a large number of the unemployed citizens of the United States are on their way to the capital to petition the government, that threats had been made of the arrest of such persons on coming to Washington, and that such persons had a perfect right to visit the capital as long as they behaved in a law-abiding manner. He asked immediate consideration for his resolution, but objection was made and it went over under the rules.

Ordered to Shoot.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 26.—General Manager Kendrick, of the Northern Pacific, has received a special dispatch from Fort Keogh stating that United States troops are now guarding the Northern Pacific tracks 70 miles east of Billings. They are ordered to capture the train at any cost and to shoot down all men who resist. A bloody fight is feared.

Trains Are Guarded.

SPOKANE, Wash., April 26.—An order has been issued by Judge Hanford, of the United States court, directing Deputy Marshal Vinson to swear in a sufficient force of deputies to guard the trains of the Northern Pacific road from seizure by the commonwealers. This action was taken because of a report that a concerted movement is on foot to seize trains at Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma.

PORTLAND, Ore., April 26.—The Portland contingent of the industrial army, about 500 strong, has begun its march eastward. They started over the line of the Union Pacific, and the supposition is that it is their intention to capture a freight train before proceeding

far. They made an unsuccessful attempt to capture a Northern Pacific freight train, but were prevented by the police.

Kelly's Divided Army.

ATLANTIC, Ia., April 26.—Temporary peace reigns at the fair grounds, where the contending factions of Kelly's industrial army are camped. The revolution of Tuesday, which separated the San Francisco and Sacramento divisions and elevated Col. Speed to the generalship of the latter, was the one topic of conversation and the bitter feeling among the men was as apparent as on Tuesday. Kelly and his 300 people occupied the center of the fair grounds, while Speed with his 300 surrounded their camp fires in a far corner, Kelly absolutely refusing to recognize his recalcitrant officer. The latter asserted that he would march to Washington with Kelly's column, but would hold no communication with the general. The Sacramento men were seemingly anxious for a test of strength with the Kellyites. Both leaders are kept busy preventing personal conflicts between the men and Kelly frankly expressed his fear that the men would get beyond his control and precipitate a general fight.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

MAY 3, 1894.

GET RID OF KELLY.

Demand to be Made on Governor Jackson Today by Des Moines Workingmen.

Will March to the State House and Urge That the Army Be Provided For.

If the Commonwealers Don't Get Transportation They Will Have to Walk or Starve—They Play Ball.

DES MOINES, May 2.—The Trades and Labor assembly held a meeting tonight and at a late hour decided on action similar to that taken in Omaha on behalf of Kelly's army. A call was issued to all laboring men to meet in front of citizens' headquarters, march to the state house at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning and demand Governor Jackson take such action as will secure a train for the industrials. This decision was made after lengthy speeches by General Weaver, Colonel Speed and others and accepted as a last resort. No resolutions were passed, but upon motion it was decided a popular demonstration was the only hope for sending Kelly on his way. It was suggested by some of those present the governor be asked to compel the railroads to furnish a train free and

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by others that a reduced rate be demanded, but the nature of the demand on the governor is left to be decided on tomorrow.

Governor Jackson was informed of the action of labor organizations and was much surprised at the proposed demonstration. "If the people go to the capitol," he said, "I will receive them cordially and listen attentively to what they have to say. I have not had time to consider, the matter but I do not see what I can do. There is no action for me to take that I know of and I shall probably so tell them."

The outlook for Kelly's army is decidedly unpromising tonight and the industrials are in anything but good humor. All hope of securing a train is practically abandoned by local committees, their various propositions for stock cars and cut rates having been refused. In addition to prospect of a march to Chicago the army is threatened with an empty larder. Indications are Kelly will have to walk out of town Friday or starve and much uneasiness is felt over a possibility of the army breaking up in Des Moines. Kelly reasserted he would never walk, and his men are equally determined. Many of them left camp and begged for food tonight, and it is apparent their plea for bread will not long be listened to by the people.

The president of the local American Railway union wired President Debs today asking him if Grand Master Workman Sovereign authorized, as has been intimated, a call on railways to secure a train for the army. It is announced Debs replied such reports were false and to pay no attention to them. Sovereign refused early in the evening to talk about the matter and then disappeared.

Whether it be the advent of Grand Master Sovereign or something else that has wrought the change, it is certain that the committee on transportation is nearer getting a train than it has yet been. A. P. Lowery, chairman of the relief committee, and General Weaver both said that one of the roads has made a direct offer to carry the army to the Mississippi river for \$2 a head. "But," said Mr. Lowery, "we have hope of even a much better offer, which we are now in negotiation for."

The road which offered the \$2 rate is said to be the Milwaukee and St. Paul from Madrid, which would necessitate a march of thirty-four miles from here, which the army does not want to take. Another proposition is to lead the army by way of Osceola and Van Wert, there to connect with the Keokuk and Western, which would land it at Keokuk. Kelly will not listen to this for it would take him off the line to Chicago, and it is useless to talk to him about avoiding Chicago. Neither will Sovereign approve of that scheme, for he says Kelly has "a right to demand transportation over any route he chooses at the best rate he can get." Sovereign is after big-

ger game than two little roads that carry him round about and out of his way.

Officials of railroads entering here say they do not believe General Master Workman Sovereign of the Knights of Labor, is able to make good his threat to tie up the roads unless Kelly's army is furnished a train. They say neither the Knights nor the American Railway union is strong on their lines and that the best feeling exists among the employes. Kelly looks on the bright side of Sovereign's promises and these two leaders were quite chummy today as they walked about or rode together to and from town.

Kelly's industrial nine made its first appearance on the diamond this afternoon, crossing bats with the Des Moines Stars. Kelly played captain and first base, putting up quite a creditable game. An admission of 25 cents was charged and quite a comfortable sum was realized for the commonwealth exchequer.

The game of base ball between Kelly's army men and the Des Moines Stars this afternoon terminated in the latter's favor by a score of 6 to 5. At the last moment Kelly refused to play because the managers of the enterprise would give him but 50 per cent of the proceeds. Some of the "industrials" are clever players and the crowd was contented with the game.

Kelly is still sore over Coxey's management at Washington yesterday. He declared that Coxey showed no generalship and that there will be no such scenes when he gets to Washington. He pronounces Carl Browne an ass.

Sovereign says mysteriously he is in possession of highly important information, but refused to divulge its nature. It is rumored it is to the effect Debs of the American Railway union is coming here. A conference of labor leaders will be held, after which it is confidently asserted Kelly will secure transportation.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

MAY 4, 1894.

NO HOPE FOR KELLY.

No Liability of His Army Securing Transportation Out of Des Moines.

DES MOINES, May 3.—There seems small hope tonight Kelly's army will secure transportation out of Des Moines and as a greater part of the men assert positively they will walk no further, the authorities anticipate the breaking up of the army here. Governor Jackson spent the day in endeavoring to secure a train to the Mississippi with a view of sending the industrials down the river and up the Ohio by boat, but the executive had little success. Kelly's men are discouraged over the prospect and many quietly left during the last two days, although some recruits were

secured. The army tonight numbers 1,350, exclusive of officers and angels. Kelly today received from Mayor Bemis of Omaha, \$70 and an encouraging letter.

The labor demonstration today was not a success. At the start only thirty were in line this morning headed by General Weaver, but on the way to the capitol increased to 100. When an audience was gained with Governor Jackson, Weaver acted as spokesman, declaring the pacific intentions of the people, but they wanted to inquire whether there was some means by which the executive could get the army out of town. People feared if not sent forward it would disband here and glut the labor market. Several others spoke in the same strain and asked the governor to demand transportation of the railroads. The governor in reply read requests which he had made on all roads for transportation for the men and their refusals to carry them for anything less than full fare. The governor added he would lay the matter before the council of state. The only hope he saw was to raise funds to carry the army to the Mississippi river, whence, if Kelly would consent, he might be able to secure a boat to take the army by water to Cincinnati.

At this point James Meredith, a local labor leader, became anarchistic and demanded the railroads be compelled to furnish a train. He was promptly squelched by the delegation, which quietly left. Governor Jackson says he has an offer by a Mississippi river boat line which renders the plan proposed feasible. A committee was appointed to visit Kelly and secure his consent to the water route.

Kelly, when told of the governor's plan, said he would gladly accept it; it would land him that much nearer Washington and felt sure he could manage to go the rest of the way. Efforts of the state officers will now be directed toward carrying out the plan.

Many of the army had nothing but bread for breakfast this morning, and only 200 pounds of meat could be secured for dinner. The citizens' committee hope by hard work to get enough to last over tomorrow. Henry Brown, a member of the army, attempted suicide by cutting his throat this morning, but will probably recover.

Constitution Democrat

CON: MAY 5, 1894. d 1883.

AT KELLY'S CAMP.

It is Like a Pest House and There is Danger of Contagion Appearing.

Kelly's Army #2 May 3 1894

Coxey's Trial Begun in Washington, in Spite of Protests From Counsel.

Congressional Committee Censures Judge Jenkins for His Northern Pacific Decision—Labor News.

DES MOINES, May 4.—Kelly's army closed the sixth day in camp in this city tonight. The people of Des Moines have become very much discouraged over the disposition of the army to do nothing for itself. The camp during the past few days has become a veritable pest ground. One of the things that are hastening the authorities is danger of some contagious disease appearing among them, which would entail enormous expense. Otherwise the situation remains unchanged tonight. Governor Jackson's effort to obtain transportation to the Mississippi all came to naught. General Kelly tonight said he is willing to do anything deemed best by friends. He will confer with his men in the morning and will submit to them the question of marching eastward. Kelly says surely some decision will be reached tomorrow.

Coxey On Trial.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—Coxey, Browne and Jones came before Judge Miller in the district police court this morning for trial for violating the capitol grounds act. There was a large attendance, including a number of populist congressmen. The defense raised the issue of constitutionality of the act and Senator Allen of Nebraska argued it at length, holding congress had no power to confer on the vice president and speaker of the house power to suspend the act; declared arrest of the defendants implied denial of the right of peaceable assemblage. The court overruled the objection, holding the law valid. Judge Miller refused a separate trial for Coxey, so the three defendants were tried at once. They were represented by three attorneys, Representative Lafe Pence of Colorado, ex-Assistant District Attorney A. A. Lipscomb of Washington and a young lawyer named Hyman. Major Moore, chief of police, in his testimony repeated a conversation with Coxey on April 30, when the general asserted his intention of carrying out the program of speaking from the capitol; the grounds were often used for a purpose such as Coxey endeavored to carry out, but this was overruled. The trial will be continued tomorrow and attorneys stated to the court they expected to conclude then.

Frequent showers that fell here today dampened to a considerable extent the ardor and enthusiasm of the army of commonweal. The men are not adequately protected against the weather and presented a very forlorn

and dejected appearance. Rations furnished are simple and limited. Affairs at the camp are quiet and the men show no outward signs of dissatisfaction.

Montana Heard From.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—Senator Power today presented a petition adopted at a mass meeting in Butte, Mont., declaring in favor of organization of a "Home guard of the Coxey army to assist in case necessity demands" and calling on Montana congressional delegations to demand all further interference with the forward march of the Coxey army shall be discontinued. The resolutions denounce deputy United States marshals for Montana.

Did Not Steal the Train.

TACOMA, WASH., May 4.—It seems the commonwealers did not steal a Northern Pacific train as reported, but merely swarmed aboard it, getting off when ordered by the trainmen, but at once returning to the cars. The train was finally sidetracked at Palmer. United States marshals have gone to the scene. The plan of the commonwealers is to steal away in squads to Spokane, then proceed via the Great Northern.

Randall's Army Won't Listen to "No."

VALPARAISO, IND., May 4.—A committee of leading citizens went to Hobart this afternoon to ask Randall's Coxeyites to disband and return to Chicago and notify them they would be refused permission to enter this city and prevented by force if necessary.

A company of ten leading citizens accompanied by a delegation went this afternoon to visit the Randall contingent of the commonweal army. Resolutions adopted at a citizens' meeting last night asking General Randall not to visit the city were presented to him. A proposition was made by the committee if the army would pass around the city the citizens would furnish provisions to feed them over Sunday, which was accepted by General Randall, and Bullseye lake two miles north of this place was selected as the camping ground.

HOBART, IND., May 4.—Randall's army arrived this morning and proceeded to confiscate all the bread and crackers in town. There was considerable rioting in the ranks. Much feeling is manifest here and aid has been refused the army. Randall declares he will march into Valparaiso despite resolutions passed by the citizens forbidding it.

The Gate City.

Enter, MAY 6, 1894. Class
COMING IN BARGES.

Kelly's Army Will Float Down the Des Moines River.

DES MOINES, May 5.—Kelly's men today voted to accept the proposition to take barges. Des Moines people are so much relieved over this solution they subscribed money liberally to build 150 boats, 6x16 to carry ten men each. Kelly himself offered to contribute \$300 of \$1,600 needed if necessary, as he realizes it is almost impossible for the army to find further subsistence here. Tomorrow morning a saw mill will be set to work to cut lumber for the boats and Monday morning all men in camp who can handle hammers, aided by members of the Des Moines Carpenters' union, will be set to work framing barges. It is a unique undertaking, as the river has not been used for transportation since 1846 and is full of sandbars and snags and is unusually low. Many predict the venture will end in disaster, but Des Moines will be satisfied if the barges will only take the army away from the city. The citizens' committee finally closed headquarters this evening. Governor Jackson is an active helper in the river route for the army and has been personally soliciting subscriptions for expenses of the same.

Keokuk Constitution.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION CO.,
W. A. GEORGE, Pres't F. B. GEORGE, Sec'y

MAY 9, 1894
TO AID KELLY.

Des Moines Labor Men Plead with Gov. Jackson.

He Promises to Intercede to Secure Transportation for the Industrials —A Boat Trip Proposed.

WANT KELLY TO LEAVE.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 4.—Kelly's army is in desperate straits today. Hope of securing a train except through the governor's interference was abandoned Wednesday. Starvation stared the men in the face and the demonstration of laboring people, the last resort, was not a success as to numbers. The call issued to all laboring men asking them to meet and march to the capitol, with the demand that Gov. Jackson secure a train, met with small returns. Only 100 men filed into the governor's reception room.

Argued with the Governor.

Gen. Weaver was master of ceremonies, and began his address mildly. He said he and his delegation were there merely to know if there was any power by which a train for the army could be secured. He said there was not a laboring man in Des Moines who would countenance any violation of the law, but that all were anxious to prevent a disbandment in Des Moines of the suffering industrial army.

Vice President Van Horn, of the

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Trades and Labor assembly, followed with the statement that labor organizations feared a disbandment of the army here, and asked that the men be hurried out of the state. Their presence here, he said, would glut the labor market and do a great injury to Des Moines.

M. H. King, a local labor leader, in a short address requested that the governor, "in unmistakable terms," ask the railroad companies for transportation, and Chairman Lowery, of the citizens' committee, followed in a similar appeal. Every effort to secure food had been exhausted, he said.

The Governor's Reply.

Gov. Jackson, in his reply, referred to the events since the army reached Council Bluffs, and read a letter he had written President Cable, of the Rock Island railroad, requesting that official to furnish a train to Davenport, and requests he had made to all Iowa trunk lines, and the refusals from each road to carry the men for less than full fare. Gov. Jackson said he would lay the matter before the executive council of the state and see what could be done. If Kelly will take a route down the river by way of Cincinnati, the governor said he had hopes of getting him out of the state.

The efforts of Gov. Jackson will be directed toward securing funds to pay for transportation out of Des Moines over the Des Moines & Kansas City and the Keokuk & Western roads to the river, thence by boat to the Ohio. He has an offer by a boat line, he says, which would make the plan feasible. Kelly will probably consent to go by the river, as he may be able to secure boats up the Ohio which will carry him well on his way to Washington.

Kelly Accepts.

A committee appointed to confer with Kelly found him willing to accept any proposition. "If I am furnished railroad transportation to the Mississippi," he said, "I will accept it gladly. I had expected to go by way of Chicago, but will do the next best thing." Gov. Jackson was informed of Kelly's decision, and immediately efforts will be made to get the men out of Des Moines.

Debs Sits on Sovereign.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 4.—There will be no strike on the railroads in Iowa even if Kelly's army is required to march from Des Moines to the Mississippi river. Grand Master Workman Sovereign's threat has been neatly answered by President Debs of the American Railway union. When Sovereign's interview appeared in which he threatened that the Knights of Labor and the American Railway union would espouse the cause of the army if Kelly's men were not furnished transportation the members of the local lodge of the railway union were much exercised, and the following telegram was sent to President Debs at St. Paul: "It is reported here by Sovereign that the American Railway union men will be called out in case transportation is refused Kelly. Is there any truth in this? Our men oppose such a move. Answer quick."

President Debs' response to the above

was as follows: "Pay no attention to the report. It is false." The officers of the American Railway union had quite a stormy interview with Mr. Sovereign Wednesday morning, and he was told plainly that the railroad men in Des Moines would not strike unless they had a grievance, and that they were not under the domination of the Knights of Labor.

Says He Is Not Guilty.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—In discussing his arrest Gen. Coxe, the chief of the commonweal said:

"I am certain that I have not been guilty of lawbreaking. I saw Vice President Stevenson at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning and he told me that he would consult with Speaker Crisp about setting aside the regulation forbidding speechmaking on the capitol grounds. I am certain that the law is unconstitutional and I wanted to test it. I left my army and walked peacefully to the capitol steps bearing no banner or device, which the law forbids. I demanded of the police the exercise of my right. When they refused me I asked if I could read a protest. They refused that and I made no attempt to speak or read, merely asking them to accept the protest, which they refused. I turned and made my way from the grounds. If there was lawlessness in my action I fail to see it. I did not know whether the vice president had concluded to let me speak or I wished to test the law. Marshal Browne walked over the grass contrary to law, but he did it because the mounted police were trying to ride him down."

Will Make It a Contest of Endurance.

Coxey's plan is to enter upon a contest of endurance. He proposes simply to stay here and wait. He said:

"We will be joined by thousands of other unemployed. I intend to drop every other occupation and stay right here in Washington until congress acts one way or the other upon my bills. If congress adjourns without giving relief to the unemployed we will turn our attention to the president and demand an extra session. Our presence here, and we will number thousands, will force action. The army must be fed and congress, sooner or later, will be compelled to provide for it. Whether we will make any further demonstration at the capitol remains to be seen. We are here not to commit wrongs or to break laws, but to convince congress of the evil result of the legislation of the last twenty-five years and to demand relief. Washington is a beautiful city, and if the laboring men of America must starve it might as well be here as anywhere else."

Criticising the Authorities.

The arrest of Coxe and Browne on such trivial charges has elicited much unfavorable comment among the people at large. The cry of police persecution has already gone up. Senator Palmer, of Illinois, said that he was convinced that the executive authorities had gone too far in refusing a deposit of \$500 cash in lieu of a real-estate bond. The arrests have created such a general sympathy among the people that great quantities of provisions are being sent in for the army.

Galvin's Army Pays Fare.

WHEELING, W. Va., May 4.—Col. Galvin's army has evacuated this town, taking a Baltimore & Ohio train for Pittsburgh at 1:30 p. m. The local trades assembly paid their passage, \$150, \$82 of which was raised among the merchants, and the rest being supplied out of the assembly's funds. The city furnished the army with food while here.

Constitution-Democrat.

CONS. MAY 9, 1894. 1893.

FISK'S REPLY.

Word Sent by Him to Des Moines in the Kelly Army Matter.

After receiving word from I. P. Lusk, general agent of the Diamond Jo line, Friday afternoon, that it was impossible for that line to furnish boats for the transportation of Kelly's army, Dr. C. R. Fisk replied by wire to the message he had received from the Des Moines citizens' committee, telling them Mr. Lusk's decision. In the evening Dr. Fisk followed up his dispatch with the following letter:

KEOKUK, Io., May 4, 1894.—A. P. Lowery, Des Moines, Iowa: Dear Sir: I have done the best I could for you today, wired I. Lusk, of St. Louis, in behalf of the army and after three hours' delay received word that the Diamond Jo had nothing available to transport the army. I. Lusk is general agent of the Diamond Jo line. I learned later that the Josephine is at Dubuque and is an excursion boat that could accommodate the army nicely, and probably could be had. The owner of the Josephine is M. H. Davis, Quincy, Ill. With best wishes for the relief of the army I remain respectfully,
C. R. FISK.

Constitution-Democrat.

CONS. MAY 11, 1894. 1893.

KELLY'S SLOW MOVE

Commander of the New Navy
Now Fifty Miles From
Des Moines.

Ten Thousand Dollars Spent by
Capital City People for
the Army.

Colorado Contingent With the Stolen
Train Are Overtaken and Cap-
tured—In Washington.

DES MOINES, May 10.—Kelly's army tonight reached a point in Marion county between forty and fifty miles from Des Moines. There is no fixed camp, but the army lies scattered along five or ten miles. The estimated expense of keeping the 1,200 men in this city is nearly \$10,000, including special police protection. The army was well supplied with provisions today, farmers of the county through which they passed bringing ample quantities of good food.

The "War" is Over.

SALINA, KAN., May 10.—The "war" is over. The intrepid Colorado contingent of the commonweal which kept Colorado and Kansas in

an uproar for two days surrendered unconditionally to Marshal Neeley. Marshal Neeley served writs upon the Coxeyites with a posse of men, saying if they refused to surrender the train the government would be asked for troops to enforce the order of the federal court. They were 450 men strong and every man was put under arrest. The surrender was made peacefully and the entire army is being taken to Topeka for trial. A special train is now en route with the captured army and making rapid time on the return trip.

SALINA, KAN., May 10.—A special train of United States deputies numbering about 100, mostly armed with Winchester, reached Geneseo at noon and expects to go as far west as Scott City. The force is under Marshal Neely who has warrants for the entire party of Coxeyites for stealing a train and interfering with transmission of United States mails. It is expected with fair running the Coxeyites will reach Scott City late this afternoon and the deputies expect to meet them there. Local authorities will aid in their capture. Officers expect resistance from the Coxey men and a possible attempt to capture the deputies' train. Serious trouble is anticipated.

HORACE, KAN., May 10.—The stolen train arrived here about noon. The Coxeyites abandoned the old switch engine which became almost useless and seized the best passenger engine in the Missouri Pacific yard. At 1:15 they were still here waiting for an east bound passenger train to pass them. They absolutely refused to move unless the regular passenger went ahead of them. Superintendent Clark then ordered the passenger to pull out ahead. The Coxeyites number 480 men and occupy six box cars.

SCOTT CITY, KANS., May 10.—The industrials passed Leoti at 5:05 p. m. and just reached this point following an east bound passenger train. Marshal Neeley and forces were standing on the platform with Winchester in waiting, when the industrials came in sight and saw the armed men. They reversed their engine and went at a high rate of speed back, disappearing in the west. At Scott City part of the track to the east was taken up by Missouri Pacific people to stop the Coxeyites. When the industrials started west the Missouri Pacific started a work train east from Leoti, Kan., to intercept Sanders and men.

Wants the Act Repealed.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—In the senate Allen of Nebraska introduced a bill to repeal the act regulating use of the capitol grounds under which Coxey and his lieutenants were arrested.

In the senate today Peffer introduced a resolution for appointment of a special committee of three senators to investigate the condition of the country with special reference

to the prevailing business depression and report legislation to afford relief.

Allen's resolution to investigate alleged police clubbing on the occasion of the Coxey demonstration then came up and Gordon of Georgia took the floor. He declared the Coxey movement was a child of the parental theory of government; a remedy for existing conditions to be found in the decentralization of power.

Teller spoke in favor of the resolution, saying Coxey was a lawabiding citizen and entitled to respect and consideration in view of hardships endured in trudging to Washington. His scheme was absurd, as were many others, but it was not wicked.

Constitution-Democrat

Vol. 33, MAY 11, 1894.

COMMODORE KELLY.

The Council Adopts an Ordinance Declaring Quarantine Against the Navy.

The Code Gives Cities Under Special Charters This Power.

The Vagrants Must not Come Nearer Than Four Miles—Mr. Hubinger's Modest Demands—City Council Meeting.

Ordinances.

Ald. Culbertson presented the following ordinance:

GENERAL ORDINANCE NO. 279.

An ordinance preventing the introduction of pauper and contagious and infectious diseases into the city and quarantining the city.

Be it ordained by the city council of the city of Keokuk:

Section 1. That whenever any pauper or body of paupers shall attempt to enter the corporate limits of the city of Keokuk it shall be the duty of the city marshal to repel and prevent the entrance or introduction of such pauper or paupers into the corporate limits.

Sec. 2. Whenever any person having any contagious or infectious disease or any body of persons having among them any such person or persons, or whenever any person who has recently been exposed to any person having any contagious or infectious disease, or whenever any person who endangers or threatens the public health or any body of persons who endanger or threaten the public health, attempts to enter the corporate limits of the city of Keokuk or attempts to approach within four miles of said corporate limits, it shall be the duty of the city marshal to repel and prevent their entrance or introduction within the city limits or to repel and prevent the approach of such persons or bodies of persons within four miles of the city limits; provided nothing in this ordinance shall be construed as attempting to interfere with the navigation of the Mississippi river or of the Des Moines river to low water mark.

Sec. 3. It is hereby made a misdemeanor for any of the persons referred to in Sec. 1 hereof to enter the corporate limits of the city and any person convicted thereof may be fined in any sum not exceeding one hundred dollars and imprisoned not longer than thirty days.

Sec. 4. It is hereby made a misdemeanor for any of the persons referred to in Sec. 2 hereof to enter or attempt to enter the corporate limits or approach within four miles of said corporate limits and any person convicted thereof may be fined in any sum not exceeding \$100 and imprisonment not longer than thirty days.

Sec. 5. Whenever in the performance of the duties imposed by sections 1 and 2 hereof the city marshal shall in his judgment need assistance he may summon to his aid and require the assistance of any male citizen between the ages of 18 and 55 years and the wilful refusal of any such person, if able bodied, to immediately aid and assist said marshal shall be a misdemeanor and any one convicted thereof shall be fined in a sum not less than \$25 or more than \$100 and shall be imprisoned not less than one day and not more than thirty days.

Kelly Can Float By.

Kelly can float by Keokuk but he can't stop here. That is the meaning of the quarantine ordinance and it was adopted for this emergency. When it was put upon its passage, Mayor Moorhead called President Pro tem LeBron to the chair and made an explanation. He said that Section 10, Chapter 77 of the code permitted Keokuk and other cities acting under special charters to adopt just this kind of an ordinance. Without such an ordinance no city has the legal right to use the police power to keep such organizations out of the city. This section of the code and this ordinance confers this power. It is said that Kelly's is but one of several more armies and novices coming this way, one of which is to be a women's army. If we commence to feed these armies we will have to keep it up. If we keep them away from Keokuk we will not be bothered with them long. We have poor among us. If we have money to spend, let us spend it on our own poor.

The ordinance passed without debate and without a dissenting vote.

Constitution-Democrat

Vol. 33, MAY 16, 1894.

KELLY'S ANGELS.

He Devotes Most Of His Attention To Them To the Neglect Of His Navy.

Thursday's Des Moines Register had the following about the departure of of Kelly's navy from that city:

In the camp in the morning the crowd was very dense. The chairman of the citizen's committee, Mr. A. P. Lowery, was there with his wife and children, peacefully looking on and feeling mighty thankful that the men were about to leave and relieve him of a too great burden. But the saddest and most forlorn man in the whole crowd was Gen. Weaver. His eyes were down cast, and his face haggard and showing sleepless nights. Like Peter, he stood afar off, but unlike Peter he was being denied, not denying. He started out to do everything for the army, and incidentally to turn into an argument for populism at least forty miles wide, and that was the ending of it all. Kelly soured on him. Kelly paid all his attention to the two Omaha women and none to the arch populist. As a matter of fact General Weaver did do his best, and deserved better treatment at the hands of Kelly. But in any event never did high political expectations flatten out so much as in the case. The army was welcomed to Des Moines as a visible evidence of the wisdom of populism, and it left Des Moines having disillusioned all who came in contact with it.

Vertical handwritten notes on the right margin, including "May 16, 1894" and "Kelly's Angels".

The last seen or heard of Gen. Kelly was at the Winterset bridge about 3 o'clock with "the army angels," the two women who are traveling with Kelly. He found his army badly scattered again and saw night coming on to keep them so, many being far removed from the feeding department. He did not leave the city until about 2 o'clock himself.

While Gen. Kelly has criticized the citizens' committee, now that he and his army are safely out of town, it is only fair to say that during the past two or three days his generalship has consisted largely in escorting about the two infatuated women who are with the army, much to the neglect of the latter. It seems to be the commencement of the old, old story and Kelly will find worse snags ahead with his army than those in the Des Moines river unless he changes his course. There was no system or order about the start yesterday morning. Every man went in his own appointed time and in his own appointed way. No one knew exactly what to do, and some of the men drifted down through pure ignorance. Even about so important a matter as the commissary department there was only a harum skarum arrangement. As far as Kelly was concerned the navy might as well have been without a commodore. The result was that last night while the vanguard rested near the mouth of Camp Creek, the Polk county line, about one and a half miles above Runnells, the rear end was fully six miles this side of that point, and Kelly, the devil himself did not know where he was or what he was about, but all the men in the barges ahead supposed he was bringing up the rear some place below Des Moines with "them women."

To one of the natives resting from his plow to see the men passing by, a member of the navy said: "Say, mister, give me a plug of tobacco." "If you want tobacco work for it," was the prompt reply, "That's how I get my chawid'."

The Gate City.

WED. MAY 16, 1894. 1894

THE COMING OF KELLY.

The Topic That is More Discussed Than Any Other in Keokuk Now.

When will Kelly be here and what shall we do with him is a topic that is more discussed by Keokuk people now than any other. The stormy mass meeting of Monday night seems but to have increased rather than solved the perplexity. The committee appointed to solicit will have no easy task before it.

Thad Rogers of Quincy, who was reported as offering to feed the army and turn his hotel over to it when it got there, was in town last night and proceeded to Eldon. He said he slipped off from Quincy just to see Kelly and learn just what his intentions are.

The Appointment of Committees.

A meeting was held at the city offices last night for the purpose of appointing committees to solicit aid for Kelly's army.

They are to prepare for the meal to be given him, and then he must pass on. The following are the names of those composing the

committees and giving their respective wards.

J. T. P. Power was elected secretary, and F. T. F. Schmidt treasurer. A committee composed of R. M. Marshall, J. T. P. Power and R. H. Bell was appointed to secure a building to receive the supplies.

First Ward—J. C. Davis, A. J. McCrary, Jno. N. Irwin, C. H. Leas, J. M. Shaffer and R. H. Bell.

Second Ward—M. A. Rogerson, J. T. P. Power, A. J. Dimond, Jno. McAndrew, Wm. Horn, jr., Emmett Ireland, D. D. Harrington and August Bower, jr.

Third Ward—C. R. Fisk, L. E. Garrison, R. M. Marshall, Dr. B. F. Bailey, E. Radasch, A. Shuler, Robert Rees, B. S. Andressen, and W. L. Thompson.

Fourth Ward—J. R. Dimond, L. F. Crow, J. M. Grover, Ben Bawden, Sr., S. I. Rutledge, John Dumenil, John Dolan, P. J. Sheehan, Chas. Deitz, P. A. Griffith and M. J. Burke.

Fifth Ward—F. M. Fuller, Ben Mayhew, H. Gabriel, W. G. Davis, J. E. Gillam and Selby Johnson.

Sixth Ward—E. Walsch, A. J. Pollard, R. H. Dollery, F. T. F. Schmidt, J. A. Hirst, J. C. Spaan and J. R. Auld.

Seventh Ward—Jno. Wellihan, J. B. Walsh, Mike McNearney, Steve Collins, Wm. Bunyan, jr., Mike Whalen, Emmett Watson, John Concannon and Tim Hickey, jr.

Resolutions were passed directing the chairman of these committees to give receipts for money paid, and pay the same to the treasurer of the committee. Taking his receipt for it so that the committee could make an itemized report of the amounts it received and how it was expended.

The subcommittees will report to the general committee, which will meet at the city offices at 7:30 p. m. Wednesday.

Up River Preparations.

Citizens of Keosauqua had a meeting and appointed a committee to meet Commodore Kelly and his fleet.

A special to THE GATE CITY from Bonaparte yesterday reads: "Kelly's army is expected to reach Bonaparte tomorrow or Thursday. That they may not be delayed here a by the dam, a chute has been constructed, upon which the boats can be lowered with very little inconvenience. A large quantity of bread has been ordered by the restauraters for H. H. Meek, who intends to feed them as they go through here. Our citizens are all curious to see this motley congregation, but do not want them to tarry longer than to allow a review of them."

Expert Foragers.

The members of the army, perhaps taking their cue from Kelly who has threatened to seize provisions if they were not furnished them, have become experts in foraging. A large percentage of the men are always away from the boats and they thoroughly ransack the country for two or three miles on either side. They beg what they can and in addition levy secret tribute on the smoke

houses and larders of the farmers. Stealing is rendered easy from the fact that the houses are usually deserted, the occupants being at the river bank watching for Kelly's navy, which recalls the early days when the Des Moines river was really navigated. The army is being rapidly diminished by desertion.—Des Moines Leader.

What Quincy Will Do.

General Rogers is looking forward to the coming of Kelly's commonweal army with great expectations, but the probabilities are that he will be disappointed. It is reported that he will meet the army at the river front on a white horse, and that he has engaged two brass bands.

The St. James hotel was a busy place. New furniture was received, and when asked the question why all this furniture had been purchased, General Rogers answered that it was being put in Commodore Kelly's room.

All sorts of rumors were current yesterday, and all were interested in the news from Kelly's army. As the despatches state, the commonwealers reached Ottumwa yesterday afternoon. It is predicted that the army will reach Quincy on Saturday.

It was stated by men who were in the bottoms north and south of the city on Sunday, that hundreds of tramps are in the bottoms waiting for news of the arrival of Kelly's army in Quincy, and the belief is that when it does arrive the tramps will all flock to the city.

Gen. Rogers seems to think that Quincy should be congratulated on receiving a visit from the commonweal, but Mayor Mikesell and the city authorities do not feel it that way, and are taking measures to keep the army from landing here.

At a meeting of the council last evening an ordinance was adopted which is intended to keep out paupers and persons afflicted with contagious diseases. A report was current yesterday that some of Kelly's men were afflicted with smallpox, but a dispatch to Ald. Swimmer from Harvey, Ia., where the army camped on Sunday, says the report is not true. If contagious diseases do exist in the army the board of health will keep the men out of Quincy, and if there is no contagious disease among them the committee will probably meet Gen. Kelly at Alexandria, Mo., and inform him that if he will camp on Ward's island below the city he and his army will be provided with provisions, but if he comes into the city he will get nothing.

The mayor stated yesterday that if the army comes he will call on Sheriff Vancil for assistance to protect the town. At a meeting of the board of health yesterday it was decided to send a physician to Alexandria, Mo., to meet the army. The city authorities will make every effort to keep the army from entering Quincy.—Quincy Whig.

Sunday
 Cash
 Com
 Pills
 Kelly
 May 16 1894
 (Army Angels)

The Gate City.

MAY 16, 1894.

A KELLY MEETING.

Leader of the Commonwealters is Sore on the Populists.

OTTUMWA, May 15.—A big meeting was held at the Kelly camp last night at which Kelly and local populists spoke. Kelly stated very distinctly he was not running a populist side-show. The army is making considerable money by means of various schemes. The army rose early and had breakfast. The authorities gave the order to move at noon. A start was made at that hour. Five boats were left behind—two for provisions, three containing a ball team which played a picked nine here this afternoon. Kelly says when he arrives in Keokuk he will lash his boats together into a huge raft and hire a tow to Quincy, Ill. He expects to remain there several days. Eldon is the next objective point. The people there intend to keep the army out of the city and will refuse to feed them. Kelly has given positive orders to land there. Trouble is expected.

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CONSTITUTION—Established 1847.

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1883.

KELLY SETS SAIL.

His Force Leaves Des Moines on Home-Made Flat-Boats.

Randall and His Fellow-Prisoners at La Porte Arraigned on a Charge of Conspiracy—Released on Bail.

KELLY'S NAVY AFLOAT.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 10.—Commodore Kelly sailed for Washington shortly after noon. His flotilla consists of 150 flatboats. Each boat is 18 feet long, 6 feet wide and 1 foot deep and accommodates ten men. When the Mississippi is reached the boats will be lashed together, if practicable, and if not a barge will be secured. About 1,350 men sailed and ten boats were filled with provisions. The boats are all named and decorated with flags acquired through purchase or donation.

Five thousand Des Moines people went down to the navy yard to witness the start, which had been advertised for 9 o'clock. Gen. Kelly greatly desired to make an imposing display, as, led by his flagship, the flotilla proceeded down the river. He and the crowd were alike disappointed when, on account of obstructions in the river, it was decided to send the boats down a mile and a half in charge of small crews. The boats got away from the navy yard during the forenoon and were collected below the obstructions.

Gen. Kelly at first intended to bring his men up town and after farewell speeches march them back again, but this plan was abandoned and the boats formed in line below the obstructions on the river and the start was made at 1:30. Prof. Alphonso King, of aquatic bicycle fame, rode his machine at the head.

KELLY'S ARMY.

It Will Reach Ottumwa Sunday and Be Fed.

OTTUMWA, Iowa, May 11.—[Special.]—The advance guard of Kelly's navy reached Harvey at noon to-day, but the boats are greatly scattered, extending for a distance of almost twenty miles up the river. Colonel Baker is in Oskaloosa looking after the promised supplies which will be furnished at the iron bridge six miles west of that city. The entire party will be halted there by Kelly and the scattered bands collected and a reorganization effected and a fresh start made. This will probably be at noon tomorrow. It is not expected that they will reach Ottumwa until Sunday morning at least. The Ottumwa city council determined last night to furnish the party one day's rations provided they will pass quietly through the city without landing and will not halt at a point near the city longer than one day. There is no excitement here and no expectation whatever of difficulty.

STOLE THE BEEF.

RUNNELS, Iowa, May 11.—Kelly's navy was aroused from slumber at midnight and at once got under way by the waning moonlight. Kelly was satisfied with the outlook and says he will reach Washington in due time. Labor organizations he says, are contributing liberally and the navy will have money enough to make their way. Provisions will be plenty as soon as the Oskaloosa delegation, which has been delayed, arrives. The navy expects to camp next at Durath. The Sacramento men made more trouble last night by stealing the beef contributed and getting away down the river. Ten boats which left the rest of river fleet Wednesday, camped thirty miles ahead of the other boats at Howell last night. Admiral Speed is at Harvey to compel them to wait till the rest arrive.

KELLY NOTES.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 11.—Kelly's navy on its way down the Des Moines river last night reached a point in Marion county between 40 and 50 miles from Des Moines. There was no fixed camp, but the army was scattered along 5 or 10 miles. Two or three boat loads of provisions did not leave Des Moines until yesterday, and will hardly be able to overtake the army. The army was well supplied with provisions, the farmers of the country through which they passed bringing ample quantities of food.

The Kelly army slept along the Des Moines river in a cold rain Wednesday night. Thursday forenoon the boats halted at Runnels and held to wait the arrival of Kelly and the commissary stores. The location of the general is unknown. The supplies are yet a considerable distance up the river. About ten boats refused to wait and went on down the river. They seem to be doing a land office business in the way of gathering in food and supplies and it looks as though the rest of the army would find empty larders when they come along. These ten boats contain the most energetic fellows in the army and many of the best boatmen, consequently their progress is com-

paratively rapid. They make no bones about striking the farmers and citizens along the river for supplies, giving it out that they are collecting them for the army which is to follow. The fellows in the rear, however, are rapidly becoming acquainted with the situation and one of Kelly's aids has sent out men on horseback to head off the runaways and has given them authority to demand that county sheriffs arrest the fellows for procuring food under false pretenses. The mayor of Deermoth, ten miles below here was telegraphed to to stop the boats.

A member of the company in the presence of his mates and without a word of protest from them expressed himself as follows:

"We are getting tired of Kelly; he's out of money all the time. The only reason he refused to let us take a train out of Council Bluffs is that he wanted a chance to beg along the route. He's a professional beggar and his begging don't do us any good. We're getting about ready to shift for ourselves and let Kelly and the girls go their own way."

The presence of "the girls," Mrs. Harper and Miss Hooten, of Council Bluffs, with the army displeases many of the men. These females are not at all handsome and show a great partiality to Kelly and his lieutenants. They are poor misguided creatures and may be compelled to leave the army by force of circumstances before long.

The army of Kelly cost the city of Des Moines at least \$10,000. If another

one comes it will probably have the pleasure of taking care of itself and will get little in the way of contributions. Des Moines is exhausted. The hardware stores report extra large sales of guns these days and property owners say they will use them on tramps who molest their hen-coosts and other possessions.

THE KELLY HEROINES.

OMAHA, May 11.—The Omaha World-Herald says that the real facts in relation to the bravery displayed by Mrs. Edna Harper and Miss Anna Hooten in the daring act of stealing an engine and their contempt for danger, owing to their devotion to the cause of Kelly, have never been fully set forth. From eye witnesses to the act of seizing engine No. 1,268, it is learned that the "heroines" were flirting with some railroad men when the "capture" was made and that they, with the confidence that they were able to meet the "danger" in the spirit of such a cause, stood in the shadow of the captured engine until it moved. It was then that Miss Hooten and Mrs. Harper mounted the engine and waved an American flag. That night neither Miss Hooten nor Mrs. Harper returned to their homes, but instead visited Kelly at Weston and there conceived the idea of joining the army either as a side show or press correspondents. Mrs. Edna Harper is the wife of H. T. Harper, a driver for Peycke Bros. in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Harper have resided in Omaha about one year, coming here from Elk Point, S. D., where Mrs. Harper's mother, Mrs. S. D. King, now lives. The Harpers lived at 608 South Sixteenth street during February and March. The family while here attracted no particular attention, except that several women were noticed as callers whose deportment did not gain them any compliments. Mrs. Harper met Ollie Hall of 535 Broadway, Council Bluffs, and a dear friendship sprung up between the two. Miss Hall brought Miss Hooten over and introduced her to Mrs. Harper. The Hootens,

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Vertical strip with handwritten notes and markings, including the name "Kelly" written vertically.

Harpers and Halls became fast friends. Mrs. Harper, when she joined the army, deserted her husband and a 2 year-old baby girl, saying that she would never return unless she could do so with a good "stake." Mrs. Harper's husband has not a very good opinion of Miss Hooten. Council Bluffs authorities do not consider her as much a model woman, as if she were teaching Sunday school, for instance.

ON TO QUINCY.
 FIEFIELD, Io., May 11.—The men are greatly dissatisfied, and there was almost a mutiny yesterday morning, but it was quelled when the report ran through the fleet that a steamboat will be secured when they reach the Mississippi. Commodore Kelly says that a wealthy citizen of Quincy, Ill., named Rogers, who is said to be fully in sympathy with the commonweal movement and ready to devote his means to it, has placed a large hotel with plenty of food at the disposal of the army as soon as it reaches there, and further that he will assist them in chartering a steamer to tow the fleet and relieve the men of the work at the oars. This statement from Commodore Kelley was rapidly communicated through the fleet, and its effect was remarkable. The feeling of dissatisfaction disappeared, the grumbling ceased, and when the fleet tied up the men were in good spirits. The army still has a good supply of provisions. Supplies are being hauled in wagons from Oskaloosa to the river, and the fleet hopes to reach them by this evening. More contributions are expected at Ottumwa, and these Kelly hopes, will be sufficient to last until the fleet reaches Quincy. The prospect of living in a hotel there is decidedly pleasant to the men, and they are all anxious to reach Quincy.

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WAITING FOR KELLY.

Bonaparte People Anxious to See the Commander.

Van Buren County to Furnish Bread for the Men as They Pass—(yclone Stories From Moulton—Neighborhood Notes.

BONAPARTE, Io., May 15.—[Special]—Bonaparte people are anxiously awaiting the coming of Kelly and his party. The water is falling fast and unless he gets a Kelly slide on, he will remain and fish with us this season. Five hundred loaves of bread were ordered and received from Keokuk to feed the party. The county proposes to pay the expense of feeding them at various points in Van Buren county... The Bonaparte ball club want Keokuk to send up her best club for a Saturday and Sunday game. We sent the Fairfield nine home badly defeated. The score on Saturday was 13 to 1, and on Sunday 15 to 2, both in favor of Bonaparte. The attendance on Sunday was probably 700... Fishing with nets is a good business here and the state authorities have not succeeded in stopping it, to the disgust of those who enjoy fishing in a sportsman-like manner, with rod and line... Crops are looking fine, and so far, the prospects are as good as can be.

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 THE DES MOINES RIVER.

Kelly's Trip Revives Memories of How The Stream Was Navigated in Early Days.

To the Editor.
 The Kelly expedition floating down the Des Moines river from the city of Des Moines, revives old memories back when this river was navigated by good sized freight and passenger steamers that plied the Des Moines river from the city of Keokuk to the then village of Des Moines, and in the early spring in extreme high water some of the steamers ran up the Des Moines to Ft. Dodge. The Des Moines river was navigated in the early thirties, carrying supplies to the Indians and Indian traders, between Keokuk and Des Moines. Old Capt. Bill Phelps was, I believe, the first one to run a steamboat up this river, the first one named, I believe, the Otter and later on the Dove. Afterwards, during the forties and fifties, there was sharp competition in the steamboat carrying trade between Keokuk and Des Moines before the completion of the old Keokuk and Fort Des Moines railroad, now dubbed the C., K. I. & P. Then there were quite a number of good sized steamers that plied regularly during the spring months, when the water was high, between Keokuk and Fort Des Moines, or Raccoon Forks, as by those names the present city of Des Moines was then known.

Our former old time citizens, Adam and Dan Hine, were the most enterprising boatmen during the fifties. I remember among the boats they operated on the Des Moines river were the Clara Hine, Des Moines City and Island City, but the most successful one was the Clara Hine. She generally towed two large barges and between the boat and barges would carry four or five hundred tons of merchandise up stream and return loaded with grain, pork, and other farm products to be transferred to the larger steamers at Keokuk, to be re-shipped to St. Louis. I remember several years before the days of bridges across the Des Moines, of our regular Keokuk packets as large as the present Gem City and on one or two occasions New Orleans steamers of double the carrying capacity making occasional trips in the early spring to Athens, Mo., (opposite Croton), and loading them to the guards with pork, grain and hay and other produce that had been hauled in by teams during the winter to be shipped south. Old Geo. Gray was the pork packer, merchant king and principal snipper at Athens. He quite often chartered a large steamer at St. Louis and loaded her there with merchandise and with produce, etc., on her return trip. But those days are past when a dozen or more of small steamers were lying at our levee at one time and the largest number would be for the Des Moines river. I can call to memory some of the names of the boats, viz: Otter, Dove, Badger State, Globe, Skipper, Col. Morgan, Glancus, Clara Hine, Ed. Manning, Island City, Des Moines City, Charles Rogers, Alice, Nevada, Flora Temple and many others that I cannot now call to mind.

During this time there was no railroads in the state and all towns of any importance were working all kinds of schemes to procure railroads at any

price, and in the early fifties Kibourne, Perry, Leighton and Hugh T. Reid and many others that I cannot call to mind, though they were the principal ones who formed a syndicate and consolidated with the old Des Moines River and Land Grant Improvement company, which company had obtained from the state a charter and a large grant of lands along each side of the Des Moines river to a point as far as Fort Dodge and above which was granted on condition that this company would improve the Des Moines river by a system of canals, locks and dams so as to form slack water navigation for passenger and freight steamers from Keokuk to Fort Dodge, and to make the river navigable for boats drawing a certain number of feet of water to wit: six feet when loaded, and under this arrangement many thousand dollars were expended, locks and dams were located and some built at several points which were successfully used by steamers until the commencement of the war. By a system of junketing with the legislature, the land grant to the river improvement company was diverted to the railroad company and the company was absolved from completing the contract with the state. But on the completion of the railroad from Keokuk to Des Moines and since the river has been bridged from its mouth to its source the river has been abandoned as a navigable stream.

Now the thought occurred to me if Coxey's commonwealers under the command of Commodore Kelly would give his experience after floating down on the bosom of the raging Des Moines to the Mississippi river and will change their base from good roads to good navigable rivers after their arrival at their objective point, Washington, D. C., (provided they ever do), and petition congress to furnish means to carry out the original design of the state of Iowa in making the Des Moines river navigable, they would confer a lasting favor on Des Moines, Ottumwa and Keokuk, and intermediate towns on the river, and get even with the blasted monopoly of railroads who refused their demands for free transportation to Washington.
 J. F. DAUGHERTY.

KELLY COMING.

His Navy Is Still Headed This Way.

Mayor Moorhead Pays a Visit to the Navy and Learns a Thing or Two—Kelly Army Notes.

Mayor Moorhead went to Harvey Saturday for the purpose of taking a look at Kelly's navy and ascertaining, if possible, their intentions should they reach this city. He returned Sunday morning with considerable information in his inside pocket. As to the character of the men, Mayor Moorhead said that statements differ. If one talked to railroad officials or newspaper men he would be told that the majority of the navy were tramps, while a Kelly sympathizer would say that most of the men were laborers sincere in the cause they were following.

As near as Mayor Moorhead could learn, if the army came by Ottumwa and Eldon without seizing a train for the east, it was Kelly's intention to come to Keokuk and squat here with his army until the citizens furnish him a boat for transportation down the river. Keokuk's executive inquired how

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long the army would be likely to stay in one place, and the reply was just as long as they will be fed. They will move only when they get hungry and there is nothing to eat in sight where they are. This has been the experience at every place where they have stopped, notably in Des Moines. The boats in which the navy rides, it is said, could not be used on the Mississippi unless the water was very calm. Mayor Moorhead says that Keokuk's action in endeavoring to keep the army from entering the city has been regarded by many of those he met while on his trip, as the right course to pursue. He also states that the Sacramento company is in a state of open rebellion and are traveling ahead of the army gobbling up all the provisions they can get hold of. Outside of this company Kelly seems to have good control over his men, but unless something is done to conciliate the two factions there may be a serious rupture in the navy, which may result in its being disbanded.

KELLY ARMY NOTES.

Quincy Herald: George Burke is to Keokuk what John J. Flynn is to Quincy—he furnishes the thirsty with soda water and ginger ale of his own manufacture.

George was here yesterday. He has a number of friends in Quincy and came down to prove to them that he is still alive and as genial as of yore. He succeeded. George shakes hands with a friend with the same hand that has shaken the hand of Gen. Charles Kelly, the commonweal crank who is headed this way with his army. He met him two weeks ago in Iowa and had a long talk. Kelly was laying great store on Quincy and the assistance he would get here. He told him he once lived here and set type on the Herald and Whig and that he was well acquainted and would receive assistance and encouragement here. After the long ride down the Des Moines and Mississippi rivers his army would be tired, he said, and would rest here for two weeks. That's a pleasing prospect—it must be even to greathearted Thad Rogers.

In answer to a question Mr. Burke replied that the army is composed of a ragamuffin lot of fellows—professional tramps. They are fellows that a decent man would rather go around a block than meet in the dark—impudent, hungry, poorly clad mendicants who demand food in preference to requesting it and who will have it even if it has to be purloined.

Ottumwa decided to furnish the army with 3,000 loaves of bread and 1,500 pounds of bacon.

General Kelly was interviewed by a correspondent and remarked: "I have just received a message from my old friend and companion, General Rogers, of Quincy, inviting us to accept the hospitality of his hotel. He has the largest hotel in the state there. He bought one of the world's finest buildings for a kitchen to it. I understand that I am to be assigned to the bridal chamber, and I like the fare I may stay all summer and start for Washington early in the fall. We will rally all the western forces at Quincy, and I have no doubt we can start from there in September, with 50,000 men. A little rest, with plenty of good, boating and fishing, will do us good, and I am very thankful to my old schoolmate, Senator Rogers, for his hospitable offer. I drew on him for \$1,000 to-day. I understand that he and George M. Pullman are the two wealthiest men in Illinois, and that he is so rich that he has

been known to get up early in the morning and go down the river bank and throw silver dollars into the river just for amusement. If Judge Rogers will accept the place I will name him as my second in command and he will have charge of the commissary department."

Constitution-Democrat

CONC. MAY 15, 1894. 1893.

KELLY IN OTTUMWA

His Navy Arrives in That City and is Furnished a Meal.

Will Most Likely Arrive in Keokuk Some Time Thursday.

Rock Island Officials Keeping a Close Watch on the Wealers—Coxeyites Under Arrest.

[Special to THE GATE CITY.]

OTTUMWA, May 14.—The commonwealers are here. They came this morning and are now feasting on the wagon loads of provisions donated by the citizens of this city. Kelly and his doves were the last to arrive and they were the center of a curious crowd as soon as they stepped from their boat. He looks haggard, but is hopeful and is desirous of starting from here early tomorrow morning, and hopes to reach Keokuk by Thursday. The Kelly Reserve club, a local organization, are preparing a number of fence boards to be used as paddles and these will greatly assist their progress between here and Keokuk, at which he hopes to be able to purchase a large barge upon which he and his men may float down the Father of Waters. Kelly is not without means and will use his reserve fund in the purchase of a suitable craft to convey his army down the Mississippi and up the Ohio. Up to 10 o'clock tonight nearly 1,000 men were at the camp. In this body of men there are 123 Odd Fellows, seventy-eight Masons, twenty-five A. O. U. W., sixty-seven Knights of Pythias and 103 carrying Y. M. C. A. cards. They are conducting themselves in a manner that has created a good impression and those who were most emphatic in their censure of the army and Kelly are lending them assistance. A large number of detectives who are accompanying the army since it left Omaha are being replaced here by railroad men. Superintendents Dunlap and Gilmore of the Rock Island road are here on a special and will trail down to Keokuk with the wealers. They are guarding against an attack on their trains by the tough element which are deserting continually on account of having to row while on the river.

This element is causing the officers along the river considerable trouble as they are taking advantage of the opportunities offered to enter houses along the route while the natives are viewing the fleet from the river banks.

Since the army left Des Moines the Rock Island railroad has kept an engine and caboose alongside the army constantly. On board this train is General Superintendent Dunlap of the Rock Island route and Superintendent Gilmore of the Keokuk and Des Moines division. They are watching the movements of the army closely and are kept posted by the army of Pinkerton detectives who have been constantly with the Kellyites since it left Omaha. This vigilance will be kept up until the army reaches Keokuk.

Small Sized Riot.

OTTUMWA, May 14.—There was a small sized riot at the Kelly camp this evening. The mayor of Ottumwa hired and paid for grounds for the army to camp on. When teams arrived the owner of the grounds demanded an admission of ten cents to enter. After a number paid Kelly arrived and demanded it be stopped. The owner refused. Kelly ordered a guard of twenty men to hold the gate open. When the men attempted to shut it a scuffle ensued between the industrials and employes of the owner of the grounds. It was soon stopped by the mayor who decided in favor of Kelly, who opened the gates. The army will camp here tonight and go to Eldon tomorrow.

Constitution-Democrat

CONC. MAY 15, 1894.

WILL GIVE THEM A MEAL

And Send Them on Their Way Down River Rejoicing.

How Keokuk Proposes to Deal With Commodore Kelly's Navy.

This Action Determined at a Mass Meeting of Citizens Which Was One of the Stormiest in Keokuk's History.

Keokuk will give Commodore Kelly's navy one square meal at the Des Moines river, then send it on its way down the river rejoicing. This action was determined at a mass meeting of citizens held in the county court house last evening when the following was adopted on Rice H. Bell's motion.

"Be it resolved by the citizens of Keokuk in convention assembled that they furnish one day's rations for Kelly's army and that it be delivered to them at the Des Moines river bridge and that a committee of fifty be appointed to solicit said rations."

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Kelly

The committee appointed to solicit the rations is as follows:

Rice Bell, John R. Dimond, Dr. C. R. Fisk, Rob't Rees, E. Walsh, Jas. C. Davis, A. J. McCrary, John Irwin, C. H. Leas, J. B. Bailey, F. T. F. Schmidt, L. E. Garrison, Dr. B. F. Bailey, John Dameniel, H. Gabriel, Jas. A. Hirst, W. H. Horne, B. Bawden, Jas. A. Stinson, B. F. Crow, W. E. Watson, W. L. Thompson, A. J. Pollard, A. Schuler, R. M. Marshall, E. Radasch, Dr. J. M. Shaffer, Ben Mayhew, J. R. Auld, S. I. Rutledge, B. S. Andressen, A. J. Diamond, R. Dollery, John Wellehan, Tim Hickey, jr., M. McNearney, John Dolan, Charles Dietz, S. Collins, J. C. Spaan, Wm. Bunyan, jr., M. Whalen, P. J. Sheehan, P. A. Griffin, John Concanon, Jas. Grover, M. A. Rogerson, J. B. Walsh, J. T. P. Power, M. J. Burke.

This meeting was one of the stormiest ever held in Keokuk. It was called by S. W. Moorhead, J. F. Daugherty, W. B. Collins, Edmund Jaeger, and J. A. Gibbons, the call reading as follows:

"There will be meeting of the citizens of Keokuk at the County Court House this (Monday) evening, at 8 o'clock, to take measures to keep Kelly's army out of Keokuk."

The court room was packed when Mayor Moorhead called it to order and stated the object. He had been to Des Moines and had interviewed all sorts of people on the subject and had seen a portion of the army. He said that an organized body of tramps were headed this way and would probably reach Keokuk Wednesday evening. The army's history showed that it staid in a town just as long as the town would feed it, then moved on to the next base of supplies. As it reached Iowa it was largely made of men trying to get to their old homes in the east. Since leaving Des Moines there have been many desertions, and many professional tramps have joined and they are now probably in the majority. The army now numbers 1,000 and correspondents say about 800 are professional tramps; friends of the army say that fully 600 are not tramps. It is the army's purpose to settle in Keokuk and stay as long as we feed it. The council adopted a quarantine ordinance, which the small police force would be powerless to enforce. If the community favors keeping the army out of Keokuk, it is for this meeting to take action.

Mayor Moorhead nominated Judge Jaeger as chairman. Dr. Fisk was also placed in nomination. A storm of yells and hisses rent the air when it was announced that Jaeger received 99 votes and Fisk 77. In taking the chair Judge Jaeger said he was proud of the distinction. While he sympathized with the laboring man, he did not with professional tramps. He did not envy the men who wish to indulge men in idleness. We are not classes, but are all citizens and must obey the

law. We must respect the rights of labor and property alike, and there are other laborers than those who labor with their hands. He hoped citizens would combine to support the interests of the city.

Dr. Fisk started to "explain his position," when he was cut short by A. Hagny's point of order that there was nothing before the house. The press representatives were made secretaries, then Mr. Hagny made a motion that a committee be appointed to bring in resolutions as a basis for action.

Marshal Hardin moved as an amendment that a recruiting list be opened for the enlistment of special police.

Dr. Fisk finally got the floor and stated that all his prior statements about the army were gotten from the Constitution-Democrat, and he gave a revised edition of his public announcements.

John R. Dimond arose and then the fun began in earnest. He declared the effort to bar out Kelly as unconstitutional and damnable treason. If Kelly's men are beggars, said he, then the preachers, Judge Jaeger, Mr. Huiskamp, the railroads were beggars. John R. screamed and yelled "treason" and all that for several minutes, and a crowd of lusty supporters screamed and yelled to the echo. By turns he was profane and prayerful and pleaded "for God's sake don't set down on liberty in the interests of the money changers and gold gamblers." He told the laboringmen they would be slaves in a few years if they didn't open their eyes. Judge Jaeger repeatedly called him to order, but could not confine him to the question. Finally Marshal Hardin withdrew his amendment. Then there was a succession of motions to lay on the table and appeals from the chair, in which P. J. Sheahan played a strong-lunged part. John R. introduced a resolution condemning the city council for its quarantine ordinance and commending the commonwealers. The storm raged again until James C. Davis got the floor. He professed sympathy for and a readiness to help the poor. He said the city was being approached by an organized band of 1,300 men. He didn't care what their politics were, but they hadn't a dollar in their pockets and he was sorry for it. This is a city of homes. Every man that has a home and family should stand by the mayor and council in their efforts to enforce the laws. Kelly's men are not our people. Let us treat them as others have done. He had seen the army and seen the citizens of Des Moines bid them God speed. It was the happiest day Des Moines had seen for a long time because the army was a burden. They are on their way to Washington. Give them a day's provisions and send them down the river. If they insist on invading the city repel them with force if necessary.

This pleased everybody, but John

R. who wanted the army to come to Keokuk if they wanted to.

Rev. W. A. Pratt made a brief speech in which he paid his respects to John R., who he said had denounced him as in the interests of the "usurers and gold gamblers." If we have money to spend on laboring men let us spend it on our own who need help. These men are not acting constitutionally; they hope to coerce legislation by force of numbers. This movement is incipient revolution and if [the men go on to Washington there may be bloodshed and a possible destruction of the liberties for which they now so loudly clamor.

The succeeding quarter of an hour pandemonium reigned. Finally Major Collins' resolution to the effect that the citizens are in favor of supporting the city government in the enforcement of laws and ordinances so far as in their power, and if necessary to use force, was adopted by a vote of 108 to 60.

Skirmishing all along the line followed when finally A. J. McCrary was recognized and made a strong speech in which he said that no one had a right to camp on his doorstep without his permission; and no organized band has a right to come into the city. No one had denied Mr. Davis' humane sentiment. The army came into Iowa as criminals; they have begged clear through the state; they did not start for Keokuk, and why do they want to come here except to beg? He had the greatest sympathy with deserving poverty and never denied a hungry man a meal.

Finally Mr. Bell's motion prevailed and the meeting adjourned.

The Army of the Commonweal.

Choosing for his text the words of ancient prophecy, "Not by might, not by Power, but by my Spirit Saith the Lord of Hosts." Rev. W. A. Pratt addressed a large audience Sunday morning at the Unitarian church upon the above theme.

The movement he said claimed the attention of churches, for religious mottoes were inscribed upon their banners, and religious songs were sung as these bodies of men went marching on. These armies claimed to represent the cause of labor. For the honest toilers he had profound sympathy, he knew something of the burdens of labor. The shadow of poverty that hangs over the laborer's home. The sad ending, when going forth to his labor until evening time, the hands were folded, and the rest longed for through weary years, had come. He knew what it was to work his own way in the world in the face of opposition. He had no friendship for those gigantic monopolies that drive the man of small resources from legitimate trade while they raise the price to the consumer.

Society as it is with its unequal distribution of wealth—Dives with his millions and Lazarus begging at his gate—was daily evidence that the kingdom of God had not yet come to

earth. While expressing profound sympathy for the toiler, if there ever was a time when the church should speak, to warn against quackery and demagogism, and movements inimical to the welfare of the laboring man that time was at the present hour. He quoted Hugh O'Donnell, the leader of the Homestead strike, as saying that the movement in no way represented the sentiments of the laboring class of the country. He had made it his business to go from shop to shop on the way to Washington and they looked upon it as utter nonsense. O'Donnell had evidently discovered what is clear to all thinking men, that industrial soldiers who belong to the real army of labor do not range the country as tramps and if they have any petitions to send to Washington they send them in an orderly way. These tramp armies are a burden upon honest labor for the toiler must pay for what they consume.

What is the object sought by this nonsensical march to Washington? It is safe to say the majority do not know. Kate Field says in her Washington that the people who saw Coxey's army enter that city were struck by the large number of faces showing only a rudimentary intelligence. They have been told that the government will help them if they go to the national capital. Then, too, it is safe to say that quite a large per cent of these marching bodies have got what Madison called the itch for paper money. Coxey wants the trifling sum of \$500,000,000 in paper and then the millenium will come. Of course it will be necessary to repudiate our debts, and the business and banking interests of the country will suffer, but that is altogether immaterial, for the laborer will be benefited. Ah, but he will not, and the suffering sure to follow in the depreciated currency will fall the hardest upon the honest toiler.

Rhode Island had this craze for paper money in 1786. She made a large issue and it soon depreciated so that \$6 would not buy \$1 in coin. New Hampshire was asked to follow suit and secure the issue with the land of the state; but it was pointed out that disaster would come to the state for debtors would pay their taxes with the depreciated currency which they could buy at a discount, and would bankrupt the commonwealth. In 1786. A mob attempted to do in New Hampshire what these men are now attempting to do in Washington, and one of the members of the senate said, "We are surrounded by a body of men who would coerce legislation. To grant the petition under such circumstances would be to destroy all freedom of action in the future, to grant it under any circumstances would be folly as these men represent only a small per cent of the people." Vermont had a similar experience and in a verse of poetry that has come down (MacMaster American people.) We

learn what the people wanted.
 "These lawyers from the courts expel
 Cancel our debts and all is well
 But should they finally neglect
 To take the measures we direct
 Still fond of their own power and wisdom
 We will find a way to twist them."

They attempted to twist them later in Rutland but were dispersed by the militia. Pennsylvania money depreciated in one year 12 per cent. In North Carolina in the depreciation was 30 per cent. Massachusetts experimented with this debased currency for sixty years and then abandoned it altogether in 1780. The people thought nothing of paying \$500 of it for a dinner.

Jefferson estimated that about 36,000,000 was saved in the wreck out of 200,000,000. In the French revolution Mirabeau urged the issue of large sums based on lands taken from the church. "They sink now," says Carlyle, "with an alacrity beyond parallel. It caused more suffering than the prison or the guillotine." Says another historian, the leaders did their utmost to stop the sinking of their paper, but value knows its own laws and follows them in spite of decrees and penalties. "Ah, but paper carried us through the war." "No, the world's faith carried the country through that terrible crisis."

If such an issue were made it would fall into the hands of the rich and the poor would not be benefited.

Senator Dolph tells the story of a man who came to a friend of his and said: "Do you not think the country is going to the devil?" "Why, what is the matter, my friend?" "Well," he said, "everything is in favor of the rich; the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer." Said my friend: "I guess you have been talking with one of those populist teachers, have you not?" He said: "Well, yes, I have." My friend said: "You know John Smith, down in your neighborhood?" "Yes." "He is pretty well fixed, is he not?" "Yes." "He has got a good farm?" "Yes." "He has plenty of property?" "Yes." "Now, if you had the subtreasury plan and the government was to loan money at 2 per cent he would borrow of the government would he not?" "Yes." "How much could you borrow?" "Oh, I could not borrow a durned cent; I have not got any property." "How would you be benefited, my friend?" "Oh, they will lend money on produce." My friend asked: "Have you got any produce to borrow on?" He scratched his head and said: "No, I have not. I guess I will go and talk with Mr. Wakefield."

Another delusion that these men are laboring under is that government can take on paternal office and take care of them. Bastiat says, "Government is the great fiction by which everybody expects to live at the expense of everybody else." Politicians are to blame for this delusion. They promise everything on the part of the government with no burdens resting upon the people.

Paternal governments have been tried and they are tyrannies. In this country the true American citizen supports the government and does not ask the government to support him.

Is there danger in such a movement as this! Yes, and imminent danger, too. With a quarter of a million men out of work and some 300,000 socialists in the country; with demagogues willing and anxious to make any concession to discontent, we have certainly much to fear. I do not believe that the class struggles of Greece and Rome are to be repeated here, that the day is dawning when men will measure right by their wants. I do not believe the people are ready to set up as in the last days of the Athenian democracy tyrants to rule. God pity our fair land if they do for democratic might is no more lovable than divine right; both are tyrannies; both are despotisms. I do not believe that we are to witness scenes similar to those enacted in the French revolution, that the sun of our liberty is to set in blood and our experiment in free government is to end in revolution, anarchy and then military despotism—for that will come if free government fails. Yet there are conditions in this this country out of which these calamities might come, and suddenly too. It is possible, but not probable.

In the cowardly policy of burden shifting, we follow, in dealing with these armies, in the political demagogue and in the socialist we have most to fear. The present discontent is the harvest time for the political demagogue and wherever the moq pitches its tent he goes into camp. It helps the socialist to carry on his warfare against society. To use plain words, the whole thing is nothing more or less than incipient revolution. The leaders talk of baptisms of blood, epidemics of assassination and the Kansas secretary of state tells us that the farmers are selling a cow to buy a Winchester rifle to go a gunning for the wealthy in the autumn when he predicts that a general looting of property is to take place. Does't the poor fool know that there are tens of thousands of people worse off than the Kansas farmer and they will go a gunning for him?

We sadly need a new definition of liberty in this country and not a few need to be taught that liberty is not lawlessness and does not include the right of revolution whenever things go wrong.

In conclusion he said while many sneers were made at the church, yet in christianity lay the only solution of the problem. With its golden rule of love it sought the betterment of human conditions and was a continual protest against selfishness in the heart of the individual. Slowly but surely with its growth through the rolling years

It rings in the valliant man and free,
 The larger heart the kindlier hand
 Rings out the darkn ss of the land,
 Rings in the Christ that is to be.

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GENERAL ORDINANCE NO. 279.

An ordinance preventing the introduction of paupers and contagious and infectious diseases into the city and quarantining the city.

Be it ordained by the city council of the city of Keokuk:

Section 1. That whenever any pauper or body of paupers shall attempt to enter the corporate limits of the city of Keokuk it shall be the duty of the city marshal to repel and prevent the entrance or introduction of such pauper or paupers into the corporate limits.

Sec. 2. Whenever any person having any contagious or infectious disease or any body of persons having among them any such person or persons, or whenever any person who has recently been exposed to any person having any contagious or infectious disease, or whenever any body of persons who have recently been exposed to any person having any contagious or infectious disease, or whenever any person who endangers or threatens the public health or any body of persons who endanger or threaten the public health, attempts to enter the corporate limits of the city of Keokuk or attempts to approach within four miles of said corporate limits, it shall be the duty of the city marshal to repel and prevent their entrance or introduction within the city limits or to repel and prevent the approach of such persons or bodies of persons within four miles of the city limits; provided nothing in this ordinance shall be construed as attempting to interfere with the navigation of the Mississippi river or of the Des Moines river to low water mark.

Sec. 3. It is hereby made a misdemeanor for any of the persons referred to in Sec. 1 hereof to enter the corporate limits of the city and any person convicted thereof may be fined in any sum not exceeding one hundred dollars and imprisoned not longer than thirty days.

Sec. 4. It is hereby made a misdemeanor for any of the persons referred to in Sec. 2 hereof to enter or attempt to enter the corporate limits or approach within four miles of said corporate limits and any person convicted thereof may be fined in any sum not exceeding \$100 and imprisoned not longer than thirty days.

Sec. 5. Whenever in the performance of the duties imposed by sections 1 and 2 hereof the city marshal shall in his judgment need assistance he may summon to his aid and require the assistance of any male citizen between the ages of 18 and 55 years and the willful refusal of any such person, if able bodied, to immediately aid and assist said marshal shall be a misdemeanor and any one convicted thereof shall be fined in a sum not less than \$25 or more than \$100 and shall be imprisoned not less than one day and not more than thirty days.

Passed May 10, 1894.

S. W. MOORHEAD, Mayor.

Attest:
SUMNER T. BISBEE, Clerk of Council.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

Enter MAY 18, 1894. attor.

WILL ARRIVE SATURDAY.

It is Expected That the Commonwealers Will Be Here Then.

Chairman Bell of the Citizens' Committee Interviews the General.

Kelly Will Not Bring His Men Into the City if Keokuk Does What He Wants It To.

Kelly's commonwealers expect to breakfast today at Farmington and reach here Saturday. Rice H. Bell, chairman of the citizens' committee having in charge arrangements for

securing one day's rations for the army, went to Keosauqua yesterday to interview Kelly. Deputy Sheriff McCormick also went on the same train on a similar mission. Mr. Bell visited the army's camp below Keosauqua and had an interview with the notorious "general." Mr. Bell says there are between 1,100 and 1,200 of the commonwealers who appear about as it would be expected a body of men enduring what they have would appear. He says it is wonderful the control Kelly has over the men. If the army was a detachment of the regular army of the United States under a veteran commander the discipline could not be better. The body is divided into companies under command of subordinates and implicit obedience is demanded and granted. When they go into camp, the camp is policed and no one is allowed to leave without a pass from headquarters. If a wealer leaves camp without permission he is promptly arrested by the army police and taken back to camp. Very few of the army left camp yesterday and went up into Keosauqua and the authorities there experienced no trouble with the men.

The army is well equipped with cooking utensils and easily prepare their food. The commissary distributes the rations to the companies and each company prepares its own food.

Mr. Bell told Kelly about what Keokuk would do and Kelly said what he would be content with. He said that if Keokuk would furnish the army one day's rations—about 1,000 pounds of meat, 1,400 loaves of bread and from 30 to 50 pounds of coffee—would lash his boats together into a big raft and would furnish a boat to tow them to Quincy, he would camp on the site selected by Keokuk and would keep his army out of the city. The general said he might wish to come up into the city and make an address and Mr. Bell assured him there would be no objection to that. The general also said he might wish to send a few men up town for provisions, the mail, etc., and Mr. Bell said that, of course would be allowed. General Kelly said that if any of his men misbehaved themselves in town, he wanted the authorities to arrest them and put them in jail; and if the offenses were not serious he would, when the army got ready to move, take the offenders off the authorities' hands. Kelly's objective point now by the water route is Wheeling, W. Va. He expects a warm reception at Quincy and wishes to get there as soon as possible. When asked is he would travel Sunday in case he was ready to leave Keokuk that day, he said he was; that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," and his cause was one in which no harm would attend Sunday traveling.

General Kelly invited Mr. Bell and Deputy Sheriff McCormick to travel with him from Keosauqua to Bona-

parte, but Mr. Bell wished to get home home and declined. Mr. McCormick, however, accepted the invitation. The army expected to camp last night between Bonaparte and Farmington, breakfasting at the latter point, and reach Keokuk about Saturday.

As to the affair at Eldon Mr. Bell said that as soon as the citizens learned that the deputies had exceeded their authority, and in spite of the strong prejudice previously existing against the army, the citizens contributed provisions and sent the army on its way.

How to get the army on to Quincy is the next problem, there being no question that abundant provisions for one day will be furnished. It was expected that Charles J. Cummings of Canton had a boat that could be secured to tow the fleet, and it is understood that he made an offer to tow it to Pittsburg for \$1,500. Last evening, however, Mr. Bell received the following telegram from Mr. Cummings: "We cannot tow with the steamer Warsaw and she has no passenger license. You and Quincy had better buy her and get rid of the army. We have deducted one-fourth of our price on this deal. Mr. Taber knows what it is." Possibly the steamer J. W. Mills may be secured to do the towing. The government may lend some big barges to transport the army to Quincy.

As to General Kelly leaving the army here in charge of subordinates and proceeding to Washington, Mr. Bell gathered that the general did not propose to leave the men until he reached Quincy, if he did then. At Quincy he anticipates a grand time and don't want to miss it.

Making Ready.

At Chairman Bell's office last evening the citizen's committee met. Reports were made of about \$75 in cash turned in and of provisions valued at as much more. The Seventh ward, inhabited largely by laboring people, has made the best showing so far.

John Wellehan of the committee for that ward reported that in cash contributions and promises of cash and provisions, that ward had given \$69.55. The First ward committee goes out today. The Second ward committee has so far not succeeded in getting together, but today will combine with that of the First ward and make a canvass. R. M. Marshall reported progress in the Third ward and said as much more was promised yesterday as was secured the day previous. John R. Dimond reported \$4.25 in cash, thirty loaves of bread, two loads of garden truck, and a quantity of other provisions additional secured in the Fourth ward. In the Sixth ward E. Walsh secured \$3 additional.

The committee ordered 1,000 loaves of bread purchased of the bakers, apportioned according to the contributions, Messrs. Schmidt, Wellehan and Sheahan being appointed a committee to purchase; 1,000 pounds of fresh beef and of Chas. Hubenthal 150 pounds of cooked meat. Mr.

Schmidt offered a wagon and driver to collect the vegetables.

Anyone wishing to make voluntary contributions is invited to leave them at Chairman Bell's office, Jno. Rovane's store, F. T. F. Schmidt's place of business, Finigan's grocery, James Furlong's store, P. & J. O'Brien's store or Morris' White grocery.

The committee adjourned to meet at the call of the chairman.

A telephone was put up at the Des Moines river bridge and connected with the exchange yesterday, for use in the present emergency.

Superintendent Cunningham of the K. line was in the city yesterday and will remain in this vicinity until the army is out of the way. He was at Ottumwa the previous day and conversed with one of the newspaper correspondents who has been with the army since it left Des Moines. This newspaper man seemed to think quite highly of the character of the men composing the army. Mr. Cunningham anticipates no trouble from Kelly's men.

A consignment, consisting of ten large bundles of "The Story of the Commonwealth" awaits J. D. Jones, care Kelly's army, at one of the local express offices.

Rock Island trains are running again.

An "Angel" Reporter.

A Courier representative learning that Mrs. Hillis Harper, who is traveling with Kelly as one of the so-called "angels" had relatives in Ottumwa, started out this morning to investigate. He called on Mrs. David Finley, 835 Church street, and learned that Mrs. Finley was the mother-in-law of Mrs. Harper, Mr. Finley being her third husband and her second husband having been named Harper. Mrs. Finley gave the Courier reporter the following facts: Mrs. Harper's maiden name was Minnie Gay. She met Hillis Harper, Mrs. Finley's son, in this city, and they were married here. Mrs. Finley says that while she was somewhat opposed to the marriage she had always treated her son's wife kindly. She said that Mrs. Harper had always been something of a reporter and had, at various times, worked on newspapers in different parts of the country. She was with a Chicago paper last summer at the World's Fair. From Chicago she went to Omaha and kept house for her husband all last winter. They have one child, a girl, who is at present with her father at Omaha. Mrs. Finley said that she had suspicioned that the woman with Kelly was her son's wife but was not certain until she called at the Ballingall yesterday, where the two women were stopping, and asked to see them. She was shown to their room and was immediately recognized by Mrs. Harper. Mrs. Harper told her that she was with Kelly's army only as a reporter and was at present in the employ of the Omaha Bee and a Chicago paper, the name of which Mrs.

Finley did not remember. She, together with Miss Hooten, are taking notes with which to write a book on Kelly's travels, and expected to make something out of that. When asked about stealing a train, she said it was entirely unintentional on their part and that she did not know what she was doing until too late. It seems that both she and Miss Hooten were among the mob at the time of the capture of the train, in their reportorial capacity, and that they climbed into an engine for a better view of the tumult. While there the engineer told them that while he had no authority to run the engine out of the town, if they would open the throttle he would take charge of it as soon as they reached the city limits. Miss Hooten did not understand what the movement was for, but, she, to get out of the crowd, opened the throttle and before they knew it they had captured the train. When it was stopped they were surrounded by a mob of deputy sheriffs and taken back by Sheriff Hayden until they were rescued by Kelly's men, with whom they have since been as reporters. When Mrs. Finley asked her about her mother dying in Sioux City, as reported in the papers, she said that it was untrue and that her mother was not seriously ill, though in poor health. She wrote Mrs. Finley a letter the day before the stealing of the engine and at that time had no idea of going with the army. She was not sure that her husband would have permitted her to go willingly, but she said that he raised no objections. She and Miss Hooten own the tent they sleep in, also the boat that they travel in. Mrs. Harper has a typewriter with her and writes her notes in full in the evening.

Mrs. Finley met Kelly at the hotel and said she had come to see her son's wife, and that she applied to his protection for her. Kelly said that he was glad that she had come and that he regretted the ugly rumors that were afloat concerning the ladies. He said: "Mrs. Finley, I am bound to protect her character and honor with my life." Mrs. Harper said that she had wished to see her mother-in-law, but would not call for fear the slander put upon her by some of the press would have made her ashamed of her. Mrs. Harper will go back to Omaha to her husband after the industrial movement is over.

She has a contract with her paper to accompany the army to Washington under penalty of \$500 forfeiture if she does not do so. She was married in Ottumwa four years ago.—Ottumwa Courier.

There May be Trouble at Quincy.

Where is General Rogers? was the question asked at every street corner in Quincy yesterday. No one could answer it. Mayor Mikesell and several aldermen stopped at Kelly's barracks to find out, but all received the same reply. General Rogers had vanished from sight, and neither Jim

Van Feet, his chief of staff, nor the clerks at the hotel knew where he could be found. He might be at his home in East Quincy to get the rest he needed so much after two weeks of worry and excitement, or he might have gone to join Kelly's army for all they knew. There were many wild rumors in circulation, and some of his friends even feared that excitement and worry had been too much for the general and that he had committed harikari. But he didn't. He did just what the Whig said yesterday morning he had probably done. He made a sneak out of the city to meet General Kelly. This fact was learned yesterday afternoon when the following item was read in the Keokuk GATE CITY:

"Thad Rogers of Quincy, who was reported as offering to feed the army and turn his hotel over to it when it got there, was in town last night and proceeded to Eldon. He said that he had slipped off from Quincy just to see Kelly and learn just what his intentions are."

In General Rogers' absence from the city the committee consisting of Mayor Mikesell, Ald. Swimmer, Menke and Kendall, held a meeting in the mayor's office yesterday afternoon. All the members of the committee excepting Ald. Menke were present. Ald. Menke is in Springfield. At this meeting it was decided that the committee should meet General Kelly at Alexandria and make him a proposition something like this: If General Kelly will camp his army on either Goose or Ward's island with strict orders not to come on the Illinois side, one day's provisions would be furnished them. If he refuses to accept the proposition, every effort will be made to keep him and his army out of the city. Mayor Mikesell stated at the meeting that he had conferred with Sheriff Vancil, and that the latter had promised to appoint 100 or 150 special deputies if they would be required to keep the army from invading the city.

From the talk at the meeting yesterday it was evident that Mayor Mikesell and the other members of the committee were willing to make an effort to secure one day's rations for Kelly's army if it will agree to keep right on its way south; but if General Kelly insists on accepting the invitation of General Rogers to stop at his hotel trouble may result.

The committee will probably leave for Alexandria or Keokuk tomorrow morning. General Kelly expects to reach the Mississippi river this evening, but it is not believed that he will succeed in doing so. He will probably reach Alexandria tomorrow. The committee will leave on the 6 o'clock train in the morning, and expects to return at 6 o'clock in the evening.—Quincy Whig.

The Whig also published the following telegram:

"ELDON, IA., May 16.—I have been the guest of General Kelly in camp since early this morning. He

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will conform to our wishes. The army will camp one day at West Quincy. None of his men will be allowed to enter the city. General Kelly himself will be a guest at the St. James hotel to meet friends. He has wonderful command over his men. The trouble of last night and this morning is all over. It will be a grand sight to see the army in camp on the west bank of the river. The army broke camp at noon.

"T. M. ROGERS."

And commented thus:

"From the above dispatch it will be seen that General Rogers has outwitted Mayor Mikesell and his committee. The city authorities were determined to compel General Kelly's army to move on, but General Rogers wouldn't have it that way. He had invited General Kelly to accept the hospitalities of the St. James hotel, and he was not going to be cheated out of getting that advertisement for his hotel."

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

Entered MAY 18, 1894.

KELLY DUE TONIGHT.

Fleet of the Commonwealers Announced to Arrive This Evening.

All Their Boats Got Over the Dam at Bonaparte by Dark Last Night.

Keosauqua Does the Hospitable Act to the "On to Washington" Crowd - Labor News.

BONAPARTE, IA., May 17.—The first boat of Kelly's fleet slid over the dam here at 3 o'clock this afternoon and by 8:30 all were over, with no damage beyond wetting a few men. A large crowd watched them passing the dam. Bonaparte and Farmington gave 1,600 loaves of bread, two beeves, some coffee and a few beans. All is quiet; no deputies and no trains on the Rock Island tonight. The fleet will reach Keokuk tomorrow night.

[Special to THE GATE CITY.]

KEOSAUQUA, IA., May 17.—Kelly's fleet passed here peacefully from 7 a. m. till noon. The banks were lined with people viewing the queer procession of flat boats with oars and square sails. They camped below town where a generous supply of wholesome food was furnished them by citizens. At 2 p. m. after a good meal they resumed their voyage in good spirits. The people furnished

600 loaves of bread, 100 pounds of coffee and a fat beef to the army and at 2 p. m. the fleet was under way again for Farmington. Kelly says the Rock Island road need have no fear of an attempt to seize a train by his men. Kelly will perhaps go to Washington from Keokuk to take charge of the armies of the United States. The difficulty at Eldon was settled by arbitration. Colonel Speed, who was arrested, was released. Eldon is still in a turmoil. Citizens denounce the Rock Island deputies. The army will reach Keokuk Saturday.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

MAY 19, 1894.

WILL DINE IN KEOKUK.

Kelly's Navy Will Begin Arriving at 10 O'clock This Morning.

They Camped at Sugar Creek Seven Miles up the Des Moines Last Night.

Kelly Wants to Move on as Soon as Possible—He Says: "Muzzle Your Local Agitators and I'll Take Care of the Army."

Kelly's commonwealers went in camp at Sugar Creek about seven miles up the Des Moines river last night. It is expected that the fleet will arrive at the Des Moines river bridge about 10 o'clock this morning.

Deputy Sheriff McCormick arrived home yesterday afternoon. He joined the 'wealers at Keosauqua Thursday and floated down the river with them until they reached Belfast yesterday noon, when he left them and came home on the Rock Island train. He left the camp above Farmington about midnight Thursday and put up at a Farmington hotel until 5 yesterday morning when he again joined the army. He said that the officers and men cordially received him and treated him royally, if that term is applicable. The intense heat and glare of the sun on the river Thursday nearly cooked him; and yesterday morning a blinding rain driven by a piercing cold wind drenched and nearly froze him. Altogether the deputy sheriff was nearly played out. He says that during yesterday's storm the men suffered severely, although inured to hardships, and the harder it rained the louder the men sang. Their boats would frequently be driven onto the rocks and shallows, and the men would jump out into the water frequently up to their waists and shove the craft loose. To help their progress they rigged rude sails from blankets, umbrellas, etc., and in that

way make about seven miles an hour. It has been the army's practice to rest in the heat of the day and travel in the morning and evening and at night while the moon shone. Wednesday night they traveled all night and the men were badly used up.

Mr. McCormick said that the fleet of 150 boats was strung out along the river about ten miles. Yesterday morning General Kelly gave orders that wherever the advance boat happened to be at 5 o'clock p. m. it should stop and that place would be the army's camp for the night. The advance guard reached Sugar Creek last evening and it is expected that the bridge will be reached by 10 o'clock this morning. Mr. McCormick says that the flotilla presents an interesting sight when it is under way. The crude crafts each fly the American flag and many of the men wear miniature flags pinned on their coats. There is constantly some excitement or fun, due to a boat running aground or capsizing, or to some jest or song of the men. But the men, he says, are all well behaved and conduct themselves as gentlemen. During the time he was with them he says he did not hear an oath or obscene jest or see an intoxicated man. They implicitly obey Kelly and do nothing without his permission. When the men go into camp each stays in the vicinity of his boat, which is regarded as his home. Mr. McCormick was agreeably surprised at the character of the men. While they are rough looking, as would be expected from persons who had endured what they had, the majority seem to be honest and gentlemanly. Every trade, religion and political belief is represented and they all seem like members of a big family. Mr. McCormick saw a number of them reading their bibles when in camp. He talked with a number who seemed sincere in their purpose to go onto Washington, they claiming that their petitions as laboring men were not regarded by their representatives in congress and that they were going on as a living petition for redress. The greater number have been with the army since it left the Pacific slope and there are no Pinkerton men among them. Mr. McCormick says that there are many bad men among them, but they are in the hopeless minority. Many, too, are merely taking this means to get back east. About 30 per cent are married men. Only twelve were in the hospital boat. They have not the easiest time in the world and Mr. McCormick says that if they were being paid \$3 a day to do what they are, everybody would go on a strike.

The glee club is well drilled and makes fine music. They sing such songs as "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight," and others of a religious and patriotic character, as well as songs especially composed for the occasion, of which the following are samples:

MARCHING TO WASHINGTON.

[Composed by one of the army.]

We've started out for Washington
And there we're going to go;
We are going to save this country
And never strike a blow.
And all we want is justice
And we'll have it don't you know—
While we are marching to Washington.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! in Kelly we will trust;
Hurrah! hurrah! monpolles we'll bust;
We'll rally 'round the campfire, yes—
And stay there if we must,
But we'll go sailing to Washington.

We've suffered many a hardship
But for that we do not care,
When we thought our hardship over
Then in steps the millionaire,
They're tryin' hard to stop us,
Let them do it if they dare—
While we are marching to Washington

The people here of Iowa
With us they sympa'hize,
Altho' the press and Pinkertons

Are telling awful lies.
But our leader is a hero
And he's with us till he dies—
While we are marching to Washington.

And when our march is over
And good wages we can earn,
We'll turn our faces westward
To our homes we will return,
For there our loved ones watch and wait,
For us their hearts do yearn—
While we are marching to Washington.
—J. G. O'NEIL.

Ho my comrades see the navy
Sailing o'er the sea
Washington is now appearing,
Victory is for you and me.

CHORUS.

Grover, Grover, we are coming,
The navy is moving still;
We are ready soon to see you
And Kelly has the bill.

See the mighty navy sailing,
Kelly leading on;
Shout the word along the line boys,
On to Washington.

See the stars and stripes are waving.
Hear our bugler blow;
In our petition we will conquer
Over every foe.

Long we have suffered trials and hardships,
But the end is near:
Soon we will see our White House Grover,
Cheer my comrade, cheer.
—HARRY ROBINSON

This club is composed of P. Hanley, Lieutenant M. O'Brien, John Garbutt, P. J. Keble, A. W. Brown, James Sullivan, Felix Lord, James O'Neil, A. Souci, Harry Robinson, Sam Jones, Geo. Ellis, James Nolan, Wm. Moore, A. G. Storms, Frank Fentress, P. P. Hardeman, James Wilson, Douglas Fitzgerrald and Wm. Swart.

Their boats are named after various towns and people. There was one boat unnamed and in Mr. McCormick's presence it was christened "Keokuk." Yesterday about 100 men left the boats and walked along the Rock Island track a portion of the day. He questions whether the boats will weather the Mississippi river, if towed by a boat, but thinks they will float with the current all right.

General Kelly says that he has no desire to harm anybody and wishes to co-operate with the authorities in suppressing any disorder on the part of his men. He said, "Muzzle your local agitators and I will take care of the army." He desires to get out of Keokuk as soon as possible. Kelly addressed between 2,000 and 3,000 people about two miles above Farmington Thursday night and the farmers turned out for miles around to

hear him. Mr. McCormick says that the people do not seem to fear the army but take pleasure in contributing to their wants.

The Town Meeting.

Some one, it does not appear just who, called a meeting of taxpayers at the superior court room at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Rice H. Bell, chairman of the citizens' Kelly committee, called the company to order and Judge Wm. Logan was made chairman. On taking the chair Judge Logan asked, "What are we here for?"

James C. Davis said that the meeting was called to consider Kelly. The army would be here, he said, about 5 o'clock. A committee appointed at a meeting the other night to solicit aid for the army had raised only about \$75 which was insufficient. It had been suggested that the men who own the property of the city should have a conference, as there really had been no general expression of opinion as to what was to be done on the part of the representative taxpayers. Citizens individually held different opinions. Many thought the proper thing to do was to feed the men and send them on their way. As a theoretic principle probably not a cent should be given this man; but we are now dealing with a condition, not a theory. The army is upon us. Mr. Davis thought it best, perhaps, to raise the \$175 additional to what had already been secured and give it to Chairman Bell and the committee and let them carry out the program of feeding the men and sending them on to Quincy. If the army is permitted to remain here the property owners will spend as much or more than \$175 in guarding their property.

"The first question seems to be," said Judge Logan, "whether we will pay a ransom for immunity. And the next thing is to select secretaries to record our craven disposition." The press representatives were made secretaries.

Mr. Bell told of his interview with Kelly at Keosauqua Thursday, which was reported in yesterday's paper. It will cost, he said, about \$250 to give the men one day's rations and transport them to Quincy. The easiest way to reach the men, he thought, was through their stomachs.

C. P. Birge said that the city had an executive head and police officers who were elected to run the town and to meet just such an emergency as this. Unfortunately there had been a mob meeting run by one man. It was now a question whether or not that one man should run the town. Mr. Birge thought it proper to relegate this whole matter to the mayor and council; that a town meeting had nothing to do with it.

Asaph Buck agreed with Mr. Birge. If we are to feed this rabble it should be done out of the public fund. A drove of men are making themselves our unbidden guests. If we do as other towns have done—and it was a cowardly act—feed the men and pass

them on, let the council do it. Mr. Buck didn't think a few business men should be "held up" and made to foot the bills. He did not think it right and declared he would not contribute one cent.

"I would like," volunteered Mr. Davis, "some of the gentlemen who advocate letting the council care for these men, to point out the legal authority for their doing so. A perpetual injunction exists restraining the council from expending money in this way."

Mr. Birge said that precedent often makes law. The council often does acts that are not strictly legal, but are allowed to stand by common consent. If all these men had the small pox the authorities would find a way to keep them out mighty quick. We have a city marshal whose firmness and ability is unquestioned. If he wants more men, he can get volunteers easily and quickly enough.

John N. Irwin did not think that there was either bravery or cowardice involved in the matter. It was merely a question whether we would have the small pox or the varioloid—the easiest way to get rid of the army was the cheapest and best. There is no cowardice in feeding them nor no bravery in driving them out—it is a question of expediency. If it is the better way for the council to deal with the army, let us endorse the council; if it is the better way to care for them by private subscription, Mr. Irwin would do his share.

C. H. Leas stated that J. W. Walker had offered the use of his large cooper shop in Alexandria as barracks and the K. line would transport the provisions.

W. L. King is Mr. Walker's brother-in-law. He said the building was located on Front street in Alexandria and used to be occupied by C. L. Becker.

J. D. Graves said that he had business interests in Alexandria and had been down there that morning. Alexandria people seemed to be taking the situation about right. They proposed to do nothing unless the army became unruly; then they would call in the Missouri bushwhackers.

The discussion dragged and Chairman Logan stated there was nothing before the house. "I move we adjourn," said Mr. Davis; and his motion carried without anything having been accomplished.

A Rose and Its Thorn.

A reporter's only aim is to serve the readers of his paper. He will face any danger, endure any hardship in order that he may get the news. Contrary to the generally accepted idea, a reporter's life is not one continuous highway of thornless roses. Occasionally he finds a thorn. A GATE CITY reporter found one last evening and had his pride painfully wounded. He called at the Hotel Keokuk and saw that the last name on the register was that of "Kelly." Visions of an exclusive first interview with the noted commander teemed

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through his brain as he asked of Clerk Rush:

"Is that our Kelly?"

"Yes."

"The commonwealer?"

"The same."

"When did he arrive?"

"A few moments ago. Shall I send up your card?"

"Yes, please."

The bell boy took the card up stairs, soon returning and saying, "The gentleman invites the gentleman up to his room." In a moment the reporter was in the elevator and a moment later was directed to Room 10. He knocked at the door and heard a sweet, soft voice reply:

"Come in."

He took off his hat and went in. The room was dimly lighted. In the farthest corner was a man busying himself at something or other. The man looked up. It wasn't Kelly. It was Joe Root. For a moment there was a commotion. People down stairs affirmed that they thought the house was falling down. Pretty soon two men came down the elevator. One of them was Joe Root. The other was the other fellow. Billy Rush looked up from behind the desk and smiled clear back to where the crown of his head used to be. A score of loungers who were in the game followed suit. Billy Rush said that the "boys" were thirsty. The reporter happened to think of the verse of scripture, "Woe unto him who putteth the bottle to his brother's lips," or words to that effect, and was saved. Everybody in town knows all about it now. It's a good joke.

Alexandria Won't Be Imposed On.

(To the Editor.)

ALEXANDRIA, Mo., May 18.

Say to the citizens of Keokuk, or those who seem to be so deeply interested in dumping General Kelly's army on Alexandria and vicinity that our people will not permit Keokuk to provision Kelly's army from this point.

There is a good camping ground near Beuna Vista where the provisions could be given the army with less damage to all parties. Keokuk gets lots of trade from Clark county and should have some interest in its welfare. Alexandria will not be imposed on by Keokuk in this matter as was suggested by some of the speakers at the citizens meeting this afternoon.

We trust the citizen's committee will see this matter in its proper light and act for the good of everybody concerned.

C. J. HAGAN,
Mayor.

A Chronicle.
(To the Editor.)

And it came to pass; that the hoardes from beyond the mountains did build them a navy and did paddle their own pironges through a land of plenty and from the city at the forks of the raging river that floweth toward the Great City, even to Keokuk where the Dimond is, and was, and is to be. And the yaller hand-bill meeting was held in the temple

and the inhabitants thereof did gather together, and behold the rabble also, and the robbers and bankers and lawyers and doctors also. And they did have a picnic, monkey show, and circus and pandimonium and the old demon seemed about to brake loose and prance about the arena. But behold the Mighty General, One Kelly, was coming to feed on the city's green pastures.

And behold when the Kelly herds and flocks and "Doves" had fed off the city's green pastures until they had grown fat and arrogant, and until their bellies did drag on the ground, behold the peoples' eyes were opened and they did find that their pastures had been grazed by the great Kellyites and that they were out of grub for their own. Then it came to pass that the natives of the great city by the mighty river, even of Keokuk, did wish that the great unwashed hosts, and herds and "Doves" had remained and sojourned until those in love with the great Kelly and his doves had an opportunity to get their own bodies full of emptiness and to be very sick of feeding the great unwashed hosts and doves of the mighty flotilla of the raging Des Moines.

HAGGAI.

Stray Shots.

A number of special police have been sworn in.

It is expected that Kelly will be on his way to Quincy by tomorrow.

About a score of tramps are hanging about the Des Moines river bridge waiting for Kelly.

K. & W. trains have orders not to stop at the bridge until after the passing of the hosts.

Chas. F. Shaw representing the Ottumwa Republican, was in town yesterday. He has followed Kelly from Ottumwa.

All the minute men are now provided with cots at the fire stations and our department is strictly metropolitan. This arrangement will obtain until after Kelly leaves.

A man who was at Kahoka yesterday said the people of that town were desirous of an excursion being run to this city to give the people of that town an opportunity to see Kelly.

The general committee for Kelly will meet at the city offices at 7:30 tonight. Last evening the committee met and appointed committees to go in wagons and gather up the provisions which have been donated. They will be taken to Kelly's camp, wherever that may be.

A grapevine telegram was received through C. Miller last evening. It was written on the back of a calendar leaf, had a full view of the fleet in motion, a bill of fare and was signed "Kelly."

The city council last night relegated the whole question to Mayor Moorhead. It will therefore be handled right. Firmness and fairness is all that is now required and the mayor is firm and fair. The army will not be

permitted to enter Keokuk.

Captain George Breitenstein, Messrs. Townsend, Brinkman, Rees, Worthen, Hough, Hanson, Raymond, French, Rau, Swan, Weaver and Carter of the Cycling club left at 7 o'clock last night on their wheels for Kelly's camp. At a late hour one had failed to report, and it is supposed that he became infatuated with one of Kelly's angels. The pleasures of the ride are best imagined by putting together all the fun and all the impassable roads one can imagine. The boys rode through ploughed fields, up trees, down creeks, over boulders and through the brush. They returned riding down the railroad tracks. Only three got through and found Kelly camped 1-3 mile below St. Francisville on the Missouri shore. The camp extended along the river for at least a mile and was a very pretty sight.

A lot of recruits to Kelly's commonwealers will join on the arrival of the main forces today. They are in command of General Harry Gray of Chicago, who left there because he had to give up his job as director general of the White City. As their commissary general they have Jas. Allen of Burlington, in appearance a veritable Richard III in rough attire.

He has had great difficulty taking care of supplies he didn't have. The one having the most romantic history was Jas. Drombeger, lately of St. Louis. He has been in this country eight months and has not done an honest day's work since in this country because he couldn't get it. He left Bjornsten, Sweden, to escape enlistment in the army. He went to Africa and made \$3,000 and thinking to see his folks again returned to Sweden, was drafted, and deserted and arrived here with \$5 in his pocket; has bummed ever since; thinks he's got a snap now and will be rich again. Robt. Hood (not Robin Hood) is also there, and thinks Kelly will make the right sarsaparilla to restore the country's health in financial matters. Anheuser Busch of St. Louis said he wanted to take the Kelly cure. Tom Daly of Oshkosh and J. H. Cunningham of Minneapolis didn't want to be called tramps. Tom Evick of Missouri, and Sam Flychoper of Hoboken, were enlisting for no special reason—probably to get free grub. Jack Carl of Chicago, and Red Mahoney also join here. Mahoney claims to be a citizen "of the worruid," a voter at all elections where they ain't too slick. Several others refused to give their names. The above gentlemen all expressed a desire for the last edition of THE GATE CITY, saying they were late risers and would prefer the freshest news only.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

MAY 19, 1894.

KELLY GETS A TUG.

Mayor Moorhead Tells the Commodore a Boat Will Tow His Fleet.

Kelly Has a Contract to Speak in Quincy and Wants to Get There.

How the Navy Got Over the Dam at Bonaparte and What the Commander Said Up There.

SAND PRAIRIE, IA., May 18.—Many boats of Kelly's flotilla are so far behind the general decided to go into camp at St. Francisville, ten miles above Keokuk, where roaring fires are now burning around which the boys are trying to dry their damp clothes and absorb a comfortable degree of heat. The boats will sail to the mouth of the river in a compact mass in the morning. Dr. Moorhead, mayor of Keokuk, and Sheriff Trump of Lee county, spent the day among the commonwealers. The doctor says that he regards the men as inoffensive and with no intention of harming anyone. He says the citizens will give enough food for one day's rations and furnish a tug to take the fleet to Quincy, if the army will camp on the Missouri side and move to Quincy soon. This Kelly will do, for he has a contract to lecture in Quincy next Sunday for \$500. Ten o'clock tomorrow will see the fleet at the mouth of the river, where the boys will gladly lay down their oars and give place to steam.

CROTON, May 18.—Kelly's army broke camp at 5 this morning, strong wind, accompanied by rain blowing on the unsheltered men. All were clamoring for a pull at the oars to keep from freezing. Better time has not been made since leaving Des Moines.

[Special to THE GATE CITY.]

BONAPARTE, IA., May 18.—The much-talked-of arrival of Kelly's navy is now over and our excited citizens are recovering their wonted quietude. As the boats approached the dam the pilots steered to the south side; and when the chute was reached stalwarts leaped out and pushed the boats over safely. Then taking the oars they paddled down to the place selected for feeding grounds, about two miles below town. There they landed and made arrangements for devouring the 1,200 loaves of bread, two beeves,

coffee and other provisions kindly given them by Bonaparte and Farmington citizens.

A brass band accompanied them from Bentonsport to this city, playing lively airs as they floated down. After supper the glee club sang a number of songs while the popcorn and lemonade vendors yelled an accompaniment "on the side." Sol Baker mounted the rudely constructed grand stand, over which floated the stars and stripes, and briefly related the story of the trouble at Eldon. He then introduced General Kelly, who outlined the plan of the industrials and spoke at length upon the condition of the laborers of the country.

The men were well behaved and gentlemanly in their deportment and won much sympathy from the crowds of people who assembled to witness them. Their evening session was attended by hundreds of people from Farmington, Bonaparte and surrounding country.

Coxey Defeated Agian.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—The commonweal leaders Coxey, Browne and Jones were again defeated in the courts and sentence will be passed on them tomorrow. After an argument lasting over an hour this afternoon Judge Bradley of the district supreme court, refused to grant a writ of certiorari for which application was made several days ago.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

MAY 22, 1894.

DOWN WENT M'DENNIS.

Commonly Called Kelly, General of the Commonweal Industrial Army.

He and His Motley Horde of Dons Quixote Go Down the River.

They are Now Encamped at West Quincy—Their Scows Lashed Into a Big Raft—Misrepresentations as to the Army's Numbers.

General Kelly thanks God that he is out of Iowa. All Iowa joins with deepest unction in his te deum laudamus. At 6:30 yesterday his fleet pulled out from the camp at the Des Moines river bridge where it had spent the preceding forty-four hours and, propelled by Captain Parmalee's steamer J.W. Mills, started down the Des Moines and out into the broad Father of Waters and toward the sunny south. At 7:30 the fleet passed Alexandria, as 10:40 it sailed by Canton and at 1:25 dropped

anchor at West Quincy where the land marines will spend a day or two. The run of about thirty-three miles was made in seven hours.

Keokuk is glad the army is gone. In the characteristic Keokuk way the citizens furnished the vagrants better entertainment than any other town whose unbidden guests they made themselves. They were hungry and Keokuk fed them; they were a burden and Keokuk took the easiest and cheapest means of getting rid of them. No one is sorry they are gone; everyone hopes they nor their like may never visit us again.

As was stated in Sunday's paper Kelly was furnished lumber, ropes and other material with which to lash the scows into a compact raft. This work was completed at 1:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon and it was momentarily expected that the fleet would get under way. But the wind was strong and the river was so choppy that Captain Parmalee was afraid to venture. General Kelly's superintended work of lashing the boats together until the K. line southbound passenger train came along, when he took passage for Quincy, having an engagement to speak that afternoon. While he was present the men gave implicit obedience and worked like Turks; but after he left, it was difficult to get them to work with anything like earnestness. Colonels Spead and Baker seemed to have little real control over the men. It is Kelly's personal magnetism that holds this army of vagrants together, and if he should leave it there doubtless would be speedy disintegration. In a conversation with a reporter Kelly said that if he left the army, the men said they would abandon their boats and steal a train and go onto Washington that way. Kelly himself seemed to realize that it was Kelly rather than the "mission" that held the body together.

The fleet presented a strange appearance. Nothing like it was ever before seen in these waters; and may it remain unique and alone in history. There were just 112 flat boats and two skiffs in the fleet, notwithstanding it has been variously stated that there were from 140 to 150. These were lashed close together, twelve abreast, by means of rope and plank. The row at the front end had boards built up about two feet high as a protection from the waves. Over a majority of the boats tent like awnings were constructed of every conceivable material—blankets of every collar and quality, canvas, old quilts, boards, brush, etc. There was no attempt at uniformity or harmony in either arrangement, material or color. Over all floated hundreds of flags and banners and company and regimental standards, these too, being of every sort of material and design and of various degrees of artistic effect.

Heaped in the bottoms of the boat with a great deal of real regularity but with seeming disorder, were the

148

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293

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effects of the 'wealers. There were rude cooking utensils, ranging from an old tomato can to a copper wash boiler; odds and ends of clothing; books and newspapers, rations, etc. That a man never becomes too poor to own a dog received striking exemplification among these beggars. There were blooded spaniels, bull dogs, hounds and mongrels, one man having two handsome spaniels that apparently were much better fed than their owner. There were several roosters, one, a bantam, which crowed lustily when ever told to cheer for Kelly. One man had an eagle.

After the boats had been lashed together and the steamer had "niggered" up the side lines, the men waited impatiently for the fleet to move. But it did not; the wind was too high. The hours passed on and the men grew restless, that is, some of them; some of them never knew what restlessness means. Sightseers came by hundreds and mingled among the men on shore and helped to make the time pass by questioning them about their experiences and intentions. Some of the 'wealers lay rolled up in their blankets asleep, like caterpillars in cocoons. As evening came on some of the men came ashore again and built fires and cooked rations. There is no uniformity about eating. The rations, consisting of sufficient for two meals, are each day given the company commanders and each mess eats when it is ready to. At any time while in camp some one's meal is in preparation. This culinary process seemed to interest the lookers on a great deal.

The day did not pass without entertainment for the men. During the forenoon the Salvation army went down and held services. In the afternoon Colonel Spead harangued the crowd, but he has nothing like the ability possessed by Kelly. Our John R. Dimond was there and when the colonel ceased John R. embraced the opportunity and retold his little tale of woe, notwithstanding Kelly had sent word before he arrived in Keokuk, "Muzzle your local agitators and I'll take care of the army." But Kelly was forty miles away when John R. arose to address the motley horde of latter day Dons Quixote, and John R. didn't let up till about 5 o'clock.

Night came on and most of the sightseers went home, although they kept coming and going until 10 o'clock at night. How the men put in the night, they who slept between clean sheets and under heavy blankets can never know. The sky was obscured, the wind was raw and cold and the men had little protection. But they got through the night somehow and were never happier than the moment the fleet left that shore forever. Then the special and regular police who had been doing double duty since Kelly's arrival withdrew and returned to their homes and sought rest.

All Bills Paid

All bills contracted for the entertainment of the army have been paid and there are a few dollars to spare. Last night the relief committee, which under Chirman Bell has done commendable work, held its final meeting and allowed the following bills:

Swift & Co., 755 pounds of beef.....	\$48 41
Ohas Hubenthal, meat.....	5 60
A Weber Co., rope and nails.....	14 52
H E Alton, livery.....	4 75
Rice H Bell, expenses to Keosauqua and drayage.....	6 60
F T F Schmidt, hauling.....	1 53
Schouten & Co., 1,000 loaves of bread.....	40 00
Total.....	\$115 78

This does not include the cost of towing the fleet to Quincy, \$100, which was provided for otherwise; the lumber used in lashing the fleet together, which was donated; nor the provisions donated amounting to about \$75 worth. There was cash received \$123 30, leaving a balance of \$7.52. No bills are known to be outstanding, and what remains after paying all bills will be turned over to the Benevolent union.

John Wellehan of the Seventh ward committee, stated that he had collected some money which he had not had an opportunity of turning over to the treasurer and this he would return to those making the last subscriptions.

Kelly items.

The relief committee had a job no one envied.

General Kelly stopped at the Hotel Keokuk. It is convenient to be a general.

Sunday the K. & W. brought in 200 excursionists from points this side of Humeston.

Very likely the people of Iowa thank God just as fervently that Kelly's army is out of Iowa as Kelly himself does.

Company F was in readiness Friday evening, forty-five strong, to move to Keokuk to keep the Kellyites out of the city.—Fort Madison Plaindealer.

A liberal estimate places the total strength (numerical, of course) of the army at 600 men. There are but 112 flat boats and two skiffs in the fleet, not 150 as stated.

By actual count 1,470 vehicles crossed the Des Moines river bridge between 6 a. m. and 6 p. m. Sunday and 200 between 6 p. m. and 10 p. m. There was an average of four persons in each vehicle.

A farmer came to town yesterday morning to get something for breakfast. He said a body of 'wealers camped on his doorstep and wouldn't stir until he fed them. He gave away all he had, being afraid to refuse them.

Superintendent Cunningham of the K. line placed at Mayor Moorhead's disposal a switch engine which enabled the commander-in-chief of the civil forces to get about with all facility. It was a characteristic courtesy on the part of the K. line.

K. & W. and K. line trains stopped at the bridge to take on and let off

passengers. The Rock Island trains went whizzing by at a rate of 40 miles an hour. There being a crossing, the trains are ordinarily required to stop, but this rule was waived during Kelly's stay.

D. R. Michener of Des Moines is the Associated Press reporter who has been following the army and reporting its doings. He joined at Des Moines and staid in the boats until they reached Eddyville. Since then he has been following along the Rock Island. He went on to Quincy with the army, but rode on the steamer, not in a scow.

The conductor on the K. line going north last night said to a reporter for this paper, that Kelly was in camp near West Quincy when the train left, and that two ferrys and the J. W. Mills were engaged in carrying people across the river to see the mighty navy. Row boats, flat boats and all kinds of boats were to be seen on the river, bound for the camp.

The Journal says that Charles McDennis, now General Charles T. Kelly, lived in Quincy from '65 till '69, and from '78 till '81. He received his schooling here and in Kansas City. His father, the late Charles T. McDennis, was accidentally killed in Kansas City, about 1871. Mrs. McDennis married again and the son Charles adopted his step-father's name, as a matter of convenience.

While he was in Quincy, his first work was in the office of Dr. Niles, where he studied medicine about a year; then he worked two and one-half years at Clark & Morgan's, in the bakery and candy-making departments, respectively. He then began working for the Daily News as a compositor, also doing job printing. There was a strike in the office and he went to Hannibal, where he worked for the Post and the Hannibal Printing company a year, then went to St. Louis and did job printing there for about five years, or till '88, when he went to Galveston, Tex., where he read proofs on legal printing. He returned to Kansas City and became superintendent of the Kansas City Bank Note Printing company, staid there about a year, then went north and thence to the far west, finally reaching San Francisco. In the Golden Gate City he worked at his trade as a compositor, in the course of which work, he designed and set up the fancy printing for President Harrison during the latter's visit there, including the cards, a book, etc. He understands from the press dispatches that his job in San Francisco is open to him at any time that he chooses to go back. "I am amply able to make my own living," added the commonweal commander. He has a wife and one child in Oakland.

In his speech at Quincy Sunday Kelly said: "Thank God we got out of Iowa. The railroads of Iowa made a combined effort to break us up, but they have failed, and now that I am in grand old Illinois, and out of the

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reach of the Iowa authorities, I can say something on this subject. The five railroads running through Iowa are more of a menace to the people than Parsons who was hanged at Chicago, and all of the anarchists put together. When a railroad company can calmly plan the murder of 1,500 men they are worse than anarchists. The citizens of the towns along the routes have all sympathized with us. In every place the people, even little children, have wished us Godspeed and prayers have been ascending, even unto the throne of God, for several weeks. We want your sympathy, but if you can't sympathize with us, stand off and look on. We have rights which we ask you to respect, as we are trying to respect your rights."

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KELLY CAPITULATES.

He Is Escorted to the County Line Near Cairo, But Again Stopped.

CAIRO, Ill., June 11.—Starved into submission, Gen. Kelly was glad to submit a proposition to the citizens of Cairo. He wrote and signed an agreement to move his men to a point on the Ohio river, near the county line, if two days' rations were guaranteed. This proposition was accepted by a committee of citizens, who furnished wagons to transport his camping outfit, and the march was begun at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon.

Twenty armed guards from Cairo escorted the army to the line of Pulaski county, where they were met by fifty armed men from Mound City, who had stationed themselves on the Illinois Central bridge over Cache river, the boundary line between the two counties, to prevent a passage. A wrangle between the authorities of Alexander and Pulaski counties ensued, and City Marshal Reed, of Mound City, was arrested by a Cairo officer for attempting to enforce the Pulaski county quarantine in this county. There was talk of burning the Illinois Central bridge to prevent Kelly's passage, but the general compromised the matter by agreeing to forfeit his contract with Cairo and remain within the bounds of Alexander if Mound City would furnish rations for two days. Kelly is now camped near the Ohio river, 7 miles north of Cairo and 1 mile from Mound City, which will deal with the problem of furnishing transportation. Kelly has 784 men by actual count.

Song of Coxe's Brigade.

From the Atlanta Constitution.
We're marching on to Washington,
Our ragged coats we jerk;
We're howlin' through the country,
But

We Don't
Want
Work!

We're wadin' through the farm yards,
Where the fattest chickens lurk;
We're feastin' on the country,
But

We Don't
Want
Work?

KELLYITE COMMONWEALERS.

The Notorious Commander and His Host Now the City's Guests.

The Strange Flotilla Arrives and Anchors Near the Mouth of the Des Moines.

Thousands Visit the Bivouac and Are Interested Spectators of the Rude Camp Life.

Kelly Addresses a Small Audience at the Opera House--They Are Highly Pleased with Keokuk's Treatment--The "Angels" Are Here--Will Move at Noon.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

ENTERED MAY 20, 1894.

Kelly and his cohorts are here. The famous navy arrived yesterday forenoon and is encamped just below the Des Moines river bridge on the other side of the river. They are, nevertheless, on Iowa ground, for the state line is 100 yards beyond the south end of the bridge. The river is the dividing line, usually, but when the boundary was fixed the channel ran where the line now is and which is a dry ravine.

Early yesterday morning people began to congregate at the bridge. Hundreds went down from the city and many came from Alexandria and the surrounding country. Farmers with their families were conspicuous. The wind blew a gale and was very chilly, but no one cared for that. They passed the time impatiently until about 10:15 a cry arose:

"Here they come!"

Every eye was directed up stream, and sure enough sweeping around the bend with the blanket sail set and the men pulling a steady, strong oar, came the advance of the strange fleet. Close behind were several boats and from that time on until late in the afternoon the boats continued arriving at intervals. There are 140 boats in the fleet, each carrying eight men. Often two boats were lashed together end to end. They are propelled by means of flat oars and rude sails.

Awaiting their arrival were a strong force of special police and most of the city authorities, Superintendent Cunningham of the K. line,

General Manager Goodrich of the K. & W., and many other railroad men in addition to the multitude of sight seers and a delegation of would-be recruits. When the boats love in sight Mayor Moorhead, Marshal Hardin and Deputy Sheriff McCormick entered a skiff and proceeded up stream to meet them and direct them to the camping ground where a load of provisions had already been deposited. They were directed to General Kelly's boat, but when they came alongside found the general asleep and his men would not waken him. Colonels Spead and Baker were also in the same boat and they promptly led the way to the north bank of the river just above the bridge and shortly several boats had run their noses up against the muddy bank. The general was awakened and he and the officers went ashore in a clump of willows. The mayor, marshal and deputy sheriff promptly joined the general and his staff and told him that that was not the place selected for the camp. But Kelly wanted to camp there. It seems that a little way up stream the 'wealers had been joined by some men who told them that Keokuk authorities did not intend to feed them, but would try by subterfuge to get them over into Missouri and then leave them there to "root, hog, or die!" There was some discussion as to Kelly's and the city's agreements and Kelly objected to being bared out of Iowa. He was then told that the camp ground was on Iowa soil. Deputy Sheriff McCormick reminded him of the very fair report in THE GATE CITY that morning and what was expected of him. Then Kelly gave the signal and order, "To your boats!" and the

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1# - HARRISON
Kelly

Hotilla was soon on its way across the stream. The first boat passed under the bridge at 10:45 a. m.

The crowd surged across the bridge and waded through the sand, mud, weeds and underbrush to the point where the men were expected to land, and when General Kelly disembarked he was at once surrounded by a dense crowd of men, women and children. The general was introduced to several persons, among them a reporter for this paper.

"You must excuse my appearance," said he. He is a rather slightly-built man, and was clad in a coarse suit and overcoat. He wore a blue yachting cap, as do all the officers, and had a white silk handkerchief tied about his neck. The collar of his overcoat was turned up, and he kept his chin buried in it. He had just awakened from sleep and shivered from cold. "You must pardon my 4 o'clock toilet," he continued. "I arose early and have not had an opportunity to brush up. I have just been asleep and feel tough. I look it, don't I?"

Just then Mayor Mikesell and Ald. Swimmer and Kendall and Editor H. M. McMein of the Whig, all of Quincy, pressed up to the general. They were in charge of "General" Thad M. Rogers, who has won much notoriety in this matter, and came up to have a conference with the general relative to the army's entertainment at Quincy. Ald. Kendall and General Kelly at once recognized each other—Kelly used to be a printer and worked in Quincy—and their greetings were extremely cordial. They wrung each other's hands and slapped each other on the back just as though they were long separated brothers. Editor McMein pressed forward.

"Hello, Harry!" exclaimed Kelly, and the editor responded, "Hello, Frank!" Then the scene just enacted with Ald. Kendall was repeated.

"Are you still printing, Harry?" Kelly asked.

"I'm still in the business, I'm managing editor of the Whig now."

Just then D. L. Hughes, manager of the opera house, obtained Kelly's ear and in a moment a contract was closed for the evening's lecture on shares. It was all done quietly and expeditiously and did not consume over thirty seconds.

At no time did Kelly raise his voice above a conversational tone. He spoke quietly with a soft, well modulated voice and without the slightest hesitation. Turning to the reporter he said:

"I want to thank your paper for this morning's fair report and your citizens for what they have promised to do for us. I wish to say that every pledge I have made and every pledge that is inferred will be strictly kept. Keokuk shall have no trouble from my men and we will go on our way as soon as possible."

All the boats had not arrived at 5:30 o'clock last evening, but most of them were at the landing. As soon as a company arrived it proceeded to its camping ground and began clearing away the willow saplings and underbrush from which tent-like shelters were constructed. A few used their boats as shelters, rigging up blankets as coverings. Some laid down on the damp, cold ground and slept as soundly as if they had been between clean sheets. One man was sound asleep on the ground and about two feet from his head was tied a big rooster who kept up a continual crowing. The men busied themselves, after getting settled in camp, with the preparation of meals. The cooking was done on camp fires in tin pans and other similar vessels, the culinary process being decidedly primitive. But as but two meals a day are served, the food readily found its way into the men's stomachs.

It was an interesting spectacle to walk through the camp and watch the operations. Everywhere was activity and no where boisterous disorder. The only oath heard in camp by the reporter was from some fellow at the "barber shop." This "shop" consisted of a log on which the "patient" sat and endured the tonsorial operation. It was enough to make any man swear. The camp presented a picturesque effect, particularly at night, and during the afternoon and evening there were two continuous lines of vehicles, one going toward the camp and the other returning, stretching from Fifth street to the bridge.

The Quincy Crowd.

Nobody had more fun than the Quincy crowd. Editor McMein of the Whig came up to Alexandria at 2:30 yesterday morning and came near perishing at the hands of indignant Alexandrians, he says. Later Mayor Mikesell and Ald. Swimmer and Kendall and "General" Thad Rogers came up. They were the jolliest fellows in the big crowd. Ald. Swimmer sent the evening papers the following telegram: "The delegation of the Quincy city council which left home this morning is in sad need of help. The citizens of Alexandria resented making that place the meeting point and when the delegation struck there this morning they met trouble. As soon as they stepped off the train the indignant citizens interviewed them more forcibly than elegant and at this writing Thad Rogers is being held for ransom and the rest are in the woods. They were compelled to flee for their lives. I reached this place by hard running and wading. The last I saw of Mayor Mikesell he was camped with Kelly's recruits and Kendall is headed up the river for Kelly's fleet."

Later the following telegram was sent: "Kelly's army commenced arriving at 11 a. m. They are about

1,400 strong and are arranging a camp now at the mouth of the Des Moines river. The entire army will not reach here before evening. The Quincy delegation have got together again. Rogers is with us, having ransomed him about one hour ago for 500 loaves of bread.

"Have interviewed Kelly. Cannot say as yet when army will reach Quincy, as no definite arrangements have been made relative to towing. Kelly will proceed ahead of the army and speak at Highland park tomorrow afternoon. The committee have made satisfactory arrangements with Kelly and he will land at Goose island. Mayor Mikesell and Ald. Kendall swam the Des Moines river to get out of democratic Missouri. McMein has turned commonwealer and enlisted in the army. Swimmer fell in the river and we have not seen him since.

"Later—Kelly claims his army will reach Quincy by noon tomorrow."

What Will Hannibal Do?

Now that it has been definitely announced that the army will stop at this city, the question that naturally arises is, "What will Hannibal do with them?" Mayor Chamberlain is of the opinion that the best thing to do is to keep them from landing here if possible. To do this it will be necessary to take the same action as the Quincy officials have done. Have them land on the Illinois side of the river, and by offering them provisions to get rid of them as quickly as possible. This is Mayor Chamberlain's idea in the premises, as long as he was unable to receive aid from other cities in the immediate vicinity in making arrangements to have the army go by without stopping. However, he will call a special meeting of the city council today, when some definite action will probably be taken in the matter.—Hannibal Journal.

The Pledge.

Every member of the army carries a blue pasteboard card folded once, which contains a description of the holder and the pledge he signs. One was shown the reporter of which the following is a description. On the front appears the following: "United States Industrial Army; Regiment, First; Company, Pioneer; Captain, Harry Hart." There is a picture of an eagle in the center of the page. The inside has the following: "No. 8; name, Park Meredith, occupation, broom maker; Description—Hat 7 3-8, weight 158, height 5:11 1-2, leg 34, waist 33; enlisted at Ogden, Utah, April 11, 1894." On the back is the following: "Remember Your Obligation Pledge! I hereby swear to support the constitution of the United States and of the Industrial Army; to obey all the orders that may be said, sent or handed me by those authorized so to do; to render cheerful support and assistance to all officers and comrades of the army; to not intentionally violate any law of the United States or any state or

territory in which I may be, or aid or abet any riotous conduct; to respect the right of property and law and order; to never act in any manner to bring discredit upon the Industrial Army of the United States."

Kelly's Talk.

A small audience heard Kelly at the opera house last night. He did not begin talking until 9 o'clock. The Glee club in the meantime and during the evening sang a number of songs. Kelly is 33 years old, a native of Hartford, Conn., a printer by trade; worked at Quincy ten years ago and started with the army from San Francisco, April 4. He suffers from sore throat and constantly wears a handkerchief. He says he never was connected with the Salvation army. When asked if he would go on to Washington from Quincy, he said he might; but his men declared they would not go on with the trip by boat if he did.

He said that the army was not willingly a burden; that if employment could be found for the unemployed the army would disband at once. If all the unemployed in Keokuk were set at work and work was offered his men, they would take it; but they would not accept a position anywhere so long as there were unemployed there. He said thirty-five men had enlisted here. This is not a local movement, but is national. They are going to Washington as a living petition to see Grover and congress and are going to pursue them until they get a righting of the laboring man's wrongs. They are going to demand government employment and will stay in Washington until they get an affirmative answer. Some say Grover will go fishing when they get there. They will go, too, and their bait will last just as long as Grover's. They are not going to menace congress, but to let congress see that they are not common tramps and vagabonds, but men whose fathers fought for the liberties of this country.

This is a non-political and non-sectarian movement. Some ask if it is not an A. P. A. movement; others if it is not a Catholic; others if it is not the Salvation army. The army has been on the road two months and there has not been a fight over politics and religion; out in the world men fight over either at the drop of the hat. All the men are temperate. Possibly it's because they are all broke. Only one man has got drunk on the trip and he was court-martialed next morning.

The railroads thought to break up this movement by refusing the men transportation. They came on God Almighty's highway, and Kelly thought sometimes no one but God Almighty could have navigated the stream. Every town says to the army, "Move on!" The day is near at hand when there will be no need for any one to say that. The cause of hard times, he said, is lack of money in circulation.

Kelly said that his father told him that when he became of age he wanted him to do two things: Join the Odd Fellows and vote the democratic ticket. He did both. He voted the democratic ticket in Hannibal and the democrats were snowed under. He hadn't voted since. "I took my father's advice," said he. "If he is still a democrat, I hope he is out of work."

He thought there could be but one result of the movement: success. The question of the unemployed will be before the public next year the same as this and congress must do something to solve it. Why not send delegates? is asked. The laboring men have sent them and the delegates came back pretty well fixed. Now all were going and hoped to get pretty well fixed, also. They will attend to their own business. Grover says, if these evils exist, let the men present themselves with their petitions. That is just what they're going to do. This is but the beginning; other armies are to follow. They will camp in Washington no longer than is necessary to get a decided answer. If they are successful, they will whoop her up all along the line; if not, they will whoop her up anyhow. They expect to reach Washington by June 15. If they don't succeed with the present congress, they will wait for the next.

Kelly's speech was rather rambling and disconnected but was spiced with much wit and interesting description of the army, its travels and experiences. He closed by inviting the public to visit the camp today, and by thanking Keokuk for what it had done for them and asked an interest in the prayers of our citizens.

Kellyitems.

The Kelly cure seems quite as popular if not as successful as the Keeley cure.

The last boat arrived at 6 last night. The boats are being lashed together twelve abreast and ten long.

Two ex-protestant ministers are with the army and devotional exercises are conducted every Sunday morning.

It is stated that 800 of the men belong to labor unions and about 700 are members of churches, about 5 per cent being Catholics.

The army broke camp at St. Francisville about 6:30 yesterday morning. By the river it is about 15 miles from that point to the present camp.

George Knote, wife and child travel with the army and conduct the lemonade stand, giving half the proceeds to the army. They reap their harvest off the public, not off the 'wealers.

General Kelly will not increase his number of "angels" during the march, although the two women now with the army expect to remain until Washington is reached.

The voyage down the Des Moines was a long drawn out picnic full of pleasure until the unfavorable weather of Friday and Saturday came to make it uncomfortable away from the campfires.

It was difficult for those who visited the camp to avoid continually stepping on the corns of some "colonel," "major" or "captain." Commissioned officers were as plentiful as spring flowers.

That cartoon in the evening paper copied from a recent issue of the Chicago Herald, was a gross caricature of a man who has credentials showing him to be in good standing in one of the greatest labor organizations in existence.

A few of the Kellyites came up town and were begging clothing. When sighted they were promptly arrested and locked up. One was arrested just as he came out of a North side residence with a pair of trousers the lady of the house had given him. At the station the officers examined the pockets and found a \$20 bill in the fob pocket. When he learns how near he came to getting the bill the Kellyite will feel like drowning himself.

Authorship assumes all sorts of fantastic shapes in the naming of the different boats in the Kelly flotilla—crudely constructed flat boats half filled with water bear names of Sprite, Water Queen and Jolly Meg. Each boat is of itself a whole volume of conceits and contradictions.

A guerrilla publishing firm has already a book on sale giving "A Complete History of the Commonwealth Movement." A paper is published by the Kellyites bearing the title of Industrial Army News. The latest issue contains a "plate telegraph" dispatch announcing Coxey's advent in Washington.

City Attorney Hollingsworth, Ald. Fuller and Attorney Sawyer went up the river and hailed one of the first boats as it came in. The boat came ashore and took the Keokuk men aboard and they were at once put at the oars. They pulled the Kellyites to the stopping-place, and now have beautifully blistered palms.

In view of the fact that the great concern has been to keep the army from trespassing, it was a little strange to hear a lady who owns a farm next the camp ground pleading with General Kelly to place his police so as to keep the citizens off her property and prevent them from destroying the tomato plants growing in the field.

The camp hospital contains three sufferers, one being the man who had his ribs broken in the Eldon fracas and the other two have nothing more serious than an attack of chills and fever. Taking into consideration the vast amount of exposure the men are subjected to in camp life the wonder is that such excellent health prevails.

May 20, 1894
Kelly

The irrepresible Harry Swimmer of Quincy, was one of the delegates of Gem Cityites who came to Keokuk to arrange for the reception and entertainment of the Kelleyites at Quincy. Swimmer, who by the way, runs considerable of the politics of Quincy, said that he had known Kelly a good many years and knew him to be "a good sort of a fellow."

"General" Thad Rogers of Quincy said to a GATE CITY reporter that in his opinion the people of Quincy were unduly alarmed and needlessly excited over the prospective visit of Kelly and his sailors to the Gem City. Two visits by "General" Rogers to the fleet sufficiently convinced him that Kelly and his men were not so black as they had been painted by some newspaper artists.

Francis L. Hanley, the gentleman with the bass voice and antiquated silk tile, who is leader of the glee club, gave the information that every prominent secret order in the country is represented in the army. Mr. Hanley estimates nearly a hundred Odd Fellows, 70 Masons, 76 Order of Woodmen, and 50 members of the Y. M. C. A. are identified with the movement and all of them, according to the informant, were in good standing in their respective societies when the movement started.

Photographers of every degree of proficiency and with every character of camera swarmed about the camp all day and obtained a choice lot of negatives. T. L. Wales grouped a crowd of San Francisco fellows, and after he pressed the button pulled out a big plug of tobacco. "I'll take a chew, if you please," said one fellow. "Certainly," responded Mr. Wales. "So will I," said another. The plug was passed around, and when it came back to Mr. Wales the plug was about the size of a humming bird's eye.

Colonel Spead said he had had experience in logging and on the ocean and that the boats could be towed down the river with perfect safety if they are lashed into one big raft with those on the ends and sides bulk-headed. Lumber, nails and rope were furnished and the work of rigging out the raft began last night and will be continued until finished. It is expected that the army will be ready to move by this afternoon.

Keokuk's share of the work is done. General Kelly accepted the provisions and money collected and agrees to ask nothing more. The steamer J. W. Mills has been secured to tow the fleet to West Quincy. Quartermaster Russell says that he has been better treated here than at any place since they left Des Moines. Only a few times on the trip has fresh meat been furnished and Keokuk gave 1,250 pounds of meat, 1,600 loaves of bread, 60 pounds of coffee, a load of vegetables and a quantity of other provisions.

The two women, known as "the

angels," accompanying the army, were at the opera house last night. Their names are Mrs. Harper of Omaha, of whom extended mention has been made, and Miss Anna Hooton of Council Bluffs. Both have brown hair and blue eyes and wear navy blue flannel dresses with blue shirt waists and navy blue yachting caps. Miss Hooton stated that about ten years ago she lived in Keokuk with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Humes. Both claim to be now representing the Omaha News and are gathering material for a book. They are regularly enrolled industrials and purpose staying with the army until it reaches Washington but are at liberty to leave when and where they please. They declined to answer "personal" questions relative to their family histories and do not feel very kindly to the average newspaper reporter, because of the unenviable notoriety that some papers have given them. They travel in a boat by themselves and have a tent on the grounds at their disposal.

Mr. Hanley, director of the glee club, is about 6 feet 6 and wears a high silk hat, a Prince Albert coat, other necessary articles of wearing apparel and numerous badges. He volunteered the information that there had been a little difficulty among the members of the glee club and that it had "busted" but he hoped to get it together again; at any rate, he could muster a respectable showing. After freely telling all about it, he discovered that he was talking to a reporter and then he seemed to get real mad and threatened to brand as a lie any reference the reporter made to his talk. "I have an influential friend who will put what I want to in this paper," he exclaimed drawing a GATE CITY out of his pocket, "and you'd better look out! D'y'e hear!" "That is my paper," the reporter said. And Chief Musician Hanley grew as quiet as a lamb and pleaded on the grounds of "friendship" for no mention to be made. And he was particularly anxious to give the reporter information about the army. The glee club matter was hardly worth an item in the first place; but Hanley made such a fuss about it and attracted such a crowd around him by his loud talk that in self defense this publicity is given the affair.

Constitution-Democrat.

CONSTITUTION—Established 1847.

, AUGUST 8, 1894.

TELLS OF HIS MARCH.

Gen. Kelly's Story of the Advance on Washington.

Will Take Another Army of Unemployed to the Capital When He Recovers From the Effects of Typhoid Fever.

San Francisco Chronicle: "Gen." Charles Kelly, who led the "industrial army" from Oakland on the 23rd of last April, has returned from Washington to his West Oakland home after one of the most remarkable marches ever undertaken by any body of tramps. "I shall rest for a short time," said the "general" last night. "I suffered from typhoid fever at Washington and at other points on the march. When I shall have regained my strength I shall commence to enlist another army and take it to Washington.

If I can take 5,000 unemployed men out of this state and place them where they must in a way become a care of the government it is doing California a benefit. At the same time it is bringing to the attention of the people the needs of a large portion of the working classes who are unable to obtain employment. No state would undertake to support these men by giving them employment. To do so would bankrupt the state, because other unemployed would rush in by thousands.

The 'army' is quartered on a reservation opposite the capitol. It is on neutral territory. The District of Columbia has no authority over it. Neither has the state of Virginia. The only one, I guess, who can say anything about it is the secretary of state. He sent word asking us if we would move off the reservation if we were ordered to do so. We told him that we would wait till we got the order before answering.

We reached Washington Wednesday, a week ago, with 1,200 men. There have been additions to the army since, and it now numbers about 1,500. It is constantly increasing.

Mrs. Smith, who left with another 'army' from Oakland, is now somewhere in Ohio. We did not parade in Washington. We did not think it necessary. We had conferences with the legislators in both houses. Many of the men said that they were friends of ours, but that we wanted class legislation. They advised us to do no wrong, as it would turn them against us.

In our camp are gathered the commands of Cantell, Randall, Aubrey, Primrose, Galvin, Fry and Morrison. Fry, of Los Angeles, is in command while I am away. We have much the larger body, and the others readily yielded authority to us. I did not see Coxe. He was in Ohio electioneering. Browne and his followers have dwindled into insignificance. He has abandoned the championship of labor and talks now only of his religion. He proclaims himself immortal. He has disgusted his followers, who feel that they have a right to their own religious views.

The strike did not affect us personally in any way. We sympathized with the strikers. Every one of our men could have received employment at that time at \$4 a day, but they would not take it, because it would be wrong to take the places of strikers.

It requires 1,500 loaves of bread every day, to say nothing of other things in proportion, to keep the army alive, and it requires work to get such an amount of food. That work is the main thing involved on me. Several of the leaders have gone east to make systematic appeals for sustenance. The men are now aided by the people and the trades unions.

We lost five men by death on our march—one by heart disease, one killed, two drowned and one was given morphine instead of quinine by the doctor. We court martialed the doctor and ex-

elled him.
To-morrow I will begin to raise another army. We will try Los Angeles, San Francisco and I guess Oakland, too."

After Coxeys Fall.
(Tune After the Ball.)

A ragged tramp sat under a huckleberry tree,
Begged for a penny, "Do Mister, please."
But why do you need it, why wander alone;
Have you no partner, have you no home?
I had a partner years, years ago.
Where he is now sir you soon shall know.
List to the story, I'll tell it all,
He died of starvation after Coxeys fall.

Chorus.
After the march was over, after the grub was gone,
After our leaders were jailed, after Coxeys had flown,
Many a leg was aching, if you could feel them all,
Many a free lunch vanished, after Coxeys fall.

II

Way back in Ohio, in the village Massillon,
There lived Horse Trader Coxeys, none other under the sun.
He had an idea, his own, his very own,
I wish I had never heard it, I wish I had left it alone
It was to lead an army of valient men,
On to the seat of government, on to Washington
The roads were full of holes, sir, no bottom at all,
Just as my trousers were after Coxeys fall.

Chorus.
When we reached the town, sir, we were almost dead.
On marched our army, Coxeys ahead.
Bright lights were flashing in the grand congress room,
Loudly the music played, all out of tune.
On went our Coxeys, our beloved, our own,
(Give him a chance sirs, leave him alone
When we looked around us, there stood a man,
Taking our leader, as policeman.
The army was busted, that was all,
So I took to tramping, after Coxeys fall.

III

Long years have past, sir, I've never wed,
True to my army though it is dead.
We tried to rally it, tried to explain,
But congress wouldn't listen, pleadings were vain.
Now I have to tramp, sir, over the land,
That's why I'm lonely, no home at all,
My heart was broke, sir, after Coxeys fall.

IV

Chorus.
-Dr. E. O. Sisson.
[Read by Dr. E. O. Sisson at the Y. M. C. A. Library society Friday, May 4, 1894.]

The Gate City.

Entered OCT. 20, 1937 nd-Class

KELLEY'S ARMY VISITED KEOKUK ON MAY 19, 1894

Keokuk people know what it means to be faced by hungry men. Back in 1894 when Kelley's army was on its way to Washington authorities here learned that the army planned to come this way. The army arrived May 19, but was herded into the Des Moines river bottoms and fed on one of the flats there by a citizens' committee, which had arranged with the leaders to keep the men out of Keokuk.
In this group of men encamped on the Des Moines river islands was Jack London, the novelist.

Definition of a Scab

By JACK LONDON

After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad and the vampire, he had some awful substance left with which he made a SCAB. A SCAB is a two-legged animal with a cork-screw sole, a water logged brain, and a combination backbone made of jelly and glue. Where others have hearts, he carries a tumor of rotten principles. When a SCAB comes down the street men turn their backs and angels weep in heaven, and the devil shuts the gates of hell to keep them out. No man has a right to SCAB so long as there is a pool of water deep enough to drown his body in, or a rope long enough to hang his carcass with. Judas Iscariot was a gentleman compared with a scab. For betraying his master, he had character enough to hang himself—A SCAB hasn't.

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Judas Iscariot sold his savior for thirty pieces of silver. Benedict Arnold sold his country for a promise of a commission in the British Army. The modern strikebreaker sells his birthright, his country, his wife, his children and his fellow-men for an unfulfilled promise from his employer, trust or corporation.

Esau was traitor to himself. Judas Iscariot was a traitor to his God. Benedict Arnold was a traitor to his country. A strikebreaker is a traitor to his God, his country, his family and his class.

The Gate City.

Entered, JUNE 1, 1894. nd-Class Matter.

KELLY'S CAREER.

He was a Rover, But Ambitious to be Foreman.

Kelly's army, with which the citizens of Keokuk had a slight acquaintance recently, is now encamped at St. Louis. Speaking of the leader of this aggregation the Chronicle of that city says:

"They all know Charles Kelly, do the foreman and compositors in the various job printing establishments of St. Louis, where the redoubtable 'Commodore' swung twice around the circle ten years ago. After a swift canvass through George D. Barnard's W. H. Woodward's, Buxton & Skinner's and the Great Western establishments, a Chronicle reporter found material for the following composite sketch of the greatest, if not the 'well-beloved' disciple of Coxeys:

"Kelly came to St. Louis about twelve years ago from Hannibal, Mo., or Quincy, Ill., and put in his time in all job offices in the city, spending sometimes as much as thirty days in a place. He may have digressed sufficiently to hold a case for a day or two on the daily newspapers during this period. He 'jumped the town' in approved tramp printer style, and was heard from at Galveston and other Texas towns.

"Kelly came from Galveston to St. Louis, and again circulated freely from one job-printing establishment to another, pursuing the—to him—ignis fatuus of a foremanship. Then he bobbed up serenely at Frisco.

"Later accounts of Kelly's career are somewhat apocryphal, but it is agreed that he drifted to Los Angeles, joined the Salvation Army in that terrestrial paradise and accompanied a brigade of the church militant on earth to Australia.

"Kelly was a good printer," said his associates of a decade ago, "but he was unstable as water. He never stayed over a month or two at a place, and was always seeking a foremanship. He left Buxton & Skinner's for example, for George D. Barnard's, because a vacancy in the foreman's position was about to be made. He failed to connect there and jumped to Levison & Blythe's, where the foreman was about to die. Failing to inherit the dead man's shoes, he tried other places with the same result.

"Kelly was, and is—unless greatly changed and much belied in the daily press—always seeking the 'best end' for Kelly. He was an A1 printer, both on straight composition and job work, and it is all condemned nonsense, for him to pose as a man out of work and unable to get work, as he can get a job even in this day of typesetting machines, wherever and whenever he wants it. He is simply after notoriety, with incidentals.

"Kelly's exit to San Francisco, was hastened, we think, by his alleged connection with a successful effort of a love-lorn couple under legal age to obtain a marriage license. Kelly, who was probably 25 years old at the time, managed to get the license for the boyish groom."

THE DAILY GATE CITY.
- AUGUST 31, 1894. -
Entered in Keokuk postoffice as 2d class matter

CITY NEWS.

A St. Louis paper says: "Kelly's army came to St. Louis two or three months ago and were fed, beered and financially assisted by sympathizers. Now a remnant of them are stationed at the foot of Plum street, where they are an object of interest to Levee rats and small boys, but there is 'none so poor to do them reverence.' The men say they are starving, thirsty, penniless, deserted,

California. As a remnant of the once triumphant Coxeites, who marched flush with hope to Washington, these would-be social reformers are at present an object lesson." END

homeless and very tired. It would be a charity as well as a good sanitary and municipal expedient to ship them off the Levee to where they belong, which they claim to be Cali-

711
143
223

Kelly 26

CONC., MAY 2, 1894.

TROOPS CALLED ON.

Militiamen in the State of Washington to Check Coxeyites.

Ordered Out to Prevent Commonwealers from Carrying Out Threats to Steal Trains.

WATCHING THE INDUSTRIALS.

SEATTLE, Wash., April 28.—A battalion of military was called out here at midnight. Ninety men responded to the call within forty-five minutes, but most of them were dismissed and told to await orders. Col. Green denies that there was any other motive than an emergency call to test their availability, but he, with six orderlies, kept watch at the armory during the night. Northern Pacific officials are disturbed over the possibility that 1,000 commonwealers from this city and Tacoma, who are now marching to join their forces at Puyallup Junction, will attempt to seize a train at that point.

Threaten to Capture Trains.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—In view of reports from Idaho that a Coxey army is organizing in the Cœur d'Alene mining district, in the northern part of the state of Idaho, and that an attempt may be made to seize a train, Attorney General Olney, after a conference with Senator Dubois Thursday afternoon, sent a telegram to the United States marshal of Idaho similar in character to those sent to the marshals of Montana. He is instructed to prevent any unlawful seizure of trains and to swear in as many deputy marshals as may be necessary to assist him. In case of his inability to prevent violations of the law he is directed to telegraph the facts to the president and ask the assistance of United States troops.

All Ready for Coxey.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—The national capital is now ready for the Coxey invasion. The army can come as soon as it likes. The police have been recruited and drilled to the perfection point. So has the militia. The regulars are always ready. The detective force has been increased by men from Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. All the incoming trains are being most carefully watched and suspicious characters shadowed. Detectives are at the main entrances to the city and all arrivals will be thoroughly watched till the invaders have come and gone. The authorities are maintaining great secrecy about their preparations. They admit, though, that all is in readiness, and the look of confidence and relief upon their faces gives indorsement to their words.

They Can't Meet in Washington.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—The district commissioners cast a damper over the local supporters of Coxey's movement

Thursday by refusing them permission to hold open-air meetings. It had been expected by the enthusiasts that these meetings would draw converts and cash contributions for the cause. The refusal of the commissioners was based on a law that prohibits congregating on the public streets or parks or engaging in loud and boisterous talking, and they state that they have no power to grant a permit. The Coxeyites are angered at this refusal, declaring the law never was intended to apply to orderly speech-making.

Let Him Go Again.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—George Francis Traip is under arrest. Mr. Train arrived in Washington Thursday, attracted by the notoriety surrounding the Coxey movement. Thursday night he delivered a lecture. The formality of securing a license, a necessary incident in the District of Columbia, was not complied with, and the police swooped down upon Mr. Train and put him under arrest for violating the license ordinance. Mr. Train demanded that he be taken to a police cell and incarcerated. The request was refused, and the police took him straight to the police court, which was in session, to await there his turn for trial.

Judge Milner, of the police court, refused to make a martyr of George Francis Train and dismissed the charge against him.

Rode Into Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 28.—Gen. Frye's commonweal army arrived in Indianapolis Thursday afternoon at 1 o'clock, 269 strong. The army came on a Vandalia freight train from Brazil. Wednesday evening Gen. Frye contracted with the railroad company to haul his horses and wagon and camp utensils to this city. Thursday morning the baggage and eight horses and a wagon were loaded into a box car. When the car was coupled to a through freight train the commonwealers climbed on the cars. The trainmen did not feel that it would be possible to put the men off, and they were permitted to ride to the city.

The army is encamped on the banks of the White river in the western part of the city. Gen. Frye says it will remain here until a way is found to get it out of the city. Many influential citizens and the newspapers are insisting that the "generals" and "colonels" in the army be arrested. They believe the movement could be thus broken up.

Gen. Frye and local representatives of the labor organizations called on Gov. Matthews Thursday evening. They were cordially received by the governor, who said he hoped the industrial army would receive good treatment while in Indiana. He said he believed the people of Indianapolis will wreck the train.

ADAIR, Ia., April 28.—The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad officials declared Thursday evening that they would ditch any train which Kelly or his men might steal on their road. Yardmaster Hamilton, authorized by General Superintendent Dunlap and Division Superintendent Stillwell, of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific road, carried an armful of papers to the Kelly camp and distributed them to the men. They were notices from

the Rock Island road to the effect that the railroad company had received information that an attempt would be made to steal a train, and warning the Kellyites that if any such attempt were made they must bear the consequences.

Will Be Peaceable.

Gen. Kelly, Col. Speed and Col. Baker each received one. Kelly said that the notices were an attempt to incite the men to acts of violence, and that the railroad had been endeavoring for several days to stir up a turbulent spirit which would lead the men to steal a train and thus give the road an opportunity to call on the regular army, as was done in the case of the Hogan army in Montana. He added that the railroad need not worry about him or his men, for, though a few men might try to steal rides, tramp fashion, the army would not board a train unless the train was donated or paid for.

IN SHORT ORDER.

Ohio State Troops Blast the Hopes of Galvin's Army.

The Latter Capture a B. & O. Train—But Surrender to the Militia Without a Shot Being Fired.

CALLED OUT THE TROOPS.

COLUMBUS, O., April 28.—Gov. McKinley has ordered battery H, of this city, Capt. Frank T. Stewart, to report at its armory preparatory to going to Mount Sterling, if necessary, to clear a Baltimore & Ohio railway freight train of Galvin's contingent of Coxey men. The battery has Gatling guns and cannon. The governor has ordered companies A, B, C and F of the Fourteenth Ohio national guards, Col. Coit, of this city, to report ready to proceed, if necessary, to Mount Sterling. These are all Columbus companies, and, with the battery, will number about 150 men. The train of state soldiers at 11:25 a. m. pulled out for Mount Sterling. Two Gatling guns were on the rear car. Six cars contained soldiers. The other was a baggage car.

Reasons for the Action.

The governor's action is based on the fact that S. P. Peabody, general agent, and Superintendent Graham of the Baltimore & Ohio railway, said they had not been able to get a freight train through Mount Sterling for two days, and that the sheriff of Madison county, with one company of the Fourteenth regiment right in Mount Sterling and at his disposal under the law, had refused or was afraid to act. This Mount Sterling company has about thirty men. The men in possession of the train number about 200.

Coxeyites Defiant.

It was a surprise, says a special to the Dispatch, to the Galvin army at 1:30 a. m. when Detective Mahoney and his men asked them to vacate the train. When he presented his commission showing that he represented the gov-

ernor, who had given him special power in accordance with law, the Coxeyites laughed at him. They refused to hear the commission read. They met all demands in the name of the state with hoots and jeers. Mahoney wired these facts to the governor, and said that unless instructed otherwise he would proceed to put the men off the train by force at daybreak. He was told to do nothing, and at 5 a. m. Adj. Gen. How and Attorney General Richards arrived at the train.

After conference with them Scott Chenoweth, sheriff of Madison county, ordered the men off the train. The order was kindly made. Galvin said he had no control over the men and was powerless to do anything. The sheriff and the state officers then walked along each car and ordered the men on each to leave the train. This having been done, Attorney General Richards addressed the men, saying that Chenoweth was sheriff of the county and the power of the state was behind him.

Called on the State.

"If you refuse to obey his command," he said, "to get off this train, the state of Ohio will compel you to do so." When he had concluded Galvin spoke to the men, saying: "Men, I have no control over you, you must act on your own judgment in this matter. Each man must act for himself individually, but I would advise you to obey the order of the sheriff." Not a word came from the men. The sheriff then made a request upon the state for the assistance of the military.

Without a Shot.

MOUNT STERLING, O., April 30.—The troops from Columbus reached here at 12:10 p. m. At 1 o'clock the soldiers marched to the train from which the Galvin forces have been defying the local authorities and captured it without the necessity of firing a shot. As the soldiers clambered upon the cars the industrials scrambled off, and the train moved away.

Another Train Stolen.

PORTLAND, Ore., April 30.—The Portland contingent of the industrial army captured an engine at Troutdale, and, coupling it to a freight engine which they seized Friday, started east over the Union Pacific. The engine seized by the Coxeyites was drawing the special car of General Manager Dickinson; R. W. Baxter, general superintendent of the western division, and A. J. Borie, assistant superintendent. As soon as the news was received in this city a special engine in charge of Deputy United States Marshal Coleman was sent to Troutdale to bring the railway officials to the city. This is a serious matter for the train-stealers, as the Union Pacific road is in the hands of the United States court and federal troops will undoubtedly be ordered out to capture the Coxeyites.

Can Use Federal Troops.

WASHINGTON, April 30.—Gen. Schofield has instructed the commander of the department of the Dakotas and also the commander of the federal troops at Fort Vancouver, Wash., to place their forces at the disposal of the United States marshals to protect and

retake trains menaced or captured by Coxeyites. Special orders are made for the capture of the train taken at Troutdale.

Wolcott Hanged in Effigy.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Col., April 30.—Senator Wolcott has been hanged in effigy at Victoria, a mining camp in the Cripple Creek district, with the inscription: "Down with plutocracy!" The reason for the act was the senator's recent speech on the Coxey movement.

Coxey's Progress.

GAITHERSBURG, Md., April 30.—Coxey has been receiving reports from Rockville, the gathering point for the commonweal clans. Twenty-four men are already in camp at the fair grounds in that city waiting for the arrival of the army. They are under command of "Unknown" Smith, who was discharged from the main army a week or two ago. Brown says he and his followers will be permitted to join the army.

Plan for the March into Washington.

The plans for the march into Washington are now nearly completed. This morning the army will leave at 9 o'clock for Camp "Legal Tender" at Rockville, where it will remain for the night. On Sunday morning the march will be resumed, reaching Brightwood park, just inside of the District of Columbia and 2 1/2 miles from Washington, on the evening of the same day.

Will Meet on the Capitol Steps.

On Tuesday the march to the capitol will be made. The arrangements for the day are in charge of Marshal J. B. Osborne, one of Browne's old California friends. Coxey said on Friday:

"We intend to march up and hold a meeting on the capitol steps. The constitution guarantees us our rights to meet and petition for redress of grievances, and that is all we expect to do. If we can't meet and do this it is almost time for another revolution. We will keep off the grass around the capitol. Of course I appreciate as well as any one else the fact that the preservation of the grass around the capitol is of more importance than the saving of thousands from starvation. Any laws tending to prevent our meeting are unconstitutional and void, and we have plenty of time to test the matter. The people do not intend to see us imposed on."

May March Down Pennsylvania Avenue.

WASHINGTON, April 30.—Chief of Police Moore said that the Coxey army could parade down Pennsylvania avenue so long as its component parts conduct themselves in an orderly manner. That is one of the rights of an organization, he said, and the police do not intend to interfere. They cannot, however, march into the capitol grounds.

Constitution Democrat.

ONE MAY 9, 1894.

COXEY'S DEFENSE.

The Bible Introduced by the General's Attorneys.

Scripture Quoted Until Stopped by the Court — Evidence of the Wit-

nesses—Coxey on the Stand.

THE BIBLE AS A WITNESS.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—The trial of Coxey, Browne and Jones was resumed in the district police court before a jury. The courtroom was filled to its full capacity by spectators. Proceedings were opened by Mr. Hyman in an argument for the defense. He said that he would prove by prominent citizens that the arrest of the defendants was one of the most brutal affairs ever heard of. Witnesses would testify to the action of the police in the use of their clubs not only upon the defendants, but upon others not connected with the commonweal. He expected to show by unquestioned proof that a conspiracy existed for the conviction of the defendants.

Quoted Scripture.

There was no denial or defense for what the commonwealers had done, he began. Defense would consist in the lawfulness of their actions. He could remember but one similar occurrence in history, the attorney said, and, thereupon, he produced a Bible and began to read a Scriptural passage. He read the passage of the Old Testament reciting that the Lord had commanded Moses to take off his hat because he trod on holy ground.

Stopped by the Judge.

He had not talked long before Judge Miller was compelled to make the same objection raised by the district attorney, and to request the lawyer to devote himself to the recital of what was intended to be proved.

From his somewhat discursive statement it was gathered that the defense would be based largely on the brutality of the police in clubbing citizens. It was to be shown that Coxey had not walked on the grass and that Browne had been driven through the shrubbery by the police.

Forced on the Grass.

Two witnesses were called who testified that Coxey did not walk on the grass of the capitol grounds, but they had seen the police drive citizens onto the grass before the procession arrived in order to clear the pathways.

Being called upon to give a ruling on a question asked this witness, Judge Miller said that it might be a mitigating circumstance bearing upon the intent to violate the law that a defendant had been forced upon the grass by circumstances. The judge added that a hundred thousand violations of the law did not excuse one violation of it.

Coxey Testifies.

After several more witnesses had been examined to show that Coxey did not trespass on the grass, Coxey was called in his own defense. In the course of his testimony he stated that according to the programme the march was to be on the north side of the capitol, but they were under the lead of the police, and if the army had not been escorted to the south of the grounds the misdemeanor might never have been committed.

Coxey said he told Maj. Moore that the army might break up and enter the capitol grounds as American citizens,

May 9, 1894 - #1
Coxey's Defense

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
DICKEL
KEOKUK, IOWA

and the chief said there would be no objection to that, but not to carry the banners.

"I said there was one banner from Pittsburgh given by laboring men," he continued, "that I had promised to plant there if my life was spared and I would like to carry that. However, the banner was packed into the wagons with the others.

His Object Explained.

"My object in going to the capitol," said Mr. Coxe, "was to present to congress my two bills, the good roads bill and the non-interest-bearing bond bill and to address congress and the American people on them. I demanded the protection of the police, who seemed to be Col. Bright's right-hand bower, to present to congress the petition from labor organizations in favor of the bills."

The men who came with him did so, Mr. Coxe said, upon the principle that that they might as well be with him as anywhere. They were out of work and their families were destitute at home.

The Speech Barred.

Judge Miller would not permit the introduction as evidence of the speech Coxe intended to make, or the protest he issued, saying that they had nothing to do with the trial.

"Did you not know, Mr. Coxe," said Mr. Birney, "that you were violating the law in trying to speak?"

"I am an American citizen, and I thought I had that right. Besides, the constitution gives me the right, and I don't think the law that was passed intended to repeal the constitution."

Mr. Bland Testifies.

Representative Bland, of Missouri, then took the stand for the defense. He said while he was standing on the capitol steps he saw twenty-five police coming toward the capitol from the southern part of the grounds, and around them was an immense number of people.

"Did you see any of the police use their clubs?" asked Mr. Pence.

Objection was made to the witness answering.

Mr. Pence stated that he wanted to show that it was because of the action of the police in rushing upon the crowd that the defendants were forced upon the grass, and he had subpoenaed a dozen congressmen to prove it. Judge Miller sustained the objection. After answering some more questions as to the action of the police and citizens, Mr. Bland was dismissed, and at 12:45 the court took a recess till 1:15.

Says He Is Loser.

After the recess Mr. Coxe was recalled by the government, and in answer to the district attorney said:

"Previous to leaving Massillon I received \$15 for the support of the army and since that time have been tendered small funds. But most of the expenses have been paid by reason of our charging an admission fee to our camp. I have made no memorandum of the receipts and expenditures, but I am sure of one thing, and that is that I am \$700 behind on my own account. I know that because that is the amount I put in."

Further evidence of an unimportant character was given. The court refused to admit in evidence a trunkful of petitions in favor of good roads and no interest on bonds, which Cox-

ey's attorney attempted to introduce.

All day was taken up in hearing testimony in the case and at 4:10 the court adjourned, leaving the case still unfinished.

Wants the Arrest Investigated.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—In the senate Senator Allen (pop., Neb.) offered a preamble and resolution providing for a select committee of five senators—no more than two of them to belong to the same political party—to investigate all the facts and circumstances connected with the arrest and imprisonment of Coxe et al. and to make such recommendations as will prevent such outrages hereafter. The resolution was laid over for one day.

May 9, 1894 - #2
"Coxey's Defense"

This Was When Kelly's Army Floating Down Des Moines River Was Encamped on Flats Below Bridge.

DAILY GATE CITY — JAN. 17, 1931

Thirty seven years ago the problem of unemployment was under discussion in Keokuk much as it is today. There had been months of idleness in mills and factories, so that the situation was acute, more acute than it is today. An army of unemployed was on its way to Keokuk, and local people were quaking with fear lest that army get beyond control of its leader and storm the city's industries. There are hundreds of people today not only in Keokuk but along the entire Des Moines river valley who can recall the visit of Kelly's army to Keokuk. Persons talking about unemployment here now refer time and again to the visit of Kelly's army. Perhaps it should be called a navy, coming as it did in boats, in skiffs, flat boats, gondolas, hollowed out logs, catboats, and in fact everything except perhaps tubs. It was May 18 and 19, 1894, that the army descended on Keokuk on its way to St. Louis where eventually it disbanded.

Early in 1894 the army had started from California, and as it approached the borders of Iowa at Council Bluffs, Governor Jackson hurried to the Bluffs to see if he could head off the approaching army. However he decided that this was impracticable and the motley array marched on. In some cases they seized railroads, having trained firemen and engineers in their companies. In other cases railroads gave them transportation. Reaching Des Moines they stayed and stayed until they were no longer welcome and then Des Moines officials, according to Iowa historians, offered the army plenty of lumber to build boats or rafts and told them to float on down the Des Moines river. This act terrified farmers all through the Des Moines valley and the cities which bordered the stream began to arm against what was considered equal to an invasion.

Local People Recall Visit.

Outside of the mere fact of its once being here persons today remember little of that branch of the army which camped here for several days. They are unable to recapture in reminiscence the intense feeling which sent citizens of this community post haste to the Des Moines flats that they might witness this strange throng of men.

Much as present day gypsies are branded taboo in Keokuk, so were these wanderers but that could not prevent persons from flocking about their camping ground, bringing them the utensils and food for which they asked. The army was destitute, or at least so those in charge informed the curious. Flour, bread, meat, wash boilers, tubs, cooking pots, pans and practically everything

that could be used by a migratory group of men were contributed by kind-hearted citizens who had visions of the privations endured by these river voyagers. And this despite official warning from the city council and various public figures. One prominent man is said to have voiced his opinions most emphatically in a public meeting, declaring that he could not see why these men were entitled to "a damn cent from Keokuk."

Towed Down River.

The odd assortment of skiffs, flat-boats, barges, etc., was moored in the Des Moines river just above the bridge and remained there for two days before being towed out into the Mississippi and started on their journey to St. Louis. Those who recollect the affair now, say that they doubt if the army

Keokuk Was Quarantined

Against Unemployment in

1894

ever progressed past St. Louis. They believe that the group disbanded there.

As an indication of the pitch which the hysteria, and it was almost that, reached during the mens' stay here, one man recalls that a barber who was making some \$30 a week in a local shop, left his wife and children to join this band of "unemployed." Nothing was ever heard of him again, he said.

Stage Set for Drama.

Let us reconstruct the physical situation or perhaps the stage settings for this dramatic episode in the life of Keokuk. There were the lumber mills all along the south side of the city, between

Pledge of Kelly Army Soldiers

I hereby swear to support the Constitution of the United States and of the Industrial Army; to obey all the orders that may be said, sent or handed me by those authorized so to do; to render cheerful assistance and support to all officers and comrades of the army; to not intentionally violate any law of the United States or any state or territory in which I may be, or aid or abet any riotous conduct; to respect the right of property and law and order; to never act in any manner to bring discredit upon the Industrial Army of the United States.

the end of Fifth street and the Des Moines river bridge. These with their piles of lumber, their long rambling buildings housing expensive machinery, would have been easy prey to a hungry horde that had been denied food and had resorted to violence. The torch might be applied and this was one of the biggest industries of Keokuk, back in the nineties. So the city fathers got their heads together and on May 11 adopted a quarantine ordinance which was intended to prevent the landing of the Kelly navy, so the old files of the Gate City reveal.

"Kelly can float by Keokuk, but he can't stop here," wrote the reporter who chronicled the doings of the city council that night. "That is the meaning of the quarantine ordinance and it was adopted for this emergency. When it was put upon its passage, Mayor Moorhead called President pro tem LeBron to the chair and explained that because Keokuk was a special charter city it could adopt such measures."

Other Armies Threatened.

Not only was Kelly's army in the offing but reports were that several other contingents would come to Keokuk, among them a woman's army. Dr. Moorhead, then mayor of the city, in his "Recollections" published in The Gate City shortly before his death wrote "the so-called army had to be handled carefully lest it become peeved and set fire to the lumber district in the southern part of the city. The city council voted funds which were expended by a citizen's committee for the purchase of food. Then I entered into an agreement with Gen. Kelly that his men would be fed if he would land them on the other side of the Des Moines river bridge. This agreement was kept but to make sure that stragglers would not get up town armed policemen and deputy sheriffs were stationed on the bridge. After the army had converted its boats into a huge raft the city paid a steamboat owner \$100 to tow the raft to Quincy."

On May 12, The Gate City reported that Mayor Moorhead said the city's motto would be "millions for defense but not one cent for tribute." The quarantine ordinance was then being drawn up by city solicitor A. Hollingsworth, who decided on this regulation as the best one for the city to use, after a long study of the law and other cases.

Kelly a Diplomat.

General Kelly, it seems, was described by those who had seen him as a diplomat and very much of a leader. Although the mention of his name and his army struck a note of terror, no one seems to have heard of his allowing any depredations such as organized looting or thieving. He had a glee club and choir with him, and at meetings these organizations sang some of the "heart songs" and religious verses that seemed to touch the heart strings of listeners, especially those of the women. In this way the army collected money for its trip, by an appeal to sympathies.

Kelly, according to telegraphic despatch on the first page of Sunday's Gate City, May 13, was reported as stating that his army would pay no attention to the Keokuk quarantine ordinance. At this time he is reported as saying that the army would "supplicate aid" from the citizens and that they would camp on the Missouri shore.

In this same story there appears a rumbling of revolt in the army, too. It seems that "Company K of Sacramento" was not quite in tune with the commanding officer. In this same news story is mention of "girls" with the army, which seemed to displease some of the men in the

ranks. May 14, the commonwealers as the army was called, were in Ottumwa. Someone there took the trouble to report that there were 1,000 men in the motley army, and that 123 were Odd Fellows; 78 Masons; 25 A. O. U. W.; 67 Knights of Pythias, and 103 carried Y. M. C. A. cards. It was reported from Ottumwa that the army was under absolute control of its leaders and that those who had been its harshest critics were its most ardent supporters.

Stormy Meeting Here.

That same night Keokuk people assembled in what was characterized by The Gate City as the

INVOKED LAW ON "WEALERS"



When Kelly's army marched on Keokuk, the late S. W. Moorhead, shown above, was the mayor. It was through his handling of affairs that the Commonwealers were kept out of the city of Keokuk and confined to a camp site on the Des Moines river flats.

"stormiest mass meeting held in Keokuk." The motion of Judge Rice H. Bell that "the citizens" furnish one day's ration to be delivered at the Des Moines river bridge and that a committee of fifty be appointed to solicit the rations," carried after several local labor leaders and others clashed verbally over the coming visit.

The committee appointed was as follows:

Rice Bell, John R. Dimond, Dr. C. R. Fisk, Robert Rees, E. Walsh, James C. Davis, A. J. McCrary, John Irwin, C. H. Leas, J. B. Bailey, F. T. F. Schmidt, L. E. Garrison, Dr. B. F. Bailey, John Dumenil, H. Gabriel, James A. Hirst, W. H. Horn, E. Bawden.

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THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
A. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

James A. Stinson, B. F. Crow, W. E. Watson, W. L. Thompson, A. J. Pollard, A. Schuler, R. M. Marshall, E. Radasch, Dr. J. M. Shaffer, Ben Mayhew, J. R. Auld, S. I. Rutledge, B. S. Andressen, A. J. Dimond, R. Dollyer, John Wellehan, Tim Hickey, Jr., M. McNearney, John Dolan, Charles Dietz, S. Collins, J. C. Spaan, William Bunyan, Jr., M. Whalen, P. J. Sheehan, P. A. Griffin, John Cannon, James Grover, M. A. Rogerson, J. B. Walsh, J. T. P. Power, M. J. Burke.

Vote Support to Council

Mayor Moorhead, W. B. Collins, John Gibbons, J. F. Daugherty and Edmund Jaeger as a committee, called the meeting. Some of the sympathizers of Kelly and Coxsey made the welkin ring with their oratory, so the Gate City reported, but in the end it was decided to support the council and to keep the army out of Keokuk by means of a day's rations and other concessions. Marshal Jack Hardin was in charge of special officers who would be on duty.

Donations were not hard to secure, it was reported, and the gifts were apportioned by wards with members of the committee from these districts reporting their progress day by day. Charles Hubenthal for instance said he would give 100 pounds of meat and would cook it for five dollars. Others reported 100 pounds of meat to be donated, and sixty-five loaves of bread.

Rice H. Bell chairman of the citizens committee went to Keosauqua to interview Kelly, and was accompanied by Sheriff John McCormick, who continued to Keokuk with the army in order to study its make-up and to keep a watch on the crew. Judge Bell told Kelly what Keokuk planned to do and Kelly said that if Keokuk would furnish 1,000 pounds of meat, 1,400 loaves of bread and between 50 and 60 pounds of coffee, and a boat to tow the army's craft to Quincy, he would see that his army camped where the city desired. All he asked was a chance to come into the city to make a talk, and for the designated officers to get mail and any other messages. The General told Judge Bell that he would expect authorities to arrest any of the men who failed to behave as they should. He announced Wheeling, West Va., as his ultimate objective.

Officials Prepare

A telephone was set up at the bridge to be used as an emergency station and railroad officials prepared to protect their tracks and rolling stock.

Jack London the famous writer of a few years ago was one of the men in the group and it was reported that among the women traveling with the army was a newspaper writer, who was to accompany the army to Washington and would receive \$500 for the trip. The women in the army were called "angels" in the newspaper reports.

Arrive May 19

Saturday morning, May 19, the Kelly army began its arrival in Keokuk. If Keokuk would not let

the army come to it, Keokuk people went to the army. It is recalled that every means of conveyance was chartered to reach the camping ground allotted to Kelly and his men. People walked, rode horseback, in excursion cars, and in most everything but wheel-

Meal Check For Kelly Army

Swift & Co., 755 pounds of beef	\$ 43.41
Charles Hubenthal, meat	5.00
A. Weber Co., rope and nails	14.52
H. E. Alton, livery	4.75
Rice H. Bell, expenses to Keosauqua and drayage	6.60
F. T. F. Schmidt, hauling	1.50
Schouten & Co., 1,000 loaves of bread	40.00
Total	\$115.78

This does not include the cost of towing the fleet to Quincy, \$100, which was provided for otherwise; the lumber used in lashing the fleet together, which was donated; nor the provisions donated, amounting to \$75. There was cash received of \$123.30, leaving a balance of \$7.52.

barrows to reach the bivouac of this army of unemployed.

The night before, the army camped at Sugar Creek for the night and the first boats reached Keokuk during Saturday morning, a faithful reporter chronicling the first boat's arrival as being at 10:45 o'clock. "Sweeping around the bend with the blanket sail set and the men straining at the oars came the advance of the strange fleet," so the story in the following morning paper read. There were 140 boats in the fleet, each carrying eight men.

Mayor Meets Army.

When the boats neared the place they were to land, Mayor Moorhead, Marshal Hardin and Sheriff McCormick in a skiff put out from shore to meet them. They found Kelly asleep and his officers would not waken him. They said they would take charge of the landing until he awoke. Cols. Sped and Baker were the officers and they put into shore at a spot that was not the designated landing place. When Kelly was finally aroused, he met the officers and a parley ensued. Kelly said he was being barred out of Iowa, and that some men who had joined the fleet up the river had said that it was the intention to shunt the army over into Missouri and let it shift for itself. He objected to this and after a few minutes parley it was pointed out that the place set for the landing was on Iowa soil, and that he had agreed to abide by the local committee's decision. Kelly then agreed and gave the order to move the boats to the landing place decided upon by the committee.

It took until 5:30 o'clock in the

afternoon to get all the boats landed. People who saw the army in camp recall the motley array of men, and of the apparently endless cooking that was going on. This was due to the fact that there were no set times for meals, and the two which were eaten each day were prepared by groups over their own campfires, and eaten as they pleased.

Army Carried Cards.

Every member of the army carried a blue pasteboard identification tag with the words "United States Industrial Army" printed on it. There were spaces to be filled in denoting the regiment and company to which the man belonged, his name and other personal data.

D. L. Hughes, manager of the opera house made a deal with Kelly to speak from the stage of the theater Saturday night, but only a small crowd heard him at ten cents admission, it is reported.

Kelly said he was a printer by trade and was thirty-three years old. He came from Hartford, Conn., and had started with his army April 4 from the west coast. He said that the army was not willingly a burden and that if employment could be secured his men would disband. He said they would not take work from Keokuk unemployed but if local men were put to work and there were jobs for his army they would take these. He declared that the men would demand government employment and were headed for Washington to protest their lot. He said his army was on its way to see "Grover," meaning President Cleveland, and that if "Grover" went fishing his men would go there, too.

Crowds Visit Camp.

All day Sunday, May 20, Keokuk people visited the Kelly army camp, and Monday morning bright and early the army embarked on the Mississippi in tow of the steamer J. W. Mills. One hundred dollars was paid for the boat, and provisions cost \$115.78, according to the report of the committee. Kelly stopped at the Hotel Keokuk while in the city. The Gate City commenting on the departure of Kelly for the south said, "General Kelly thanks God that he is out of Iowa, and all Iowa joins with deepest unctio to his te deum laudamus."

The weather was cold and raw when the wealers were in Keokuk, but according to all reports the army slept comfortably and ate well. Keokuk sighed an audible sigh of relief when the army of unemployed passed on, and took down its quarantine sign.

KEOKUK, IA., GATE CITY

Jacob Coxey Dies; Was Historic Head Of 'Coxey's Army'

MAY 19, 1951

MASSILLON, O., May 19—(P)—"General" Jacob Sechler Coxey,

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Kelly 1931

THE KEOKUK GATE CITY AND CONSTITUTION - DEMOCRAT

who marched on Washington at the head of an "army" of unemployed in 1894, died last night without regaining consciousness from a stroke.

Coxey, 97, spent a lifetime promoting an idea that the government should print "money at cost" to retire international debts and promote peace. His cause died with him.

He organized his ill-fated "march on Washington" 57 years ago to persuade the government to print \$500,000,000 in legal paper money to put 4,000,000 U. S. unemployed men to work building roads.

Dressed in a tattered Union Army uniform, Coxey arrived in Washington at the head of an "army" of 600 to 1,000 men. He marched to the east portico of the capital where he was arrested while making a speech and sentenced to 20 days in jail for trespassing.

He organized a second march in 1914, but only Coxey, his second wife and their son and six transients arrived.

Coxey, who had been living alone since his wife, Henrietta, died last January, suffered a stroke yesterday at about 4 p. m. EDT. A neighbor heard him collapse and went to his aid, but the "general" never regained consciousness. A funeral is planned for Monday afternoon.

Coxey, said to have spent several fortunes during his life, was reported to have been worth \$3 million in 1913. He owned interests in a Kentucky breeding farm, arsenic mines in West Virginia and a steam turbine and life preserver promotion. He received a comfortable income from sales of a patent medicine called "Coxey-Lax."

his men by boat and with the help of Des Moines citizens succeeded in building, begging and borrowing 150 oddly assorted craft for a trip down the Des Moines river to Keokuk from whence the army would proceed down the Mississippi to Cairo, Ill., and up the Ohio to Cincinnati.

As a result of many unfavorable reports which preceded the army on its river trip, and fearful that the city would be invaded by a lawless bank of drunks and rowdies, Keokuk made haste to pass a special quarantine ordinance designed to keep the crew at least four and a half miles outside the city limits. This attracted much attention and other cities down the Mississippi river planned to copy it.

Pledged Two Boat.

While the army was enroute down the Des Moines, however, a number of Keokuk citizens visited it at various camping sites and came back with reports of the splendid discipline maintained by Kelly, thus relieving much of the community's anxiety. In preparation for its arrival, Keokuk started a campaign to solicit food for the men and Kelly agreed to keep the army out of the city if he were guaranteed one day's rations for the entire band as well as a steamer which would tow the boats as far as Quincy. To this the city agreed, chartering the steamer J. W. Mills and providing 1,250 pounds of meat, 1,600 loaves of bread, 60 pounds of coffee, a load of vegetables and other provender.

May 19, 1894, was the big day of the army's arrival and a crowd numbering hundreds of men, women and children were on hand near the Des Moines river bridge early

was bound loosely around his neck to protect a sore throat. D. L. Hughes, manager of the opera house, immediately got in touch with the "general" and signed him to a contract to lecture in the opera house on shares.

Kelly thanked The Gate City for the fair treatment he had received from the paper and promised to keep every pledge. "Keokuk shall have no trouble from my men," he promised.

Some Slept on Ground.

As soon as a company of men arrived in their boats it would proceed to the camp grounds and clear away the willows and underbrush from which tent like shelters were erected. Some of the men used their boats as a shelter with blankets as coverings but others merely threw themselves on the ground and fell asleep on their arrival. One man was said to be sleeping soundly while two feet from his head a rooster was crowing loudly.

Every member of the army was said to have carried a blue pasteboard card, folded once, which contained a description and name of the holder as well as a signed pledge in support of the Constitution of the United States and the army. One read: "U. S. Industrial Army, Regiment First. Co. Pioneer, Capt. Harry Hart."

In his talk at the opera house Kelly declared that if employment could be found the army would be disbanded at once. If Keokuk had no unemployment problem, he said, and could offer jobs to his men they would be only too glad to accept. They were pledged, however, to accept no work while other men

Invaded by Amphibious Army 50 Years Ago—

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1944

Keokuk Emerged Unscathed

At this time 50 years ago Keokuk was all of a twitter over the impending arrival of Kelly's amphibious army, a tattered demoralized crew of some 1,400 unemployed originally recruited on the west coast by a former Quincy, Ill., printer in response to a nation-wide call by Jacob Coxey.

The "army" come into Iowa by railroad at Council Bluffs and then went to Des Moines where it camped for some time while Kelly sought to devise some means of travel to Washington where he planned to petition President Cleveland and congress for government employment (an 1894 version of the WPA?) as a measure to relieve the depression which had swept the country, and throwing thousands of men out of work.

Took to Boats.

Unable to make satisfactory arrangements with the railroads, including the Keokuk and Western, Kelly finally decided to transport

that morning when the first of the fleet of 150 boats came down the stream. The advance boat had a blanket sail which the men augmented with oars. Each craft had a crew of eight men and in many cases two or more of the boats were lashed together.

Met by Mayor.

As the fleet came into sight, Mayor S. W. Moorhead, Marshal Hardin and Deputy Sheriff McCormick got into a skiff and went up the river to meet it and direct Kelly to a camping site which had been selected for the army. Kelly was asleep on their arrival and at first refused to come to the spot chosen, but was later persuaded to do so on the promise of good treatment.

Kelly apologized for his appearance, explaining, "I've been asleep and feel tough. I look like it too, don't I?" He was described in a newspaper account of the time as a slightly built man, wearing a coarse suit and heavy overcoat, a yachting cap and a silk scarf which

were kept idle.

Wanted to See Cleveland.

It was his intention, he said, to go to Washington with the army and see President Cleveland, insisting upon the rights of all men for employment. "When the railroads refused us transportation," he said, "we came on the river, 'God Almighty's Highway,' and if we are unable to get in touch with the present congress in Washington, we will wait until the next."

In preparation for its departure, the army lashed its boats together, 12 abreast and ten long, so that they could be towed to Quincy.

In addition to two "angels"—a couple of women—with the army on its arrival here, it included George Knot with his wife and child who operated a lemonade stand and shared the profits with the army treasury.

After leaving Keokuk the army encountered rough weather on the flood-swollen Mississippi but managed to get to St. Louis where it divided.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL
KEOKUK, IOWA

cont. on column above

cont. above

He viewed the state
from Kelly's Army

Across Iowa with Jack London

*In 1894 as a young man of eighteen
the famous author, who later married
an Iowa girl, learned first hand
about the plight of the unemployed
in this famous march on Washington.*

The Iowan

by RUTH BEITZ

THE PRAIRIE state of Iowa contributed decisively in several important sequences to the life of that supreme adventurer, novelist, short story writer, and lecturer, Jack London. Although he gained fame by his realistic tales of life in the Klondike, the London slums, and the South Seas, it was a tramp through Iowa with Kelly's Army as a lad of eighteen in 1894 that formed his character and set the pattern for his thinking.

London had already seen much of the seamy side of life in San Francisco and Oakland, California, where his family's fortunes had shifted from moderate to poor. He had sold newspapers, toiled in a cannery, a jute mill, and had shoveled coal for a power company. He had worked his way to Japan and the Bering Sea as able seaman on a sealing schooner. He had learned that the fight for existence was the code of "dog eat

dog," but he had yet to study the plight of the "underdog."

His travels through Iowa with 2,000 homeless, jobless men en route to Washington, D. C., to ask Congress to provide help and employment focused his inquiring mind on the "why" of it all. Allowing duly for hard times, bad luck, and natural shiftlessness, why were so many men destined to be unfortunate, without homes, without money, and often without hope? London himself said afterwards that when he had dropped out of Kelly's Army at Hannibal, Missouri, and started on "rods and blind baggage" for Chicago, "I found myself looking upon life from a new and totally different angle. I had dropped down from the proletariat into what sociologists love to call the 'submerged tenth,' and I was startled to discover the way in which that submerged tenth was recruited."



London, shown with his wife Charmian, in Vera Cruz in 1914.

The IOWAN is published bi-monthly by the Sentinel Publishing Company, Box 446, 118 South Elm Street, Shenandoah, Iowa. This issue dated December 6, 1960.

Often in later years London referred in lectures, letters, and essays to that hike through Iowa, and when he spoke, the names of the towns came like caresses through his lips—Council Bluffs, Neola, Minden, Avoca, Walnut, Marne, Atlantic, Wiota, Anita, Adair, Casey, Stuart, Dexter, Earlham, De Soto, Van Meter, Booneville, Commerce, Valley Junction, and Des Moines.

In the course of the years another Iowa city was added to the list—Newton. It was at Newton that Charmian Kittredge, the love of his life, his "Mate Woman," sojourned for months preceding their marriage, and it was there that the radiant couple spent part of their honeymoon, while reporters throughout the country endeavored to get details of "the Newton Romance." Charmian's schoolday chum, Lynette, Mrs. Will McMurray, was hostess to the Londons then, and on many other occasions, and

always acted as a buffer between them and the outside world.

In the summer of 1960, Mrs. McMurray was still residing in Newton, an active citizen and a gracious hostess. Sometimes she would show friends the opals which Jack and Charmian presented her as souvenirs of their many travels. Others, including Will McMurray's cousin, Miss Lucile McMurray of the staff of the Newton Public Library, could remember the stir of excitement when the Londons came to visit, with a particular recollection of Charmian's hearty, booming laugh.

Jack had often heard his father (or foster father), John London, describe another Iowa community. This was Moscow, in Muscatine County, where the senior London had resided after the Civil War. A Pennsylvanian, he had married Anna Jane Cavett, daughter of a railroad official, and then migrated west to Wisconsin, Illinois, and Missouri, where he had enlisted in the Union Army. After Appomattox he engaged in construction work in Moscow, where he supervised the building of a bridge across the Cedar River. His large family—there were eleven children eventually—lived in a two-story white framed house fronted on the town square. There Eliza London, Jack's half-sister, and lifelong champion, was born. John London was active in community affairs. He served as sheriff, and was a deacon in the Methodist church. Often after Sunday service, the parson returned home with him for dinner.

Later John London took up a quarter-section of government land outside Moscow and began farming. One of his lungs had been destroyed by typhus during the war, and when his wife contracted "consumption," John procured a

prairie schooner and roved over the Iowa countryside, seeking a fresh air cure. He became the devoted friend of Indians who sometimes camped near his farm or his wagon and often hunted with them. One of his favorite anecdotes concerned an old brave who had begged the loan of fifty cents and a musket. Eventually and honorably the Indian returned to the London door with the gun and another fifty cents to repay the debt. John was not at home and his ailing wife, terrified at seeing an armed red man on the threshold, ordered him away and refused to touch the silver in his outstretched hand. The Indian threw the money on the floor, placed the gun in one corner, and departed. Meeting John London some distance away, he berated him for having "a no-good squaw," who refused to take either money or firearms when offered her.

Mrs. London was unable to regain her health. After her death one of the boys, Charles, suffered from a chest injury, and a doctor recommended the California climate. London moved his family to San Francisco, and although Charles soon died, decided to locate permanently in that area. He obtained various jobs as agent, salesman, storekeeper, and construction worker.

One night he attended a spiritualistic meeting, faintly hoping to get in touch with his dead wife. Instead, he met Flora Wellman, formerly of Massillon, Ohio, who was to become his future wife. The wedding took place in September 1876. The bride signed the marriage license as Flora Chaney. The boy who was to be known as Jack London was then eight months old, and, asserts author Irving Stone, in *Sailor on Horseback*, was in reality the son of Professor

W. H. Chaney, Irish lecturer and astrologer. This, Chaney denied, and whatever the truth may have been, it was as "Jack London" that the boy grew to be a famous author.

The desire to write permeated many of Jack's struggles as a bread-winner. At seventeen, his "Story of a Typhoon off the Coast of Japan" won the \$25 first prize offered by the San Francisco *Call* in a "best descriptive article" contest.

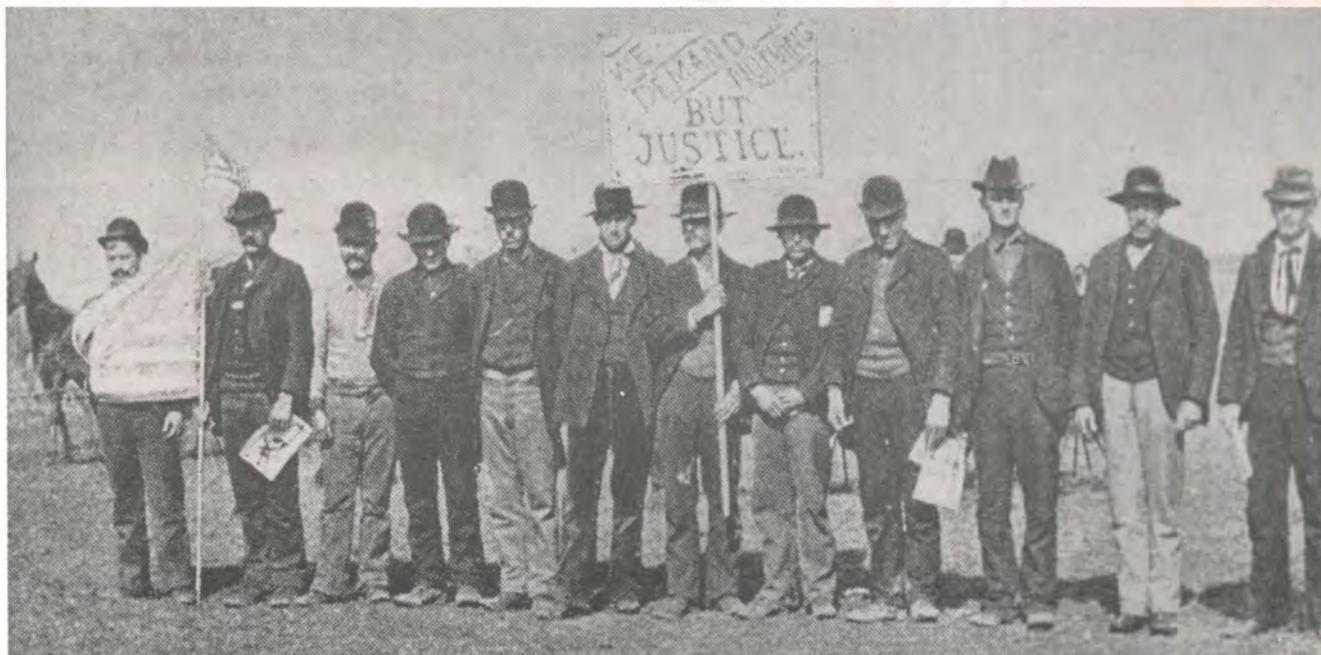
Unable to sell other manuscripts, Jack took a job as coal-passer for the Oakland City Railway. He slaved there unhappily for \$30 a month, when one day he learned that he had been hired to replace two men, who had each been paid \$40 a month. Disgusted with life, Jack threw down his shovel and resolved to join "Kelly's Army" of the unemployed. His sister, Eliza, changed a ten dollar gold piece into folding money for him and wished him godspeed.

Jack, a handsome heavy-set young man with light hair, a high forehead, and deep-set blue eyes, started out with a chum, Frank Davis. The Oakland detachment of the box-car Army had already left, and the boys tried to overtake them on "The Road." Frank soon bowed out, and Jack continued alone.

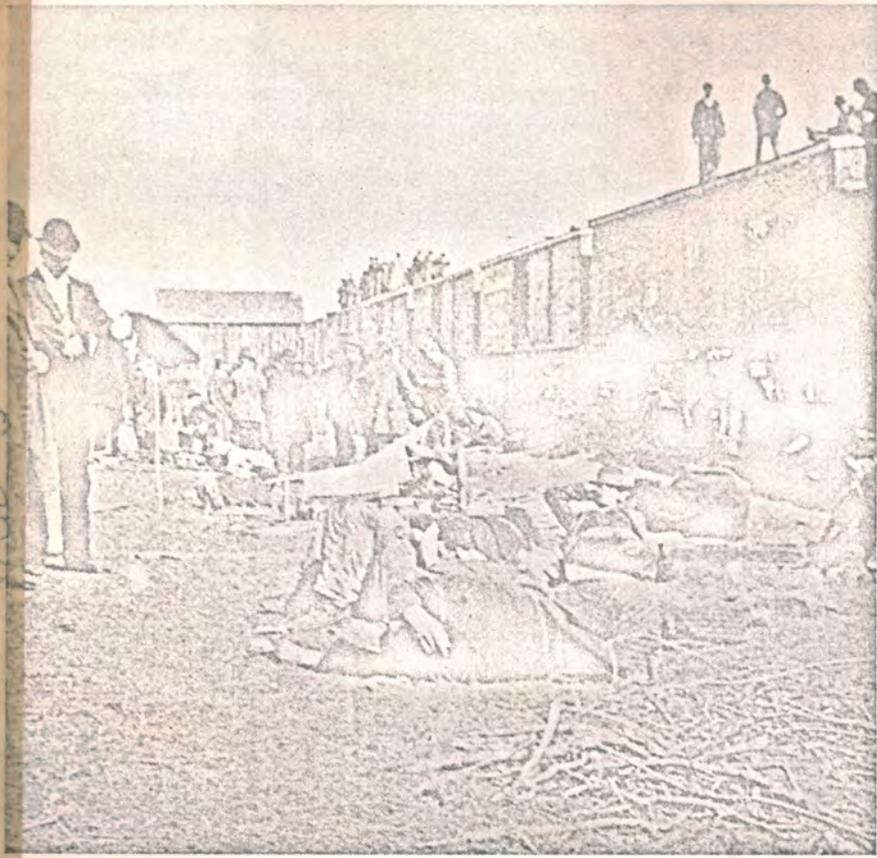
He had only \$2.15 left when, in Utah, he caught an eastbound freight. Desperately determined to hang on to the two dollars, he replied "fifteen cents" when the brakeman asked him how much he could "shake up." After they had gone fifty miles, the brakeman returned with a conductor. After a long conference, these two rejected the fifteen cents. They had noticed that Jack was wearing a gold ring set with a fine cameo. They said he could stay aboard if he gave them the ring. With a sigh

ACROSS IA. WITH JACK LONDON
PAGE #2

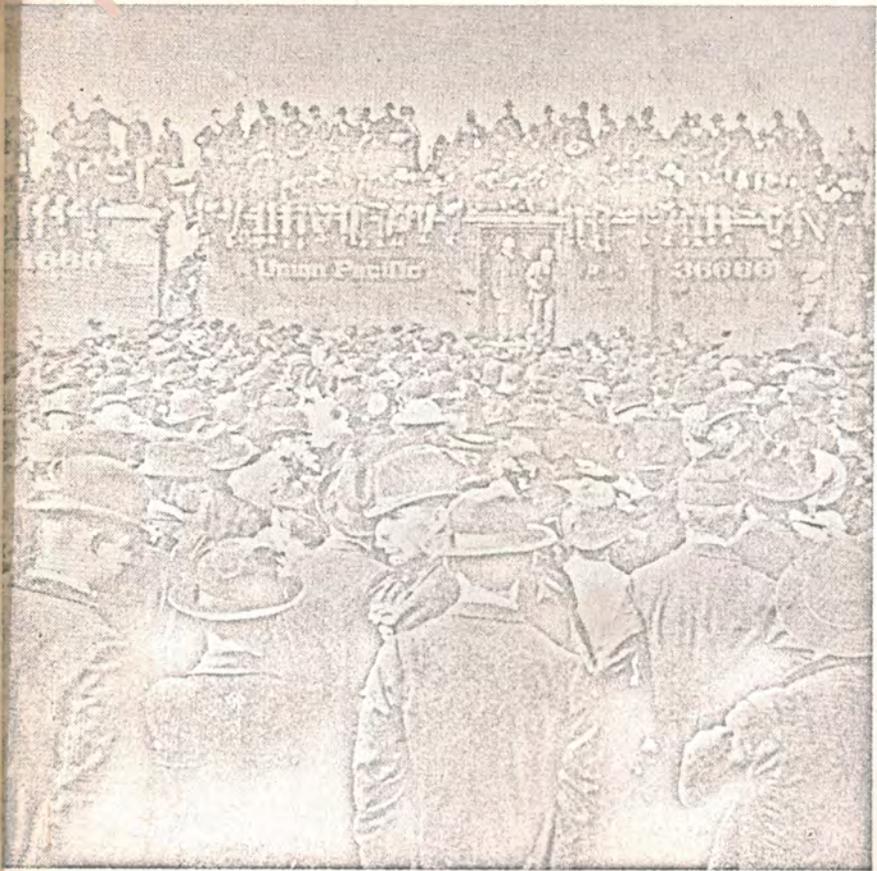
London joined Kelly's Army as it tramped through Iowa en route to the nation's capital to seek help for the unemployed.



ACROSS 1A, W/JACK LONDON
PAGE #3



Council Bluffs freight yard looked like camp after army debarked there in 1894.



Box-car army of 2,000 men attracted throng to Council Bluffs yard on its arrival.

he drew it from his finger—it had been given him by a girl friend—and handed it over.

Finally he overtook the Reno detachment of Kelly's Army—eighty men aboard a refrigerator car attached to a through freight—and rode with them across Nebraska into Omaha, and over the Missouri River into Council Bluffs. There Jack formally enlisted in the "Army," and was assigned to Company L. He was the last to join up and was placed in the last rank of the rearguard of the last company of the last regiment of the Second Division.

In the Far West, railroad officials had been cooperative. They had either voluntarily furnished box-car accommodations or allowed the "Army" to capture trains. It was different in the Middle West. The officials looked at the 2,000 men camped beside the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul and the Rock Island tracks and shook their heads. They felt that allowing the men to continue, free, by train, would be to set a dangerous precedent. Perhaps the local citizens could solve the problem by taking up subscriptions to pay the fares. In the meantime, all trains stopped running, and there was a deadlock. The men waited. The people waited. Nothing happened.

"General" Charles T. Kelly acted with dignity. Sitting astride a beautiful black horse, the gift of a resident of the vicinity, he led his men down the road to a campsite at Weston, Iowa. The men moved nicely, marching and countermarching, company by company, in two divisions, while flags fluttered and a fife and drum corps furnished martial music.

Once in camp, the men waited again. On the second day, they saw an engine with a private car attached move down the tracks, switch to a siding, and halt. Soon afterwards, a whistle sounded. Then a train rushed by a top speed, heading east. There followed another and another and another, until the railroad yards at Council Bluffs had been completely emptied. When the last had gone, all was silence. The private car was withdrawn—all operations had been stopped.

Many of the people of Council Bluffs and Weston sympathized with the horde of hungry, unkempt men camping almost at their doorsteps. Perhaps, too, they were afraid of consequences if they did not help these men. At any rate, they formed an action committee, crossed the Missouri to Omaha, and raided the Union Pacific yards. They seized an engine, got some cars, and "knocked" a train together. With experienced volunteers at the throttle, the

improvised train ran across the tracks towards the camp. The waiting men saw the headlight moving, heard the locomotive whistle, and then watched two men emerge from a siding and start to tear up the tracks. These were the section boss and a section hand at Weston, who had received telegraphic orders to stop the train at all costs. The "Army" attacked them immediately and rescued cars and sympathizers. Then, amid cheers of victory, it was discovered that the train wasn't big enough. In their haste to get the cars and the engine and escape, the good citizens had failed to realize how many men had to be transported. The discomfited raiders proceeded to return the purloined railroad property to the yards at Omaha.

While the men tried to rally from their disappointment and local prominent citizens, ministers, farmers and their families created cheer by making speeches and singing around the campfire, General Kelly held a conference. It was decided that next day the men would begin walking across Iowa to Des Moines.

The trek was duly started. All along the way the farm folk and townspeople turned out to greet the marchers, locked arms and joined the parade for a time, and furnished hot lunches and words of welcome.

Jack London liked seeing the country and meeting the people. It was fun to join in the singing around the campfire, to watch the antics of the company cooks—true song and dance artists—and to help hold down the patients of "The Dentist"—a member of Company L who had the skill and instruments, but no anesthetics, to help relieve suffering marchers of their aching molars.

London had roughed it many times in his eighteen years, but he had done very little walking. He wore out his shoes and was unable to get another pair. He "wrangled" rides in carts and farm wagons, and at Earlham persuaded some townspeople to stake him to a free train trip to De Soto. After that he was forced to march, on blistered feet, the rest of the way into Des Moines.

The weather was unseasonably cold, damp, and rainy, and Kelly's Army gladly took refuge in an old stove works a mile and a half east of the state capitol. There they rested and "told Des Moines that we had come to stay—that we'd walked in, but we'd be blessed if we'd walk out."

Des Moines people reacted magnificently. They provided speeches, church services, baseball games, music, and massive meals. As the days passed, the

city fathers began to worry. Railroad executives wouldn't budge from their position—they could not furnish free transportation and set a precedent for such an expedition. Perhaps the citizens' committee could raise the money to pay the fare for each man! Why, to do that, they'd have had to float municipal bonds so a troubled group paced up and down along the Des Moines River, walking out their problems. The water was high—high enough to carry a flotilla of boats . . . boats! The very thing—here would be a quick, exciting and relatively inexpensive solution to the whole affair. And a good thing, too—the men were getting restive; some were drinking and forming undesirable local connections. Young Jack London, for instance, was hitting the bottle. He had started on hard liquor on his seafaring adventures, and now had it offered to him in the prohibition state of Iowa. Years later he wrote, in *John Barleycorn*: "When I wandered up the main street of Des Moines I was variously invited by strangers into various blind pigs—I remember drinking in barbershops, plumbing establishments, and furniture stores."

Des Moines subscribed several thousand dollars. Lumber, rope, nails, and other essentials were procured, and a mighty shipbuilding project got under way at the junction of the Des Moines and Raccoon Rivers. The men abandoned the stove works and made camp by the water where they built two hundred boats, each ten feet long, six feet wide, and a foot and a half deep.

The work was finished and the fleet got under way on May 9. Crowds of townspeople lined the banks, handed out American flags to the crews, and watched the flotilla slowly slip downstream in a flurry of red, white, and blue waving banners. Des Moines then collectively heaved a sigh of relief—the city had furnished 66,000 meals, with 12,000 more provided for eating en route, but the venture had ended well.

Already known as "Sailor Jack," London immediately became a leader in his boat. He and his mates took to running far ahead of the main fleet, getting first to the towns, and collecting the best of the provisions that had been contributed there for the Army. With milk and cream at their disposal, they no longer brewed coffee with water, but out of milk, and called it "Pale Vienna."

The rest of the fleet fared badly and went one stretch of forty-eight hours without food. Landing at Red Rock, Kelly tried to buy provisions and being refused on all sides, met with the committee of safety and gave them five

minutes to decide whether to slaughter six steers and furnish 4,000 rations, or risk having the men let loose on the town. The terrified citizens decided to cooperate and the Army reembarked with full stomachs.

Kelly then sent swift horsemen down the river to get ahead of London and his comrades and warn the people not to give them food. Thereafter the foraging party found constables and watchdogs awaiting them. London at one point managed to get away with two full pails of milk and hurried away with hounds yapping at his heels. He ran right into a barbed wire fence, upset the buckets, and returned to his boat with badly damaged trousers. From then on, he said, he always had a prejudice against barbed wire.

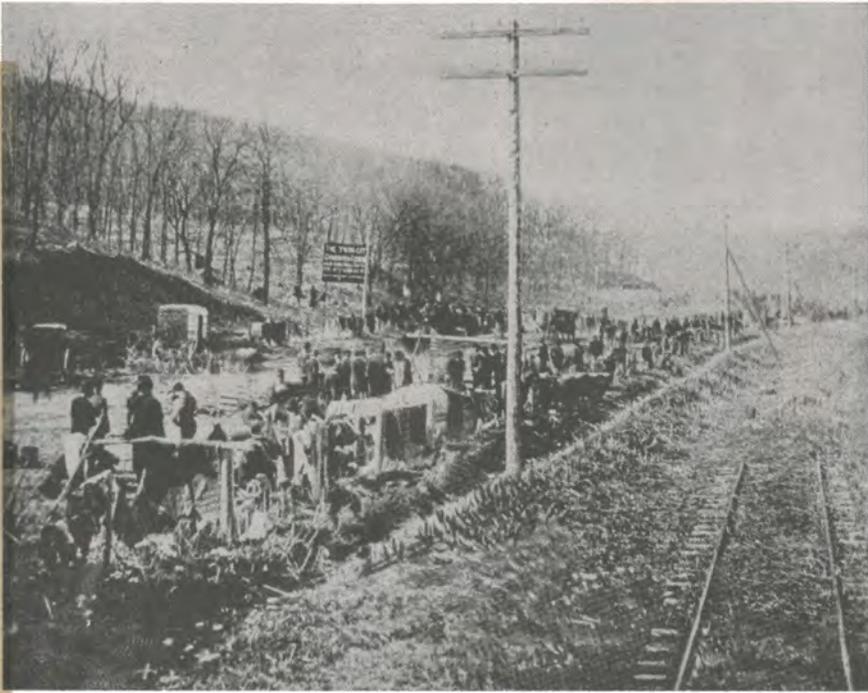
The renegades then tried to rejoin Company L but were rejected, and thereupon formed their own group, Company M, two boats and twenty men. The new captain, presumably an older man than London, felt justly suspicious of his charges, and fastened the two boats together with iron hooks and eyebolts. Jack and his comrades soon learned how to make headway, especially if the lead boat got stuck on an obstruction in the water. All leapt from the first boat into the tailboat, and when the empty craft bobbed over the snag or rock, all jumped into the first boat while the second one floated past. Once more they were able to run in advance of the fleet and collect milk for "pale Vienna."

General Kelly then substituted policeboats for the warning horseback riders, but three of them stuck on snags, and once more Jack and his friends sailed ahead. They rigged up blankets for sails and hurtled on past rapids, shoals, bars, and boulders, on a 25-mile stretch of bad water above Keokuk. While nearly 200 boats piled up in a mighty jam, Company M proceeded full speed ahead. General Kelly gave up trying to restrain them, called off the police boats, and put one of his officers, Colonel Speed, aboard, so that he might arrive with the first load to land at Keokuk—Company M. "Without discussion, we were the hottest bunch that ever came down the Des Moines," Jack London wrote in later years.

At Keokuk all the boats were lashed together into one huge raft that was towed by steamboat to Quincy, Illinois. The original plan had been to go down the Mississippi to the Ohio, and up the Ohio to within portage distance of Washington, where they were to join the eastern wing of the enterprise, Coxey's Army. By the time the men reached Hannibal, Missouri, the adven-

ACROSS IOWA WITH J. LONDON PAGE #4

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Railway heads refused to transport men who then set up Camp Despair at Weston.

ture had staled. Jack and his friends deserted in a body, and so did many others. Kelly and a few survivors did manage to reach Washington, but by then the public had lost interest in the cause.

After some rugged experiences on "the road" through the East, Jack London returned to California, where he went to school and studied diligently. When gold was discovered in the Klondike, he joined the trek to the Far North. He came back "outside" without making a penny—but with tales to tell that would bring him fame and fortune.

His first story acceptance came from the *Overland Monthly*, an influential west coast magazine which paid low rates but had a high standing with the critics. One day Ninetta Eames, the wife of the business manager, introduced Jack to her niece, Charmian Kittredge. He exclaimed, "Charmian . . . Charmian . . . what a beautiful name!" The two became friends, congenial conversationalists on literary subjects.

London, however, married Bessie Maddern, a cousin of the actress, Minnie Maddern Fiske, and became the father of two little girls.

With the publication of his Alaskan tales, the *Call of the Wild*, and *The Sea Wolf*, he became internationally famous. He was deluged with invitations to write for influential magazines and newspapers. At the time of the Russo-Japanese war in 1904, he accepted the best of many offers to go to the

Far Pacific and cover the conflict as a correspondent.

In the meantime the friendship between Jack and Charmian flamed into love. With her literary and musical tastes, her lively conversation, and her passion for the outdoors—she was a wonderful horsewoman—she seemed to be the perfect complement to the noted author. Jack left his wife, and Bessie, puzzled and unsuspecting of the true state of affairs, prepared to get a divorce.

After Jack had started across the Pacific, Charmian became restless and nervous. Divorce was much less common in those days, and she feared being involved. She wanted to be a long distance from California and to have a complete change of scene. Lynette McMurray offered her the perfect solution—a lengthy visit in Newton, Iowa. Charmian and Lynette had been devoted friends in Oakland before the latter married an Iowan and accompanied him back to the prairie state.

And so it was that when Jack London returned to San Francisco after a sensational experience as a war correspondent. His sister, Eliza, met him and handed him a letter from Charmian postmarked Newton, Iowa. She explained her position, and though Jack wrote letter after letter urging her to come back to California, she remained in Newton.

By 1905 Jack London was recognized as one of the leading living writers and

was considered to be the most romantic figure of the time. He was invited everywhere, lionized, and begged for lecture dates. He and Charmian began to make plans for the future—the establishment of a ranch at the Valley of the Moon, to be followed by a cruise in their own schooner to the South Seas.

Now there loomed before Jack London the prospect every self-made man, every writer especially, dreams of—the triumphant return to the scenes of earlier poverty and discouragement. He embarked on an ambitious lecture tour through the Middle West and on into the East, over much of the same territory where he had ridden blind baggage, tramped, and sailed in a flatboat eleven years earlier. Now he was rich and famous—his name was like a magic word.

After another stay in California, Charmian Kittredge went back to the hospitable home of Lynette McMurray. Jack visited there from time to time, and they planned a wedding at the McMurray residence.

Finally the *Newton Herald* of November 10, 1896, reported: "London in Newton—Famous Journalist Will Wed Here Next Week. A romance which finds its culmination in the prairies of Iowa and its inception in the mountains of California will be recalled at Newton in a few days when Jack London, the famous author, war correspondent, and journalist, will wed Miss Carmine (sic) Kittredge of Oakland, California, at the home of the latter's cousin, Mrs. W. E. McMurray, where Miss Kittredge is now visiting.

"Jack London is now in the west and has visited his fiancee in Newton during his trips through the state. It was reported that the marriage of Miss Kittredge and Mr. London would take place in a very few days."

The account in the November 25 issue of the *Newton Herald* was a little less friendly: "The much advertised event finally transpired. Miss Charmian Kittredge was married in Chicago Sunday to Mr. Jack London, the popular author.

"Jack got rid of his wife and children on Saturday, and he was advised of the fact by Miss Kittredge, who was visiting her friend, Mrs. W. E. McMurray. The friends who sent the telegram notifying Miss Kittredge of the divorce did not know London's address because of his lecture engagements, so they sent the news to Charmian, knowing she would notify Jack.

"London was reached in Chicago, and he at once wired Miss Kittredge to come. She reached there Sunday evening and

at once the happy couple hid themselves to a Justice of the Peace and were declared man and wife.

"It is now thought that the Justice was mistaken, for it is claimed that the laws of Illinois require a full year to elapse after the signing of a decree before the divorced party can remarry. London declares he will get married in every state of the union if necessary until he strikes some state where the law is to his liking. At the present time the state of matrimony is more to his liking than any other."

A dispatch from Marshalltown read: "A telegram to friends here announcing the marriage of Jack London and Miss Kittredge in Chicago brings out the fact that the wedding was to have taken place next Saturday morning at the home of Mrs. Will McMurray of Newton, where the bride has been visiting. Mrs. McMurray is a girlhood friend."

The Des Moines Register and Leader carried a news story from Chicago which stated: "Jack London in Peculiar Plight—Novelist Weds Newton, Iowa, Girl in Illinois. Because of his ignorance of a new law governing the marriage of divorced persons in the state of Illinois, Jack London, the well known author, has placed himself in a somewhat embarrassing position, and it may be necessary for him to remarry Miss Charmian Kittredge of Newton, Iowa, to whom he was wedded last night by Justice J. J. Grant."

A noted judge came to the rescue by rendering an opinion that the marriage was legal, and Jack and Charmian, unperturbed by the mounting publicity, returned to the McMurray home in Newton for a part of their honeymoon. There Jack roared with laughter as he read aloud an item from a weekly Washington, Iowa, paper: This noted that "the ugly faced girl from California, so ugly that the children on the streets of Newton ran screaming to their mothers whenever she passed by, had married Jack London. That it was reported that the pair were soon to go to sea in a small boat, to be gone for years. That it would be a mercy to everybody if they were drowned or never came back."

Dolly Gray, a reporter for the Des Moines Register and Leader, went to Newton to interview the Londons and wrote several columns of impressions of the couple. Jack asserted that the "Newton romance" was not a case of love at first sight but rather the culmination of a friendship of many years standing. The author wore a rough tweed suit and a soft shirt with rolling collar. Charmian was described as being slen-

der, of medium height, with fair hair and blue eyes. She was the daughter of Captain William Kittredge, a Civil War veteran. Her mother was a California poet and story writer. Both parents had died early, and Charmian had lived with her aunt, Mrs. Ninetta Eames.

Spurred by the nearby presence of the author, the Des Moines Women's Club decided to invite London to address them. There was some hesitation among the more timid members, but after discussing the pros and cons, it was decided to hold the lecture. Two prominent members of the club, Mrs. Clinton L. Nourse and Mrs. E. D. Burbank, were chosen to extend the invitation. They reported success in their mission and a pleasant experience. The meeting was duly held the following Saturday night at the Central Church of Christ. Just beforehand there was a little tension when members of the Women's Press Club carried off Jack and Charmian for a party at the City Library. It was feared that this affair would

take the edge off the lecture, or that the author wouldn't get away in time. He made it but Charmian did not accompany him to the church. Instead she went to their rooms at the Chamberlain Hotel, which was then and for many years afterwards, the fashionable stopping place for visitors to Des Moines.

Miss Belle Gilcrest, president of the Women's Club, introduced the speaker. The audience sat spellbound while London told thrilling and startling stories of his hardships in the past and his adventures in the Klondike. One Des Moines man who attended the lecture as a schoolboy, can relate that talk in vivid detail. He remembers sitting by a Des Moines society woman, Mrs. James G. Berryhill, and hearing her murmur "Can we believe him?" He also recalls the impression made upon him by London's silk shirt with its soft rolling collar—defying the fashion of the day which caused the average male neck to be imprisoned in a high starched band, preferably with wings.

Jack and Charmian London sailed to Solomon Islands a few years after their wedding.



When the Big (But Brief) Iowa Gold Rush Excited the Pioneers

DES MOINES SUNDAY REGISTER—OCTOBER 9, 1960
By George Mills

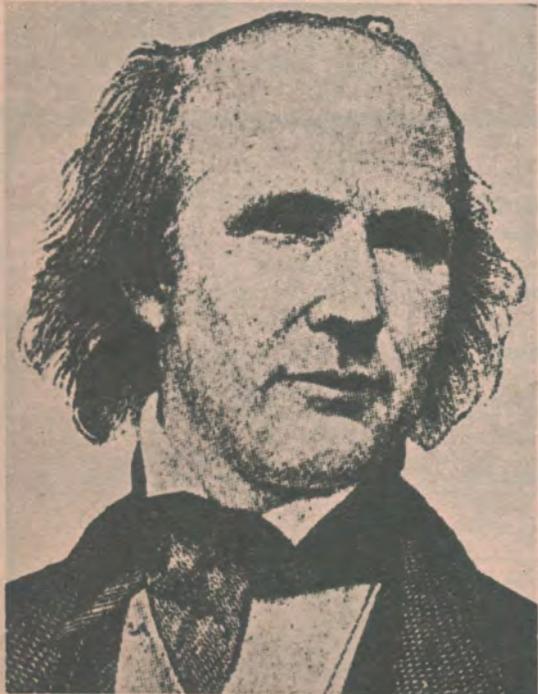
GOLD discovered in Clarke county! Gold discovered near Winterset! In Adair county! In Lucas county! In Warren county! Four miles from Panora! In Polk county! There was no doubt about it. Real gold HAD been found in Iowa. The news spread like wildfire to the East. New York papers carried full reports. The year was 1858.

Was Iowa destined to be another gold rush state, similar to the California of '49? Excited pioneers asked each other that question. Their fortunes were at a low ebb. The depression of 1857 had hit everybody hard. But maybe now all were going to get rich!

Skeptics loudly expressed doubts. Nevertheless, hundreds of holes were dug in the Iowa landscape. Wading men and boys panned the creeks. The courses of at least two streams were turned in search for precious metals. Wooden "long tom" troughs for washing sand and gravel were pressed into action. There was even a panning spree in the Des Moines river in downtown Des Moines.

"HOW MANY FEARFUL PARTINGS HOW MANY LIVES UNTOLD . . ."

Suddenly, after five months of rosy dreams, the boom collapsed. The gold was here all right; probably still is to a slight extent. There just wasn't (or isn't) enough of it to be worthwhile. The traces of gold were found in rocks brought into Iowa many eons ago by the glaciers. What you might call "na-



HORACE GREELEY feared for Iowa's morals in the gold rush.

tive Iowa rocks" are not gold-bearing. Iowa newspapers warned their 1858 readers that they would be better off staying on the farm and tending to business. But the pioneers wanted fervently to believe that there were vast stores of gold beneath the rolling fields.

The pioneers were just as interested in getting rich quickly as people are now. Men would submit to almost any hardship for a chance of hitting a gold strike. One Iowa newspaper earlier had observed poetically:

"How many fearful partings
"And how many lives untold
"Have been laid upon the altar
"Of this raging thirst for gold."

The first reported gold discovery in the 1858 furore was seven miles northwest of Osceola in Clarke county. An Iowan prospecting for coal in February struck black sand which "contains gold in fine particles." By April, gold had been reported in Lucas, Madison, Adair and other counties.

"Several Californians are said to be searching for the precious metal (in Iowa)," a newspaper said, then added: "Many citizens have abandoned their ordinary occupations to join the exciting though ill-rewarding pursuit."

The Winterset Madisonian a week later told of the finding of "genuine gold dust in this county on North river." New "leads" also were reported on Squaw creek and South river. "We have a beautiful specimen of the genuine yellow metal before us, found on the southern line of this county," the Madisonian editor wrote. But he advised caution. "Just wait a while," he counseled his readers. "Parties are now out with necessary implements to separate the gold from the sand. If the experiment pays, which we very much doubt, there will be plenty of time to try your hand at it."

The Indianola Visitor reported "between 50 and 100 men are turning the course of South river in order to work its channel. Miners are making \$1 to \$5 a day." (\$1 a day was fairly good wages then.) "Operations are progressing at 50 points," the Visitor added. An estimated 100 men were at work in Clarke and Union counties, and 50 near Chariton. Diggers were reported making \$5 to \$10 a day near Afton in Union county. A \$200 lump of gold was reported found in Madison county.

Apparently these reports of gold successes were either vastly exaggerated or untrue. But they caused agitation all over the nation. Many people in Ohio were reported to have been "galvanized into action" by the Iowa gold reports. Gold seekers from the east came up the Des Moines river from Keokuk to the

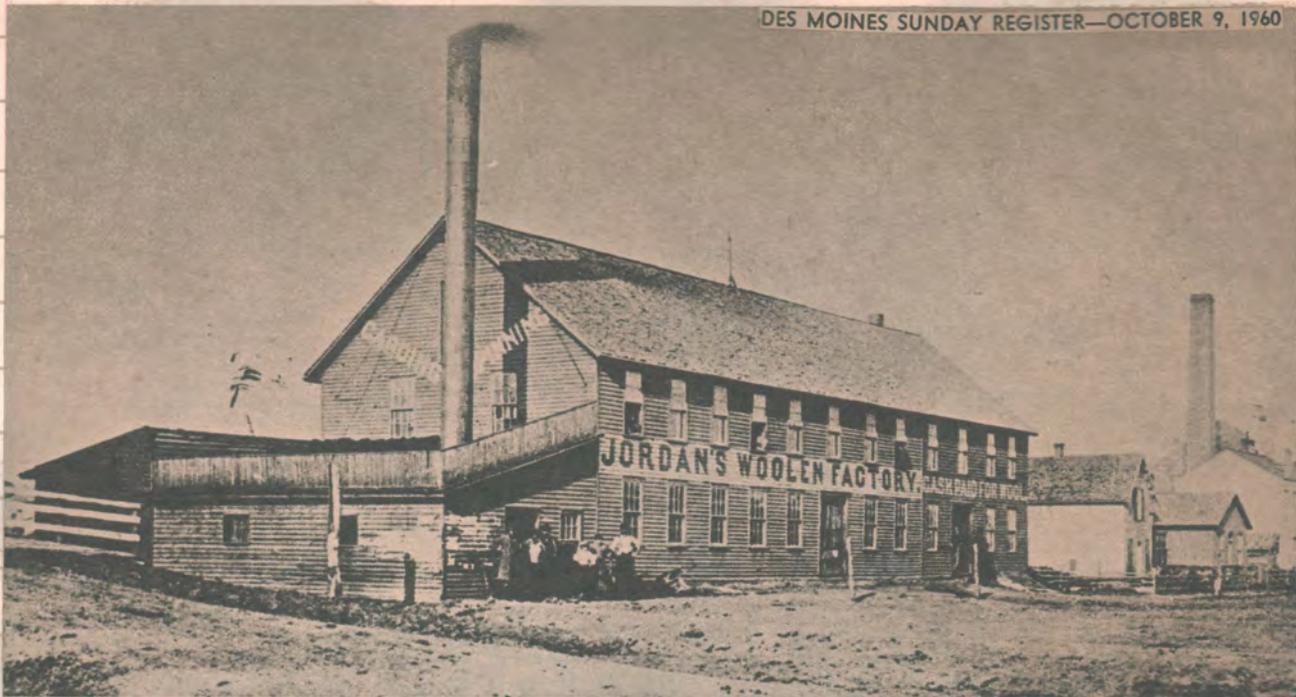


"In a short time, hundreds of people had gathered at the interesting spot . . ."

(Illustration by Register Artist Frank Miller)

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. J. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

Oct 9, 1960 - pg # 2
(Town Gold Rush)



Oct. 9, 1960 #3
(Iowa Gold Rush)

THE REAL GOLD, then as now, was to be made in a thriving business. This woolen factory near the "diggings." Continuing reports of additional gold discoveries did nothing to discourage starry-eyed dreamers. Gold was reported found at Maquoketa, at Marietta in Marshall county, near Nevada, at Eddyville. A farmer was reported to have found a \$17 lump while plowing near Keokuk.

EVEN THE LOAFERS SHOULDERS THEIR SPADES

In May, Des Moines was "startled by the rumor that the sparkling metal had been found" near what is now the Grand avenue bridge over the Des Moines river. Says one report:

"In a short time, hundreds of people had gathered at the interesting spot. Pans and spades were placed in immediate use to eke out the precious metal. It was soon found convincingly true that gold is embedded in the heart of our city. We saw specimens that were unmistakably gold. . . . It is generally believed that when the river recedes to the ordinary summer stage, rich deposits of the precious metal will be disclosed by the mining."

Sad to say, summer did not fulfill those hopes at all. Even the lazy were bitten by the gold bug. Wrote a Des Moines editor:

"Inveterate loafers who have never been known to pass an industrious hour at any honest employment shouldered their spades and (have) gone out to try their fortune in the pursuit of gold."

Meanwhile, Horace Greeley's New York Tribune saw the incoming gold seekers as a threat to Iowa.

"No state in the Union has made greater or more rapid advances in population, morality, intelligence and thrift than (Iowa) has," the Tribune said. "But a great trial, a great peril, has suddenly assailed her . . . Gold has been found on her soil . . . Alas for Iowa! Here's the signal for a general stampede to the diggings of all that is least worthy, least desirable of the population of her own and the neighboring states. . . . The whisky seller, the dicer, the drab will follow on

river where gold-seekers were digging stood on the site now occupied by Des Moines city hall.

the heels of the digger. They will take nine-tenths of the earnings of gold seekers who really get anything. They will debauch the morals and imbrute the natures, not only of the diggers but of a large share of the surrounding population. . . ."

The long-forgotten gold flurry of the 1850s has perhaps left one mark on present-day Iowa. There was a gold rush on the Iowa river in Hardin county in 1852. It is said that between 500 and 1,000 persons were looking for gold there. The name "Eldorado" was given to a town because of the gold rush, according to one explanation. The name later was shortened to "Eldora," the present county seat of Hardin county.

THERE'S GOLD THERE BUT ALREADY MINTED

Actually, there may be gold in the bottom of the Des Moines river near Des Moines right now. Only the metal may be in the form of gold pieces—if they haven't been dissolved by a century of muck and immersion. A Des Moines merchant who had too much to drink back in the 1850s went for a boat ride up the river. He was so exhilarated that he tossed \$200 in gold coins overboard one at a time between Union Park and the mouth of Beaver creek.

Greeley need not have worried. Any riffraff who came to Iowa found no wealthy miners to fleece. By June the gold excitement was "subsiding almost as rapidly as it rose." The dream was over. Gold enthusiasts shamefacedly went back to their work-a-day tasks. Probably the most embarrassed of all was a Mr. Madden of Dallas county. The \$23 chunk of gold he found was nothing more than a piece of brass stirrup.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY™
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Pike's Peak gold frenzy hit many 100 years ago

By Pearl Gordon Vestal

The old slogan, "Thar's gold in them thar hills," is not good English, but it held a shining truth for some of the "old timers," while to others it brought but disillusionment. Where were the hills, glittering with gold, the streams yielding sparkling nuggets, to be lifted from the sand?

"Californy," in the late 1840's; Pike's Peak, in the later 1850's and early 1860's, drew adventurous young men from our Illinois and Iowa farms and cities. Deadwood, S. D., held out its lure. The Yukon called many to wealth and more to cold and poverty. Nearly, too, the "gold fever" struck, in "Ioway" and near Warsaw, in the Mississippi river's eastern bluff.

If your own bewhiskered great grandfather listened to the lure and lived to reach the gold fields and return safely, perhaps he carried back a diary of his adventures, his tribulations, his gains and losses? If you have preserved his account, or have a bundle of the yellowing letters he wrote to the folks back home, you have some potential wealth. Dealers in "Americana," specializing on the western states, are combing the country for such paper treasures, to serve as facts for historians, and as the authentic background material for historical novels.

Made their wagons

My own digging is being done within the library my grandfather and father gathered and saved—books, scrapbooks, original manuscripts, files of newspapers of Hancock county.

Dr. John Wright was a kind old man when I was a small girl. He had come from Scotland, with his parents, about 1842, when he was a young man, and the family cleared land and started a log cabin home. The "Hamilton Press," in 1906, stated, as a part of an account of a birthday anniversary, that, "Dr. Wright was a wagonmaker and carpenter by trade. A few years after his arrival the gold fever

The Daily Gate City

KEOKUK, IOWA

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TUESDAY, MAR. 31, 1959

craze was abroad and the doctor was busy at his trade, making wagons for those eager to make the journey to California."

Some "ads" in the "Hamilton Representative," in 1859, merit notice. Harris & Reyer, whose three-storey "Tin Shop" still stood, in my childhood, at Fourth and Main streets, inserted this offer. "Pike's Peak outfits. Emigrants for the gold-digging will be supplied with various articles in our line they require, on short notice: Sheet Iron Camp Stove Kettles; Dutch Ovens, a variety of sizes; Frying Pans; Tin and Iron Spoons; Tin Cups, Bowls and Pans; Wash Pans; Covered Milk Buckets; Bread Pans; Sheet Iron Stoves; Prospecting Pans, after California models; and Tin Lanterns—the antique, punched sort. The above articles combine the qualities of being light, serviceable and cheap. Gold seekers will do well to go provided with them."

Samuel Brown also bought space in the "Hamilton Representative," in 1859. "Attention: I wish to notify all persons indebted to me, by note or book account, that I am preparing to emigrate to the Pike's Peak Gold Mines early in the spring, and will be compelled to bring suit on all the claims due me, if not paid by the first day of February. I will sell any goods at cost, for cash, from this date until the first day of February; or will trade goods for Horses, Mules, Oxen, Cows or Wagons. Four thousand dollars worth of well-assorted goods to be disposed of as above."

Fatal adventure

Truman Hosford, a Scotchman, who came to Hancock county about 1835, and settled near Warsaw, has a number of descendants now living in and near Hamilton. Of his fatal adventure the "Biographical Aevuew of Hancock County, Illinois," published in 1907, says: "He improved his farm until 1849, when, attracted by the discovery of gold in

California, he started for that state with two yoke of oxen. While engaged in searching for the precious metal on the Pacific Coast he was murdered there by his partner."

Turning the pages in Thomas Gregg's "History of Hancock County," published in 1880, I find two items in the Nauvoo chapter. "A Burton, born in France in 1816, went to California in 1849 and returned in 1853." Also, "Phineas Kimball, born 1822 in Vermont, came to Nauvoo in 1842 . . . In 1849 he went to the gold regions of California to try his fortune."

The Pike's Peak adventure caught the imaginations of the men of Warsaw, as evidenced by many entries in the "Warsaw City Bulletin" in 1859-60. The Worthen Bros. advertised Sheet Iron Camp Stoves, Gold Pans and other things for an outfit. "Some of our rich and influential men are buying teams and starting across the plains for the west." . . .

"George Nead Horton, the hand cart correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, with his family, are encamped on the vacant lots near the public school house. He is traveling to Pike's Peak with the family's effects in the handcart." . . . Avery Chamberlain wrote back from Pike's Peak, "I have made from \$1.50 to \$8 per day. The mines are richer here than in California."

The March 20 and April 2 issues, 1860, name many Warsaw men as "Off for the Peak:" J. G. Fonda, Ed Cooper, Geo. Chambers, Jas. McConnell, Dr. Wilcox, John and Jas. Hill, Brown, D. Reiman, Wm. Green, Foster, Ed Burton, Geo. Baker, Mot Baker, Geo. W. Baker, Perry Baker, Wm. Spencer, Jas. Coolidge, D. Turner, L. Mussetter, L. K. Wilcox, W. H. Grubb, Saml. Scott, Jas. H. Scott, Alex Scott, Wm. Baniff, Foster, Markley In April listing are: the Walkers, McMahan, Baldwins, Digbys, Chas. Course "took the line of march for the Jefferson Eldorado." In May a group of Carthage gold-seek-

ers passed through Warsaw, en route west: J. B. Cahill, Crockett Wilson, James Woodburn, Robt. Powell and Wm. O'Neal.

Gold at Warsaw

In June of 1873 Warsaw had home-made excitement, when Wm. Adams, of Alexandria, brother of C. H. Adams of Warsaw, suggested washing out some soil from the Warsaw river bluff. The brothers exhibited the small specimens they found. The editor of the "Bulletin" commented: "There was gold in the bluff, without question, and still is, but not in paying quantities."

The "Hamilton Representative," in 1858, quoted the "Gate City" about the finds in Iowa. "The Clara Hine came in from Des Moines with a large load of passengers, among them John W. Cleghorn, who brought information about the gold diggings in Iowa. At Rattlesnake Bend, 15 miles below Des Moines, he saw 15 or 20 men digging. One of them showed \$3 in dust gathered in one day. Men are digging in several places in Polk county. Mr. Cleghorn saw specimens found at Indianola and Hartford, Warren Co. At South River men are searching.

THE GATE CITY:

TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 3.

Black Hills. 1877

The Keokuk and Des Moines Railway will sell tickets at the following reduced rates:

Keokuk to Yankton, 1st class... \$16 00
Keokuk to Yankton, 2d class... 14 00
Keokuk to Fort Pierre, 1st class... 26 00
Keokuk to Fort Pierre, 2d class... 19 00

This is the Shortest and Most Direct Route to the Gold Hills, as the distance by stage from Fort Pierre to Deadwood is only 150 miles.

Ticket office on the Levee, between Main and Johnson streets.

JOHN GIVIN,
mch 8-d1m Gen'l Ticket Agent.

THE GATE CITY:

TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 3⁷⁷

OFF FOR THE HILLS. 1877

John Stannus' Expedition to the Gold Fields.

John Stannus' expedition to the Black Hills left via the C. B. & Q. R. R. last evening. An extra passenger coach and baggage car was brought down on the morning train for their special accommodation, and will be sent with them as far as they go by rail. Both these cars were well filled with gold seekers and their baggage. An immense crowd was at the depot to see them off. The party was well equipped with blankets, guns, ammunition and other accoutrements essential to their sojourn on the frontier. John Stannus was in command, and from his experience of six months in the hills will prove an efficient leader. The party is said to have numbered sixty four when it left here. The following is a partial list: John Hanback, Bonaparte; L. P. Elden, Samuel L. Elden, Alfred Reid, B. J. Tucker, G. E. Wilson, Capt J. M. Ceel and S. M. Agnew, Edina, Mo.; John Barthamer, August Barthamer, Charles Hessler, D. W. Wagner and O. C. Wagner, Canton, Mo.; Henry Hirt, Burlington; John Keifer and Luke Ramsay, Summitville; John Sandine and J. P. Vandolath, Sandusky; Wm. Gay, Jackson Tamf and John Watson, Charleston, and Rufus Wilsey, Andrew Thompson and wife, Charles Slott and wife, Christ. Thompson and wife, Henry, Robert and Sylvester McNeal, Charles Myers, John Stannus, John Stannus, Jr., Frank E. Stannus, R. Carpenter, F. Lebee, wife and sister, A. Kellmer, C. James, Wm. Condo, and Dr. McCarney, Keokuk.

THE GATE CITY:

SATURDAY MORNING SEPT. 8, 1877.

DEADWOOD.

Thrilling Incidents of Life in the Black Hills—Letter From Ironclad—The Gold Hunters From Keokuk, and What They Are Doing.

(Special Correspondence.)

DEADWOOD, D. T., Aug. 27.—Most of the tenderfeet have left for the States, and times are improving, although provisions are low, except green fruits and vegetables. They are in abundance, however, as plenty of the latter are raised in the Foot Hills and come in daily.

Game, such as deer and elk, are plentiful, and sometimes we have bear, which sells at 5 to 8 cents per pound, while beef and mutton are 18 to 25 cents.

Gold mining is going on slowly on account of scarcity of water, but quartz mills are making money fast. A twenty stamps mill will crush thirty tons of ore per day, and they charge from \$10 to \$12 per ton, and run the mill with four men. Over thirty mills are now running, and the number will soon be increased to one hundred, as every train brings from one to three mills.

We had a call from Tom Height, a few days since. He has mines on Bear Gulch and has taken out some fine specimens of coarse gold. He also has quartz mines, but there are no mills near him, so he must either wait or bring on a mill of his own. Almost every body has quartz on the brain.

We also met W. P. Rickey, who is investigating the value of Wilsey's mine, and will have five tons assayed next week. Will Van Dyke is here, and intends spending the winter at Deadwood. Most all of our outfit will be home this Fall. Gus has ceased to blow the horn for the Bella Union, and he and Henry Hurt, of Burlington, will return next week like bees laden with honey for Winter.

We had a big excitement here last evening, Our Sheriff, with the aid of some detectives, arrested three road agents, when one of them showed fight and commenced shooting promiscuously through the crowd, wounding three men, including the Deputy Sheriff. He then ran for a horse hitched near the Postoffice, mounted and started, when over twenty shots were fired at him, two of which took effect in his back. Another shot from a rifle killed his horse and he was captured, and died this morning from the effect of his wounds. He was a desperado. We did not learn the names of the parties nor did we see the firing, or wish to, from the wild shooting done by the bystanders. This is the first of the stage robbers that have been arrested. We think many of the road agents are close around Deadwood, as we heard it rumored that the town was in danger of being burned last night. Killing is nothing uncommon here. A man was shot while stealing chickens,

and died; another was shot while drunk and running from the night watchman, and died. So all we have to do is to dodge the bullets when the firing commences in the street.

The Keokuk sports have fine times shooting chickens now, while the grouse here are guarded by Sitting Bull's men, who keep a lookout for hunters and hay-makers when they want to get the droppin them. The soldiers have all left the Hills and we have to take care of ourselves. They have gone to the forts for safety I suppose. Charley Jones is just in from Crook City, and informs me that five Indians rode up to a man by the name of Allen who was on a mower cutting grass. He grabbed his gun when the Indians threw theirs down and informed him that there were four hundred hostiles on the war path and warned all white men to get into the Hills as they would be along in a few days. The party consisted of five bucks and four squaws and was on a hunt.

Another party who had been on a prospecting tour to the Little Missouri came in and reported that twenty-five men had a fight with four hundred Indians and lost all their horses and one man killed. They came in on foot. The Indians aimed at the horses and mules and killed all of them. I saw some of the party and conversed with him. But there is no danger in the Hills. Yours,

IRONCLAD.
(STANNUS)

—Samples of the rock found in the vicinity of Ottumwa, which it is claimed contains gold, has been sent to the academy of sciences at Des Moines, to examine and pass upon, and here is what the Register says about the gold craze: Judge Fulton presented a box of the rock which has produced so much excitement at Ottumwa on account of gold said to be found in it. The specimens had been sent here for the Academy of Sciences to pass upon, by persons who really thought there was gold in it. Mr. Philpott related how a similar excitement had once before fooled the people of Ottumwa. Mr. Reid related a similar excitement which he knew of at New Lisbon, Ohio, in 1845. Mr. Orwig related how his army comrades once got fooled in "finding gold." Judge Fulton stated that the Ottumwa board of trade had sent samples of the rock to Chicago for assay, and received answer, "No gold or silver found in it." The members of the academy were quite unanimous in the opinion as a fact of geology, that no gold or silver had ever been found in rocks of the carboniferous age, but only in azoic rocks or gravel wash derived from them. JAN. 1. 1882

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL
KEOKUK, IOWA

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The Gate City.

KEOKUK: 1858

TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 11.

Iowa Gold Diggings.

We have seen a large number of our old friends, who live in the immediate region of the Iowa Gold Diggings, and are personally cognizant of much that is going on there. That there is more or less gold laying about in fine bits and tiny scales, they assure us of their own knowledge; and that a number of people have spent considerable time in hunting it, they also know. At the same time they are very sensibly impressed with the fact that people at a distance estimate the gold diggings far more highly than persons near at hand; and in consequence they find the excitement far greater a hundred miles or more away than it is in the immediate vicinity. They have not known any remarkable discoveries of gold, in large quantities, and seem to think that there are six men who get none where there is one who gets two dollars worth in a day.

One of our friends laughingly exhibited some forty dollars worth of gold quartz from California, to a crowd, up the country, a few days ago, and he has since been under the necessity of correcting the report that he had sent to St. Louis for a "masheen" for smashing quartz. This circumstance, if it does not illustrate that "all is not gold that glitters," certainly does prove that all the gold exhibited does not come from the Iowa diggings.

Those who have time and money to spend may spend both, without serious detriment, on a tour to the Iowa Gold Diggings; and the steamboatmen and stage company will be pleased to convey them back and forth at the usual fare; but those who have little time, and less money to spare, will exhibit a good degree of "horse sense" by turning their attention to something else.

Since writing the above a friend sends us the following communication:

Messrs. Editors:—Considerable excitement appears to be felt by some of our citizens in regard to the reported gold discoveries in some of our western counties. Moderate statements are soon magnified into such monstrous absurdities that they throw into the shade the veritable story of the three black crows.

As one of these stories originated from a business letter written by a responsible lawyer of Indianola to a business firm here, and as it has been exaggerated almost as often as repeated, we give you herewith the extract:

"Our community are highly excited at this time from the fact of there being gold discovered in our county. There have been several diggings opened in the county which promise fair to pay from \$1 to \$5 per day. On Saturday there was a lump of the 'truck' brought into town said to have been found within ten miles of our town. This has cre-

ated the most intense excitement."

Since the above letter was received the writer of this has conversed with a reliable gentleman, direct from Warren county, who says the yield is from \$1 to \$1.50 per day. These are doubtless facts, and your readers can form their own conclusions from them.

N.

NEW DIGGINGS.—Since writing a notice of the Iowa Gold Diggings, our old friend, O. Tower, a returned Californian, has exhibited to us several very fine specimens of gold quartz, found by him along the bluff, between the Levee and the lower Depot. The indications of gold along the bluff, he says, would be accounted very favorable in California. Persons desiring to see specimens of quartz gold from the Keokuk diggings, can do so by calling at our office. *MAY 11, 1858*

The Gate City.

KEOKUK: 1858

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 13.

"Fools' Gold."

We put the above heading to the following communication, with the design of applying it to all the native gold of Iowa, whether malleable or otherwise, under the assurance that it will cost more than it will come to.

The specimens shown us by Mr. Tower we suspect were not got up on strictly "Geological" principles, but had their origin in that same yankee ingenuity which in days gone by supplied the market with a genuine article of home-made nutmegs. And, although the gold *was* malleable, it "*fooled*" quite a number of our friends who had a better chance to test it than our correspondent.

At the same time, while we attach no importance to the discovery of gold quartz in the rock of Keokuk, whether it be malleable gold or fools gold, we would not venture to pronounce any decided opinion as to the character of the discoveries up the Valley. We are not aware of any Geological reason against the existence of gold in the valleys of the Des Moines and its tributaries.—Gold is found in the primitive and pyrogenous rocks, and it is found likewise, of a purer quality and in greater abundance, in alluvial grounds. And in many valleys of the South of Europe, of South America and of North America, both in the old States and on the western shores of the continent, it is found in spangles and scales in the silicious, argillaceous and ferruginous sands, and it is generally discovered in greater quantities at low water or high flood and at the re-entering angles of rivers. This gold is not brought from the head of the streams but was deposited in the plains with the soil, and is washed from the plains into the rivers by the flood streamlets of the freshets, which thus gather into eddies what was originally sparsely scattered in the soil of the plain.—

Now if the gold hunters find such soil as is indicated above, and such spangles, they may expect to find the best show of gold in just such places as it would naturally be deposited when washed out of the soil toward or into the streams and rivers. And they need not fool away their time in hunting up the sources of the rivers, for the gold did not come from the heads of the streams at all.

FARMINGTON, May 11th, 1858.

For the Gate City.

Gold.

KEOKUK, May 13, 1858.

Messrs. Editors: Having a few days since become satisfied that many honest people were determined to be humbugged in regard to the gold excitement now prevailing in this city and state, I took the idea that perhaps by applying the "hair of the same dog to cure the bite," a good result might be obtained, which now seems likely to prove true, especially since my geological friend at Farmington has come to my aid. As you know, and I think will admit, on the 10th inst. I handed you some pieces of quartz rock—not "geodes"—and that those pieces I said I found about the bluff in Johnson street, near the water, in Keokuk, and that what appeared on them, or in them *was* gold—and so it was, and so it is *now*—and herein is the "humbuggery," or "dog's hair," on my part. My object was from the first to make some effort to correct the public mind when I felt sensibly it was becoming very rapidly deceived. But I am a little apprehensive that my friend at F. was a little inclined to teach the rule to test gold to some that did not need that teaching, for I have no doubt that he will admit many have had the opportunity of learning the lesson during the past ten years without being taught scholastically, or by reference to "Hitchcock's Geology."

And now, Messrs. Editors, having plainly and fairly, as I hope, reconciled the matter of "fools' gold" with my friend at Farmington, I beg a small space in your paper to offer a few ideas in relation to the natural primitive condition of pure gold. I cannot claim space to take up your points "verbatim" but make my remarks on each without naming them. I take for granted that gold is a production, and not a creation, as we see and understand it.

From my experience of four years in California amongst the miners, I cannot discover any *true* indications of pure gold anywhere in Iowa—when examined by tests, or deductions, drawn from examinations in California. In California it is not found in the streamlets meandering among the silicious, argillaceous or ferruginous sand plains, but is found in the rivers extending many miles past the outlets of these meandering streamlets—which is conclusive evidence to me that it is brought from the mountains. The finest *gained* gold is also found in the lowest sections of the rivers.

In our Pacific States and Territories gold is found extended in a direct line of about thirty miles wide from Mexico on the south-east to the British Possessions on the north-west, and through the whole length of this district the general geological characteristics of the broken and upheaved strata are the same. Outside of this belt, although in the mountains and interspersed with small vallies, numerous mountain streams, and small plateaus of disintegrated sand, gold is not found—showing conclusively that it become released by abrasion and atmospheric influence. From those sections of broken strata that were lifted above the general level it had a tendency to flow, as it has done, towards the lowest places, and the plains. Gold in California is not found in an alluvion. Alluvion is, as I understand, mainly composed of vegetable matter—which has been produced since the disintegration of the rich deposits of gold found under it. These alluions are very numerous and very rich in vegetative nutriment—are not large—not often exceeding a few acres, but underneath them some of the richest placer diggings of California have been found.

O. TOWER.

We did not speak of vegetable alluvion, but of alluvial soil of an entirely different character, and our remarks were not intended to apply to the California mining region, but to the Iowa gold land, if such there be. But in any case we have no special stomach for a controversy over matters of so uncertain a character as to facts and theories.—[EDS. GATE CITY.

The Gate City.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 15.

FROM THE GOLD MINES.—The Clara Hine came in yesterday, from Des Moines on Wednesday, with a large load of passengers. Among them was Mr. John W. Cleghorn, who was at Des Moines, Indianola and other places where reliable information could be obtained in regard to the gold diggings.—At Rattle Snake Bend, some fifteen miles below Des Moines, he saw some fifteen or twenty men digging, one of whom went into Des Moines the same evening, and showed three dollars in dust gathered that day.—There are several places in Polk county where men are digging, and some very good specimens have been found. At Indianola and Hartford, Warren county, Mr. Cleghorn saw specimens which were taken out of the ground at South River and Hartford. The latter was dug by Mr. C. McKay, a personal acquaintance of Mr. Cleghorn's. At South River, some 8 or 9 miles from Indianola, twenty or thirty men are engaged in turning the river. Some good specimens have been found there, and Mr. C. has no doubt that some men have got out as high as five dollars a day, while, of course, many got nothing at all. It was near here that a Dutch

farmer found, while plowing, a lump valued at \$17. Good specimens have also been found at St. Charles, nine miles beyond Indianola.

Mr. Cleghorn also found confirmation of the reports from Clark and Union counties, in which there are probably 100 men at work. On the whole, Mr. C. has no doubt there is gold out there,—possibly there may be considerable, but he is not satisfied yet that it would pay to go to the diggings.

The rivers are falling. It seems to be doubtful whether the boats can make another trip to Des Moines.

The Gold Excitement.

The excitement of the public in regard to the Iowa gold diggings is spreading over the entire state, and in the greater portion of it local discoveries serve to increase the excitement.

The Des Moines papers speak somewhat confidently of the value of the discoveries in that vicinity. And in its last issue the Citizen of that place says:

A few days since, we received a letter from Mr. Simonds, of Saylorville, in this county, containing black sand, with a due admixture of the glittering ore. The letter states that the discovery was made some two miles from Saylorville on the premises of Mr. Hatch.

One day last week, our citizens were startled by the rumor that the skining metal had been hunted down near the float bridge in this city, on the west side of the river. In a short time, hundreds of people had gathered at the interesting spot, and pans and spades were placed in immediate use to eke out the precious article. It was soon found convincingly true that gold is imbedded in the heart of our city. We saw specimens that were unmistakably gold. They stood the chemical tests without changing countenance; and it is generally believed that when the river recedes to its ordinary summer stage, rich deposits of the precious mineral will be disclosed by mining. At other places in the corporation, we learn that the search for gold has been successful; and in some instances "nuggets" of very respectable size have rewarded the labors of the gold-hunters.

The number of mines in Marion, Warren, Madison, Clark, and adjacent counties is daily increasing, and reports are still favorable as to the success of their labors. A great majority of these gold seekers are old Californians, and must have cut their eye teeth on the golden shore of the Pacific, and yet they are digging and prospecting with high hopes of success.

The diggings in Johnson and Iowa counties are attracting people in the vicinity, and new discoveries are reported in Page and Taylor counties, and also in the vicinity of Fort Dodge.

While it is too wet to plow, people may do well to "prospect," and if digging will pay better than plowing, let them dig.

GOLD IN IOWA.—If we are to believe the reports, gold diggings are being rapidly discovered in Keokuk county, Polk, Madison, Union, Clark, and other counties. Those who "make haste to be rich," will pitch in eagerly, work hard, and finally end worse than they began, perhaps.

GOLD IN IOWA KNOWN TO THE INDIANS.—The Chariton Mail, of the 18th, says:

That the Indians who formerly inhabited this State, knew of the existence of gold can not be doubted.

John Greene, chief of the Pottowattamie Indians, came to this county in 1854, to enter lands, and while here, exhibited to Mr. Joseph Braden, of the Land Office, a package of gold dust, worth not less than \$500, and offered, if Mr. Braden would go with him to show him where it could be found in abundance.

Last summer, this tribe of Indians were again here, and several persons can attest the fact, that "John" had another wallet of gold dust, worth not less than \$400. When questioned as to where he found it, he answered, "in Iowa," but would make no further disclosures. JUNE 3, 1858

The Gate City.

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 3.

GOLD AT LAST!—Mr. R. M. Pickel, of Marshall, twelve miles south of Washington, in Henry Co., has shown us several specimens of gold found in the vicinity of that place.—The specimens shown us were found on William's Creek, north of Marshall, in this county, but the best "diggings" are said to be on a small stream emptying into Skunk river, a short distance below the mouth of Crooked Creek. Several Californians have been prospecting, and say it will pay at least two dollars per day gathering dust.

We are also informed that gold in "limited quantities" has been discovered near Crawfordsville, in this county. We thought Washington county wouldn't consent to be behind all the rest of Iowa in the production of gold! Fine time for washing it just now.—[Washington Press.

The Gate City.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 29.

GOLD HUNTING.—Quite a number of people were scraping and digging along the bluff yesterday for gold. They found earth in quantities which was full of shining particles, but we did not see any gold that we would give coin for.

MORE GOLD FOUND.—There were many searchers after gold along the river bank last Saturday, and the pure article was positively found, though in very minute particles.

The Gate City.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 28.

Eureka.

Gold has been found in this city. Mr. Pollock, an old Californian, took scraper and pan, yesterday, and washed out a few small particles, which we have seen, and which stand the test of the hammer and nitric acid. He dug them out at the foot of Third, and foot of Bank streets.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY!
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

MADE BY
DATE
19

APRIL 25, 1901.
NO GOLD IN IOWA.

**Prof. Calvin Tells People of This State
Not to Search for Oil or Gold.**

The ninth annual administrative report of the state geologist, Prof. Samuel Calvin, has been completed and will appear in June as a part of volume XI of the reports of the Iowa geological survey. The report is given almost entirely to an attempt to expose the fallacies in the idea that any considerable amount of oil, gas or gold can be found in the soil of this state. In most emphatic measure Prof. Calvin combats the idea of oil or gold being found in Iowa and declares that such an idea shows an absolute ignorance of the geology of the state and the distribution of its mineral resources. In regard to the expenditure of money in an attempt to get oil, gas or gold from Iowa soil, Prof. Calvin says:

"The highest living authority on the distribution of oil and gas, the man who has done more than any one else for the successful and profitable development of all the interests related to these two products, declares that the most valuable service which science has been able to render in this connection has been the determination of the fields wherein exploration is hopeless. Iowans will do well to remember that, even if a state munificently endowed as theirs, there are some things and some favoring conditions which nature has failed to provide, and there are some drafts on nature's apparently limitless bounty which must go unhonored, there are some enterprises looking to the development of natural resources which in the very condition and structure of things are absolutely hopeless. Let them rather preserve all of their capital, and energies for the development of the splendid resources which do exist and not waste any in the useless search for geological products which all enlightened experience shows could not, by any known possibility, be developed in the state.

**WEEKLY GATE CITY
JUNE 13, 1901.**

GOLDEN IOWA.

Des Moines Capital: We are told by Samuel Calvin, state geologist, that there is no gold to be found in Iowa. As a man skilled in his particular field of scientific research he is able to speak as one having authority. He tells of the conditions under which gold may be found; and those conditions being lacking, search for the treasure becomes idle and unprofitable.

The conclusions of the state geologist will undoubtedly be generally accepted, but the heart of the true Iowan the announcement will touch no chord of despair. Beneath the surface of the soil the yellow metal may not repose, awaiting the miner's pick and the refiner's fire to perfect its transformation from its bed of the earth, earthy, to the marts of trade and commerce, yet the knowledge that this is so will not cause a single note of sadness to enter into the refrain which the Iowan is wont to sing.

Why? Because even as a man's wealth consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth, referring, of course, to material things, so Iowa rejoices in the knowledge that although of gold she may have none, she is rich in the things which gold cannot buy; rich in that which gold alone can typify.

Since the earliest recorded period of human history gold, both literally and figuratively, has been representative of those things which were of the greatest value. History, both sacred and profane; literature, both ancient and modern, tell the same story. And thus it is today. Iowa, without gold, has an inherent and an acquired right to be recognized in a figurative sense as the golden state.

For justification we can point to the richest soil that ever welcomed the tiller's hand in spring or laughed with an abundance in the harvest time; to the fairest skies which ever wept or smiled; to the finest landscape scenes which ever appeared upon the canvass of nature; to prairies which rise and fall like the heaving billows upon the breast of the ocean; to rivers which look like silver cords, running through carpets of green, singing as they journey on to their destination; sheep and cattle, not upon a thousand hills, but upon the broad pasture lands of countless fertile farms; to a citizenship noted the civilized world over for intelligence, integrity, sobriety and progressiveness; to cities and towns which are hives of honest industry, and for which each successive year can tell a story of steady and substantial advancement; to institutions of learning from the modest little school house upon the prairie section line to the academy, college and university; to churches of every creed and denomination, whose unnumbered spires pointing heavenward, silently, yet eloquently, bear testimony to that religious liberty which is one of the crowning glories of a free and independent state.

No gold in Iowa? It is reflected in the very stars which this night will sentinel our purpose. It will be reflected in every blade and ear of corn which sun and wind and rain shall this year ripen for the garner; it is reflected in the very faces of 2,500,000 happy and contented people.

No wonder that the red man of long ago, as he stood upon the farther bank of the Father of Waters and looked over upon the other side, gave exclamations of wonderment and delight. What the red man then declared the white man has since affirmed. And today, with all due respect for the findings of the men of science, we are still constrained to declare that: "This is golden Iowa."

GOLD IN OTTUMWA.—The editor of the *Courier* says that he has been washing gold out of the sand of that city, and that considerable numbers of people are prospecting in the city limits with some encouragement. Fine specimens have been found. 5/1/01

The Valley Whig.

KEOKUK:

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1888.

FARMINGTON, May 11th, 1888.

Messrs. Editors:—In your *Gate* of to-day you speak of having specimens of gold found along the river bluffs, at Keokuk, by Mr. O. Tower. Is he aware, and are you aware that there is a substance in limestone regions which very much resembles gold, and which Geologists call "fools' gold"? Of this many specimens have been shown me, with the inquiry, "Is it not gold?"

These Geodes, the cavities of which are lined with quartz crystals, often have the crystals tipped with it. Real gold is malleable, but "fools' gold" is not. The difference between the two is therefore easily ascertained. I have strong suspicions that your specimens, and most others found in this State, will not stand the test of either the hammer or file.

Those who may feel an interest to know something about "fools' gold" can be gratified by consulting Hitchcock's *Geology*.

Yours Truly,

H. ADAMS.

The New Gold Diggings

The intelligence from the diggings in this vicinity is more favorable than ever, new leads having been discovered on South river and Squaw creek, and one of our citizens has found some of the genuine gold dust in this county on North river. We are not as sanguine as many of those who have visited these places, preferring to wait until we learn that gold digging will pay as a business.— We have a beautiful specimen of the genuine yellow metal before us found on the southern line of the county which will compare favorably with similar specimens from California. It has evidently been in a liquid state once, and this fact would seem to indicate the existence of veins of the precious metal in the vicinity where this specimen was picked up. However we think these pieces are rarely found here. We have also seen some quartz intersticed with small particles of gold, and beautiful black sand from which gold was obtained by the use of quicksilver. We would caution the public, however, against placing too much confidence in the thousand rumors respecting these discoveries. Letters have been written announcing the discovery of "rich leads," which have an existence only in the imagination of the writers. All these stories are greatly exaggerated, and intended to impose upon the weak and credulous. The amount of gold found in these places, so far, would not be worth the product of forty acres of land well planted with corn, and we hope no one who has any useful employment will forsake it for the purpose of running after their golden vagaries. Just wait awhile; parties are now out with the necessary implements to separate the gold from the sand, and if the experiment pays, which we very much doubt, there will be plenty of time to try your hand at it.— *Winterset Madisonian* 4/12/1888

The Valley Whig.

THE DES MOINES VALLEY WHIG
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

GOLD.—The precious metal has been discovered in Fayette county. The *Journal*, of that county, thinks people had better hunt for it with a plow than with a pan. We think so too.

One Mr. Earl, (says the Maquoketa *Excelsior*.) of Lamotte, Jackson county, has found diggings where he washed 80 bucketfuls of dirt and got \$1, whereupon he concluded to rig a quicksilver machine and make a thorough trial.

Prof. Weiser on the Probabilities of Gold in Iowa.

Prof. Weiser, President of the Central College of Iowa, at Des Moines, has, at the request of some citizens of that place, given his views on the probability of gold being found in Iowa. He is represented as possessing much attainment in the science of geology, and his opinion is therefore allowed great weight by his townsmen. He thinks there is much gold in the State. In this opinion, we may remark, he is sustained by Prof. Boynton, who, while here, predicted that gold would be found in Iowa in considerable quantities. From the article of Prof. Weiser, which appears in the last No. of the *Des Moines Citizen*, we make the following extract:

Gold is found either in the quartz rock or in alluvial deposits. It is found in the primary, transition and secondary formations, and of course in the more recent formations that receive the deposits of the disintegrated rock of the gold formations. Mr. Kirwan says gold occurs in granite, quartz, argillaceous slate, hornstone, sandstone and limestone. It is also found in barytes, iron ore, antimony ore, and blende, which is the sulphuret of zinc. We have in the Des Moines valley the granite only in boulders—there is no granite rock in our formation which is in its proper place. A fine granite boulder was found in digging the foundation of the Central College of Iowa; it was probably brought down from the lakes in the north. The quartz is also found in our valley, though not in large masses. Most of the pebble stone in our river bottoms are quartz stones.

Quartz is not, as is generally supposed, always white. It is found of many colors, white, red, blue, green, yellow, and black—Some of the precious stones are pure quartz, as the jasper, chalcedony, cachalong, cornelian, agate, opal and amethyst. Specimens of all these are found in our valley and indicate a great variety and abundance of quartz. Quartz rocks abound in California, and all the gold there has been found either in the rock itself, or the alluvials washed from the quartz formation. According to the fossil remains found by Prof. Owen, our valley is in the Devonian period. The same formation is found in California. The basis of quartz is siliceous sand. Some suppose that all our sands are merely the quartz rocks disintegrated. There is nothing then in the way of our having gold—our geological formation is not unfavorable to it. Whether, however, it exists in sufficient quantities to warrant the labor required to bring it to light, is another question. I would here, however, venture the assertion, that if gold is found in Clarke county, it also exists in Warren, Madison, Marion, Polk, Jasper and Dallas, for the formation is the same. 5/24/1858

The Valley Whig.

KEOKUK:

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 24, 1858

IOWA GOLD.—We saw, yesterday some of the gold from the diggings near Winterset. It is genuine gold, and no mistake. The specimen that we saw consisted of small particles, about the size of flax-seed, mingled with black sand. It was left for examination at Mr. C. Q. Wilson's, at the old stand of Doubleday & Wilson.

The Gate City.

KEOKUK:

1858
WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 12.

FOR THE GOLD MINES!
THE steamer COL. MORGAN, Capt. Hill, will leave for Des Moines this afternoon, at 4 o'clock. For freight or passage, apply to CLEGHORN, TAYLOR & CO., Agents. may 11-1t

The Gate City.

1858
SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 22.

FOR THE GOLD MINES.—The steamer Alice is one of the best passenger boats in the trade. She leaves to-day for Des Moines and intermediate ports. As the Des Moines is a very uncertain river, this may be the last through trip of the season.

For Des Moines City and the Gold Mines. The Steamer ALICE, FARRIS Master, will leave for above, and intermediate ports, on Tuesday, May 11th, at 4 o'clock p. m. For freight or passage apply on board or to BROWN, AUSTIN & CO., may 10-2t
1858

The Gate City.

1858
SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 8.

GOLD EXCITEMENT.—The gold-fever seems to have seized some of our citizens. The talk on the streets yesterday was about the new mines in Iowa, and we understand that the Clara Hine, which left last evening for Des Moines, was crowded with passengers, most of whom are bent on exploring the diggings. Are they like the boy who chases the end of the rainbow to catch the bag of gold?

The Gate City.

KEOKUK:

1858
SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 29.

Gold has been discovered in the vicinity of St. Francisville, Mo.

The Gate City.

1858
FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 21.

MORE GOLD EXCITEMENT.—A subscriber at Keosauqua writes us that a gold excitement has sprung up in that place, and that men and boys are rooting round in all the hollows, nooks and corners of the valley round about there. He suspects that the specimens said to have been found were "salted." That means, we suppose, fixed up like the specimen left at our office some days since.

CONSTITUTION - DEMOCRAT.

FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1889.

Iowa Gold Fields.

A report to the effect that a citizen of Anamosa had found small nuggets of gold in a gully on his farm near that city moves a Davenport paper to remark that gold is by no means a new thing in eastern Iowa. Many years ago small particles of it were found in the bed of Flint river, near Burlington, and an intermittent fever has possessed the people in that vicinity ever since, proceeding to such an extent as to result in the leasing of the land a couple of years ago and the organization of a company to operate the mines that might be developed. The Bear creek excitement of a few years ago at Ottumwa is now forgotten, and a few months since a considerable amount of the glittering stuff was found at Salem, Henry county.

Keokuk people have no trouble in finding all they need of the precious metal in more regular and less sensational ways. We have a gold mine here in the fertility of soil, the enterprise and industry of our people, and their progressiveness and zeal for the prosperity of our city.

THE GATE CITY:

TUESDAY MORNING, FEB. 25, 1879.

—Dr. Frank D. Sanford will leave in about a week or ten days for Leadville, Col., where he goes to engage in the practice of his profession with a view to staying there two or three years and then returning. The field is a good one, and the Doctor possesses the ability to improve it. His family will remain here.

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FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1872.

My Experience in Colorado.

KEOKUK, September, 1872.

EDITOR GATE CITY: I have read with pleasure the letters of the excursionists who, during the past summer, went to Colorado and the Rocky Mountains. They brought back my experience in Colorado, nearly ten years ago, when I went to the Rocky Mountains in search of the future, which I believed was somewhere in store for me. During my boyhood days I had read of Mexico and her rich silver mines. The adventures of one miner in particular had awakened my enthusiasm, and day and night I dreamed of the time when I, too, would own a silver mine in Mexico, and play grande with money and property galore.

When I was twenty an opportunity presented itself whereby I could go to the Rocky Mountains, and thus make one stage, at least, on my way to Mexico and my rich silver mine. I went across the plains as an ox driver, driving five yoke of cattle. We had a train of ten wagons, heavily loaded with freight. We drove from fifteen to twenty a miles a day, camping at night. From the Missouri river west the road was alive with emigrants traveling westward—some with mule, some with horse and some with ox teams. The country west of the Missouri for some two hundred miles, until we got to Fort Kearney, had much the same general appearance as Iowa and Missouri east of the river. At Plum Creek, forty miles west of Fort Kearney, we saw the first *wild* Indians. About a hundred and fifty Sioux and Cheyennes on the war path, going to fight Pawnees. The braves came first dashing past on their ponies, armed and equipped for battle—not more than one in five, however, had fire arms. The others were armed with bows and arrows and long spears with iron points. After the braves, came the squaws taking care of baggage, camp equipage, etc., stringing along for a mile or more. The baggage was transported by ponies; on each side of a pony, driven, led or ridden by a squaw, was fastened, tied with thongs of raw hide around the breast and over the neck of the pony, like the shafts of a wagon, tent poles from sixteen to twenty feet long, the other ends of which dragged on the ground. Behind the pony, these poles would be fastened together by shorter sticks from one to the other, making a square from three to four feet wide; over this was fastened a buffalo robe, bagging down between the poles like a basket, which was filled with their camp equipage. Some of the ponies had a huge pile packed and slung across the back. The Indians encamped shortly after passing us, and in a few minutes a town sprung up in the plain. The tents of white skin—generally

buffalo, tanned with the hair off, stretched across poles coming to a point, the poles fastened together at the top, in which a hole was left for a chimney. The dress of the Indians, seemingly, was not expensive. The braves had hardly any clothes at all, and the squaws a skirt of buffalo, hanging in a sack from the shoulders down just below the knees, with holes through which the arms projected. The Indians themselves, their tents, and in fact the very ground over which their tents had been placed, had a strong, smoky, greasy smell, that could be detected easily ten yards away. The cattle could smell it a long way off, and oftentimes you could tell an Indian was somewhere in the neighborhood by the action of the cattle long before you could see the Indians. Beyond Plum Creek, settlements began to be scarce; the country to assume the aspect of the Plains. Back from the river the soil was a hard baked gravel, upon which nothing grew but cactus and a kind of needle grass, which would penetrate thick, heavy boots like needles. The pasturage was all in the low, flat bottoms, close to the river, probably the old river bed. Even here the soil was full of alkali. After a rain the whole surface of the ground would be covered with a white alkaline substance, nearly pure soda. Where pools were found in the low places, when partially evaporated, the water would be so strong of alkali as to poison cattle drinking it. These bottoms were covered with a high rank alkali grass. On them were built the ranches or houses of settlers, from fifteen to twenty miles apart. The houses were built of adobe, made from the tough sod of alkali grass, cut from six to eight inches thick, about two feet wide and as long as convenient to handle, laid in mud for mortar. The rafters were poles, placed about two feet apart over which were laid more sod, and the whole roof covered with sand. This made the ranche, usually one room, from sixteen to twenty feet square, in which the inmates, generally two men, would cook, eat sleep, keep a store, saloon, and hotel if required.

Opposite Cottonwood Springs about two hundred miles west of Fort Kearney, on an island in the Platte river, in a cedar grove, was an Indian cemetery—not a burying ground exactly—the Indians not being buried, but tied up in the trees. Dead Indians were wrapped in a buffalo robe and with them their implements of peace and war which had been used by the defunct during lifetime. This would again be enclosed in a kind of basket or rough wicker work and tied up to the branches in the tree. In one cedar tree there were nine such packages. One of them had been opened by some one. I was alone and seeking information. I climbed the tree to look. Not being able to see from the stem of the tree I stepped out on the limbs. My added weight being too much for the branches down we came, the Indian and I, some fifteen feet to the ground below. I

was not injured, but the poor Indian was badly used up. In one promiscuous heap lay the remains of the Indian, his bows and arrows, beads, cup, spear, his pony bridle and saddle, and his trinkets too numerous to mention. After a short inspection I made tracks for camp before any Indian not dead should discover the desecration I had wrought.

Leaving Cottonwood Springs we traveled up the Platte river two hundred miles without seeing a single tree, not even a bush as large around as a man's wrist. Such a river as the Platte is! Apparently as wide and deep and grand as our own Mississippi, on trial, it was found to be very shallow, with sandy bottom—not deeper than from six inches to three feet in its whole width. So we found it all the way up, wide and grand in appearance, but very shallow. In the water minute patches of mica or some other yellow substance floated and shone with the sparkle and glitter of gold.

At a distance of about one hundred miles we had our first sight of the Rocky Mountains. Long's Peak thrust its head high above the horizon, appearing like a cloud, growing higher and higher, day by day, as we approach, until the whole range appears in view. A grand inspiring sight, after the long wearisome month of plain, day after day the same, seemingly never ending plain, upon which the sun beams and bakes until the reflected heat formed a mirage resembling in the distance a beautiful lake of clear, blue water. We crossed to the west side of the river at Fort St. Vrain, a mud fort, which, while it might withstand Indians and protect Uncle Sam's soldiers from them, would not be much more than a paper fort before the fire of artillery.

From Fort St. Vrain we traveled South between Platte River and the mountains; passing on the way through a farming district. In summer there is no rain just East of the mountains, I believe, and is accounted for by the fact that the wind blows from the West. The rain bearing clouds, in passing over the mountains, are carried up to such an altitude that they become condensed into rain, which falls on the mountains. However, be that as it may, there is no rain in summer time. So the farmers club together, and beginning up in some mountain stream they build a canal, through which the water runs down to the farms, where in smaller streams, it is scattered over the farms, completely irrigating the soil so that crops grew and looked about as well as if the rain from the heavens had fallen on and watered them.

We passed through Golden City, situated in a deep valley just at the foot of the mountain range on the west where Clear Creek comes out of the mountain. To the east is a high table land several miles in extent rising abruptly from the plains surrounding it a hundred feet or more. On the top of the table land it is as flat as the plain around it. Three miles south of Gold-

en City we turned up a ravine (in mountain phraseology a gulch.) From the top of the hill on either side rising high above the gulch could be seen Denver City, eighteen miles to the east across the plain, and on the east bank of Platte river, an oasis in the desert; stretching far to the east and northeast as far as the eye could reach was an interminable plain. To the south-east some seventy miles, in plain sight, could be seen Pike's Peak, in shape resembling a sugar loaf. The mountains are covered with large trees of cedar and pine. Large grand pine trees tower up sometimes from seventy-five to a hundred feet without a branch or limb. The mountains themselves, mountains of huge solid stone, grand, colossal, sublime in their massive majesty. Sometimes huge blocks of stone lay piled on one another causing us to wonder how they ever came there. Sometimes the strata or layers of stone apparently once level or flat thrown up as if by some terrific explosion or upheaval of nature almost on edge and so remain, leaving immense gorges hundreds of feet deep, from which the stone start backward and downward. Standing in one of these valleys and gazing upward, one feels what a mere pigmy is and realizes how small and infinitesimal portion of creation one human being is.

The road through the mountain was rough, and yet rough is hardly an adequate term to express the ruggedness. Sometimes the road would lead up the side of a mountain, apparently inaccessible to a team and wagon; sometimes turning down the side of the mountain, nearer perpendicular than ever road before—so steep, indeed, that in going down we would lock all four wheels to the wagon. We would detach all the oxen from the front except one yoke of cattle. The other cattle were hitched to the rear of the wagon, so that all the oxen might help hold the wagon. Still, with all, such a getting down hill you never did see. It seemed at times that the wagon and oxen hitched behind would actually fall over and bury the oxen ahead so deep they never could be resurrected. Finally, however, we got to the bottom of three miles of such precipice safe.

Down in the valley of Clear Creek, a part of the way we found the road cut into the side of the mountain from ten to fifteen feet wide and from twenty to sixty feet above the foaming torrent below. The oxen needed no urging to keep them away from the edge of the precipice. Prompted by nature, they crowded and pressed in close to the wall. We crossed back and forth from one side of the creek to the other on bridges made of unhewn logs, which shake and creak and tremble beneath our loads. Finally a bridge broke with a team, and fifteen feet of a fall into the water below is the result. With some scratches, bruises and cuts, however, they are all safely land-

ed with the wagon and load. Then the question of how to cross the balance of the wagons arose. We had learned by experience how steep a road can be traveled, so six hour's work makes a ford over which we cross with the balance of the wagons. We again toil up the creek until we finally reach Idaho Springs, our destination.

The Daily Gate City.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 28 1872.

My Experience in Colorado.

KEOKUK, September, 1872.
(CONCLUDED.)

Idaho Springs are situated on a flat or bar, where the bottom widens out some six hundred feet, and on this bar was built the town of Idaho, the houses or cabins rather, well built, some of log and some of frame. There was in the summer of 1863, in this place, about seven hundred men and some thirteen females all told, including some young girls. Most of the miners kept "bach"—living two to six together in a cabin. To the south of the town there was a gulch, in which there were some hot mineral springs, where a rude log frame work, had been erected to make a bathing place. Since that time there has been erected substantial bathing houses, and, I understand, these springs have become quite a resort for invalids seeking health.

Three of us took the cattle across the mountains, twenty-eight miles, to a ranche, traveling a road about nine miles, and then turning into the woods followed a blazed path for the balance of the way. A blazed path being a track marked out by a blaze or chip, cut out of the trees along the path those chips marking the line of the track,—nineteen miles without a house or other sign of civilization. One of us rode in advance, on a mule, leading the way, the cattle following—the other two rode in the rear, driving them. We started about noon one day—traveled until night, camped out, and started next morning again—we traveled all day, until about six o'clock in the afternoon. We had expected, when we started, to find provisions at houses along the road, but being disappointed we had nothing to eat from the time we left until we got to the ranche where our cattle were to be herded. This ranche was some eight thousand acres of mountain and valley, inclosed by a fence made by falling trees along a line. It made a rough fence for a civilized community, but was sufficient to turn cattle. Hunger made the sight of the house (a log shanty) a glad one. We rode up to the house to find it locked and no one about. We began to make observations as to the easiest method of storming the castle. Finally an entrance was made through the roof by removing some clapboards covering the house. Once in,

we found a side of bacon, a sack of flour, some coffee, some sugar, some speckled mountain trout evidently just salted away for winter. We found skillets and pans. Soon we were hard at work preparing something to eat. Some slices of bacon fried in the skillet made us lard for frying the fish and shortening for the bread. The flour was self-rising, that is, had been prepared with the right quantity of baking powder. It is usually so prepared in the mountains so that to mix it with water and lard and shape it into biscuits, we soon had bread. The coffee was made, the fish and bacon fried to a turn when we heard a noise at the padlock outside, and in a moment more the door opened and there stood a tall stalwart white haired old man with a gun in his hand, two revolvers in his belt and a string of fish at his feet. The owner of the ranch being blessed with more cheek than the others, stepped towards the old man saying as I held out my hand, "How are you, stranger; mighty glad you dropped in just as you did, as we are just setting down to dinner, so you can have a bite with us. We have had nothing to eat to-day and feel just as you look—as hungry as we well can be." The old man seemed glad to see us, appeared to relish the joke, sat down with us and eat dinner or supper rather. We stayed until next day fishing and hunting. About noon we started across the mountains home. On the way over, passing through the gulches, the mountains on either side rising almost perpendicular thousands of feet, occasionally we caught glimpses high up above us of the rough mountain goat, on rocks apparently inaccessible to any living thing unless it had wings. These goats are black with long wool and horns three or four feet long, which twist round and round about their head, the horns being large and thick,—so large, indeed, that the head and horns weigh much more than all the rest of the body. They were wild and shy, and very hard to approach near enough to shoot.

Gold mining was carried on to a considerable extent—both quartz and gulch mining. Gulch mining is conducted by constructing a coffer dam the length of the claim, part way across the creek—a claim being one hundred feet along the creek. For some distance above the dam the miner constructs an inch board sluice, made with three boards, the bottom board being from 12 to 15 inches wide—two inches wider at one end than at the other—the two sides being made of boards about eight inches wide, nailed together, making one section of the sluice the narrow end of one section, is placed inside the wide end of the next section below, the water being turned into this sluice is carried over the top of the coffer dam, and at the lower end, below the dam, the water pours into the creek. A grater is made to fit inside this sluice, of

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from six to eight inch pieces, fastened together at the ends from a half to three quarters of an inch apart. This grating is placed at the lower end of each section over the coffer dam. The miner is then ready to begin his work; the gravel, sand and rocks are shoveled up into this sluice, the swift water carries the sand and smaller stones down as fast as it is shoveled in. The larger stones are lifted out by hand with a pitchfork and thrown out of the sluice. The gold is in fine particles like sand, sometimes chunks as large as a bean or larger, are found. The gold being heaviest, falls into the crevices made in the grating, and remains there, the richest part of the washings being at the bottom of the creek and in the crevices of the bed-rock. About twice a day these gratings are taken out, the gold gathered, and the sand and stone are separated, and the gold dust remaining, is the reward of the miner. When a miner is not able to build a dam and construct the sluice, he takes a tin pan and washes out the gold from the sand and mud. The gold is heaviest, and when the pan is shaken the gold settles to the bottom. If particles are very fine they are collected together by putting a small quantity of quick-silver into the pan, and, after shaking it a few times, all the gold will be found adhering to the quick-silver. The quick-silver is then burned out, leaving the gold. When one side of the claim is all worked the dam is then made around the other side and this is worked the same way. Quartz mining is entirely different and requires a large capital, the gold bearing quartz being found between the layers or strata of the stone in the hills, the strata between which it is found being called a lead, rarely being more than from one to four feet thick between the layers of stone. A lead is found by what is called by miners, gold blossom—that is the quartz bearing the gold when exposed to the weather and air becomes porous, like a sponge, and is in color like yellowish mud.

This blossom generally bears about the same proportion of gold that the quartz in the same lead contains, so that the richness of the lead can be nearly determined by a test applied to the blossom. The gold in the quartz is so fine as to be hardly discernable to the naked eye. This quartz is quarried out by drilling and blasting. A shaft is sunk down between the layers of rock, large enough to work in, following the lead down into the bowels of the earth, sometimes a thousand feet. The incline or angle of these shafts is different in different leads, rarely ever being found either level or perpendicular, but all angles between generally, however, at an angle of about sixty degrees below the horizontal. The lead narrows and widens as they sink the shaft; when it widens out and the quartz is rich, chambers are run out on either side of

the shaft as far as practicable and the quartz is taken out. From the mine, the quartz is carried to the quartz mill, run by water or steam power, generally by steam power, to be ground up into powder, and the gold separated from the worthless matter. The quartz is ground in the mills by being placed under heavy iron stamps which play in a groove. They are raised up by steam or water power some eight or ten feet and then drop down on the quartz, the repeated falls grinding the quartz up. Upon the stone in the mill a copious stream of water is turned, and the water carries the quartz as fast as ground fine enough to pass through the fine wire at the lower side of the mill out over wide plates of copper placed nearly horizontal, which have been covered over with quicksilver. The gold having affinity for the quicksilver the fine particles of gold adhere to the quicksilver, and twice a day these copper plates are cleaned off, the quicksilver and gold forming an amalgamation which is then separated, sometimes by burning, which dissipates the quicksilver, and sometimes by some other process which preserves the quicksilver so that it can be used again.

We got back to Idaho on Saturday, July 3, 1863. On Monday, July 5th, I went to work in a quartz mine. There were two shafts to the lead in which I worked, one being about two hundred and fifty feet deep and the other only about thirty. I began work in the thirty foot shaft. The lead was in an angle of about sixty degrees below a horizontal. One man would hold a short iron bar an inch and a half thick and thirty inches long called a drill and turn it round and round between the strokes, while another would strike on the end of the drill with a ten pound sledge hammer, the head of which was about the size of a silver half dollar. When a hole was thus drilled into the rock a charge of powder would be placed in it and blasted. In this way we worked down into the stone. My part of the work was striking. At first it was rather dangerous to the man who held the drill, but in a short time I could strike with precision. As soon as I had confidence in myself I found I could strike without ever missing the drill. After the first day's work the muscles of my arms and back felt as if I had been beaten with a club, but, persevering a whole week, I felt on Saturday night that I never knew what a blessing Sunday was before. I had been at work only about two weeks when they wanting more hands in the deep shaft, I was sent down there to work. This shaft was nine feet along the lead and about five feet between the strata. A ladder of pine poles, with rungs, was made fast to the lower strata, or bottom of the shaft, a bucket to haul up the quartz and stone was made to slide up and down between the poles over the rungs of the ladder. These buckets were drawn up by a rope and

horse power. Between these strata of stone in the shaft, were placed wooden braces driven in firmly. Thirty feet from the mouth of the shaft there was perpetual darkness, except what light could be obtained from candles. In the bottom of this shaft five men worked; four did the drilling, while one loaded the buckets with stone and quartz; when several holes were made, they would be charged with powder and fuse or slow match. When all was ready the men, except one, would go up the shaft a part of the way and get into a cubby; a cubby being a hole dug out of the side of the shaft at intervals of about thirty feet, and protected by timbers, and when they were safe in the cubby, the man below would fire the fuse and then make haste himself, to get into the cubby before the blast would go off. After I had been at work a couple of weeks, being the youngest and nimblest, it became a part of my duty to fire the blast. I did it for some time without accident, and was beginning to feel quite at my ease in doing it. One day four blasts were prepared; all the rest went up the ladder to the cubby—the lower part of the ladder, some eight feet was not fastened down to the bottom of the shaft. Being merely a temporary ladder, it was tied with a rope to the ladder above and lacked about four feet of reaching to the bottom of the shaft. A stone from the last blast had fallen on the rope and nearly cut it off. It had not been noticed, however. The rest passed up, and when they were safe in the cubby I fixed the fuse and started up. In my haste I slipped, and catching in the foot of the ladder the sudden strain parted the rope and down came the ladder. I looked at the fuse, but it was too late to put them out. They were spitting and burning, all of them, below the surface of the rock. The thought rushed through my mind I was surely doomed. I rushed up the short piece of ladder that had slid down and jumped in the dark, grabbing for the ladder above, fortunately catching it. I climbed up in a hurry and got safe in the cubby, but not a second too soon, for just as I entered the blast went off and up the shaft just behind me thundered the stone thrown up by the blast. I felt quite nervous, but went down at work again. But a little while after this, the same day, a bucket being let down with some drills in it caught in something, upset, and the drills came rattling down the shaft toward us, but all of them caught in the braces and ladder before reaching the bottom where we were. About an hour after this a large scale on the top or upper strata of the shaft, having been gradually loosened by repeated blasts, fell and came rattling down, the stone falling all around us, but doing no injury. I had been feeling nervous before with the accident on the ladder, and the upsetting of the drills and the falling of

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the stones, brought me to the conclusion that working in a quartz mine was not what I was out for, and that day was my last to work in a gold mine.

The next day I went to work in a gulch mine, where I worked for some time. The results, however, did not promise a very speedy realization of my dreams of owning a silver mine in Mexico. I began to appreciate the feelings of the man in the mountains who sang:

"I wish those infernal creatures who told about the gold,
Were in the place the scriptures say is never very cold;
They told about the heaps of gold, and chunks that were so big,
But they never said a single word about how hard you'd have to dig."

I quit gulch mining to take a couple of loads of merchandize, which had proved unsalable in the mountains, to exchange for other goods. In November we were caught in a snow storm, with fourteen yoke of cattle. During one night the snow fell about a foot. In the morning it was coming down harder than ever. There was no fodder or hay for cattle, except a small stock of hay at a ranche or house near by, worth five cents a pound—enough to feed the cattle two days, perhaps. A council of war being held, it was determined to leave the wagons and push on with the cattle for the ranche on the south side of the mountain, where we had taken our cattle in the summer—twenty-three miles through the snow. The road lay, except the first four or five miles, along the blazed track we had gone over in the summer. Three of us started with the cattle in the morning for the ranche. After traveling all day, dark found us having made about ten miles. The snow was then up nearly to the breast of the mules and cattle, and still coming down. Night did not stop us, but on we toiled through the snow, the mules having to take turns to break the road. About midnight the boys called out that one of the cattle had given out and was down. We got it up and started on. Before half a mile was made the boys called out the steer was down again. This time we let him lay. It began to be questionable whether we would not all be down before we got through. In a little while another steer gave out. We left him to his fate and toiled ahead through the snow. About midnight it quit snowing, and between then and daylight seven of the cattle had given out exhausted. About eight o'clock we came to a place in a valley where some one had cut a stack of hay and put it up, putting a fence around it. It did not take long for us to give cattle and mules a good feed. That done, the mules were loaded with hay and back we went through the then well trodden track to the cattle which had given out. We found them all right except the first that had given

en out. He was dead and about half eaten by the wolves. We got the stragglers up, and in getting up the mountain above the snow, we made such progress, that by two o'clock we were at the ranche with 27 of the 28 head of cattle we had started with. We crossed the mountain to Idaho afoot, coming down on the South side of the mountain. For three miles we waded in the snow nearly up to our waists. That night in Idaho, November 25th, 1863, I lay in my bunk thinking, and then determined upon a change of base—that plan not contemplating, just then, any more hunting for gold in Colorado. The next day I started for the States, and thus vanished all my dreams of Mexico and my rich silver mines.

THE GATE CITY:

SATURDAY MORNING SEPT. 8, 1877.

DEADWOOD.

Thrilling Incidents of Life in the Black Hills—Letter From Ironclad—The Gold Hunters From Keokuk, and What They Are Doing.

(Special Correspondence.)

DEADWOOD, D. T., Aug. 27.—Most of the tenderfeet have left for the States, and times are improving, although provisions are low, except green fruits and vegetables. They are in abundance, however, as plenty of the latter are raised in the Foot Hills and come in daily.

Game, such as deer and elk, are plentiful, and sometimes we have bear, which sells at 5 to 8 cents per pound, while beef and mutton are 18 to 25 cents.

Gold mining is going on slowly on account of scarcity of water, but quartz mills are making money fast. A twenty stamps mill will crush thirty tons of ore per day, and they charge from \$10 to \$12 per ton, and run the mill with four men. Over thirty mills are now running, and the number will soon be increased to one hundred, as every train brings from one to three mills.

We had a call from Tom Height, a few days since. He has mines on Bear Gulch and has taken out some fine specimens of coarse gold. He also has quartz mines, but there are no mills near him, so he must either wait or bring on a mill of his own. Almost every body has quartz on the brain.

We also met W. P. Riekey, who is investigating the value of Wilsey's mine, and will have five tons assayed next week. Will Van Dyke is here, and intends spending the winter at Deadwood. Most all of our outfit will be home this Fall. Gus has ceased to blow the horn for the Bella Union, and he and Henry Hurt, of Burlington, will return next week like bees laden with honey for Winter.

We had a big excitement here last evening, Our Sheriff, with the aid of

some detectives, arrested three road agents, when one of them showed fight and commenced shooting promiscuously through the crowd, wounding three men, including the Deputy Sheriff. He then ran for a horse hitched near the Postoffice, mounted and started, when over twenty shots were fired at him, two of which took effect in his back. Another shot from a rifle killed his horse and he was captured, and died this morning from the effect of his wounds. He was a desperado. We did not learn the names of the parties nor did we see the firing, or wish to, from the wild shooting done by the bystanders. This is the first of the stage robbers that have been arrested. We think many of the road agents are close around Deadwood, as we heard it rumored that the town was in danger of being burned last night. Killing is nothing uncommon here. A man was shot while stealing chickens, and died; another was shot while drunk and running from the night watchman, and died. So all we have to do is to dodge the bullets when the firing commences in the street.

The Keokuk sports have fine times shooting chickens now, while the grouse here are guarded by Sitting Bull's men, who keep a lookout for hunters and hay-makers when they want to get the droppings. The soldiers have all left the Hills and we have to take care of ourselves. They have gone to the forts for safety I suppose. Charley Jones is just in from Crook City, and informs me that five Indians rode up to a man by the name of Allen who was on a mower cutting grass. He grabbed his gun when the Indians threw theirs down and informed him that there were four hundred hostiles on the war path and warned all white men to get into the Hills as they would be along in a few days. The party consisted of five bucks and four squaws and was on a hunt.

Another party who had been on a prospecting tour to the Little Missouri came in and reported that twenty-five men had a fight with four hundred Indians and lost all their horses and one man killed. They came in on foot. The Indians aimed at the horses and mules and killed all of them. I saw some of the party and conversed with him. But there is no danger in the Hills. Yours,
IRONCLAD.



JOHN R. SHULER, Wholesale and Retail dealer in the celebrated Charles Daly, Parker & Clabrough BREECH LOADING GUNS; Ammunition, Cartridges, etc., Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, Seine Twine, Skiff Oars, and fine Pocket Cutlery. A good revolver and box cartridges for \$3.00. Fine twist double barreled gun and outfit for \$15.00.

BLACK HILLS OUTFITS.

Sharp's Rifles and Needle Guns and large Revolvers. Repairing promptly attended to. 180 Main street, Keokuk. sept 10 dawdy

—Since the papers have jumped up the price of whisky in the Black Hills, from twenty-five cents to one dollar a drink, emigration has fallen off one half. People can afford to pay high prices for flour and other luxuries once in awhile, but when it comes to a dollar a drink for the necessaries—not any. MARS, 1876

THE GATE CITY

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1876.

BULLION.

"IRON-CLAD" THINKS THERE IS PLENTY OF IT IN THE BLACK HILLS.

What the Pilgrims from Keokuk are Doing—\$25 the Market Value of Scalps in the New Eldorado.

RAPIDS CITY, D. T., May 14th, 1876.

DEAR GATE: Having just returned after a ten days sojourn in the Hills, looking a "little odd" for gold and at the same time keeping a sharp look out for the noble red man whom we did not want to find, I will sum up the particulars from the country. As near as we can see and hear from others we think reliable, I am now satisfied that there is gold here in paying quantities if dug out. Some six miles above here there is one claim opened by three Norwegians. I saw them clean up their sluices several times and they got an ounce per day on an average and they have only been running a few weeks. My opinion is that the gold in this country won't be worked out in ten years. After the 15th of this month there will be one hundred claims opened and then we can give you the facts about gold on Rapids Creek. About forty miles from here on Dead Wood and White Wood Creeks, claims are paying from \$5 to \$50 per day to the man, and the claims are all taken up. Each man gets 300 feet front, from summit to summit, and unless claims are cut down there will be no chance for new comers. One good sign is to see the miners all pay for provisions. Staple goods sell high, and 300 per cent. is made on everything sold. Parties coming here should bring from four to six months provisions and everything needed, and they will be independent while waiting. I have seen gold weighed out at \$21.50 in provisions or greenbacks. I have seen several ounces sold here, as there is not much else with which to buy. All miners who come here and work can do well, or they can live mean. There are plenty of men here willing to work for their board, and so there are in the States. About fifty per cent. of the men who come here are dead broke when they arrive and want to go back, and curse the country and tell that the Indians drove them off. One Keokuk man will go back and tell some interesting items, as he saw Indians all the way from Pierre to Rapids City. He only went out one day, and then kept close to town. He leaves us, as he will tell you, to keep from being scalped.

Frank, Charlie and George, from Keokuk, are working on their claims, are in good spirits and sure of success.

Rapids City is improving very fast about two houses per day (not very expensive

ones) being built. Lumber is \$15@30 per thousand, nails 20 cts per pound, flour down to \$13 per hundred, bacon 30 cts. coffee 35 to 40 cts., and sugar 30 cts. all in gold.

Guns are in demand. We carry our guns with us on all occasions. I have not seen an Indian since I came, which is rather a bad sign. However, we know that when a man on a pony is found by himself he is a goner. On the 4th of May as Dillon's teams were returning, John Harrison, wagon master and saddler, Texas Jack and Gardner went back about eight miles from camp after three horses and took with them a spring wagon. All four were killed and scalped by Indians. They were no doubt lying in ambush for them on Pierre Springs at the head of Bad river. They left two of the scalps lying on the ground. They must have been agency Indians as they did not want to take the scalps in.

The Indians are watching the road from Pierre all the time and small parties never can cross from the Missouri river to the Hills and wont try as they are now well posted. The Indians come near town and sometimes drive off, mules and horses. Sometimes they come and examine them and if the animals are poor they pass on.

One train was fired into on the way to Dead Wood, but the Indians were repulsed. The Dead Wood miners have hired five scouts whom they keep out every night hunting Indians. They are paid \$5 per day and \$25 each for scalps.

This is a beautiful country and well adapted to farming. From the looks of the soil, however, I think they will have to irrigate.

I hope I will be able to send you some specimens in my next letter.

Yours truly,

IRONCLAD.

HOME FROM THE HILLS.—Clay Gillespie arrived at home yesterday morning from the Black Hills, having had enough of that country to satisfy him for the present, at least. He confirms the statements of John Stannus and others, as to the existence of gold in paying quantities in the Hills, but says that a man must dig for it, at the peril of his life. The claims are so far apart as to afford no adequate protection and a miner cannot tell at what moment his scalp may be raised. He considered his life of more value than gold dust, and didn't care to stay and scratch for the latter at the necessarily great risk, in fact the almost certain loss of the former. Four of the party he returned with were killed on the way from Rapids City back to the Missouri river.

He says that Sitting Bull has formally notified the gold seekers that he will give them thirty days in which to leave peacefully, and if they are not gone at the expiration of that time he will convert the Black

Hills into a grave yard. And he has twelve thousand warriors to back the threat with two or three times that many in reserve. Large numbers of Indians have left the agencies and are on the war path. He says that if the government should open the Black Hills country and afford the necessary protection he would return at once, as he is convinced that "there's millions in it." He brought back with him some very fine specimens of gold. He reports that John Stannus, Frank Hawxburst, Charlie Jones and Geo. Corwin, from this place, are all working claims and doing very well. He left Rapids City on the 14th of May.

THE GATE CITY

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 27, 1876

GOLD.

Ironclad Continues to Insist that It is Plenty in the Hills.

What Some of the Claims are Reputed to be Paying.

CROOK CITY, D. T., JUNE 4th, 1876.

DEAR GATE:—Here we are in the Black Hills. We stampeded from Rapids City over a week ago, and pulled up here and found miners all doing well, both on White Wood and Dead Wood creeks. The mines here fool all miners, both from California and Montana, as the gold is easier to get out. Miners who have their claims opened are all doing well. I have it from a very reliable source that on Dead Wood creek some eight miles above here, one claim is averaging \$2,000 per day for seven men at work, and one in this creek from \$5 to \$50 to the man, and the claims have only been opened for a short time. Claims on this and Dead Wood creeks were all taken up about two months ago, but some of them can be bought at paying prices. This is the cheapest way to commence. Three of us paid \$300 for a claim, and it is said to be a good one, but can't tell yet for ten days when we will have it opened.

Claims sell at from \$300 to \$3,000, where there are any for sale. Most of the men who come to this country are not used to roughing it, and get dissatisfied and go home and say there is no gold here, and that the Indians are killing all the miners. No Indian depredations have been committed for over three weeks.

There are only a few Indians in small bands looking after ponies, horses and guns.

Your correspondent has seen but one Indian since he left Fort Pierre, and don't want to see any.

However, I took a trip up the mountains last week to look for deer, and saw a moose track which made me look sharp. I followed it to the top of the mountain, but

did not overtake him, all of which was very satisfactory to me. I wounded a deer, but did not bag him, so we still live on bacon, but can get all fresh game, such as mountain sheep and deer for from ten to fifteen cents per pound, and beef eighteen to twenty-five cents, and not very fat at that.

We are shut out from all civilization, no news from the States since the 15th of April. We had a snow storm on the 1st and 2d of June, but it is warm to-day. We will have a paper printed here this week and will send you one. How we would like to read the GATE once more. George and Charley and Charley Schoote have bought an interest in claims, and will do well. Gold is plenty in the hills, but it is in the ground, and it takes work to get it. Provisions are high. Flour \$20 per hundred, bacon 35 cents, coffee 40 cents, sugar 30 cents, forty rod whisky \$8 per gallon wholesale, single drink, 25 cents; no law against selling anything you please, unless you should sell it too cheap.

Every man looks like a walking arsenal. Every person coming here should bring a breach loading rifle, and plenty of cartridges. Revolvers are a nuisance unless you want to shoot some of your neighbors.

Yours,
JOHN STANNUS.

THE WEEKLY GATE CITY.

JULY 28, 1898.

LETTERS FROM DAWSON.

Keokuk Men in the Alaskan Gold Fields Are Heard From.

Word was received yesterday from L. A. Fox and C. L. Dietz, who left Keokuk some time ago for the Alaska gold fields, by their families in this city. The news of the receipt of the letters will be a subject of much pleasure to many friends of the gentlemen who have been apprehensive for their safety on account of a rumor current recently to the effect that the Keokuk people had been killed by Indians while making their way down the Yukon river. Their party, it is now known, arrived safely at Dawson City and are now prospecting for gold on Indian river and Bonanza creek.

In the letters received by the family of Mr. Fox, the writer says: "I think perhaps there is some mail for me at Dawson but the crowd at the office is so great that I have as yet been unable to be served. We will leave in a couple of hours for a trip of two or three days upon Bonanza and Eldorado creeks and as soon as we return we will determine the course to be taken during the next three months and the winter. There is scarcely any doubt but that we will go into the Indian river district. There will be no question about finding work to do here. All a man needs is energy and "push." Many, though, that came here weeks ago are still idle. I may say that I am as safe here as I would be in Keokuk and a good deal safer than in Chicago. From what I have experienced since I came

here, I can see no reason to be discouraged and I will certainly do all I can to make our expedition a success. I have made a short trip to the mines but learned nothing of importance. The mails out of here are very irregular. We are all as well as can be.

The following news of interest is contained in the letters received by Mrs. Dietz from her husband:

"We start out prospecting today and will know something about the country soon. Dawson is a busy town, lots of people starting for the hills today. Some are selling out and going back. I think we will stay here awhile. I got acquainted with some mine owners and they say this is the only country in the world to live in. Everybody is honest here. We let our things lie anywhere and they are all right. This is the wet season here. It rains often. It is low, muddy ground and not very healthy. It is daylight all the time, never gets dark at all. I have been out in the mines, but got no chance to make any money. This place is not what it is supposed to be. There are lots of idle men here. I may come out this fall. I have not struck anything yet.

BACK FROM GOLD FIELDS

Keokuk Prospectors Return From Klondike, Richer Only in Experience.

The party of Keokuk prospectors composed of J. H. Woodbury, L. A. Larson, C. Larson, Otto Younggreen, Morris Foy and A. C. Hanson which left on February 10 for the gold fields of Alaska, have at last returned from their trip, richer only in experience. Larson, Woodbury and Younggreen arrived in Keokuk Tuesday morning. C. Larson and Hanson are in Seattle but are expected home in the near future.

The tales told by the returned gold seekers of their experiences in the gold fields certainly make an excellent moral for all persons now contemplating a trip to the so called Eldorado. From beginning to end it is bereft of all encouragement and tells of nothing but severe trials and unsuccessful attempts to discover the precious metal. A number of such incidents of the trip were told to the public through letters received from members of the party and published by the daily papers. The last of these letters was received about June 27 and since that time the friends of the party have been in ignorance of their exact location and their actions.

At the time the last letter was sent to Keokuk the party were at Valdis, making arrangements for a prospecting trip down the Klutena river. After building their boats they started on their journey, first crossing the immense glacier that lies north of their starting point. This glacier is one of the great sights of the region, a giant mountain of ice full of fathomless crevices. The Keokuk party made the trip across the glacier on foot, hauling their heavy sleds with the aid of block and tackle. Over thirty miles were covered by the party in the journey across.

In the trip down the Klutena, the

greatest hardships were encountered. The river was very shallow and full of large rocks, having a current of about fifteen miles an hour. On the first rapids, one of their boats was swamped and this delayed them for some time. With only this accident, however, they were extremely fortunate as it is estimated that three out of every five boats going down the Klutena are swamped. About thirty miles were made by the party down this river and then the point was reached where a junction is made with the Copper river. They continued their journey up the Copper river for a distance of many miles, reaching a point about sixty miles from its source. Having been daily engaged during all their trip up to this time in prospecting and discovering nothing but a few small "colors" they at last became disheartened and started on the return to Valdis. The experiences of the return trip were similar to those of the advance and it was a discouraged band of men that finally reached Valdis once more, after weeks of travel. During the trip they were accompanied by five other men, all anxious to return as soon as possible to civilization. The travel was made mostly by night because at that time a crust was formed which sustained them in passage over the ice. Otto Younggreen was selected as the guide of the party, being the lightest man. A rope was tied around his waist and the others trailed behind him, holding to the end. Forty miles were made without a stop, the men fearing to lie down or even pause to rest, on account of the cold.

At Valdis, the party secured passage on a vessel starting for Seattle on July 6 and arrived at that place on July 17. The men now in Keokuk remained there until July 21 and then started on the trip across the country to Keokuk. The journey home was the most pleasant one the men had made for many months.

A great many interesting facts are to be learned from the members of the party now in this city. They declare the boom of the Copper river district, which followed that of the Klondike, to be a vast piece of deception on the part of the steamship companies, perpetrated for gain through increased transportation. Hundreds of men are leaving every day for home in their eagerness to get away before winter sets in and hundreds more are unable to leave on account of the lack of money. The stream of people to the gold fields has now entirely stopped and the Copper river district has now the reputation of being a "played out" country. It certainly proved such for the members of the Keokuk contingent.

THE BLACK HILLS,

By H. N. MAGUIRE, who has spent 12 years in this region. Latest accounts of Gold and Silver prospects, Agricultural and Grazing resources, Climate, Hunting, Fishing, Indians, and Settlers' adventures with them, Mining and Wild Western Life, the Waterfalls, Boiling Geysers, noble Scenery, immense Gorges, etc. With 27 fine illustrations, and a new map. Price ONLY 10 CENTS. Sold by all Newsdealers or sent post-paid for 12 cents by DONNELLY, LOYD & Co., Publishers, Chicago, Illinois. 1877

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THE GATE CITY:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 13.

NUGGETS OF NEWS. 1878

Gleaned From the Black Hills Country by "Ironclad."

(Correspondence Gate City.)

CENTRAL CITY, D. T., March 4th.—We are still here and think this is good enough for us, though many differ. Money is very scarce at this time as it goes out of the Hills in big chunks from quartz mills, and they pay their men in greenbacks. Miners get from \$3.00 to \$4.00 per day for good, experienced men, still others can't get more than \$2.50. Many are idle, and, in fact, want to be, as they don't like work anyhow, while others when they get their pay, go at once to the faro banks and leave it there. In nine cases out of ten the gamblers' harvest is when the miners' pay day comes.

Prospecting is going on rapidly now and stampedes are being made often for different points in the Hills as the snow melts off. Some rich silver mines have been discovered near Bald Mountain, about three miles above this place—also, some rich gold leads. From the crowd of prospectors we see going up the gulch daily there must be something to attract their attention. All the stamp mills here keep rumbling away day and night, and don't stop for Sunday. I see by the GATE that our old friend Sam Pollock is on his way to the Hills and intends bringing a stamp mill and staying a year in the West for his health. We will be truly glad to meet him and hope he may succeed. However, we don't advise any one to come here for their health. We don't think this a very healthy country as the water has so much mineral in it. In the Fall it is very sickly, and when a man gets sick here he doesn't stay so long; he either gets well or dies in a few days. Still it has been very healthy here all Winter, and we have had very pleasant weather—No rain for over four months and only one big snow storm.

I see by the papers here that some rich quartz leads have been found one mile from the Deadwood Gulch just above the mouth of Go-to-Hell Gulch. This is a fearful name for a gulch, still not so much so as it used to be, as some of the Orthodox members think there is no such place. As I have never been up the gulch, I can't say.

We look for a large emigration to the Hills in the Spring. We hear of one hundred wagons now on the road from the north bound for the Black Hills. But men of capital will do better than men without, as it takes money to get the gold out of the rock. Some of the quartz mines that were considered worth \$100,000 last Spring are now worked out. Still more good ones are being found to take their place. A California Company has invested over \$1,000,000 in mines here. They no doubt have got the best ones. They say they can crush the ore for \$1.40 per ton whereas they pay from \$5 to \$8 per ton for crushing now. I am of the opinion there is plenty of ore here that

SUNDRY ACCOUNTS

will pay well, still I don't believe the mills are doing a very big thing now.

Lead City a small town two miles South of here, is springing up fast and is surrounded by belts of rich ore. That belt runs from here to Lead City and was all taken up long since.

Provisions are very low on account of the fine weather. Some of our old Keokuk men are here yet. Rufus Wilsey is working on his leads near Bald Mountain. Charley Evans formerly of Keokuk is here, and is well pleased with the country. He is lately from Springfield, Mo., He is running a bakery and restaurant. Others are here from Lee country and seem to be satisfied. For our part we don't wish any thing better, still we don't advise any person to come here on any account unless he has very important business, and expects to return as soon as he gets through, as his feet will surely get tender. No mud here to speak of—freezes every night, warm in the day time. None of Sitting Bulls men in or near the Hills.

Truly yours,
IRON-CLAD.

FOR PIKE'S PEAK.—Two queer little crafts came down the river Wednesday, being two large skiffs, handsomely painted, with railings around them, and paddle wheels boxed in like a steamboat. These were propelled on Buchanan's principle—one man power—each skiff being moved at a rapid rate by the aid of a crank, and carrying three passengers, including the engine. Their names were the grandiloquent and hyalutene ones of "Great Eastern" and "Irene." 4/13/60

The Gate City,

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 3

FOR THE PEAK.—Joseph Patterson, of the Post Office, Wm. Stimpson, Dan. Tisdale, Albert Hine, and V. K. Hart, left on Tuesday night, by way of St. Louis, for the Peak. They expect to meet and join at St. Jo., Gen. Mackley and family of this place, James F. Death and A. Death, with their families, and W. Death, from Warsaw, and proceed in wagons. They are well equipped, and prepared for a successful cruise.

THE GATE CITY:

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1879.

FOR LEADVILLE TENTS WAGON COVERS
SEND FOR CIRCULARS
GILBERT HUBBARD & CO. CHICAGO.

THE GATE CITY:

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 22, 1879.

The California gold fever of 1849, the Pike's Peak rush ten years later, the Pennsylvania oil excitement of 1863, or the more recent Black Hills

The Gate City,

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 18.

For Pike's Peak.

The three brothers, John W., William H., and Dan'l Cleghorn have started for Pike's Peak. James W. Mitchell, John Early and James Tate will accompany them. The Cleghorns went to Bentonsport yesterday by rail, and from thence the company (excepting John W. Cleghorn) travel by land to St. Joseph, with three wagons and fourteen yoke of cattle. Mr. J. W. Cleghorn will go by way of St. Louis, where he will purchase supplies of every kind and forward them to St. Joseph to await the arrival of the wagons. They intend to carry about six tons of goods to supply in part the various wants of the miners. They do not expect to dig much themselves, but to feed and clothe those who do dig. They are energetic men, have the capital to carry out their enterprise, and will doubtless make a good thing of it, and return with a pocket full of rocks. So mote it be.

THE GATE CITY:

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1879.

INVEST IN GOOD
GOLD AND SILVER MINES
—AT—
LEADVILLE, COLORADO.

The Carbonate Gold and Silver Mining Co., of Leadville, Col., have placed \$200,000 of their Capital Stock on the market as a working capital. The Company own seventeen good mines and are daily buying up more. The Company is organized as a prospecting and developing company, and any person desiring to invest in a good mining enterprise, in the best locality in the world, where fortunes are daily made by prospecting and developing mines, can do no better than to buy stock of this Company.

For further particulars, references, etc., address
CHARLES L. KUSZ, JR., Sec'y.
Lock box 1979. [may3daw3mo]

stampede, cannot be compared to the Leadville furore. The population of the town is increased daily by the arrival of 200 or more new comers. There are now about 40 paying mines in the vicinity of Leadville. The number will be more than doubled before summer. Some of the mines are held as high as \$1,000,000. One of them has produced \$3,000,000 since its discovery. The ore product is now \$50,000 a day. The smaller mines have not been worked with energy, because there has been no adequate market of the ores. When the half dozen smelting and sampling works have been increased to a dozen or more and the capacity from 400 to 600 tons a day, there will be every inducement for mine owners to put full forces to work, and there will be fewer who care to sell out.

THE GATE CITY

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1876

BLACK 'ILLS

THAT ARE ENCOUNTERED BY SO-
JOURNERS IN THE NEW EL-
DORADO.

Chief Among Which Is the Scalping-
knife of the Noble Red Man—Move-
ments of the Gold Hunters
from Keokuk.

RAPIDS CITY, D. T., May 13, 1876.

DEAR GATE: We arrived here from Fort Pierre on the 1st inst, after seven days travel with teams. Our company numbered 150 men and 25 wagons. Have seen no Indians since we left the Missouri river, but no doubt many have seen us. If a man gets away from the company he is a goner. A man who went in advance of the trains was killed within three miles of this place on the 25th of April. He was found on the road, riddled and scalped. His name was Wm. Cogan, from Watertown, Wisconsin. A party came in from Bismarck last evening with seven teams loaded with flour and farming utensils and some thirty cows and calves. When within six miles of here the Captain, J. C. Dodge, went back to look for a calf and failed to return. This morning a party of sixteen men went in search of him and found him and his horse in the hills dead. They also found a black flag about two feet square with seventeen horse shoes printed on it. The man was brought in and buried at a small town above here. The party had captured four ponies on the prairie and brought in and no doubt the Indians were following them. The Indians are bad here in the hills but miners are coming in fast and I think they will soon be driven off. They (the Indians) have killed eleven men near here in the last month. But they were all found alone—the red skins went attack a company.

Rapids City is a small place containing about twenty houses. Nearly all the inhabitants have gone to Dead Wood mines, about forty miles from here, where miners are all doing well and paying for provisions in gold dust. I saw two ounces of very fine dust which was said by the man who came in with it to have been taken out with a sluice in two days, at a point six miles from here.

I have seen since I came here some \$150 worth of gold taken out on Rapids Creek. The gold is scale—no nuggets over 75 cts. in what I saw, although I have heard of \$18 to \$20 pieces having been taken out. Miners are all doing well, although half of the men who come here go back—many of them on the same train. However, many

come for clothes, provisions or money, and begin to get lonesome when they discover the price of provisions. Parties coming here can buy their outfits at Yankton, and after the freight is paid the cost will not be half what it is here. Flour here is \$20 to \$25 per hundred, bacon 30 cents, coffee 35 cents, sugar 25 cents, nails 15 to 20 cents potatoes 12 to 15 cents per lb. We laid in four months supply at Yankton as cheap as we could have done in Keokuk and will stay till we see the end of it, if the Indians don't take us in. We have seen none yet, and won't till they show themselves first.

Some of the Keokuk boys wish themselves at home. Clay and George are rather discouraged, but Frank thinks he will stay with us until he fills his buckskin pockets.

I have been out a few miles to see them mining. Several went out yesterday and prospected some three to six miles up the creek and found color nearly every place they went. Some are plowing and will put in garden stuff. We are convinced there is plenty of gold in the hills and think of staying till we get some. Game is plenty in the hills twelve miles from here and antelope in abundance in sight. No game on the road but antelope and a few jack rabbits and grouse. I don't think of hunting much here, as the red skins might hunt me. Every man has a gun or revolver and don't go twenty feet without having it in his hand. Even in town we are well armed, mostly with breech loaders and ammunition. The only danger is from being alone. Charley Allen and his brother, formerly of Keokuk, came up with us with five teams loaded with provisions, and will make a good thing. Charley don't fear the Indians. He has had engagements with them but says he did not kill any as he did not want to violate the law.

I think Fort Pierre is the best, cheapest and safest route, as John B. Dillon, the owner of the line, has made a treaty with the Indians on the Missouri river and they won't molest his teams. The passage is \$12.50 from "P," with 50 lbs luggage; freight \$2.50 per 100 lbs.

There are four stores here. Not much in them, but prices are good. We will go into the Rapids mines to-morrow and stay a few weeks, leaving most of our provisions here with some thirty men. Will write you again.

Yours,

JOHN STANNUS.

THE GATE CITY:

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 12.

THE BLACK HILLS.

A Rambling Letter of Life in Deadwood

City---Nothing Encouraging to Induce Further Immigration to that Region.

(Special Correspondence.)

DEADWOOD, D. T., June 29th.—Some of our party are still here, some have gone to the Big Horn country, as this particular mining district is too small for so many people. Very few are coming into the Hills at this time. The miners are doing better than last year. Quartz mines are paying well. There are now about twenty quartz mills in running order, and in a few weeks the number will be increased to forty, as that many additional are being put up. Placer mining is going on in all the gulches on White and Deadwood creeks. The Indians have commenced raiding again in the foot hills. One young man was killed about six miles below Crook City last evening. The same gang made a raid on a rancho not far from there, but were handsomely repulsed. There are now between three and four hundred soldiers in Crook City, who came there yesterday to remain for a time, but they had hardly got into camp when an order came commanding them to proceed to Red Cloud Agency. I am afraid the Indians will give the Black Hillers trouble all Summer. The men are very careless, going off great distances unarmed and unprepared to encounter the red devils. The vigilants hung three horse thieves last week near Rapids City. When the last stage passed the scene of the execution the bodies were still hanging to the tree.

Deadwood is growing rapidly. Five saw mills are running night and day, and are unable to meet the demand for lumber, which sells readily at \$40 per thousand. Trains are coming in almost daily with all kinds of provisions, and soon we shall be overstocked. Flour is selling at ten dollars per hundred; bacon eighteen to twenty cents; hams 20 to 22; sugar 30 cents; coffee 50 cents. Hardware more than double the price charged in the States. Rents range from twenty-five to three hundred dollars per month. However, if the Big Horn excitement keeps up, rents will tumble and business here will get dull enough. Gambling is carried on at a fearful rate, and by parties, too, who, when they are at home are welcomed to the best society.

Many of our company are employed. Rufus Wilsey has a quartz lode, which he thinks is rich in silver ore. Tom Haight was here some weeks ago looking after quartz mines, but I think he went home. One thing is certain, there is not enough of mining district for all who come, and as for farming the country is not good. The nights are too cool—frost almost every night, especially in the gulches.

Our mail comes to us regularly every six days. At this time the Postoffice is of course crowded with a string of miners, numbering hundreds, who march along single file past the delivery to receive their letters, papers and little packages.

There are on sale in the Deadwood market at this writing fresh peaches and strawberries from California.

IRON-CLAD.

WATER CRIMPED LEAF

CREDITS

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

DAILY GATE CITY.

THURSDAY, MORNING, APRIL 13, 1876.

THE BLACK HILLS.

A Couple of Keokuk Pilgrims Enroute.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

YANKTON, Dakota, April 9. h, 1876.

DEAR GATE: On Wednesday, April 5th, two fine looking young men might have been seen going quietly to the C. B. & Q. depot—by way of the alleys and obscure streets—provided any one took enough interest in them to notice. One was of a deep bronze complexion, and wore a pair of blankets, suspended from an old army musket, but with a look of determination on his countenance that would strike terror to the heart of any red skin who might happen to show himself—between Main and Blondeau streets. The other a tall young man of about twenty summers (and thirty winters), of a rather "bluenette" complexion was his companion. He was enveloped in an old blue coat, and boots much the worse for wear, but even a stranger could see by the manner in which he "toted" his majestic form that he had seen better days. (The better days came in many moons ago, judging from his pensive looks.

The said couple left your city at 5 p. m. on the C. B. & Q. train, that prince of all conductors, Dave Blackburn, being in charge, and as a matter of course we arrived at the end of his run (Burlington) on time. At this point we shook the genial D. B. (by the hand), he wishing us all manner of good luck, with tears in his eyes.

We did not see much of Burlington but gas (lights) and tough doughnuts at twenty-five cents apiece—the doughnuts not the gas. We got the latter in abundance for nill.

At 8:30 p. m. we left Burlington on the B. & M. R. R. for Council Bluffs. I am extremely sorry that we had to pass through this portion of Iowa during the night, consequently can say nothing of the agricultural prospects of this section of our noble State, only that the stars shone brightly, and I have often observed that when the stars give out their silvery light at night, crops appear to flourish to a greater or less extent.

The pills. (beg pardon for a slip of the pen, I meant Pilgrims) arrived safe and sound at Council Bluffs on April 6, at 10:30 a. m., nearly four hundred miles from Keokuk. We waited in this place until 5:20, beguiling our time by eating peanuts. By

the way, this is a highly appreciated way of passing the time in this city, I should judge, from the number of shells deposited on the walks.

At 5:30 we took the N. W. R. R. for Missouri Junction 211, miles from Council Bluffs, where we arrived at 6:45, making close connection with the Sioux City & St. Paul Railroad.

From Missouri Junction to Sioux City the distance is 80 miles, but over this route I labored under the same disadvantage that I did on the B. & M., seeing nothing but coach lamps and stars.

However, at 10:30 here we are at Sioux City. We reclined our weary bones at the "Depot House," H. F. Jencks & Sons, proprietors, and all friends and acquaintances, if they take my advice will stop at this, not too highly to be recommended hotel.

After a good night's sleep and a good breakfast, we took a walk around the town. There are a great many fine business houses here. The dwellings, of which there are quite a number, are situated on the high ground east of the city. I noticed three that I considered fine specimens of architecture, mansard roofs slated, (built in style of Mr. B. Bowers' house.)

At 8:30 left Sioux City for Yankton, passing through some of the finest agricultural land that I have seen since leaving California. After crossing the Big Sioux River, which is the dividing line between Iowa and Dakota, I think the land, although equally rich, will require large sums of money expended on drainage (of course I only speak of the land that I could see from the cars). The bluffs appeared to be about seven to ten miles away to the east. To the west as far as the eye could reach nothing but prairie, with an occasional grove of cottonwood trees.

April 7 at 2:30 we were enjoying the hospitality of mine host Mr. Ross, of the St. Charles, a good hotel, good meals, good rooms, attentive servants, and a prince of landlords.

Now I suppose you would like to know all about the Black Hills. Please "excuse me, I don't know dot yust now." There is considerable excitement here, principally among those who can't get away; those who can go and say nothing. I understand from reliable sources that over 1,000 people have passed through and gone from Yankton since last February. Your very retiring friend leaves for Fort Pione, and from thence to Rapid City, on next Monday or Tuesday. Distance from Yankton to Fort Pione 220 miles—from Fort Pione to Rapid City (which is the *ne plus ultra* of the Black Hills mines,) 145 miles; from which place if your distinguished friend from Iowa should preserve his flowing locks from the "glittering scalping-knife of the friendly (?) Indian," I will endeavor to write you again.

FRANK.

CONSTITUTION - DEMOCRAT.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1890.

CALIFORNIAN NUGGETS.

In 1849 a nugget was found at Sullivan's creek, Tuolumne county, that weighed 28 pounds avoirdupois.

In the year 1837, at Pilot Hill, El Dorado county, a bowlder of gold quartz was found which yielded in gold \$8,000.

In 1854 a mass of gold weighing 260 ounces and valued at \$6,625 was found at Columbus, Tuolumne county.

It has been reported that a nugget weighing 266 ounces and valued at \$5,000 was found at Minnesota, Sierra county.

In 1850 a piece of gold quartz was found in French Ravine, Sierra county, which contained 264 ounces of gold, worth \$4,803.

A Mr. Virgin and others found a nugget on Gold Hill, Tuolumne county, which weighed 380 ounces and was valued at about \$6,500.

On Aug. 4, 1858, Ira A. Willard found on the west branch of Feather river a nugget weighing 54 pounds avoirdupois before and 49½ pounds after melting.

In 1876 J. D. Colgrove, of Dutch Flat, Placer county, found a white quartz bowlder in the Polar Star hydraulic mine which contained \$5,760 worth of gold.

In November, 1854, a mass of gold was found at Carson Hill, Calaveras county, which weighed 195 pounds troy. This is the largest piece of gold ever found in California.

In 1856, at French Ravine, Sierra county, a nugget was found which contained considerable quartz, but yielded \$10,000, while another was found at an earlier date, in 1851, the gold from which was valued at \$8,000.

A Mr. Strain found a large slab shaped gold quartz nugget near Knapp ranch, half a mile east of Columbia, Tuolumne county, which weighed 50 pounds avoirdupois. After crushing and melting the gold was valued at \$8,500.

The first nugget of any great importance, and which played a prominent part in the early history of California, was found by a young soldier of Stevenson's regiment in the Mokelumne river, while drinking from that stream. It weighed between 20 and 25 pounds.

It has been reported that a nugget of pure gold was found in the middle fork of the American river, two miles from Michigan Bluff, in the year 1864, which weighed 226 ounces, and was sold for \$4,204. Another account of this nugget states that the weight was 187 ounces.—Virginia Chronicle.

DAILY GATE CITY.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1875

TELEGRAPHIC

WASHINGTON.

The True Story Concerning
the Gold in the Black
Hills.

DAILY GATE CITY.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 11, 1875.

The Black Hills Commission.

RED CLOUD AGENCY, NEB., VIA CHEYENNE, Sept. 10.—Thus far the Commission has done nothing important, though meetings have been held every forenoon. Among the chiefs here are, Red Dog, Red Cloud, Little Wound, Man-That-is-Afraid-of-His-Horses, Conquered Bear, Black Bear, Red Leaf, Pawnee Killer, White Cow Killer, Yellow Hair, No Water, Roman Nose, Little Wolf, Turkey Leg, Calf Skin Shirt, Black Coal, Six Wings, Many-a-Bear, and Shirp. Rolland, the interpreter, says the Indians have been consulted daily. There is a great difference of opinion among them, the majority favoring the selling of the Black Hills country. Several tribes are not present. Red Cloud maintains a dignified absence from the council. Spotted Tail was here Saturday in good spirits. About fifteen thousand out of a total of twenty-five thousand will attend the council. Spotted Tail wants the council at his agency, but it will probably be held here. The Commissioners are anxious to close up the treaty, and men here are waiting the result of the conference, and will go into the hills, whatever that result may be.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, THURSDAY, JULY 26.

FROM THE HILLS.

John Stannus' Party--The "Tenderfoot" Go Home--Quartz Mills in Full Blast--Items of Interest from the Black Hills.

DEADWOOD, D. T., July 20th, '77.

EDITORS CONSTITUTION: I promised when I left Keokuk that I would write you a few lines from the Hills. Well, here some of us are. About 70 of us came to Deadwood and about one third have gone home. Some are doing well—some mining, others trading or working by days work. I think most of the "tenderfeet" have gone home. Well, we think we would rather be here than stand on the street corners waiting for something to "turn up."

This is rather too small a mining district for so many people that came here this spring. However, the quartz mills, over 25 in number, averaging 20 stamps each, are in full blast, running day and night, and Sundays; so they must be paying gulch claims.

On Deadwood and Whitewood are our claims. Well, most of the other streams are out of water where there is good pay.

Many are going to the Big Horn country. Expeditions are fitting out daily, but we have very little reliable news from that country, still they go.

Deadwood is overrun with provisions of all kinds, and in season come from the Atlantic and the Pacific. Stages are robbed daily;

some are robbed twice, but not much reward to the robbers. You will have all particulars ere this reaches you.

The redskins are on the war path all around the foot of the hills. They killed two men and one woman about 25 miles from here, traveling in an ox wagon. The woman was horribly mangled, and the men scalped and the oxen killed. Several men returned last evening from the Belle Fasch river after Indians who run off stock, but came back without a shot. Another train was attacked yesterday and was repulsed, with three Indians killed, near Crook City. All men who have ranches on the prairies have a hard time, and several have been killed; others lose stock since I came, as perhaps you have or will soon hear the particulars. I will only add that the Indians and stage robbers are in abundance in the hills. As there are no soldiers near here we will have to paddle our own canoes.

I find some of the Tenderfoots that come to the Hills and did not find gold laying around loose, came back to Keokuk and have been giving some of us away. Jo. Spaan has reported we never would get home. He never was in Deadwood, but I have no doubt he walked home and lived on corn, as he reported. August Kellmer is getting \$35 per week for playing in a band at Bella Union Theater, and will have a steady situation. Tom Spain, of Montrose, gets \$30 per week. Miners get from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day. Charley Jones has plenty of carpenter work at Crook, with his partner, Charley Schott. So you see there is a difference in men. Most of provisions are low. Flour, \$8 to \$10 per 100 lbs.; bacon, 13 to 15 cents; hams, 15 to 18; coffee, 35 to 40; sugar, 25 to 30. All kinds of produce is high.

Business is rather dull and won't be any better till we hear something reliable from the Big Horn. Game is rather scarce, except elk, which is plenty, and retails from 6 to 15 cents per pound.

R. Wilsey & Co. have a good quartz mine. They ask \$30,000 for their claim. There are seven in the company. I have no doubt they have a good thing. They call it the "Keokuk." Rufus has lots of energy and may make it pan out. Some quartz mines pay rather poor, while others pay well. In fact, the thing is spotted.

Quartz mills and saw mills are coming in daily. Lumber is down to \$25 per thousand.

I am sorry that the "tender foots" reported us in such a bad way. However, do as we do here. Don't believe anything you hear and only half you see.

Please excuse me for intruding on your columns. Send me the CONSTITUTION.

Truly yours, IRON CLAD.

P. S.—Since writing the above Rufus Wilsey came in with his assay certificate. His quartz shows \$35 per ton gold and silver of about equal parts. He has worked hard and I hope has a good thing. I. C.

WASHINGTON, August 19.—Prof. Janney, in a letter to the Indian Bureau, dated Black Hills, July 31, says he found gold in placer deposits on both Spring and Rapid Creeks, from their head waters to the point where they emerge from the hills, and more extended prospecting and exploration show that in localities in the valleys of these streams gravel bars, especially those of older formation and elevated above the present level of the streams, contain gold in quantities sufficient to yield a fair remuneration for labor, economically and skillfully applied, assisted by the proper tools and mechanical appliances, at least a moderate amount of capital. While valuable placer deposits, so far as discovered, are by no means rich or very extensive, compared with those of California, still there is enough of the precious metal to develop the country, and stock raising and agriculture will do the rest. In testing deposits on Spring Creek I worked out a particularly rich spot, where an old channel had been cut across by the present bed of the creek, and in ten hours work with a small sluice obtained five-sixths of an ounce, or about fifteen and a half dollars. On measuring the amount of gravel washed I found that the total yield was at the rate of \$4 per cubic yard, or about three cents to the pan, as an average for the whole thickness of the deposit. It was truly said of this region that there was gold in the very roots of the grass, but it is not the gold of the gravel bars or quartz ledge, not the gold of miners or the geologist, but in agriculture.

THE GATE CITY:

AUGUST 19, 1875.

TELEGRAPHIC

News from the Black Hills—
Glowing Accounts of the
Finding of Gold.

THE BLACK HILLS.

ST. PAUL, August 18.—The Pioneer Press special from Bismarck, Dakota, to-day, says advices from the Bismarck Black Hills party state that they arrived there in sixteen days from Bismarck. The Indians attacked them near Butte Cut, but no lives were lost. They report gold in large and paying quantities found in French and other gulches. Gold bearing quartz exists in large quantities. Hundreds of miners were pouring in. The miners were ordered by Gen. Crook to meet at the stockade in Custer's gulch, August 10th, to make laws for the regulation of claims-taking. The miners were then ordered to leave the Hills until a treaty was made with the Indians.

Great excitement exists, and all of the gold bearing lands yet discovered have been staked out and claimed. Fifteen miles of French's gulch have been taken, and large parties are at work on all the streams. A nugget was taken from Custer's gulch weighing eighteen dollars. From thirty to fifty dollars per day have been taken from this gulch. Prof. Jenney found a nugget weighing thirty-six dollars.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY—
R. J. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

THE CONSTITUTION.

By S. H. CLAGETT.

KEOKUK, MONDAY, JUNE 12, 1876.

GOLD PLENTY.

**But it Takes Wealth to Get It--
Letter From Black Hills--Six
Weeks Grub and \$5 in Money--
Rich Mines Recently Discover-
ed--Whereabouts of Our Keo-
kuk Boys--Other Items, Such as
a Coffee Pot Full of Gold, for In-
stance.**

RAPIDS CITY, D. T., May 22d, 1876.

We have been working our claim up to yesterday, but as it did not pay, we left it. I propose to jump this part of the country and go to Deadwood, forty miles west of this place. All of the miners are leaving this vicinity. There is gold here, but it will take plenty of wealth to get it. Here is about the way the old thing works in this section of the Black Hills: Eight of us were working a claim. We dug a water ditch nine hundred feet long and built a dam across the river. We dug up lots of earth, but all the gold we got could be stuck in the northwest corner of your eye. I shall try Deadwood, and if that don't pay, I will keep going until I do make a stake, if I have to go to the Big Horn.

There are rich mines on Deadwood and Whitewood. Miners at these camps are making from \$5 to \$25 per man a day. If I strike a pay streak like that, you can consider the old man fixed. The Indians are getting bad. Twenty-five or thirty men have been killed since we arrived here. I have seen them on the hills looking at us, but they did not come within the range of our rifles. Their game is to lie along the road, catch a man by himself and then go for him. Four of our drivers who were going back to Fort Pierie, were killed in this manner.

Jones and I have left Gillespie and Hawxhurst. Clay Gillespie started for home last week. Hope he has got through safe, but I have my doubts about his getting through with his hair on. John Stannus is here and leaves with us to-morrow. He and his party were working below us on the creek, and when we came by and gave the Indian yell, John pulled up and joined us.

I have walked about nine hundred miles since I came here, and packed fifty pounds on my back. I am getting to be a good pack mule. I have about six weeks grub, and five dollars in money left, but hope to strike something soon. Twenty-one of us are sleeping to-night in a house 20x19--room for more.

* * * * *

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KEOKUK CITY, May 25.

Since writing the last letter we have arrived at this place, being two days on the road. This creek is paying big--men are making from ten to fifty dollars per day. The miners have only been working their claims ten days. There are 5,000 of them here, and the creek is only about twenty miles long. I have seen a gallon and a half coffee-pot full of gold taken out by four men. Claims are selling for big money. The gold is all fine--no nuggets found as yet. The claims are all taken up here, so I leave to-morrow for a place ten miles over the mountains. Miners are working night and day here, as the water will soon play out. If I had a supply of miners' goods I could make a fortune here this summer. Flour is worth \$25 per hundred, bacon sixty cents a pound; freight from Yankton here is one dollar per hundred pounds; drinks are twenty-five cents, two-thirds water; lumber is \$60 per hundred feet. At present there are only about 300 men in the town proper, and only three houses up, but there are plenty being built. This is a fearfully healthy country. I haven't seen a sick man since I left home, and I never felt better in my life. I propose to come back home "well heeled," if I can. Jones is with me yet. He has gone to Deadwood, eight miles above here, and is coming back to-morrow. We left Frank at Rapids City. He has about two weeks supplies left. John Stannus is here.

GEORGE H. CORWIN.

THE CONSTITUTION.

By S. H. CLAGETT.

KEOKUK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1876.

Too Many "Injuns."

Clay Gillespie, who has been out in the Black Hills with eight other Keokuk boys, George Corwin, Frank Hawxhurst, and John Stannus, being of the number, returned last night.

In answer to our inquiry if there was gold in paying quantities out there, Clay said that some men on Rapid creek where he was, were making big strikes, while others were doing nothing. The redskins are as thick as the locusts were during the plague, and the boys in camp, nine miles from Rapid City, are between two fires--Indians all around them. Clay proposed coming home, but the other boys objected, for fear of being laughed at, and he started alone, running the gauntlet of the red devils, and coming out with his scalp on top of his head. He says there is not one man reported killed by Indians in the Yankton papers

where there are a hundred. The papers are afraid of stopping emigration by these reports. Clay brings along with him a little vial of gold dust, worth \$15 or \$20, which he says cost him a clean three hundred dollars in cash--fare to the Hills and back. He did not mine any. The gold he has, he obtained by washing out in pans, from deserted claims. He reports Stannus in Rapids City, waiting for a force to assemble which will be large enough to come through the Indian lines, when he will take the homeward track. Corwin in a letter received here yesterday, announces his intention of staying and seeing the thing through. Frank Hawxhurst says ditto to that.

DAILY GATE CITY

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 27, 1875.

THE BLACK HILLS.

**What General Sheridan Knows
About the Gold Prospects
There.**

CHICAGO, March 26.--Lieut. Gen. Sheridan has written the following highly interesting letter to Gen. Sherman, concerning the Black Hills country, as to what has been done and what the Government proposes to do in the matter. It concerns all who contemplate going to that region for gold:

CHICAGO, March 26.--GENERAL: In reply to your question, "What do you know of the Black Hills?" I respectfully submit the following remarks: My first knowledge of the Black Hills was derived from an interview with the late Father De Smet, a noted Catholic missionary, whom I met many years ago on the Columbia river in Oregon, from whom I heard the Indian romance of the mountain of gold in the Black Hills, and his explanation of that extraordinary and delusive story. To the Indians, frontiersmen and explorers the Black Hills country is much more extensive than that particular locality brought to the notice of the public by recent explorations of General Custer, and gets its name from the black, scrubby character of the timber which grows on the sides and tops of the mountains and hills. It comprises the whole country bounded on the east by longitude 102, on the south by Sweetwater and Laramie rivers, on the west by Big Horn and Wind rivers, and on the north by the Yellowstone river. This is really the country of the Black Hills.

There are several localities called Black Hills; for instance: Black Hills of Laramie, Black Hills of Powder River, and Black Hills of Cheyenne River; the latter being the locality in which Gen. Custer made his reconnoissance last Summer, and about which there is so much speculation at the present time, and within the bounds of which it is supposed, by a large number of people, is to be found Father De Smet's mountain of gold. Father De Smet's story was that while living with the Sioux Indians, he was shown by them nuggets of gold, which they informed him had been

obtained at different points in the Black Hills, supposed to be from the bed of the Big Horn, Rosebud and Powder rivers, and from branches of the Tongue river; and on his representing such yellow metals as of the greatest value, they told him they knew where there was a mountain of it. Subsequent investigation, however, proved that the Indian mountain of gold was nothing more than a formation of Yellow Mica, such as may be found in a number of places in the above described country.

I had scarcely given the story a thought after this until about three years ago, when I happened to be in New York and it was there brought to my recollection by a prominent gentleman, who asked where Father De Smet was to be found, and insisted that some one should be sent at once to get from him at once the secret of the gold mountain, which would pay the National debt. After I had informed him it was an old and exploded story, his ardor cooled, and excitement about the mountain of gold again subsided.

It so happened, however, that the Black Hills country was embraced in my military command, and two years ago it became apparent to me that a military post in the Black Hills of the Cheyenne would soon become necessary for the proper protection of settlements in Nebraska from the raids of the Sioux, who always, before they commenced depredating on the frontier, secured a safe place for their families and villages in the locality mentioned, believing these Indians would never make war on our settlements so long as we could threaten their families and villages in this remote locality, abounding in game and all that goes to make Indian life comfortable, and with this purely military object in view, an order was given for Custer's reconnoissance. Discovering particles of gold by alluvial washing near Harney's Peak, on the eastern slope of the Black Hills of Cheyenne; followed and brought to the surface Father De Smet's story for the third time. The Black Hills described by Gen. Custer are situated between the north and south forks of the river, one of which is known as the Belle Fourche and the other the South Fork; and, although I have the utmost confidence in the statement of General Custer and General Forsyth, of my staff, that gold was found near Harney's Peak, I may safely say there has not been any fair test yet made to determine its existence in large quantities. There is no territory in the West where gold does not exist, but in many of them the quantity is limited to color, which is as much as has yet been obtained near Harney's Peak. The geological specimens brought back by the Custer expedition are not favorable indications of the existence of gold in any great quantity. Still it may be there. But as the treaty of '69 duly ratified the deeds of this portion of the Black Hills to the Sioux Indians, there is no alternative but to keep out trespassers. But to go back to Father De Smet's information: There's not much doubt of the correctness of his statement that gold exists in large quantities in the Black Hills, but much further west than the Black Hills of the Cheyenne. I have seen nuggets from Big Horn and Tongue rivers, and many specimens from near Stambaugh, where mining has tailed from the hostilities by the Indians, and I have good reason to believe, in fact it is quite certain, that gold exists in the Owl creek mountains. And all these localities are, under the general meaning, in the Black Hills, and outside the

Sherman, Augur and Terry treaty of '69, except so far as the privilege to hunt game.

I purpose, if you do not object, to open up the Yellowstone river by sending Gen. Geo. A. Forsyth and Col. Grant of my staff up the Yellowstone to the mouth of Big Horn as soon as ice breaks. If Gen. Forsyth is successful I will send Gen. Custer with a command from Fort Lincoln across to the mouth of Powder river and on to the Big Horn. I feel quite confident of our ability to prevent the intended trespass on the rights of the Indians, and cavalry and infantry in the department of Dakota are being moved at the present time to the most available points to carry out my directions of Sept, 3d, last year.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN, Lt. Gen'l,
Commanding.

The Valley Whig.

KEOKUK:
MONDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1858.

A Letter of Inquiry.

We disobey an injunction contained in the following letter, by publishing it, but it is altogether too good to keep, and we look to the good humor of our correspondent for pardon:

LITCHFIELD, Ct., June 12, 1858.

MR. EDITOR—Dear Friend: I thought I would enquire of you about those gold diggings, seeing you editors are such an obliging set. Do you sartenly find gold out there. Now just be honest about it, Mr. Editor, do you think I could make a fortin if I went out there.

If you think so I will go out. now just write me a letter. dont put it into your paper for it might get around where I am known and if my gall finds it out She would kick up Sich a rumpus that I could not get away. It will be hard to go away and leave her any how. It almost makes me cry now to think of it. But darn her I might just as well be out there as here. She wears such tormented big hoops

just direct to
SAMUEL WILKINS,
Litchfield, Conn.

P. S. I suppose If I could not make money digging gold I could get a schule to keep at good wages. S. W.

P. S. S. just send me a paper and I will send you a Litchfield Enquirer one of the best papers printed in Litchfield. S. W.

P. S. S. S. Enclosed you will find a postage stamp. SAM. WILKINS.

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HIS JORY"
R. J. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

THE GATE CITY:

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1879

FINNERTY'S FIND.

Closing Up the Sale of the Big Mine at Leadville.

The payment for the big mine at Leadville, in which Finnerty, formerly of this county, had a half interest, was made at Chicago the other day. Of the transaction and the parties interested the *News*, of that city, says:

Patrick Finnerty, Richard and Patrick Dillon are the names of three gentlemen who may be classed among the few who have made independent fortunes in Leadville, Colorado. The first named came to this country ten years ago, penniless. The Dillon Brothers were too poor, six years ago, to pay their passage across the Atlantic, so they shipped as deck hands. After they landed they started to work their way across the continent, and finally pulled up at Leadville. They worked in the mines with varying success, but managed to remain as poor as when they left the old country.

Their lot was in no way different from that of thousands of other miners about them. They were shrewd, however, and persisted in their laborious efforts to "strike a lead." They staked out their claims in proper form, and secured themselves against all comers. Finally, fortune smiled on them. They discovered one of the best paying mines in Leadville. There were then four in partnership, but all too poor to work the mine to advantage. Finerty bought out the share of one of the partners, and he, with the Dillon brothers, continued to work the precious ore.

The Leadville excitement came on, and thousands flocked to the place either to work in the mines or to buy them for speculative purposes. Many offers were made to the partners to sell their claim, and finally concluded to do so. J. V. Farwell, of this city, offered them \$300,000 for their most valuable mine, and they accepted his bid. Last Saturday they came to Chicago to settle the transaction with Farwell, and after it was over dropped in at the Union National Bank and invested about \$150,000 in Government bonds. One of the partners signed his name with an "X."

Finerty, as his share of the proceeds of the sale, received \$150,000, and the Dillon brothers \$75,000 each—enough to secure any reasonable person in comfortable circumstances for the rest of his life. When they called at the bank they were dressed in the latest and most conspicuous style from top to toe. They did not, however, tarry longer than necessary in the city, but departed at once for Leadville on the evening train. It is said that they own a number of other very promising mines, each of which may be as valuable as the one Mr. Farwell bought.

Finnerty's Fortune.

Some errors occurred in our report yesterday morning of the good luck of Peter Finnerty, a former citizen of Lee county, out in Colorado. It is claimed by those who know him that he was not ignorant, as has been represented, but was a man of fair intelligence and got along well in business matters. He did not leave here in destitute circumstances but took with him about \$4,500, which he realized from his farm and other property sold. He invested this in mines and held to them. Although the claim which he sold was worth more than \$350,000 he did not sell it for that from any indifference as to its value but in order to get money to enable him to work two other leads that are better than this one. We make these corrections in justice to Mr. Finnerty and his friends here.

THE GATE CITY:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JAN. 8, '79.

A WINDFALL.

A Former Citizen of Lee County Strikes a Colorado Bonanza.

Four years ago Pete Finerty, an ignorant citizen, who could scarcely write his own name, concluded to leave Lee county and try his luck in Colorado. With great difficulty he gathered up enough money to take him to that State, and when he reached the silver mining sections was dead broke. For four years he eked out a scanty living and then his luck changed. By some hook or crook he secured a tract of land and one day recently woke up to learn that he was the possessor of a silver mine of exceeding richness. It was thrown on the Boston market and while it was valued at \$1,000,000, yet Finerty was content to take \$350,000, saying that if he had the \$1,000,000 he would not know what to do with it, but he thought he could use the amount received to great advantage on a sheep farm. Finerty will return to Lee county shortly, to visit his old friends.

THE GATE CITY:

THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 9, '79.

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THE GREAT DUST HELL CALLED HISTORY
R. T. BICKEL
GEORGETOWN, IOWA

THE GATE CITY:

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, '79.

SILVER CLIFF.

A Keokukian at One of the New Mining Camps of Colorado.

Snow Storm in the Mountains--The Supposed Deposits of Carbonated Silver and Lead--The Prospects of Silver Cliff.

(Special Correspondence Gate City.)

SILVER CLIFF, March 1st, 1879.—Saturday and snowing, my first experience in a snow storm among the mountains. On horseback this morning I visited the carbonate fields. On my return the storm commenced and the fall though light at first increased until all surrounding objects became obscured. At first the great, white clouds hung heavily between the base and summit of the range, showing snow capped peaks far above them, and the broad valley beneath. As the storm increased all became hidden from view. I felt the sublimity of the time and place, and for once in my experience of life's romances enjoyed a mountain snow storm. Not so, perhaps, the company of eighteen hardy prospectors, whose camp fire we could see last evening, seemingly on the summit of the snowy range, to-day far above the snow laden clouds.

Wet Mountain valley, through which Grape Creek courses from the southwest to the northeast, finding its source in the mountains and an outlet into the Arkansas one mile above Canon City, has in seasons past furnished fine grazing for large herds of cattle. Herders complain bitterly of carbonate hunters ruining their pastures, which they have undoubtedly done, by the numerous prospect shafts sunk all over the valley. The labor spent in securing claims, digging holes to meet assessments and rush for more territory is a great waste of time, labor and money, and occasions hundreds of disappointments and failures. Prospecting seems to me to be the most shiftless, unreliable of all vocations. There is a certain class of miners that are always making a great strike, but only one to the ninety-nine that ever realizes any money out of their strike—remainder still prospecting.

There are three classes of mines at or near this place. The Bassick mines produce gold, silver and other minerals. The Horn silver mines, that gave origin to this city, lying North and East of the city, are of peculiar interest owing to their bold projecting formations, and carrying rich pockets of silver. The formation is porphyry and manganese, penetrating solid marble walls that are quarried out the same as our lime stone. The stone is sorted as it comes from the mine to the dump—the first, second and third grades selected for milling and the

refuse thrown over the dump. These dumps, it is claimed, will pay to mill when it can be done by mills located here. Round Mountain, lying East of the city and only one mile to its summit, has some of the richest Horn silver mines. Hardscrabble District is located on it. One owned by a Mr. Robinson, called the Platta Verda, is opened and worked as one of our stone quarries, and worked by himself and four men. He has a forge and sharpens his own tools,—mining in a very crude way. He ships from \$500 to \$700 of ore per week. His price for the mine \$1,000,000.

The cliffs of porphyry, standing perpendicular for 25 feet, with their open silver faces to the south, have been passed for ages, by old miners as well as Tenderfoots to be proved as mineral prodigies, within a year, and now come the still more recent developments of supposed great deposit of carbonated silver and lead in the valley adjacent to the Horn silver mines. The valley from the foot hills to Grape Creek is from two to three miles wide, and for many miles in length has been prospected, staked off in claims and shafts sunk from ten to thirty feet in depth in search of carbonates. In all the vast number of such prospects but three claims or mines have obtained carbons in paying quantities as yet, and even they are not shipping sufficient quantities to pay running expenses; they are not over 30 feet deep. I said "supposed great deposit." The discoveries made lead to this supposition from the fact that as these mines descend the veins widen, so as to cover the bottom of the shaft, and assay richer in lead and silver and in some instances gold. If these veins, as they are called, (it is a mooted question as to whether they are fissure veins or not), lead to a general deposit underlying the valley, this camp, like Leadville, will astonish the world, but as yet the matter is in doubt, and until this doubt is dissipated it is useless for more prospecting by new arrivals. There are too many men here now for the money to be made at mining. Old miners can take care of themselves, but tender feet are at a loss to know what to do for a living. Many young men who never did a day's work at home have to dig with pick and shovel here; many do it from choice in prospecting, many more for bread. Capital invested in the mines depends entirely on the "undetermined deposit" for great profit or total loss. The future, and persistent labor, will determine which will win.

The weather has been very pleasant until to-day, for the past month. This camp is a model among mining camps, for good order. Aside from jumping leads or town lots, and a few cross words in settling titles, business is conducted as quietly as at Keokuk. There are, of course, numerous places where men, after their day's work is over, congregate, drink, smoke, dance, spend money, and talk "big strikes," natural to all mining towns. From 400 to 500 houses now stand on ground vacant six months ago, and more building every day, many of them for prospective occupancy, to remain vacant should the carbonate fields prove a failure. Should the "big strike," so much desired, show up soon, you will hear from me again. J.

THE GATE CITY:

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 7, 1879.

CANON CITY.

An Iowan Among the Mountains and Mines of Colorado.

Canon City as a Health Resort--The Rush for Silver Cliff and Leadville--Advice to Adventurers.

(Special Correspondence Gate City.)

CANON CITY, Col., Feb. 28, 1879.—

You have seen great crowds rushing, at the alarm of fire, without knowing exactly where the fire was located. So thousands are rushing to Colorado in quest of fortune, with very confused notions as to how or where they are going to make their fortune. Some will soon weary in the search and return to the States; others, more plucky, will remain awhile, grow home-sick at last, and return; others will become permanent citizens, and a few will make fortunes. Such, in brief, is the history of all mining camps and countries.

Following a long cherished impulse to visit this wonderful region and see for myself, I left Iowa for Leadville, but arriving here, I was so captivated by its genial climate that I have now lingered a week among its magnificent scenery, drinking and basking in its sparkling mineral waters, the best in the west, and feel loth to proceed to the higher and less genial altitudes of the mountains. This city, situated on a vast plateau near the mouth of the Grand Canon of the Arkansas, with its mild temperature, now only a little below 70°, its splendid scenery, in easy reach of the grandest mountain views on the continent, its mineral wonders, &c., is a veritable "Fountain of Youth," where sick and debilitated are restored, and where existence itself is a sort of an electric dream. I am constantly surprised, on interviewing residents, to learn that nearly all originally came here for health, and finding it, settled down into business, unwilling to risk a return to their old but less wholesome homes. I think fully two-thirds of the population of about fifteen hundred, are of the class mentioned, and I am ready to rejoice with them in their recovered health, for I know what it means to be, or to have been an invalid, and what restoration to health implies. Hence, I have taken honest pains to acquaint myself with the advantages of this place as a health resort, and am ready to commend it to all suffering with incipient pulmonary, throat, asthmatic or dyspeptic ailments, as all that is claimed for it, and as, I am sure, the best sanitarium in Colorado. The hundreds of living witnesses (as the patent medicine men say,) now healthy and active business men

here attest its benefits. But while all I have said is true, I cannot recommend patients to come here who are far-gone in disease. A large number of invalids are now sojourning here, some living in tents while others find comfortable boarding places at from \$6 per week upward, according to the accommodations desired. There is an elegant bathing house at the mouth of the Grand Cañon, using the water of the hot springs, the temperature of which is 104 degrees, while near to these are two other mineral springs, bubbling from the foot of the mountain, and from which hundreds drink almost daily. These waters contain chloride sodium, sulphate soda, carbonate soda, carbonate lime, carbonate magnesia, and traces of iron and lithia, and, with the baths, are efficacious in rheumatism, cutaneous diseases, catarrh, liver and other such afflictions. As for the climate, as a High School girl would say, "it is perfectly splendid."

Hundreds of tourists annually make this place headquarters while visting the great canons and other wonders in easy reach of the city. At a small expense you can run out from here to Grand Cañon, see its walls two thousand feet high, Grape Creek and Temple Canons, Marble Cave, Talbott Hill, with its mammoth bones of animals that roamed among those rock-ribbed hills several millions of years ago, and no end of other scenes. If you are of a speculative disposition you can run out to the coal banks, the greatest in the State, ten miles distant, or to the vast iron fields, or go over to Silver Cliff, thirty miles, or to Leadville, one hundred and twenty miles, and invest in a silver bank and make your everlasting fortune. The Arkansas at this place has a fall of 63 feet to the mile, and would furnish limitless power for manufactories which, it is astonishing, have not been built here, considering that fuel, iron and precious ores are so convenient. There is one reduction works here now employing a capital of \$50,000, and I presume there will be more when the railroads, now in process of construction, are completed to Leadville, the Cliff and other mining camps, as the ore can be brought here at much less cost than would require to haul the coal up the steep grades to the camps.

At Silver Cliff two thousand claims have been taken—several developed, paying very well, and there are four hundred houses where less than six months ago there were only four or five. The celebrated Bassick gold mine is located near the Cliff, and is paying about \$70,000 per month, and would sell for a million, but its owner, who was a poor fellow eighteen months ago, asks two million for it. That is more than Burdette asks for "The Rise and Fall of the Moustache." The fare from here to the Cliff, by stage, is \$7 for the round trip, and the interest is pretty equally divided between that point and Leadville. For men of limited means, the Cliff offers the best chances, so far as mining property is concerned, and it will be booming like Leadville before long. The fare to Leadville from here, 120 miles, is \$14, the trip taking two days made out by daylight. The passenger can take fifty pounds of luggage, but they will not carry trunks, which must be sent forward by freight wagons. Those who can avoid it should not carry trunks, as they prove only a nuisance and an ex-

pense in this hilly country. About 500 went in and about 150 out of Leadville last week. The population there is perhaps 12,000, including 200 saloons, about 40 dance houses and 3,000 or 4,000 miners, who receive from \$3 to \$4 per day. Wood choppers are in demand at \$5 per day, many, however, being unable to stand work in the snow, and wages may drop when warm weather opens. Those who go now, should be very rugged men, able to stand the hardest kind of "roughing," delicate or weak-lunged people having no business there till warmer weather, if then. Those who are able to secure warm, dry lodging, dress warmly, are not sickly, and who let liquor alone, need not be afraid to go there; but owing to the snow, building has been retarded and it is difficult to obtain good lodging. However, I am very reliably informed that most of the sickness there is among those who are intemperate and who expose themselves. Anyone going should take two blankets along, and plenty of warm underwear, and should leave his flask in Mt. Pleasant or Keokuk to put medicine in! Leadville is near the top of the range, over 9,000 feet above sea level, and the precious mineral lies flat like a coal region. They are running nine smelting furnaces—and milk is one dollar per gallon, water five cents a bucketful. Coaches gallop out of Cañon every morning, both for the Cliff and Leadville, usually filled with people, while comparatively few have yet returned. It would be a good thing for all who are bound to go to the mines at this season to stop over here a few days, run over to Silver Cliff and become somewhat acclimated before rushing up into the higher altitudes. I will tell you more about the big elephants after a nearer personal inspection. BOULDER.

THE WEEKLY GATE CITY.

HOWELL & CLARK, Publishers.

APRIL 7, 1881.

COLORADO CORRESPONDENCE.

Leadville on the Decline in a Sinful and Growing Way—New Towns and Their Prospects.

[Special Correspondence Gate City.]

LEADVILLE, Colorado, March 21, 1881. —"The king is dead!" "Long live the king!" has resounded throughout the world times without number during the past ages. The dying sovereign can almost hear the acclamation that usher in his successor—so soon are they uttered. There are those who think that Leadville's reign as the king city is ended and with unloyal hearts are ready to hail with delight its successor.

Our average western men long for excitement; they live and glory in it, without it they become dissatisfied and restless. Leadville has seen its gayest days. It has come slowly forth from its reign of riot and boisterous days and nights and settled down on a basis that struck a death blow. In our naughty Chestnut and State streets that were wont to swell and teem with the

sinfulness that brings the most woe upon earth. Harrison avenue is a thoroughfare that would not put the Quaker City to shame. There are no more riots or lynching "bees," and we do not average a murder a month. All this is unsatisfactory to a large class of people. Many are leaving the city and hills that was once their pride and proclaiming that its days are numbered. It is not so. I do not think that Leadville was ever on a firmer foundation than that on which it rests to-day. No character of the city has changed. It is no longer a scene of constant bustle and activity in all circles. It has been purged from its worst element and bunko steerers find few victims on which to practice their wiles. There is now but one dance hall in the city and the miserable creatures who form its chief attraction are looking for greener fields to depart to.

Leadville is not likely to have any great "boom" this season. There will evidently be a general revival in business and the mines and smelters will probably produce their usual output of ore and bullion. This will enable the town to at least hold its own, neither advancing or degenerating. The city is not dead or dying, as is supposed by many who have the mining or speculative fever. Money making opportunities are rare and no one should deceive themselves with the idea that money invested here will yield an immense profit. We have had a long, hard winter. The "oldest inhabitant" told me last week that this is the worst winter he ever saw. The same "oldest inhabitant" will swear to-day that four years ago he saw snow twenty-six feet deep right where the court house now stands. I have no confidence in the oldest inhabitant or the ordinary miner. Personal observation and experience have taught me that they are very careless in their conversation—not willfully prevaricating, but talking at random through mere habit. Life in the west does not tend toward a careful observance of the truth in all its purity.

But everything indicates a highly prosperous year for the centennial state. I have spent a week in twenty-one different mining camps since last October and in all of them there was evidence of a coming year of great prosperity. The mountain ranges are covered with prospectors even now and new camps are springing up in all the gulches. The newest and liveliest towns are Bonanza, Exchequer and Sedgwick, on Kirber creek in Saguache county, about 100 miles from Leadville. I spent last week in this district and saw a revival of what Leadville was in its palmiest days. On new years day the town of Bonanza consisted of two houses and one tent. Last week it registered over 600 voters for the city election and contains over 400 houses—all this from the unearthing of a half-dozen silver mines. The whole district is now alive with people. Town lots are worth \$1,500 and slab houses of one room rent for \$60 per month. People sleep on saloon floors and live on a cracker a day and are thankful and happy because of the fact that they are where the "boom" is. I warn all pilgrims to this country against allowing themselves to be carried away by the general excitement that characterizes a new mining town. Men have carelessly invested fortunes here in the first ten days after their arrival and then had long years to repent in poverty

April 7, 1881-1881
(Colorado Correspondence)

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

April 7, 1881-1882
(Colorado Correspondence)

their folly. Sentimentalists indulge in long and gushing rhapsodies over the "honest-hearted, noble, but rough and uncouth miner," who possess all those lovely attributes that entitle him to the homage of all true hearts. And yet this same guileless miner will sell you a mere prospect hole for \$10,000 if he can, swearing all the time, by the nine gods, that there are in the "claim" veins of chlorides and carbonates mill running 1,200 ounces per ton. There are more men in mining camps trying to make a living without wasting any of the "sweat of their brow," than in any other towns I ever visited. The "rough and uncouth appearance" often arises from honest toil, but is often the result of sheer neglect of soap and water. I have spent a year among miners and have found many good, honest fellows earnestly endeavoring to secure honestly a living for the wife and little ones at home, but I know, too, that dance halls and gambling saloons derive much of their patronage from miners who have wives and children struggling along in want and neglect.

The revelry and wickedness that abounds in mining camps seems to have a peculiar fascination for young men—many of them owe to it the failure of their first undertaking in business—young men from the east, away from home for the first time, are affected often in a dangerous way by the new influences by which they are surrounded in our rushing, mining towns. They are not willing to go quietly and steadily along in a rather slow but sure road to success. They begin too restlessly, too ambitiously. They hear of lucky individuals who make fortunes in a single day and are dissatisfied because of their own plodding ways. "Make haste slowly," young man, if you come west. You will even then secure a competence sooner than you can in the crowded east.

This letter was commenced in Leadville, but is being completed in the new but very lively town of Clayton, which lies in a very narrow, very pretty valley at the base of the Saguache mountains from the summits of which you can see the beautiful San Luis valley a few miles below you, while the peaks of the Uncompaghe range are plainly revealed one hundred miles in the distance. The top of a mountain range ever presents scenes of magnificence and grandeur that call forth exclamations of wonder and delight; and when seen "all in the wild March morning," new beauty and grandeur is added to the lofty peaks, the ragged pines and granite boulders. The "toughest and roughest" mountaineer is not insensible to the glories of the scene. It is a magnificent but dreary splendor. It is Sunday afternoon, and a line of stages have just come rattling down the rocky mountain side, each Jehu a veritable son of Nimshi—driving furiously. There is a fringe of youthful legs dangling from every stage boot, the entire juvenile population having turned out to meet the coaches and "git a ride." The mail has come. Last week the town was countrified in its way, and the mail was dumped into a little pine box that, we are told by the label, once held two dozen bottles of "Perry Davis' Pain Killer," that have gone out on their mission of curing bodily aches and pains. Now each man "helps himself" to the letters, if there

are any for him, and oftentimes troubled hearts and weary minds find peace and rest from the contents of the soiled, awkwardly addressed yellow envelopes. The town has attained a greater degree of importance and there is less freedom in the distribution of the mail the boys all having to ask for their letters. They have a postmistress here—a little gray haired lady with a heart full of kindly sympathy for every disappointed one who fails to receive the expected letter.

"There's none for you to-night, John," she says to a man who has walked four miles from his claim to get a letter—"But I'm sure there'll be one to-morrow night. The mail was very light to-day."

"I do feel so sorry for the boys sometimes," she said to me when the little room was deserted. "I look jess as carefully an' some times handle all the letters twice because it really hurts me to say there is nothing for some of the boys."

Miners as a rule are not much given to despondency. They find modes and possibilities of enjoyment in cheerless, dirty cabins on dreary mountain tops. They are careless and usually happy souls. Many of them have no homes and are glad of the chance and change that play havoc with their settled affairs.

The Keokuk parties interested in mining-property in Colorado are likely to realize something great from their claims. Mr. S. K. Hornish has very promising lodes near Kokomo. Harry Bostwick's "Livingstone" lode near Alpine was "showing up" remarkably well last October. Silver Cliff has met with some reverses and is not recorded with high favor as a mining district. The Keokuk parties interested there secured their property in the first days of the city's growth and have good claims. Fortunes in mines are often made through as much trial and tribulation as attend the merchant or manufacturer. One has to endure a kind of "roughing it" that loses its charm after the first twenty-four hours. Sleeping on pine-boughs covered with dusty blankets and buffalo robes, eating miserably cooked and dirty food, doing your own washing and ironing, exiling yourselves from friends and home comforts. Through such a "sad variety of woe" as this is one led to fortune in a mining-camp.

Some men cling tenaciously to home comforts if there is any possibility of securing them. Harry Bostwick's cabin is what the boys in Alpine call a "way up" place. It is a veritable "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," to the travel worn pilgrim who was wont to journey into Alpine on a stage coach. The house is low and long, built of logs cut on the mountain side, whose base reaches to the cabin door. The floor is partly covered with a homely rag carpet that some Missouri grandmother took "solid comfort" in making but the softest, brightest Wilton velvet could not lend a more cheerful air to the room than the plain rag carpet with its "twisted stripes" and logwood colored "chain." A part of the log walls are hidden by what is known to country housewives as "onbleached muslin." There is a comfortable couch rendered gorgeous by an Afghan of manifold and brilliant colors evidently made in Keokuk. In one end of the room there is a great open fireplace filled with pine logs that send forth the brightness and

"genial glow" that the most elegant "base burner" could not give. Above the fireplace on the rough log walls are photographs of many Keokuk faces. If the pictured eyes could be imbued with sight they would open wide to find themselves amid surroundings so different from all they had been accustomed to. In this house there is a piano that once graced a Keokuk parlor. Some of the neighbors "dropped in" to spend the evening. A young German musician of remarkable talent made the piano sound its sweetest notes. Harry Bridgeman sang German melodies that caused Charlie Seidlitz to remember "the girl he left behind him." There would not have been so much merriment if we had known that in so short a time one of the gayest of the party, George Crane, would be among those who are at their death "made perfect in holiness."

J. L. HARBOUR.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1881

A BIG BONANZA.

THE RICHEST MINE IN THE WORLD LOCATED NEAR LEADVILLE BY A KEOKUK MAN.

Millions in Sight and Unknown Millions Beyond.

A Regular Production of \$100,000 per Day and the Ore Valued at \$12,000 per Ton.

Keokuk is just now wrapped up in mining speculations in the West, and thousands and tens of thousands of dollars have gone out from our enterprising booming city, either in the hands of our wealthiest citizens seeking investment in mines already in operation, or in the hands of agents for the purpose of prospecting for new and rich leads. The fever has struck us, and struck us bad. Like in any business, where speculation is the basis of gain, losses may be readily anticipated. Thus far our citizens have escaped very fortunately. Gains and big bonanzas even, are among the possibilities of investments in mining property, and the startling information reached our ears yesterday that a Keokuk man, who had left here three or four years ago, had, after hard toil and months of weary anxiety, succeeded in locating a mine just outside the limits of the liveliest mining camp in Colorado—Leadville.

When he left here he was considered a poor man—had barely enough to take him to where fate or some inward feeling prompted him that a great fortune awaited him. He was urged by his friends not to go. Mining was a too hazardous undertaking and an early grave a natural consequence. He heeded not their supplications, but following the promptings of his own conscience, fully equipped he bid farewell to his old home and started for the far West. The trip was a tough one, and oftentimes he became faint-hearted, but nerved by a strong determination and an iron will he plodded on. To enumerate his hardships in camps, his failures in prospecting and his troubles

would fill volumes. Suffice it to say that he had faith in the country from the start and at last he struck a fat lead, and to-day the mine is considered the richest, not only about Leadville, but in the world. \$118,500 was produced in seventeen hours after a regular production of \$10,000 a day. The ore was tested and panned out \$12,000 to the ton. He was at once offered \$200,000 for the mine. This was flatly refused, but was confronted at once with an offer of \$500,000. This proposition also was rejected. After much parleying and consideration, however, he was handed \$500,000 in cash for a half interest, and this was accepted. Since then \$2,000,000 have been taken out and untold millions yet remain buried beneath the surface.

Our readers may be anxious to know who the lucky individual was who so suddenly rose from an ordinary pecuniary position to that of affluence and unbounded wealth. The gentleman is home once more, and it was from the gentleman himself that we gained the above information. As we were about to leave him, however, he continued: "And there is no telling how rich I would have become had it not been for the following incident: I was walking out one afternoon viewing my rich possessions. I was standing under a high steep ledge when, all of a sudden, a massive rock fell on my head—and I woke up. You see it was all a dream which I had last night, and the waking is all that so suddenly changed me from a millionaire to what I am now. Why couldn't I have slept forever?"

So endeth the first favorable report from Keokuk's speculations in Leadville mining. Let us quietly await returns from our capitalists who are now out there.

The property is looked upon as being very valuable and the parties that have interested themselves may safely look for large yields from their investment. Over ten million cubic yards of paying dirt has been taken out already, bearing 20 cents to \$16 of gold per cubic yard.

The Keokuk mining company comprises quite a number of our best citizens and business men. The mine was prospected some three years ago, and it has always been predicted that it would yield large returns. The officers of the company are: President, S. Pollock; Secretary, John W. Hobbs; Treasurer, S. P. Pond.

The articles of incorporation of the company have been made out and will be filed in a couple of weeks. The stock subscribed is \$300,000, all of which is taken, with the exception of about \$50,000.

The property purchased by the company is located about two hundred miles off the railroad, but in a very rich section of country, which will of itself be an inducement for railroad facilities in that section before a very great while. The company expect to open out in the spring, and will run about eight or nine months in the year. The main point to be attained is in securing a full supply of water and the company are confident that it can be obtained in large and sufficient quantities from the San Miguel river. The company will push the enterprise forward with the utmost zeal, sparing neither time or money, having full confidence in their investment. They hope to get some returns by the coming fall. Mr. Green will return in the spring to look after the company's interests.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1875

OUR MINING INTERESTS.

RETURN OF MR. GREEN WITH THE MOST FLATTERING REPORTS.

Something Regarding the Steps Taken by the Keokuk Mining Company.

Lewis Green, the gentleman who was sent out by the Keokuk Mining company about four weeks ago to finish up the preliminaries regarding the purchase of a valuable piece of mining property in Colorado, returned this morning, bring most flattering reports concerning present and future prospects. The property is known as the Kansas City and Old Channel claims; is located on the San Miguel river in the San Juan country and not far distant from the Uncompahgre agency and the town of Ouray. The mine is worked from the surface, being a natural bar in the old river bed.

Mr. Green has been out in that section of country for the past two years off, and on, and on his present trip made the first payment of \$9,000 of the \$30,000 for which the mine was purchased. He reports considerable opposition in buying, for after the papers were made out a bid of \$36,000 was put in by other parties anxious to secure the property.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

THE EVENING PRESS.

515 MAIN STREET.

THE EVENING PRESS COMPANY,

HELPED DIG THEM OUT.

APR. 20 1898

Keokuk Klondykers Assist in Rescuing the Wounded in the Snow Slide on Chilcoot Pass.

A letter was received today from ex-Alderman C. L. Dietz, dated Sheep Camp, April 3, the day of the terrible snow slide on the Chilcoot pass, in which nearly 100 lives were sacrificed. The Keokuk party evidently saw the terrible calamity, indeed, for a time it was feared that some of them might have been caught in the avalanche, but today's letter indicates that they were safe. Mr. Dietz, in referring to the snow slide, says it occurred just two miles beyond where his party had camped. At the time he wrote, the estimate was that 75 men and women were buried under the snow, half of them being dead. Dietz writes that he had just returned from helping dig out the dead and dying, and that there were 3,000 men engaged in a similar occupation. The weather had been bad for two days previous, a heavy snow having fallen. The party intended to try and get over the summit the following week, and they had already taken their outfits close to where the slide occurred. They had

worked one week taking their goods three miles, the weather being indescribable, but they were then within two miles of the top of Chilcoot pass. Mr. Dietz says: "Tell our friends we did not get caught in the snow slide. We will get our mail at Dyea for 30 days from date. Tell Frank it's hard sledding when you have to take a load of 200 pounds up a hill like that above the saw mill. Tell Watts and Foss we're all right."

THE EVENING PRESS.

JULY 26, 1898.

THE EVENING PRESS COMPANY,

DIETZ AND FOX AT DAWSON.

Letters From Alaskan Gold Seekers Received Today by Their Wives-- Idle Men are Plenty.

The minds of the friends and relatives of Mr. Fox and Mr. Deitz who left Keokuk some time ago for the Klondyke, were greatly relieved this morning by a most welcome letter received by Mrs. Fox from her husband. A false rumor was current some time ago to the effect that both these gentlemen had been killed by Indians while sailing down the Yukon river. Their party has now arrived safely at Dawson City and are at present pros-

pecting for gold on Bonanza creek and Indian river. Dawson City will probably be their outfitting point for the winter.

Today Mrs. C. L. Dietz received two letters from her husband, ex-Alderman C. L. Dietz, at Dawson City. A representative of The Press called at Mrs. Dietz's house this afternoon and received permission to publish extracts from the letter. They are as follows, only so much as is of general interest to the public being given:

Dawson City, June 21.

We start out prospecting today and will know something about the country soon. Dawson is a busy town, lots of people starting for the hills today. Some are selling out and going back. I think we will stay here awhile. I got acquainted with some mine owners and they say this is the only country in the world to live in. Everybody is honest here. We let our things lie any where and they are all right.

Dawson City, June 27.

This is the wet season here. It rains often. It is low, muddy ground and not very healthy. It is daylight all the time, never gets dark at all. I have been out in the mines, but got no chance to make any money. This place is not what it is supposed to be. There are lots of idle men here. I may come out this fall. I have not struck anything yet.

THE EVENING PRESS.

JULY 26, 1898.

THE EVENING PRESS COMPANY,

NOT AN OUNCE OF GOLD.

Three Klondyke Gold Hunters Return From the Klondyke and Talk About Experiences.

Three of the gold hunters from Keokuk returned at 2:40 this morning from the Klondyke and are now looking for the men who said there were fortunes to be secured there and riches untold to be secured by the mere hunting. J. H. Woodbury, L. A. Larson and O. E. Youngreen returned on the early morning train and were busy today telling their friends what they thought of the Klondyke. Mr. Youngreen was interviewed this morning by a Press representative and said:

"We three, Woodbury, Larson and myself returned this morning, after an unsuccessful hunt for gold in the region of the Copper river in the Klondyke country. We left Keokuk on the evening of February 10th, making the trip to Seattle by rail, stopping a short time at Lincoln, Bellings and other cities. We arrived at Seattle on the 14th of February and took a schooner from there to Port Valdes. From there we journeyed to the Copper river regions where we had heard that gold

was very abundant. We arrived there about June 10th and remained two or three weeks.

"I can prove to you that there never was an ounce of gold taken from that country. We didn't get anything, we didn't see anything that looked like gold all the time we were there. We worked hard and we worked well, but there is no gold to get and I can prove that there never was an ounce taken from that region. Lots of miners and gold hunters went up to the head waters of the Copper river and prospected there. They met the same luck that we did. They didn't get anything, we didn't get anything, no person gets any gold out there.

"There are lots of people there, but they are coming back as rapidly as possible and no one now is going into the fields or country. Eleven were in the party that came back with us to Port Valdes and there were 160 on the steamer returning to Seattle. Our party of eleven were all roped together as it is extremely dangerous crossing the glacier. Many people are in the so-called gold fields now who want to come back, but can't cross the ice glacier, it is so dangerous. We were roped together so if we slipped or fell the weight of the other men in the party would bear us up and we would not be dashed down the crevasses. We fell in often but always escaped, thanks to our being roped together. There are crevasses there along the pass from two to six feet wide and they seem to have no bottom. You can drop a stone down them, but you can't hear it touch bottom.

"Parties are leaving the Copper river district as rapidly as possible, coming out in groups of ten, twelve and even in threes and fours. We were fortunate enough to sell our packs and outfits before we started back. Of course, you can't bring anything with you over the pass, all we brought back were our blankets. Some of the men are so anxious to return that they abandon their outfits, making no efforts to save them. The high prices have completely collapsed because every one is so anxious to return that they will almost give away their outfits and provisions. Flour was only a dollar a sack when we left.

"I have no fault to find with the country. It is all right. We went there expecting hard work and we were not disappointed. But as to gold there is none. All these reports originate with the various transportation companies and Seattle merchants. It is a great boom for them, they are in it to make money and they are doing it fast. All these stories of big finds originate with them. It is one great big boom and fraud.

"We made the trip from Seattle to Keokuk by a number of railroads, taking the Oregon Short Line to Ogden, Utah; the Rio Grande & Western to Denver, Colo.; the Burlington route to Quincy and then home to Keokuk. I have had all the gold hunting I want and will try some other country if I ever go away again. Woodbury and

Larson live here in town, but I live in the country. I think we will all stay here for some time to come."

THE EVENING PRESS.

MAY 25, 1898.

THE EVENING PRESS COMPANY.
LETTER FROM ALASKA.

Experiences of the Woodbury-Hanson Party of Gold Seekers.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hanson, of 1804 Exchange street have received the following interesting letter from their son E. C. Hanson:

Alaska, April 22, 1898.—Dear parents. —While Jim is getting breakfast ready, I will try to tell you some of the most interesting news. We are on the lake, about 25 miles from the top of the glacier which makes about 50 miles from where we started. The glacier is, from summit to beach, nearly 22 miles. We start in the morning with a load of 250 pounds and take it about five miles, then go home for dinner and afterwards take another load and when we have moved all, we walk to the camp, a distance of five miles; that's the way we have to move. It takes "lots" of time and hard work. Two hundred and fifty pounds is a heavy load for one and very tiresome, but we have gotten used to it now.

The valley is filled with ice, almost one mile high and some places it is steeper than at Bluff Park. We have to haul all our wood and keep it right with us and we melt snow for water.

We dig down in the snow four or five feet and pitch our tent and make the bed on our sleds. The weather has been fine, the coldest days it hasn't been below zero. We don't have much use for our mittens, for we have not used them yet.

Sunday we had a "banquet," on account of getting off the glacier. We had soup, beans, rice pudding, pie, coffee, bread and ice in bulk.

The weather down in the valley is anything one could expect. The only trouble is with the snow it is so white that we have all been troubled with our eyes. It feels like they are full of sand and burn so awfully.

Our health has never been finer, have not even had a bad cold. We have to be careful to keep our feet dry, because the wet snow goes right through our rubbers, but we change as soon as we get to camp. I think it will take us a month yet to get on the Copper River. I don't think there are over 400 ahead of us but there must be 4,000 coming. The trail is black for miles; if you step to one side you lose your turn. Every one is tugging away at a sled, some with a ton apiece, it looks like a set of crazy people to see them.

We figured it over last night to see how many miles we had to travel to make 36 miles and it was 260, so you see there is lots of walking to do. Saturday I walked 28 miles, it don't

seem so long, but we can feel it in the evening. Here is some of the prices on goods: Beans, 20c per pound; bacon, 35c per pound; coffee, 50c per pound; flour, \$20 per barrel. Everything else in proportion. Some time you can catch a fellow that is selling out and get things very reasonable, but there are so many looking for goods that if you aren't there just at the time you won't be "in it."

We have seen no wild game yet, only crows and they are as large as an ordinary turkey. I guess we will have a stew on them some day. We will get game farther along; maybe by the next time I write I can tell you of some escape from bears and moose.

The valley is a lovely place, high ruts on both sides and bits of timber and a fine stream of water down the center, the finest you ever saw. Cold? Oh, No! and as clear as a looking glass. Gold is found in small quantities in this stream, but not enough to pay. I guess we will get some on the other river all right, anyway our hopes and plans are greater than ever. If every one gets disappointed there will be a good many. Breakfast is ready now, Jim makes a good cook.

Give my regards to all inquiring friends and tell them all is well.

Send the letters to James Woodbury, Port Valdes, Alaska. We do this on account of the cost of mail. It costs \$1 a man and so we have them all come to him. Closing with love to all and waiting for a long letter to learn the news. I am your loving son,
A. C. HANSON.

THE GATE CITY:
FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 6.

BLACK HILLS OR BUST.

This Item Tells You What Route to Take, if You are not Already "Busted."

And if the Pets Raise Your Hair You Can Fall Back on the Government for Damages—Perhaps.

CHICAGO, April 5.—The War Department, with the approval of the Secretary of War, issues a circular announcing for the information of all concerned the following routes connecting the Missouri River with the Black Hills, in accordance with the late treaty with the Sioux Indians: Route No. 1, beginning at Bismarck, Dakota, the present western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, will cross the 103d meridian of longitude, the western boundary of the Sioux reservation on the shortest and most practicable route to Deadwood City. Route No. 2, beginning at a point on the right bank of the Missouri river known as Fort Pierre, or at some point not over eighteen miles north of that place, will cross the 103d meridian on the shortest and most practicable route

to Deadwood City. Route No. 3, beginning at the Yankton Crossing of the Missouri River and thence up the south bank of the Niobrara to its crossing opposite the Keya-Paha river, thence up the latter stream near the sources of Porcupine Creek, whence it will cross the 108d meridian on the shortest and most practicable route to Custer City. All people who establish themselves at stations along these lines are notified that such establishing will not carry with it any proprietary right to the land which will be subject to the conditions which may be imposed by the Secretary of War. The western boundary of the Sioux reservation, as fixed by the recent treaty, is as follows: Commencing at the intersection of the 108d meridian, longitude, with the northern boundary of Nebraska, thence to its intersection with the south fork of the Cheyenne river, thence down said stream to its junction with the north fork (Belle Fourche), thence up that fork to the 108d meridian to the south branch of Cannon Ball or Cedar Creek.

BE WARY OF THE REDS, HOWEVER.

DEADWOOD, D. T., April 5.—Crazy Horse and fifteen hundred warriors encamped north of Bear Butte Creek last night, on their way to Spotted Tail Agency. They are in a destitute condition and anxious for peace. They state that Sitting Bull will accept no terms of surrender, and is making for the British possessions.

THE GATE CITY:
SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 31.

For the Black Hills!

The undersigned having spent six months in the Black Hills, near Deadwood, will return again, leaving Keokuk on the C. B. & Q. R. R. at 5 o'clock p. m., April 2d. All persons desiring to go to the Hills can obtain tickets at a reduction of fare from Keokuk to Yankton. Also having made arrangements with Steamers from that point to old Fort Pierre, where wagon trains will carry freight through to Deadwood for 3 cents per pound. Freight shipped through from here to Yankton without breaking bulk in car lot.

For particulars see JOHN STANNUS, Office with W. J. Medes, opposite postoffice up stairs. mar20tu-thn&sat2w&w2t

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION.

KEOKUK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

—John Stannus, more familiarly known here as "Old Ironsides," who, for three years past, has been living in the Black Hills, returned home this morning on a visit to his family, and spent the day shaking hands with his many friends on the street. John has lost something in size since his sojourn in the hills, but he is the same old John for all that.

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THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

NAME

THE EVENING PRESS
OCTOBER 24, 1898.

MODERN SHYLOCKS.

A Keokuk Klondyker Tells of People and Scenes in Northern Fairy Land of Gold.

MANY TRIALS AND FEW TRIUMPHS.

Dangers of the Trip to Dawson City and Experiences With the Gold Hunters There and on the Way.

W. F. Rush, of the Hotel Keokuk, is in receipt of a letter from Rob Schuh, formerly of this city, and now at Dawson City. Mr. Schuh was connected with the Hotel Keokuk while here and has been in the Klondyke for some months now. He writes to Mr. Rush from Dawson City under date of Sept. 19th. Mr. Schuh is now showing the gold hunters how to mix and serve drinks and is employed in one of the largest saloons of the city. As he says, "Ours is the most prominent one in the town, but only a large wooden shanty at that, which cost, when finished last May, \$50,000." He states that positions are very difficult to get there as there are at least a thousand applicants for every job, and after detailing how he secured his present place, after many disappointments and when absolute failure seemed to stare him in the face, he continues:

"I am fixed already for the coming hard winter, as I have bought a nice little cabin with an old friend of mine, whom I knew in New Orleans in 1884, who is also a newcomer here and has no work as yet. I think we will place him all right in a few days. My last partner, with whom I left Seattle, and whom I had known at one time at San Francisco, in 1878, proved to be a big, fat, lazy bum, and I had to dismiss him. This guy thought he had found a sucker but when I got through with him he thought he had made a mistake. He is what you would call in Keokuk a sponge. This fellow could snore at nights to beat anything you ever heard; Murray was not in it with him. In Linderman, where we stayed at a hotel for three days (and a hotel there means a big tent) there were two large dogs and in our first night this partner of mine snored so loud that the dogs tried to pull the whole hotel down, as they thought there was another dog in the hotel growling at them. Just think of it, I had to sleep with a fellow like that for four months.

"No person comes from the lakes to Dawson as smooth and easy as they had expected. Should I ever make the trip in again I shall make it alone. En-

gage first class passage and the thing is done. You would surely have thought that Bob had gone to the bottom of the cold, icy Yukon. That I did get here alive, I must call it a wonder and a miracle, after sailing sixteen days in a little, nasty washtub. We three of us, myself, my partner and the captain, came in the smallest and oddest shaped boat that ever started from the lakes. Our captain told us when we contracted with him for the trip that he knew the whole way clear to Dawson and that he was an expert navigator, and that we would go down the river flying. But he proved to be a liar; he had never seen the waters before, and did not know the slightest thing about handling a sailboat. The only truth he told us was that we would go down the river flying. Well, we did fly with our little washtub against every large and small rock, island and tree that was there. This captain had been all winter in Skaguay in hard luck so he tried every means to get to Dawson City, by hook and by crook, so that he could become rich. But he could not make it here so he went to Forty Mile City, which is a mining camp forty miles from here.

"On our second day out from Bennett I thought sure our luck had quit us and our time had come. Half way from Lake Bennett a storm set in (these lakes become very heavy at times) and there we were with our helpless washtub at the mercy of the lake. Our boat was such that we could not land on either side of the lake, and the weather was icy cold. We could not use our sail for fear of capsizing altogether. For fully eight hours were we trifling around the lake in this weather. Once before the storm we did run on shore, against the rocks, so we had to get out, unload our tub and pulled her around a curve into shallow water. We had the same kind of weather on Lake Labarge, which is wider than Lake Bennett, and more stormy. In this lake I thought sure we would go down to the bottom. We drifted around helpless, but our dear Lord saved us again. We had another hard time in the White Horse Rapids, but finally got through safely. We employed a pilot and then my partner and I marched around the hills as there was not room enough for all of us in the boat. I told my partner if the pilot would run the tub on the rapids and leave the captain there alone I would pay him \$10 extra for his brave act, but they both landed safely together. These rapids are very dangerous, something like Whirlpool rapids at Niagara Falls. The same day that our tub went through five boats perished there and four persons lost their lives. I tell you a good many boats and human lives were lost there this summer, just how many you will know later.

"After we left the rapids all went well (except at Lake Labarge) until we got to Shellkirk, where we left our captain liar with his boat, as almost everything inside and outside of the

boat had been smashed by running against every tree and island in the river. The current is so strong up there that only the best built and handled boat can get through. As there were many boats lying at Shellkirk, 183 miles from Dawson, we engaged a German who had a large boat, to bring us down here. We each paid him \$10, and so we reached here alive after all, which I never for a moment expected. We were very lucky that we did not have a large outfit on our trip or else we would surely be at the bottom of the Yukon with the whole stuff.

"I have not been in the mining district yet, which nearly every person does when he comes here. Prospecting here is hard work; you must tramp with fifty pounds of stuff on your back through all this mushy and muddy country. There is nothing here but mud, swamp and mosquitoes. You can't tramp around on these hills prospecting and think, when meal time comes you will go into some fat German farmer's house and say "Mrs. Aubernit, we are very tired, please give us a large bowl of schmiercase and a bucket full of buttermilk;" or when night comes you can't go some place and lie down. No, when you are hungry here, you take your pack from your back, and fry a few slices of your bacon over your campfire, and when night comes you make your bed in some swamp and crawl under your blanket and let the mosquitoes dance a Highland fling over you all night. So after one little trip the prospectors come back to town and give it up for good and make arrangements to go home to dear mother again. If this country had a climate like California in 1849 then it would be the finest mining camp on the face of the earth, as the gold is really here, but it is mixed too much with the dirt.

"Some dirty scoundrels did boom this country too much. When we heard last year all about the mountains of gold in the Klondyke, the real boom was then already over. There were more than enough people here (which we did not know) to satisfy all the claims here. But the transportation companies and the broken-down city of Seattle did all this miserable work in bringing such a lot of disappointed people here. I hope by this time your eastern and western newspapers have learned the real truth of this "land of gold" and will surely prevent another rush to the Klondyke. Most of these fooled, would-be miners will go back later on when the ice in the river is frozen over. As far as business is concerned, it is here now like it was in Dyea and Skaguay last winter. In fact, everybody moved their side shows from there to Dawson City. The whole business is done mainly by a few large, wealthy concerns with lots of capital behind them. You can imagine yourself in Dawson if you picture a large, rotten circus tent pitched on about 800 acres of dirty, swampy ground, with all the side shows under this large tent.

and there you have Dawson City. Five years from now will tell the tale of Dawson City,—by that time it will be either dead entirely or will be the biggest mining camp on earth. So the one who works for wages around here is the best off, and if you really want to speculate in mines, you have a better show in town, instead of tramping yourself to death in this mining country.

"Rent for business ground on the river front, where the business is done, can be had from \$8 a foot upwards. Boats which got here first in June got fancy prices for their goods of all kinds, but it did not last long, as soon all the boats got here first. So today you can buy anything you need and but little higher than at Seattle, as too much stuff came in on all sides. There will surely be no starvation here this coming winter, as thus far about thirty steamboats have piled up on the water front tremendous piles of provisions of all kinds; regular pyramids of flour, etc. One company has an obelisk of flour built there. In fact, there should have been no fear of starvation last winter as this company had everything, with a few exceptions, for sale. They played a very dirty Shylock part on these Dawson City people. They did not play the Shylock which we have seen played by Edwin Booth, but this company played the nineteenth century Shylock. They would sit in their glass-case offices and with tears in their eyes would tell the miners how sorry they would feel if starvation was coming, and at the same time they were carting out the flour from their side doors at \$100 a fifty-pound sack.

"Now you can get good, square, fresh meat meals here from 75 cents up. Later on they will be a little higher, but not much. At present you can find everything you want at the water front, for we have everything you can think of. Even one party is on the way here with a merry-go-round. Should there be gold discovered in Hades you can count on some fellow being there with a merry-go-round. We have one advantage here over the eastern people; if the North pole is ever found we can get there ahead of you people and stake off good corner lots.

"Our house has laid in a very large stock of goods for the winter. We have 62 barrels of Canadian rye whisky and besides this two carloads of case goods of all descriptions, lots of cigars, etc. The whole business is done in this one block where our store is.

"Lots of mistakes were made this summer by people who brought in provisions, etc., over the mountain trails, as a good many had the same ideas. One poor devil was going to make a fortune out of potatoes, so he worked himself nearly to death all spring bringing potatoes over the Chilkoot pass, and when he got to Lake Bennett some one told him he was a fool to bring potatoes to Dawson City as they would be too cheap here this summer, as everybody had some. If he wanted to make big money, try and exchange them for nails, as these would be worth

a dollar a pound, while potatoes would only bring ten cents a pound. So this poor devil exchanged his potatoes for nails, came pell mell down the river with his nails, and when he got here found out his big mistake; potatoes brought a dollar a pound and nails were only 18 cents a pound. Brooms were very dear here in the beginning as our house paid \$8 for one and today they are sold for \$3.50 each. So next summer some one will rush here with a whole flying squadron of brooms; nobody knows what will not be here next spring. You people in the states have been talking of nothing else for the last six months than flying squadrons, Sampson, Schley, Dewey, etc. I wish you could see the flying squadron on the Yukon river, boats of all kinds flying to the gold fields. We have a picture of Admiral Dewey now hanging in our cabin, in life size. A paper man brought down a lot of his pictures and we bought them for a dollar apiece. I don't read the fiftieth part of the papers here I did in Keokuk, as they cost fifty cents each here.

"We will sell our whisky at fifty cents a drink this winter; Schlitz beer, Apollinaris water, ginger ale, bass ale, porter, etc., a small pony for 50 cents; and a pint bottle of all these for \$2. Whisky is \$12 a quart, cordials accordingly. We have, also, the only fresh milk in camp, as our house shipped two cows here from Seattle last spring, at a cost of \$1,000 each. We sell milk at \$4 a quart, a glass for \$1, and a small milk punch for \$1.50. We will try and keep these cows all winter, but last week they nearly got away back to Seattle. They had swam across the river when they were caught. The man who attends to these two cows gets \$15 a day, but he understands his business.

"I would like to know how much Joaquin Miller, the great California poet and '49 miner, got for advertising this country so much. He went out last June. I saw him before he left; dressed up like a circus clown, dragging one side of his hips after him as if he had the rheumatism. We have now three newspapers, small size, here which sell for fifty cents apiece. Two of the papers are with this Klondyke country, heart and soul, and one strongly against this land of gold.

"I felt sorry when Fox, Dietz and Green left here, as they found it too hard prospecting here. Had they stayed a while longer they might still have got paid for their five months' hard work, but at the same time they are just as well off in Keokuk, which is a far more civilized and healthy place than Alaska. Had they stayed here we would have started a Keokuk colony. Our friend Frank Barnett has also found what he wanted here in his line of business. He is in charge of the clothing department of the N. A. T. C. C. Co. store. He gets well paid and their clothing department is excellent for this country. If God wills we will both get away from here in 1900 to exhibit our nuggets of gold at the Hubinger casino. Gold is

where you find it, and not where you think it might be in this country. Inside of sixty days we will have our electric lights ready for use here, the poles are ready and the machinery nearly all up.

"My partner is a nephew of Richard P. Bland, the great free silver advocate. That shows that all the Blands are not opposed to a little gold. The population of Dawson City is now about 25,000, last winter it was from 5,000 to 7,000. Up to this time eight transportation and commercial companies have established themselves here where there were only two last winter. A good many churches and hospitals are under construction but no schools yet.

"If Messrs. Fox, Dietz, Green, Barnett and myself could have agreed last July we would all five have come back on the Dalton trail, but as it was we could not agree, but as it was we were going to ride. Fox and Dietz wanted horses, Green and myself wanted real jacks, Barnett did not care which, so the whole scheme fell through. Give my regards to every one in Keokuk, tell them I am in fine health, and tell everybody to stay away from this fairy land of gold. I came very near forgetting the main thing. After that snow slide last March I went back to Seattle and gave up the Klondyke. I had to carry money with me as there were no banks up that way then and people were being held up near Sheep camp. Stayed a week in Seattle and then turned right around and went back up the trail for good."

The Daily Gate City.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 28, 1899

—A scholar in one of our public schools having been confined to the house for several days recently, gathered the following statistics from the Bible: The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 774,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times; the word "Lord" 1,855 times; the word "reverend" occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter J. The finest chapter to read is the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of II. Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Ester. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. All the verses of the 136 Psalm are alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

WATER GRIMMED LEAF

CREDITS

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

JUNE 26, 1887.

FINNERTY'S FORTUNE.

How an Iowa Farmer Struck it Rich in Colorado—A Half-Million Acquired in Mining Operations—Discovery and Sale of The Little Chief.

DENVER, COL., June 24.—Special to Globe-Democrat.—Peter Finnerty, the semi-millionaire who died suddenly at Waukesha last Tuesday, had a history resembling in many respects that of many other individuals who struck it rich in the golden and silver regions. Fourteen years ago he was doing his best to make a poor farm near Keokuk, Iowa, pay, but mortgage after mortgage sank his hopes out of sight, and at last he was obliged to take to steam-boating. He ran for some time as a deckhand on the river between Keokuk and St. Louis. In 1874 he came west, attracted by the chances of big pay and the possibility of running across a fortune. He went to work as a miner in San Luis Park, where he remained until the Leadville excitement broke out. Then he crossed the Mosquito range and became a jobber on Friar Hill. He owned two span of mules and was hauling ore to the smelters, when one day he discovered the "Little Chief." Taking the Dillon Brothers in with him they worked the claim until they struck mineral. Almost immediately the mine was bonded for a few weeks to a Chicago syndicate, headed by Farwell, who paid \$25,000 down, and were to pay \$300,000 more on the date when the bond expired. In the meantime Finnerty and the Dillons found that they had let millions slip by the sale, and they did everything in their power to prevent the Chicago parties from carrying out their share of the contract.

SALE OF THE LITTLE CHIEF.

The telegraph wires were repeatedly cut so as to prevent communication between the Leadville and Chicago ends of the bargain, and that the sellers might at any rate get as much as possible out of the mine, they put a lot of men to work in it and gophered it for nearly \$50,000 worth of mineral. The Chicagoans appreciated the good thing which they had and made sure of completing the sale. They sent the \$300,000 balance in greenbacks from Denver by a messenger who had an escort of six men, headed by the late W. Frank Smith, a Rocky Mountain detective. The party rode to the end of the Denver and South Park railway and then took mules across the mountains. They arrived in Leadville at noon of the day set for the payment of the money, and it was counted out to Messrs. Finnerty and Dillons in Tabor bank, and they parted with the "Little Chief" forever. Soon after selling the "Little Chief" Finnerty disappeared from Leadville. At this time Col. John Atkins, of the Rocky Mountain News, who was his

intimate and confidential friend, says he had deposited there in bank to his credit over \$100,000.

A GOOD BROTHER.

During the years he had been away from his former home in Iowa, a brother had died, leaving a large family dependent upon the product of a badly mortgaged farm. A sister on another farm had also been overtaken by a family bereavement, and her financial condition was no better than that of his brother's wife. Unannounced Peter appeared upon the scene. The story of his sudden wealth had not reached the farm neighborhood in which years before he had struggled, a poor, honest, hard-working farmer. Without making known the real purpose of his mission, he under some pretext or other, took the two widows and their children to a neighboring city. Here the little ones were all dressed up in tailor-made clothes, the best money could buy, and the older boys and girls each furnished with a suitable gold watch and chain. The astonished children were taken back to their mothers, who were left at the best hotel in the city while Peter went out with the children "for a walk." Their delight and astonishment knew no bounds. Next the women folks were decked out in costly raiment and given elegant gold watches. They protested against the extravagance, and with tears in their eyes said all these fine clothes and gold watches were well enough, but the money they had cost would go far toward wiping out the mortgages on their farms. With a good-natured smile, Peter told them to never mind the farms, they would be taken care of in good time. Two span of fine horses, with harness and carriages, were next purchased, and ordered in front of the hotel and there inspected by the astonished families.

THE MORTGAGES PAID OFF.

Peter had not yet got through. He next visited a prominent bank and placed \$5,000 to the credit of each widow, presenting them with bank books and blank checks. By the time Peter had gone this far he was the talk of the city in which this had taken place, but the great-hearted Irishman was not yet through. With their elegant equipages the entire party set out for their former homes, less than twenty miles. On the way they halted long enough at the county seat, where the mortgages on their farms were paid off and clear deeds handed over to the overjoyed widows, whose rainy eyes and happy hearts spoke louder than words of the most eloquent orator. A day or two later Peter left the neighborhood, and in due time put in an appearance in Leadville. He told the story to Colonel Atkins as it is here, enjoining him to "make no talk." This was the bright side of his adventures after the sale of the Little Chief.

DESERTED BY HIS WIFE.

There is a dark side, also. During Finnerty's absence his wife was persuaded into securing a divorce from him, and she married another man. Peter knew this, and his generous treatment of the other folks had in it something of the spirit of Irish revenge, and it aroused the former wife to action. She brought suit against Peter for \$50,000 for the maintenance of his three

daughters, aged now respectively 22, 19 and sixteen years. The father used to send for the children, who were brought to his hotel when he visited Keokuk. But one day the former Mrs. Finnerty and her lawyers swooped down upon him, and from that time on he was obliged to shun Iowa, and always remained across the river when he visited that section. Lawyers and detectives were after him everywhere and tried to make trouble for him, but he at last, through a Catholic priest, secured a release of the children for \$5,000. The children were placed in a seminary at Davenport, where they were kept until six months ago. Then Peter moved them to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at St. Louis.

WORTH A COOL HALF MILLION.

Finnerty had \$200,000 in United States bonds deposited in St. Louis, over \$100,000 in two Denver banks and his ownership of the entire "New York mine" and three-fourths of the "Frenchman" and "Belgian" may be placed at \$200,000 more, so that his estate is worth at least a clean \$500,000. He had gone to St. Louis to sell the "New York mine," for which he had an offer of \$100,000. After selling it he was going to retire from business and live quietly in Denver. But, as likely as not, he would have kept on operating right straight along, for he was always saying he would be satisfied when he got another \$100,000.

It is not known whether he left a will but Dr. O'Reilly told him in St. Louis a week ago Wednesday that he could not live long and had better settle up his business. So it may be possible that he provided against such an emergency as has since arisen. Finnerty was a rather handsome man of 48, weighing about 170 pounds, dressing well and paying careful attention to his appearance. He could not read, and had only learned to write his name since coming into his fortune. He did his bookkeeping in his head and had two lawyers—one in Denver and one in Leadville—who were supposed to be a check on each other. He despised all womankind, his wife's action having soured him against the sex.

A WOMAN HATER.

When asked by Col. Atkins why he did not select some good woman for a wife, he said:

"Be —, Jack, there's none o' them anny good; luk at the mother of me children! A Yankee kem along that looked purty and could read to her, and she married him. If she'd not gone back on me, I'd laid all me money at her feet, and be only too proud to do it, but now if I hadn't a red cent, an' a woman with \$100,000 axed me to marry her, I'd go an' saw wood first."

Finnerty was well known in St. Louis as a large mine operator. The 17,000 shares of Adams stock which he threw on the market netted him \$100,000, and caused a tumble in the stock. He is said to have done this in retaliation for his removal from the management after the Adams consolidation, but his friends say that Peter, who was a good miner, saw that the mine was gone, as he expressed it himself, and proceeded to unload. He tried New York and Chicago first, and then selected St. Louis for his sale, obtaining as high as \$7 and as low as \$4.25 for his shares.

The Daily Constitution.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION CO.

OCTOBER 23, 1883.

G. & O. B. OWNE vs. Peter Finnerty.

The above case was settled out of court. The plaintiffs claimed an attorney's lien on a \$100,000 judgment obtained in favor of defendant's wife, when they were to have one-half of what was obtained as a fee. The petition of the wife alleged that Finnerty after selling his property, left her and three children without one cent, and she had not heard from him in about seven years. After a modified decree was obtained he settled with his wife, buying her a homestead and the point then turned on the attorney's lien, which, as it did not settle the question of the wife's rights to alimony, they did not care to fight, and which defendant's attorneys declined to have submitted at the plaintiff's costs.

It is said Finnerty contemplates making Keokuk his home.

they arrived at the age of majority and while they were in that institution Father O'Reilly was to have them in general charge and control, but when they should be removed away from the convent he was given no authority over them at all; that Father O'Reilly permitted Finnerty to remove the children without her consent and that Father O'Reilly has had possession and control of them since Finnerty's death; that whatever writing, if any, signed by the minors asking the appointment of Father O'Reilly, was obtained through fraud and undue influence of some one unknown to her; that the day Father O'Reilly executed the bond, the children were at his residence in Keokuk and that they went to the confessional with him as pastor. She asks that the children be brought into court and personally examined as to their preferences; that if Father O'Reilly is retained as guardian, he be ordered to place the children in a Roman Catholic convent in this county or one near so that she may be enabled to visit and see them without serious pecuniary expense.

The Daily Constitution.

OCTOBER 27, 1887

FINNERTY GUARDIANSHIP CASE.

Synopsis of a Petition Filed in the District Court Asking for the Removal of Rev. Father O'Reilly as the Guardian of the Minor Heirs of Peter Finnerty.

Late Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Jane Newberry, the divorced wife of Peter Finnerty, the recently deceased wealthy Colorado mine owner, filed suit in the district court in this city to have the appointment of Rev. Father Thomas O'Reilly, pastor of St. Peter's Roman Catholic church of this city, as guardian of Mr. Finnerty's two daughters, minors, reversed. The petition is quite lengthy, and in substance is that the clerk of the courts here made an illegal appointment in appointing Father O'Reilly as guardian June 27, 1887; that when Finnerty was divorced from her Oct. 28, 1878, the decree gave her the custody of the minor children; that no decree has ever been made removing her as guardian; that she has no objection to a proper guardian being appointed, but admits she herself would be incompetent to fill such a place on account of the large money interests involved and her inability to give the required bond. She alleges Father O'Reilly's duties as a priest, prevents him from devoting such time to the care of the children and their interests as is necessary; that on Oct. 16, 1882, in order to secure her children the advantages of a good education she signed a written contract with Peter Finnerty by which she agreed that they should at his expense be placed in the Academy of the Immaculate Conception at Davenport, Iowa, for education and religious instruction until

Daily Constitution.

NOVEMBER 11, 1887

THE FINNERTY CASE.

A COMPROMISE ABOUT TO BE EFFECTED BETWEEN THE PARTIES.

The Children to Remain Under the Guardianship of Rev. Father O'Reilly, Subject to Certain Conditions.

The habeas corpus case of Mrs. Newberry for her two minor children from Rev. Fr. O'Reilly was freely argued before His Honor, Judge Beck, of the supreme court, at Ft. Madison, two days ago. At the conclusion of the argument, the parties interested substantially agreed upon a compromise, which is expected to be accomplished in two or three days. The judge advised the parties to compromise for the common interest of the children, and has withheld his decision to give the parties time to effect a mutual settlement. In 1878, when Mrs. Newberry gave the children into Mr. Finnerty's care, it was agreed that he was to pay her \$240 per year until they were of age and that they were to remain until that time in the Roman Catholic convent at Davenport; also that during that period they were not to be taken away from the convent. Mrs. Newberry alleges that for the four last years she has not received any money from Finnerty and that last January the three daughters were taken from the convent in Davenport

and placed in hiding in some convent in St. Louis. By the terms of the compromise which will be made, the children will remain in the St. Louis convent and under Father O'Reilly's guardianship, but the mother is to be allowed to visit them. She is also to receive the \$960 due her and also \$240 a year until the children are of age.

The Daily Constitution.

NOVEMBER 25, 1887

THE FINNERTY GUARDIANSHIP.

Mrs. Jane Newberry Asks to Have the Appointment of Father O'Reilly as Guardian, Annulled.

Wednesday, Mrs. Jane Newberry, (formerly Finnerty) commenced a proceeding in the Lee county district court in Keokuk, to procure a decree to annul an appointment made last June by that court appointing Rev. Father Thomas O'Reilly guardian of her two minor daughters, Mary and Celia Finnerty. The petition claims that Father O'Reilly procured that appointment without her knowledge or consent, and holds the custody of those children against her remonstrance. She claims that as the mother of said children, she is entitled to their care, custody and control until they are 18 years of age; and the question for the court to decide on her petition is: Can one person, against the will of the mother of minor daughters, go and have himself appointed their guardian, and take them from the control and custody of their mother, the father of the children being dead? The decisions on the habeas corpus by Judges Bank and Beck in dismissing the writ seem to favor the idea that a mother may be dispossessed of her minor children without her consent; at least, until the appointment of the guardian is revoked by the same court that made the appointment. The firms of Craig, McCrary & Craig, and Miller & Son represent the plaintiff.

THE GATE CITY:

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1879.

—Patrick Finnerty, formerly, of Lee county, and his partners were in Chicago last Saturday, to receive the sum of \$300,000, the price for which they sold their mine at Leadville to John V. Farwell. They will return to Leadville to follow up other promising "leads."

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

The Gate City.

FEBRUARY 17, 1898.

FOR GOLD FIELDS.

Five of Keokuk's Alaskan Gold-seekers Departed Last Week for the Far North.

The rush for the Alaskan gold fields that was predicted for this spring has started and Keokuk furnishes a contingent of respectable size. Thursday a party of five including L. A. Laison, Jas. H. Woodbury, Andrew Hanson, Chris. Larson and Otto Youngren boarded the 6:10 north bound K. line train for Minneapolis, where they will remain a day. Thence they go to Seattle and after four or five days' stop there will board a steamer for Port Valdez, where they will disembark. They expect to sail about the 20th of the present month.

They go with a full appreciation of the hardships before them, and profiting from the warning given by returning Klondykers have prepared themselves against every emergency. No party will go out better equipped for the struggles of a life in the frozen north. Each member of the company is provided with an outfit that is complete in every detail. They will go with provisions enough for one year in the wilderness. Their outfits complete will weigh between 700 and 800 pounds apiece and each cost in the neighborhood of \$225.

Each member will carry a Marlin repeating rifle that shoots a 30-calibre bullet and sufficient ammunition to last them the time they expect to be absent. In addition, they will have hunting knives and other weapons that they may require. The clothing is of great interest because of its peculiar construction. The outfit of Mr. Woodbury has been on exhibition in the window of his gunshop on Main street and has attracted much attention. The sleeping bag is, perhaps the most interesting and the most convenient of all. It is a large canvas sack that is waterproof. This is lined with heavy blankets and inside these is a sheepskin lining with the wool inside, making a very soft and warm bed. An opening near one end will enable a man to slip in feet first and when he can draw the hood over so that it overlaps and can be fastened with rings and snaps.

Two men in Cedar Rapids tested their sleeping bags during the recent big storm. They slept in their yard all night and until noon the next day with perfect comfort and were even perspiring when they emerged from the bags which had been covered with snow so that all light was excluded so that the sunlight did not awaken them.

The outfits also include heavy hip rubber boots of the best quality and waterproof coats made of canvas over rubber and the inside warmly lined with blankets. Then there are heavy leather ammunition belts and lots of straps for various purposes. The section of country to which the party will go is said to be stocked with an abundance of game, both large and small, including moose, caribou, bears, deer, geese, ducks and many other species attractive to a sportsman. These will help to economize the provisions and the streams, which are full of good fish, will supply a variety.

At Seattle, besides their provisions, the party will purchase a sleigh. When they arrive at Port Valdez they will load their outfits and provisions on this sleigh and will then set out on a long march dragging this behind them. The trails are not in such shape as to afford much advantage from the use of a horse and it is said they can make as good time on foot. They will go over the Valdez Pass to the Copper River and after a foot journey of about 250 miles will make a stop to search for the treasury hidden by nature in the frozen earth. The Copper River country is on the American side of the line. While it has not attracted as many prospectors as the Klondyke region, the outlook there is said to be fully as good. It is the wish of all that these men may have as much success as their fondest hopes could wish and that the Keokuk argonauts will return with a goodly portion of the golden fleece.

Neighboring places also have numbers of Klondykers. Several citizens of Alexandria are forming a company to send W. Z. Luton and George Roland to the Klondyke. Peter Leinhard, Alderman Dachroth, Theodore Ochsner, John Burmeister, Robert Schneider and Joseph Welter are among those who are going from Nauvoo. Fort Madison has four or five men ready to start. They are Douglas Borden, Howard Hopkins, Albert Winters, Henry Miller and John Rump. All of them except Miller go under the direction and in the interests of a local organization of capitalists among whom James C. Brewster, the banker is prominent.

Canton and Carthage will send several and Quincy has a few who will go up and if they don't strike gold, will strike their fellow townsman, Colonel Distin, the surveyor general of Alaska, for a job. Fountain Green has one candidate and numbers from the country will go. Robert Schuh of Keokuk, has already gone and Frank Barnett goes about March 1.

There are a large number of people leaving for the west daily who intend to go to Klondyke, but they are making no noise about their departure. Several parties from Des Moines have bought tickets during the past few days and quietly slipped away. From every small town in the state come letters asking for rates. Many of these letters give names of

several parties in the town who are thinking of going to the gold fields. The agents say that about half of the people who ask for rates really intend to go and have money to make the trip. Many syndicates have sprung up who have already chosen and sent them on to Alaska. Most of the gold seekers go to Seattle. When they reach this point many of them become discouraged and return, but many others have a relapse and contract a worse gold fever than they had to start with.

There is a farmer from Macon county, Mo., in Klondyke. In a letter written to a friend dated Jan. 7, he says: "Skaguay, when we landed there last August, was but a camp of a few tents and cabins; now it has 3,000 inhabitants, one newspaper, electric lights and business houses enough for a city of 50,000. It has some very good buildings. About 1,000 passengers have landed in Skaguay the last few days, and 15,000 tickets were sold in Seattle for the month of February. The fever is getting contagious in the worst form. Well, let them come; if they can't find a gold mine they can go to farming and raise snow balls to ship back east in July and August. A man takes lots of chances in going to the Klondyke, for the trip is as hard on a man's machinery as it is on his pocket book and old clothes. I just wish the people back home could see it snow up here once. The flakes are so large that when one falls on you, if you are not knocked down, and your head is hard enough to punch a hole through it, and your shoulders are strong enough to hold it up, you would think you had on one of George Washington's collars."

THE GATE CITY:

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1878

THE BLACK HILLS.

A Rambling Letter of Life in Deadwood City--Nothing Encouraging to Induce Further Immigration to that Region.

(Special Correspondence.)

DEADWOOD, D. T., June 29th.—Some of our party are still here, some have gone to the Big Horn country, as this particular mining district is too small for so many people. Very few are coming into the Hills at this time. The miners are doing better than last year. Quartz mines are paying well. There are now about twenty quartz mills in running order, and in a few weeks the number will be increased to forty, as that many additional are being put up. Placer mining is going on in all the gulches on White and Deadwood creeks. The Indians have commenced raiding

again in the foot hills. One young man was killed about six miles below Crook City last evening. The same gang made a raid on a ranche not far from there, but were handsomely repulsed. There are now between three and four hundred soldiers in Crook City, who came there yesterday to remain for a time, but they had hardly got into camp when an order came commanding them to proceed to Red Cloud Agency. I am afraid the Indians will give the Black Hillers trouble all Summer. The men are very careless, going off great distances unarmed and unprepared to encounter the red devils. The vigilants hung three horse thieves last week near Rapids City. When the last stage passed the scene of the execution the bodies were still hanging to the tree.

Deadwood is growing rapidly. Five saw mills are running night and day, and are unable to meet the demand for lumber, which sells readily at \$40 per thousand. Trains are coming in almost daily with all kinds of provisions, and soon we shall be overstocked. Flour is selling at ten dollars per hundred; bacon eighteen to twenty cents; hams 20 to 22; sugar 30 cents; coffee 50 cents. Hardware more than double the price charged in the States. Rents range from twenty-five to three hundred dollars per month. However, if the Big Horn excitement keeps up, rents will tumble and business here will get dull enough. Gambling is carried on at a fearful rate, and by parties, too, who, when they are at home are welcomed to the best society.

Many of our company are employed. Rufus Wilsey has a quartz lode, which he thinks is rich in silver ore. Tom Haight was here some weeks ago looking after quartz mines, but I think he went home. One thing is certain, there is not enough of mining district for all who come, and as for farming the country is not good. The nights are too cool—frost almost every night, especially in the gulches.

Our mail comes to us regularly every six days. At this time the Postoffice is of course crowded with a string of miners, numbering hundreds, who march along single file past the delivery to receive their letters, papers and little packages.

There are on sale in the Deadwood market at this writing fresh peaches and strawberries from California.

IRON-CLAD.

Constitution-Democrat

FEBRUARY 10, 1898
OFF FOR THE GOLD FIELDS.

The Keokuk Party Starts This Evening For the Land of Fortune and Ice.

Last week the Constitution-Democrat told of the Keokuk people who are going to brave the weather and dangers of the gold fields of Alaska.

They leave this evening on the 6:10 train and are busy today saying good-bye to their friends. They will not wait longer for the out-of-town men who desire to join the expedition, although one man from Carthage is expected to meet them at the depot here.

Those who start tonight are J. H. Woodbury, A. C. Hanson, Dolph Larson, Otto Youngren and the Carthage man whose name is not known to the leader of the party yet. They go by the Burlington to Billings, Mont., and from there to Seattle. From there they will go to the Copper river country as already detailed in the Constitution-Democrat.

Up at Woodbury's old stand there was a pile of boxes today which represents the baggage of the party. It has been condensed until it requires a very little room. The things to be taken along by each man are packed in a box about three feet long and fifteen inches square. The box has a rope handle at each end and the whole thing can be easily transported.

The friends of the Keokuk contingent will anxiously await the letters which are to be sent them as soon as the promised land is reached.

The Gate City.

PUBLISHED BY
THE GATE CITY COMPANY
KEOKUK, IOWA.

COLD IN THE KLONDYKE.

Freeze the Flames of Candles and Sell Them For Strawberries.

According to the Alaska Miner, a gentleman who has just escaped from the Klondyke region gives the following account of some things that happened there: "A man told me who had wintered up there seven years that it was so cold in January that they froze the flames of their candles and sold them for strawberries. He said they kept their fires over night by putting them out in the air and letting them freeze, and then thawed them out in the morning. He said he had seen four men die of colic from eating whisky that was frozen so hard it wouldn't thaw inside of them. He said the cows all gave ice cream till they froze to death. He said he knew a clerk in a hotel on the Yukon that got rich selling the diamonds he wore, said diamonds being nothing on earth but ice crystals that didn't thaw till after the clerk had got out of the country. He said he had seen a man fall off the roof of a barn and freeze so stiff before he hit the ground. He said he had seen smoke freeze in a chimney till the fire wouldn't draw, and he knew of one case where the smoke froze after it got a hundred feet up and fell back on the house, knocking a hole in the roof big enough to drive a yoke of steers through. He said the reason that nights were so long in that country was that the dark got frozen so hard the daylight couldn't thaw its way through in less than six months."

116795

D.C.C.

The Gate City.

Entered in Keokuk Postoffice as Second-Class
SEPTEMBER 21, 1899.

BACK FROM ALASKA

Frank Barnett Returns From the Gold Fields.

HE IS SATISFIED WITH HIS TRIP

In an Interview He Says That There Will be Much Suffering in Alaska.

Frank Barnett, who has been in the Klondike gold regions for the past year or more, returned to his home in this city yesterday morning, arriving on the 8:50 o'clock south bound K-line train. He was busy all day yesterday shaking hands with his many friends in the city, but stopped long enough to be interviewed by a Gate City reporter. In the interview he said:

"I left this city for the Klondike regions Marh 1, 1898, together with James Green, L. A. Fox and Charles Dietz. We arrived at Dawson City on the 21st of June and on the way there encountered no mishaps that amounted to much. Fox and Dietz stayed in the country about a month when they started for home, and about a month later James Green started for home. I remained there and was in the employ of the N. A. T. company, selling goods. I did no mining, but two other men and myself owned one. We did not make a fortune out of this, nor did we lose anything on it.

GOING IN AND OUT.

"There are a good many people leaving the gold country, but about an equal number are going in. Early in the season there were an unusual number of miners who left. The trip from Dawson to Seattle is an interesting experience. Leaving Dawson one takes a steamer and goes to White Horse Rapids, from where he walks to the upper part of Miles Canon. From this point there is another line of river steamers, which one boards and goes to Lake Bennett. A railroad train is then taken from there to Skagway and from there one goes by way of ocean steamers to Seattle. It is a picturesque country all the way through and is very interesting.

"There are some rich claims around Dawson but it is not everybody that can make a fortune. However, if a person has any ambition about him he can make a fair living, either in mining or in the mercantile business. Dawson is at present about as large as it was a year ago and there are a great many buildings being erected.

CRIMINAL BOOMS.

"The Seattle papers are now booming the Cape Nome mining country and if very many people go there there will

be a great deal of suffering, as it is very disagreeable, it being on the coast. There are some miners who made fortunes in this district, which is about twenty miles long and borders on the coast, but the gold has been pretty well worked out.

"A stampede to the country will be the result of the reports made by these papers. The miners in the gold country depend on driftwood for fuel and there is very little of it in the Nome and consequently there will be any amount of suffering."

Mr. Barnett started on his trip home August 28 and arrived at Seattle September 9. He looks as hale and hearty as he ever did and it is not at all unlikely that he will go back. He has not decided what to do as yet but he said that he would remain here during the coming winter.

Constitution-Democrat

FEBRUARY 4, 1898
TO THE GOLD FIELD.

A Party Will Start From Here
Soon to Dig Big Chunks.

This City Will Be the Rendezvous For
Many Miners From This Part
Of the West.

The Keokuk contingent for the Klondike and other gold fields is nearly ready to leave.

They expected to start next Monday, but so many men from towns near here have asked to join the party that the departure has been postponed.

Chris. Larson is in Seattle now attending to things at that point of departure; and J. H. Woodbury is the grand sachem of the tribe of gold seekers here. He has sold out his business on Main street and is about ready to start.

The party belonging strictly to Keokuk consists of J. H. Woodbury, the gun and sporting goods dealer; Adolph Larson and Chris. Larson, who live a short distance in the country; Otto Younggreen of Oak Grove; A. C. Hanson, who spent some time recently in the plumbing business in Carthage; and Frank Barnett, the very popular and well known salesman for Howard L. Connable.

In the window of Woodbury's store on Main street is displayed the paraphernalia which has already been secured for the trip through the arctic regions. Most of the outfit will be bought in Seattle, but much of it has already been purchased through the wholesale houses with which Woodbury has been dealing.

Their Outfit.

The most interesting thing is the sleeping bag. This is a large canvass sack with a top flap that folds over.

It is lined with dressed sheepskin with the wool left on the inside, and the canvass is very heavy and perfectly watertight. It fastens shut with snaps and rings, and the owner simply creeps into it feet first, snaps a few snaps, pulls the flap down over his head and fastens it there, and he is a veritable cocoon.

A Burlington Klondike enthusiast is planning with such certainty to start for the gold fields in the spring that he even went so far in his attempt to become acclimated to the frigid zone as to buy a sleeping bag and undertake to pass the night on the roof. He was not entirely successful, however, for he caught a severe cold and has been confined to the house ever since.

There are also long and heavy rubber boots of the best quality and jackets of rubber lined with heavy flannel which are very warm. Then there are the guns and ammunition belts suggestive of game and danger. The guns are late patterns of Marlin rifles shooting a 30-calibre ball from a cartridge very similar to the present army rifle. Mr. Woodbury's experience with guns stands him in good stead in the selection of a rifle to take to Alaska, and his choice may be a hint to others.

This Keokuk party are not going to the Klondike proper, but will enter the Copper river diggings. Ascending the river to a point about 300 miles from their destination they will make the rest of the way overland.

A Plan That Failed.

Robert Schuh has already left for Chicago to join another party there, and the Hotel Keokuk has a new head to his department. This brings up a plan that failed in which five Keokuk men of prominence were interested early in the winter. Schuh was one of them, and the others bear names that have been indelibly written in the history of Keokuk and of Iowa. They worked with perfect secrecy and it is not generally known that the great scheme ever existed. They included a practical steamboat man, and their plan was to buy a Mississippi boat, make her over into a combination freighter and dredge, take her by rail to the Pacific, ship her to Alaska or steam her there, and dredge for gold while they were not carrying freight at a profit. They had even more ambitious plans which included getting a contract from the government to dredge some rivers up there. One of them went to Washington armed with weighty letters and a name well known in diplomatic and political circles to attend to this part of the scheme. But the federal government did not care to have any rivers in Alaska dredged just then, and the whole thing was given up.

In Towns Near By.

But Keokuk is not alone in having argonauts wishful for the pan and the placer. Eight or ten citizens of Alexandria are forming a com-

pany to send W. Z. Lutton and George Roland to the Klondike. Peter Leinhard, Alderman Dachroth, Theodore Ochsner, John Burnmeister, Robert Schneider and Joseph Welter are among those who are going from Nauvoo. Fort Madison has four or five men ready to start. They are Douglass Borden, Howard Hopkins, Albert Winters, Henry Miller and John Rump. All of them except Miller go under the direction and in the interests of a local organization of capitalists among whom James C. Brewster, the banker, is prominent.

Over at Carthage they have the fever hard. A large number of citizens of the Illinois county say they are going and at least four will accompany the Keokuk contingent. The departure of the miners from this city has been delayed because those going from adjoining towns desire to have the whole number associated together for mutual aid and protection.

A company of fifteen from Canton,

Ill., is incorporated with a capital of \$7,500 and also goes to the Copper river country. They have built the machinery necessary to propel a small steamboat and an ice boat and other machinery to run a saw mill after their arrival. They also have a dredge rigging ready to use in the bottom of the rivers.

Keeping It Secret.

The gold fever which causes men to bleed, sweat and die seems to be specially prevalent in Iowa. The telegraph columns indicated today that the rush of gold seekers from all Iowa to the Klondike has already commenced. Some who are going are keeping the matter a secret and many of them are quietly slipping away and will not let their townspeople know they have gone until they are able to write home and tell their friends that they have been successful in obtaining gold.

Each of the three great transportation companies which are making the Klondike rush business a specialty at this time have offices in Des Moines. The three companies doing the most business are the Union Pacific, Northern Pacific and Great Northern. The agents of these companies are working night and day in an endeavor to answer correspondents who are asking for "rock bottom" rates. The traveling passenger agents are spending most of their time on the road while their clerks are keeping track of the correspondence.

Five Thousand Hawkeyes.

A conservative estimate places the number of men who will go from Iowa at 5,000. Others say there will be 10,000. Local agents say that the time is now here for the departure of most of them.

There are a large number of people leaving for the west daily who intend to go to Klondike. As stated above they are making no noise about their departure. From every small town in the state come letters

Sept 21, 1899 - pg #2
(Back from Alaska)

asking for rates. Many of these letters give names of several parties in the town who are thinking of going to the gold fields. The agents say that about half the people who ask for rates really intended to go and have money to make the trip. Many syndicates have sprung up who have already chosen and sent them on to Alaska. Most of the gold seekers go to Seattle. When they reach this point many of them become discouraged and return, and many others have a relapse and contract a worse gold fever than they had to start with.

The above list of those going from Keokuk and vicinity does not include all, because of the secrecy some are maintaining, but it is nearly complete.

May they live long and prosper.

The Gate City.

Ent. , JUNE 9, 1898. Class

THE KLONDIKE INVESTMENT.

The cost of an outfit for a trip to the Klondike is estimated as follows:

Provisions	\$ 70.30
Clothing	71.60
Tools, camp goods.....	64.80
Medicines	5.00
Weapons	30.00

Total

.....\$241.70
To this must be added the cost of transportation. The fare from Keokuk to San Francisco is \$66.30 first class, \$46.30 second class. From San Francisco to Dyea City the fare is from \$29 to \$48; with an addition of \$15 for freight. It is 2,200 miles from San Francisco to the gold fields by way of the passes, and by way of the mouth of the Yukon it is 4,600 miles. Taking the lowest figures, the cost of getting from Keokuk to Dyea, properly equipped with supplies, is \$332.00. At Dyea the journey into Alaska has only just begun, but after crossing Chilkoot pass and reaching Lake Linderman the remainder of the journey can be made down the Yukon by boat.

Then there is the summer's living to be taken into account. Provisions are high on the Klondike, and several hundred dollars must be paid out for the necessities of life. Three hundred dollars is a conservative estimate. Anyone going to the new gold fields from Keokuk or vicinity this spring can count on expending at least \$600 by fall. This estimate does not include the season's time or the expense of the return trip.

It is safe to assume that the average cost to all who go to the Klondike will be not less than \$600. If 100,000 persons go the expense in the aggregate will be \$60,000,000. If 200,000 make the trip, as some estimate, the expenditure will be \$120,000,000. These are enormous sums. Regarded as an investment, how profitable is it likely to be? How much of this vast sum, is likely to come back?

The yield of the California fields the first year was only \$23,000,000 and they were worked uninterruptedly the entire twelve months. At the period of their highest development the yield was \$65,000,000. They were more accessible than those of Alaska, and the number of men in the diggings was fully as large as it is likely to be in the Arctic gold regions. The working season on the Klondike lasts only three or four months. The extent of the riches of the new fields is yet unknown, but \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000 is probably a fair estimate of the season's yield. In other words, it will cost anywhere from \$60,000,000 to \$120,000,000 to obtain \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000. The balance, it is thus seen, is likely to be on the wrong side of the ledger. If the conservative estimates we have made are even approximately correct, every dollar that comes out of the Klondike region this year will have cost at least two or three.

they found their companions terribly mutilated and scalped; also the absence of nine hundred pounds of provisions. The machinery was buried in the gulch, and Mr. Housecome started out with the remains of Mr. Carter and has forwarded them to Liverpool, England, and Mr. Cook remains to guard the property until his return.

Mr. Housecome says the Hills are full of rascals and bawdy house gamblers, who trade and sell ammunition to anybody, and he thinks this is the way in which the Indians get ammunition. He says the men who go to work can get lots of it to do and good pay for it, and that the Black Hills are rich with gold, which can be got only by labor and attention, with the means to purchase machinery. He states that there was a rumor in Custer City that Crook's command was being held at bay to the east of Custer, and detained from making headway.

THE GATE CITY:

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 16, 1876.

HOME FROM THE HILLS.

Mr. C. W. Housecome Arrives at Burlington from the Black Hills.

He Reports Plenty of Gold and also Plenty of Indians.

His Party Attacked and Six of Them Killed.

BURLINGTON, Ia., July 15.—Mr. C. W. Housecome arrived here from Custer City today, and brings the following report from the mines: He states that he left Custer City on the 28th of June, and has come direct through, arriving at Cheyenne three days ago. He is a reliable man, and comes to visit his uncle and gather up necessaries for the return to his claim. The company consists of Housecome, Cook and Carter. They were at work on a Dry Gulch claim, which was paying twenty dollars per day to the man. The names of the miners employed are G. and E. Magoone, Bangor, Me.; Henry and Wm. Brown, Waterville, and Wm. Page, Harmony, Me.; Lowell Valentine, Augusta, Me., and John H. Huff, Brighton, Me.

On the 20th of June, the party were at work in the gulch, and had just received a new hydraulic engine from Omaha, and had been engaged during the day in placing it, and about 10 o'clock the camp was jumped by the Indians, who captured nine horses and killed the following of their party:

Carter, Wm. Brown, Henry Brown, Lowell Valentine, John H. Huff and Wm. Page. Housecome and Cook cut their way through the Indian circle and escaped. On returning the next day,

DAILY GATE CITY.

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1875.

GOLD IN IOWA.

The Reported Discovery in Delaware County.

The good people of Strawberry Point, in Clayton county, are in the throes of a tremendous excitement over the reported discovery of gold in their midst. The *Free Press* says that a mining company has been formed, dams built, and sluices are at present under construction. Every day of the past week has brought forth new discoveries which has strengthened the now firm belief that gold can be found in paying quantities right at our very doors.

One of the company while working on a dam, unearthed a piece of quartz about the size of a chestnut which contained, according to old miners' judgment, \$2.50 of gold! Washing with pans has been going on from time to time, and in every pan of dirt so far color has been found. In three pans washed by Mr. Kimber on Monday last, between sixty and seventy pieces were secured!

A small stone picked up by Mr. G. Cooley while in the mines, upon being closely examined, was found to be very rich. Aquafortis had no effect upon it. The excitement still continues, and parties from a distance have arrived and gone to work. The first discovery was made on the farm of Jarvis Baker, half a mile northeast of town.

The Valley Whig.

THE DES MOINES VALLEY WHIG IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY MORNING.

The gold field still enlarges in area.—By latest accounts discoveries have been made on Grand river, in the southern part of Iowa, and in the adjacent counties in Missouri; and also in Hardin and Worth counties in the north of Iowa, and across the line in Minnesota. MAY 31, 1858

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY" R. J. BICKEL, KEOKUK, IOWA

THE GATE CITY:

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THE GATE CITY

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 2, 1876.

FIGHTING THE INDIANS.

Some of the Difficulties Surrounding
the Black Hills Miners.

In his letter to Judge Pendleton, E. T. Pierce has the following to say concerning the Indians and their doings in and around the Black Hills:

I presume you read a great many accounts of misdeeds of the noble red man, who claims to be so deeply wronged by his white brethren; but I dare say one-half of the news never reaches you unless by private correspondence, for it would keep a reporter busy if he undertook to write up everything that happens. Some of the boys who were up on the head waters of French Creek prospecting, found a stake where two poor mortals had been buried. Their bones still remain to tell their sad fate. They think it was done last summer. Some men from the Northwest who arrived last week also found a place where two men had been roasted. Some papers were found close by the bones, also an unfinished letter that one of the unfortunates had been writing to his wife. I had their names and addresses but cannot find them now. In both places where these skeletons were found prospect holes were also discovered, showing beyond a doubt that the men were bold and had been prospecting alone.

In the same letter, under date of the 25th of May, Mr. Pierce says:

A train arrived last night from Sidney and starts for the Deadwood this morning. They found the body of a man close to Buffalo Gap, and they think it must have been lying there for some time as it was very much decomposed.

A party came down from Slate Creek last week after ponies, having had their horses stolen by Indians. They started home by way of Red Canyon, and when part way back they were attacked by twenty-five Indians. J. D. Hunter, better known as "Pony Hunter," from Grand Island, Neb., was killed, being shot through the spine: John G. Coyer was shot while in the act of dismounting, the ball striking the thigh and ranging upwards into the abdomen. He fought it out sitting on the ground, as his leg was broken and he could not get around. The Indians would come up to the brow of the hill and shoot at the boys and drop back, and others would then take their places. The boys soon saw the advantage the red devils had over them, so they put Coyer on a horse and moved down into a washout. J. H. Beevy going to Young first to see if he was alive, found him dying. Poor man. He tried to tell something about his family, but died with the words in his mouth. The other five men, under a heavy fire, succeeded in gaining the washout and returned the fire. They killed two Indians and wounded one, and also shot a pony. The body of Hunter lay in such a position that the boys could not see it and the Indians came up and scalped him, taking the entire covering of the head off. The Indians finally withdrew and held a consultation, and in the meantime, Coyer growing weak and desiring water, Beevy mounted his horse and rode back to a spring seven miles away, the Indians firing volley after volley after him. He returned in safety. They stayed in their retreat until after dark and then loaded Coyer on a horse and re-

turned to the spring, where they carried stones and built a fort. Beevy then rode into Custer and started a party to the rescue, headed by Mayor Beemis, who arrived just in time to see the Indians coming to the attack. They returned to town in safety, taking the wounded man with them, who died a day or two after. You talk of men of nerve, but if those six men—J. D. Hunter, John G. Coyer, J. H. Beevy, E. H. Jacks, J. W. Young and Thos. Polk—did not show nerve under all the disadvantages in which they were placed, then I am no judge of "good leather." This fight took place close to where the old Kentuckian was killed a short time ago, and it is generally thought that the agency Indians were engaged in both of the killings.

THE GATE CITY:

SUNDAY MORNING, AUG. 13, 1876.

HOME FROM THE HILLS.—George Corwine, of this city, who went to the Black Hills last Spring, arrived at home Friday night. He left there on the 11th of July, and has been on the road ever since. He does not give a very flattering account of the prospects out there. Not but what there is gold in paying quantities, but the best claims are all taken up by old miners. Some of these pay from \$10 to \$50, and in a few instances as high as \$100 to the man per day, but for one of these there are perhaps a dozen that are not paying good wages.

The richest deposits are on the Deadwood. It was reported that up to the time of Mr. C's departure \$200,000 in gold had been taken out of the Hills. Dazzled by reports of these big yields men flock in there, stay until their means are entirely exhausted, and are then unable to get away. Hundreds of men arrive daily and as many come away. Mr. Corwine had an interest in a claim which they worked several weeks, and as it did not pay even good wages, he gave it up and returned home, where he intends remaining.

THE GATE CITY:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 26, '76.

THE FACTS.

FROM A DISINTERESTED SOURCE.

What a Returned Black Hiller has to Say
of the New Eldorado.

DEAR GATE: There have been so many conflicting reports in regard to the Black Hills, their known wealth and the distance, as well as the safest means of getting there, that I take pleasure in telling what I know to be

THE TRUTH

in regard to the matter.

First we will consider the route. We will go by rail to Yankton, which will cost about \$17, and take two nights and one day. From Yankton we go by steamboat to Ft. Pierre—fare in cabin, including meals, \$10; deck passage, \$5, and taking from four to five days. From Ft. Pierre to Rapid City, a distance of 165 miles, we shall have to depend on a wagon for conveyance, for which we pay for passage, including fifty pounds of baggage, \$12 50, and for freight 3 1/2 cents per pound. It must be understood that Rapid City is not in the Hills proper, but located in a beautiful valley in the foot hills, on Rapid Creek, there being no mines worth speaking of within thirty-five miles.

THE ROAD

from St. Pierre to Rapid City is generally good, there being a sufficient though not an abundant supply of water and wood, plenty of grass for stock the entire length of the road. The longest drive without water is thirty-eight miles in summer. In the spring and fall water can be obtained as often as required. In regard to the danger of this route from Indians, it is perfectly safe, providing parties going over it use ordinary precautions. There have been but five men killed on this route since last spring. This route does not touch the "Bad Lands."

We will now suppose we are in Rapid City. After resting a day, we naturally wish to look at the gold bearing regions, which we will find first by going to Crook City, thirty-five miles northwest of Rapid City, and situated on Whitewood creek. Here the pilgrim will find quite a town, consisting of stores, saloons, barber shops, and last, though not least, a printing office from which is issued a paper which would be a credit to many of our smaller towns in the States.

Whitewood creek for a distance of twelve miles is not only staked off in claims, but the claims are being worked, and some of them undoubtedly will pay their owners richly.

Deadwood City, the location of the present

BONANZA CLAIMS,

is situated at the junction of Deadwood and Whitewood creeks, and eight miles northwest from Crook City. The only gulch claims that have been paying well are situated on Deadwood creek, between Deadwood City and Grayville, within a distance of two miles. There have been extravagant reports circulated about the claims on this creek. There is not a claim here that has paid over \$750 a day to the claim—not to the man—and this not an every day occurrence.

The claims on this creek cannot last longer than another year, from the fact that they are very shallow diggings, it being only from three to twelve feet to bed rock, and are easily worked. A claim in this district, as well as all districts in the hills, consists of three hundred feet up and down the creek, and on each side to an altitude of thirty feet, in connection with which may be located a bluff claim, which runs to the top of the bluffs on each side. No one is allowed to

locate more than one claim in a district.

The gold from Dead Wood Creek, is generally coarse and of a rusty color, all other gold found in the hills is bright and clean.

The claims on French Creek, on which Custer City is located, seventy-five miles south from Dead Wood, are

DESERTED,

and but about thirty people left in the city. There never have been any good claims found on this creek, and the city will soon be left to the care of the Noble (?) Red man to smoke and scratch in, while pondering as to how he can steal a horse, or "bamboozle" Uncle Sam out of grub and blankets, with the least exertion to his manly frame.

Only a very

SMALL PORTION

of the Hills have been prospected, and there is no doubt but there are as good claims undiscovered as are now being worked.

At the present time there is considerable excitement about quartz. Some of the rock is very rich, and there are several well defined ledges discovered. Should the rock prove as rich as is reported, it is a settled fact that the Hills are a success, both now and for years to come.

There is an unlimited supply of timber here, both Pine and Spruce. Three saw mills and one shingle mill are in constant operation, and lumber sells for \$28 per thousand; shingles \$7.50.

The grazing in the valleys could hardly be better. There are several mowing machines at work cutting hay. Provisions are getting reasonable. Flour \$12 per cwt. Bacon 28 to 30 cents. Sugar 25 cents. Coffee 65 cents. Beans 12 1/2 cents per pound.

What is needed most in the Hills is a bank, a good stock of hardware, and powder and fuse. There are enough provisions to last all winter.

Yours, FRANK.

THE GATE CITY:

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 8, 1876.

BLACK HILLS.

Letter From Iron-Clad---Very Little About Gold, But Heaps Concerning the "Injuns."

CROOK CITY, D. T., Aug. 25th.

DEAR GATE: Sitting Bull has not taken us in yet, but his men pay this place a visit from three to five times a week and drive off all the horses and mules they can. About three weeks ago four Indians made a raid on a small herd, and drove off twenty horses and mules, but one of the Indians was killed in getting away, and his head cut off by a Mexican and carried to Deadwood. Since then the Indians come often, and one time recently killed a yoke of cattle attached to a load of hay, upset the wagon and left. They also killed a man who was cutting hay and took his team.

This morning as we came into Crook City, eleven Indians were seen two miles back at the foot hills, and word came in that about thirty Indians have driven off three hundred horses—all the Montana herd. Half an hour later word reached us that these same Indians had killed a preacher who was on his way here to preach. He was taken back to Deadwood. Have we any Government or not, or is old Sitting Bull going to be the next President? He seems to rule in this neck of woods. All miners and emigrants cry out "No Government," as no volunteers are called for, and no aid or relief whatever is sent us. Custer's force was exterminated: Crook and Terry lost 300 men, and Sitting Bull is driving them before him. Regular soldiers will never conquer the Indians. They have driven off eight hundred horses and mules since the first of May, and no doubt old Sitting Bull is reading the GATE CITY now, as on Friday last his men killed the mail carrier twelve miles from here, and got all the mail. He was in a hurry to get in and left the train. He was found on the road, dead and scalped. There is more danger close to town than out on the plains.

The Black Hills, as we learn from some surveyors, are 88 by 47 miles, and there are supposed to be about 7,000 or 8,000 people in them. More are now coming in than are going out. Goods and provisions are down—flour \$8, bacon 20 cts., sugar 20 cts., coffee 33 cts., nails 20 cts., dry goods very low, country overstocked.

Miners are taking out about as much gold as usual—some doing well and others not making expenses. We have had an abundance of rain and water is plenty now. Excitement all the time in the towns; the herders are now after the Indians. The Big Horn expedition has been heard from. They are with Crook, and report gold in abundance on the Yellowstone and Big Horn.

Berryhill, John Frank, Doc. McEveny and Hornish arrived safe and are on False Bottom Creek, seven miles above Deadwood. Berryhill and McEveny spent one night here. They seem to be well satisfied so far. We hope to see you this Fall. Yours, IRONCLAD.

THE GATE CITY:

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 23.

FOR THE BLACK HILLS,

And the recently discovered gold mines in the Big Horn Mountains:—Go by the way of Denver, Cheyenne and the great Kansas Pacific Railway. Remember, Denver and Cheyenne are the principal outfitting points for the mines, and the safest, most direct and most frequently traveled route to Custer City, Deadwood and the Big Horn country, is via Cheyenne and Fort Laramie.

FOR THE SAN JUAN MINES,

Take the Kansas Pacific Railway at Kansas City or Leavenworth for Denver, where close connections are made with the Denver and Rio Grande Railway for Colorado Springs, Pueblo, El Moro, Del Norte, Lake City, Silverton and all points in the San Juan Country. By taking this old favorite line, the "K. P.," you can stop over in Denver and visit the old established mines and smelting works in its vicinity, an advantage every one interested in mining can readily appreciate.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RESORTS

And wonderful Mineral Springs of Colorado never lose their interest to the Tourist, and the benefits to Invalids are magical and never failing. The way to reach them is by the great Kansas Pacific Railway.

Pullman Palace Cars through to Denver without change. Lowest rates guaranteed to all points. Maps, Circulars, &c., giving full information, cheerfully furnished by addressing GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, Kansas Pacific Railway, Kansas City, Mo.

BAKER-VAWTER CRIMPED LEAF

CK CREDITS

THE EVENING PRESS.

515 MAIN STREET.

TH, JUNE 29, 1898. Y.
LIFE IN ALASKA.

The Bright Side of Gold Hunting Described by a Keokukian.

Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. E. Hanson received another letter from their son, Andrew, who is one of the many that are enjoying life in Alaska. The letter read as follows:

Alaska, May 26, 1898.—Dear Parents, Brothers and Sisters: Last night the mail man came by the camp and we all rushed for our mail, but there was none to be gotten. I suppose he left the port before our letters came. He goes up the river, and then when he comes back, he takes the mail back to the coast. We are all very anxious to get letters from home. It will probably be a week or two before I can send this letter, but I will write and have it ready.

I will begin where I left off in the last letter. We were then at the foot of the glacier. We are now at the head of the ——— river, which is about forty miles from Copper River, and thirty-four miles from the glaciers. We are camped in a large forest on a lake twenty miles long and three miles wide. We arrived here the first of May and expect to sail down this river for Copper River about June 1.

The snow disappeared the next day after we arrived here, and we have been waiting for the ice in the lake to disappear, so that we can go on. We sawed the lumber and built three boats. This is a regular log camp, about thirty different parties are sawing lumber, from early till late. There is a forest here about two miles long and one half a mile wide, and is full of large spruce trees, which make fine lumber.

Since we came here we have done scarcely anything but hunting; hunting is not very good here, for the game is mostly in the interior. The other day Otto saw a moose and shot at it, but missed it. We can find traces of the moose, bear, rabbits, goats, ducks and many kinds of birds.

The weather is the finest you can imagine. No rain at all, but sunshiny days. The highest temperature we had is 60 degrees. We use blankets every night. It does not rain here much till in October.

One day we took a walk to a mountain, about a mile away. It is a mile high, and it took us three hours to climb to the top. We found it harder work descending, and were quite tired by the time we got to the camp, where Jim had a good meal prepared for us. Jim is a splendid cook, and we thought so more than ever that day. For dessert we had rice pudding and apple-pie.

We have done some gold hunting but have found only a very little. But we are where it "grows" and we will get our share later on, perhaps. We are in better spirits than when we left Keokuk. The stories you hear about

this country being so terrible, are all false. This is finer than any Iowa or Illinois. The mosquitoes are very large and are the only things that make it unpleasant for us here. We had several snow storms, but the mosquitoes stay right with us.

Sometimes I can hardly believe that this is Alaska, for I had pictured it to be so different. Wild roses and other flowers grow in abundance. Strawberries, juniper berries, and many other kinds are found. When they get ripe, what a time we will have!

I have been trying to catch some fish, but it is too early yet, but before long, I think we will have all the fish we can use. Very often, we find traces of the Indians. This camping is just what I like. I don't think I ever could get tired of it. This is a very healthy climate. If we could have had another week of sledding, we would have been way up the Copper River by this time. Coming across the lake we pulled more than 500 pounds to the sled. That is the most we have ever hauled at one time. A great many people are turning back for home, but I don't see what better one wants than this. The sun rises at 2:30 and sets at 9, so the days are very long.

One night we all went down to the lake after water, and we noticed a small tent with this on it: Mathews, of Ft. Madison, Iowa. So we went over and called on him. It proved to be Dr. Mathews who used to live in Vincennes. You can imagine the talk that followed. It seemed so nice to meet anyone from a place so near home. Most people here are from Wisconsin and Minnesota and are mostly Scandinavians. About eight out of every ten are Norwegians, so I suppose I will soon learn how to speak their language.

Today is the 28th. Last night a man who had been up the Copper River 100 miles, stayed all night with us. His boat had capsized in the river, and he lost all his outfit; so he was going back to get another. He reported some good "finds" on the Tazlina River, and said that game was plentiful.

Provisions are very high. Here are some of the prices of things:

Flour, per bbl., \$18 to \$20.

Rolled oats, 25 pounds, for \$19.

Dried apples, 75 cents per pound.

Condensed milk, \$1 per can.

A person has to pay \$1.50 for a pair of woollen stockings.

I will send this letter on with the man who stayed all night with us, and you will probably get it sooner than if I waited for the mail man. Give my best regards to all inquiring friends.

Your loving son and brother,

A. C. HANSON.

THE DAILY GATE CITY.

Entered in Keokuk postoffice as second class matter.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1886.

THE VALUE OF GOLD DUST.

It Was Not Known to the Earliest Miners in California—Varied Devices for Adulteration.

The value of gold dust was not known to the earliest miners in California, says the *San Francisco Post*. Marshall and those who were with him at the saw-mill race had never seen gold in its virgin state before the discovery. The first gold sold at Coloma, it is said, only brought \$8 an ounce, but it afterward rose to \$16, at which figure it remained for some years. Sellers and buyers did not for a long time realize any difference in the value of different dust. "What are you paying for dust to-day?" was the question asked by the miner of the dust-buyers. Thus in those times no more difference was recognized in the quality of different gold dust than is to-day recognized in the quality of different sand or sawdust. Buyers mixed their dust together as they sent it to the mint, and paid an average price for it all. This was a very good thing for the miners who had poor dust and very unfair for those who had dust of the best quality. Afterward it was found that the dust as it was taken from the earth varied greatly in value. Some of it, according to mint returns, was worth even as low as \$9 an ounce, and some was worth \$20 and more. This is on account of the fact that a greater or less amount of baser metals, silver, copper, etc., is always found in alloy with gold in its native state. Gold dust differs as much in appearance as it does in quality. Some of it is yellow and bright, and some is dull in color, dark green, and black. The bright yellow dust is not the best in quality, as might ordinarily be supposed. Some of the purest gold ever mined has been almost black in color. There is also no uniformity in the form of the particles of gold dust. Some is fine and flour-like, some is coarse and smoothly worn, and some is rough and scraggy. Dust taken from any one locality in a mining district is always remarkably uniform in value, color, and form. This fact enables buyers, after some experience, to determine immediately from what locality dust is mined, and what is its value. The first question asked by a buyer is: "Where did you mine this dust?" Of course, if it came from a region that has a reputation for producing gold of a good quality the buyer can afford to pay a high price for it. There is little use in making misrepresentations when answering this question, for the buyer has almost as good means of knowing where the dust came from as the seller. This knowledge is of great value to the dust-buyer in the way of protecting himself against fraud in the way of counterfeit dust, etc.

Peculiarities in the form of gold taken from mining districts often gave a name to the locality. Chunk canyon, Slug gulch, and Specimen ravine are examples. A canyon in El Dorado county is called String canyon. This is said to be on account of the very singular form of the gold dust found in that

region. Much of it resembles pieces of wire one and two inches in length, and some of it as fine as thread.

Observations of the form of their dust often led miners to make very valuable discoveries. All gold, as is well known, originally came from quartz. In its natural state in the quartz it is very irregular in form. Every rich ravine and canyon had a gold-bearing quartz vein, whose wearing away by the elements had loosened the precious metal, to be washed down by the water among the gravel and sand. When gold has been washed far from its source the attrition caused it to become fine and smooth. As the miner approaches the feeding quartz vein, the gold becomes coarser and more scraggy, till suddenly the pay gives out entirely. Then it is certain that a rich quartz ledge is in the vicinity, and in this manner veins have been struck that have yielded many thousands of dollars in a few weeks.

Gold-dust buying in the mining towns was a very profitable business in the early days of California. What was called black sand, composed principally of iron, was always mingled to a greater or less degree with the dust when it was brought to the buyer. This had to be blown out, and often the finest particles of gold were blown out with it. Thus in an office where a large quantity of dust was bought much fine gold would be scattered around the room. The dustings of a buyer's counter and sweepings of his floor were often worth hundreds of dollars a month. Sometimes the buyers were suspected of cheating in a more illegitimate manner by slyly appropriating some of the gold while they were shaking it around and examining it in the blowpans.

Once a miner who believed a buyer had swindled him got even in a rather peculiar manner. He had a pair of brass stirrups weighing two pounds. Every time he sold dust to this buyer he filed a portion of the stirrups among it till he had palmed off the whole of them for gold dust.

The Chinese have always been the most successful manufacturers of counterfeit gold dust. Many a lot of brass or iron filings, plated with gold, has been sold by them to unsuspecting buyers. Of late years this has been less practiced, however, because of the fact that buyers almost invariably test the dust with acid, or burn it. By subjecting it to an immense heat the gold is not effaced, but any other metal that may be mingled with it is soon dissipated in vapor. A buyer was once purchasing some dust from a company of Chinese miners. His balance scales were on an open counter before them. Suddenly he noticed that one of the Chinamen had slyly touched the balance in which the dust was to be weighed. Quickly looking under the bottom of it, he found some object sticking to it, which proved to be a small piece of a sticky substance, like beeswax. It weighed half an ounce. The wily Chinamen had intended, of course, after the dust was weighed, to remove the wax as deftly as they had put it on. Marks on the bottom of the balance revealed the fact that this trick had often been successful. Thus this company,

and perhaps others, had gained half an ounce on the buyer every time they sold him a lot of dust. This trick and others of a similar character afterward led almost all buyers to put their balance scales in glass cases, instead of having them open on the counter.

In the early days of California life specie was not plentiful enough for the needs of trade, and gold dust was used almost entirely as a medium of exchange. The miners carried it in long buck-skin purses. This compelled all kinds of business houses and shops to have scales with which to weigh the dust. What little coined money there was in circulation was eagerly bought up by the gamblers, who, by piling it up in their banks, could make more of a display with it than they could with the gold dust.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1857

GOLD EXCITEMENT IN IOWA.

A Reminiscence of '55—Lee County a Part of the Gold Field—Big Nuggets Discovered, Etc.

Those who lived in Iowa 23 years ago remember the excitement throughout the state, and which spread all over the nation, over the reports of the finding of gold in the beds of and along various streams and rivers. Somebody has discovered a reminiscence of those days in the shape of a dispatch from its Washington correspondent to the New York Tribune, and published in that paper May 25, 1858, and sent it to the Des Moines Register:

WASHINGTON, May 20, 1858.—The discovery of gold in Iowa appears to be causing a good deal of excitement in the west, and is likely, if it proves to be a reality and no delusion, to lead to great results, not only from its possible addition to the metallic wealth of the country, but from its influence on the streams of emigration. The Davenport, Iowa, State Democrat says that the first discovery of gold was made at St. Charles, Madison county some time during the past autumn. A man at work building a mill-dam picked up some small lumps of yellow ore from among the loose earth and carried them home for the amusement of his children. Near the close of the winter some returned Californians chanced to stop at the house, and, seeing the lumps, pronounced them gold. One of the lumps was sent to Cincinnati for examination, with a request that if it was found to be worth anything the value should be returned in money. The result was the return of \$25 as the worth of the lump of gold.

The discovery was at once made known, and large numbers are now engaged in digging gold, with profits varying from \$2 to \$25 a day. Gold has since been found in Lee, Warren, Clarke, Boone, Des Moines, Polk, Union, Story and Johnson counties. Statements that gold has been found in various places have appeared in the Iowa

City Reporter, the Burlington Gazette, the Winterset Madisonian, the Keokuk Post, Des Moines Journal, Boonesboro News, and many other Iowa papers. The Madisonian says a lump of gold has been found worth \$200. Several hundred men are at work in the diggings, and new adventurers are daily flocking in. Various returned Californians, conversant with gold mining, have visited the diggings, and pronounced a favorable opinion upon it.

The State Register publishes the above and the remaining paragraphs of the old dispatch, and then adds: "How many poor devils were induced to make their start towards Iowa by reason thereof, and are now proeperous farmers instead of unfortunate gold diggers as a consequence, is unknowable. The article is interesting for the details it gives of the way travel was then prosecuted, the names of old newspapers since departed, and a thousand and one little touches of life in Iowa 20 years ago."

The Keokuk Post, referred to in the dispatch to the Tribune, was a daily paper—a predecessor of the Keokuk CONSTITUTION, and was edited and published by William Rees, the father of Thomas Rees of the CONSTITUTION.



THE GREAT DUST HEAP
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK IOWA

Picture of Alaskan Landslide Brings Memories of Gold Rush

DAILY GATE CITY
MARCH 27, 1929

G. E. Weissenburger of This City Participated in the Long Trek to the Yukon in the Search for Wealth in 1898.

"Gold, gold, gold." The cry rang down the Pacific coast, over the Rocky mountains, across the entire country and echoed round the world in 1898 when gold was discovered in the Klondike, and men of all stations in life answered the call of the yellow god.

G. E. Weissenburger, prominent Keokuk man and veteran of that rush, was in Chicago at the time of the report and it was there that he and his friend, Herman E. Beatty of Boston, planned their trip to the north. Mr. Weissenburger, then quite a young man was a mechanical engineer and his friend and partner was in the furniture business in the east. Later they were joined by a Virginia shipping captain.

After carefully planning the expedition the two young men sailed for Alaska in February, 1898, on the steamer "City of Seattle," to make their fortune. It was the object of these crowds of men to make millions in this big gold find in the north but comparatively few of them did. Many of them were not physically able to stand the exposure and cold and died, many did not find gold at all and many, according to Mr. Weissenburger, did not find any more than he did. He declared that although he struck gold he did not get enough to cover his expenses during the trip.

Picture Recalls Old Trail.

The trail to Dawson City, the main starting point for prospect parties, was filled at all times with people either coming or going from the mighty search for gold. "It was a slow moving stream of people and we went much faster than they did. Many of them were not as well equipped and most of them did not know exactly where they were going or how to get there. We had thoroughly studied it out and made definite plans before starting out," said Mr. Weissenburger a short time ago. He had just seen a motion picture that brought back the whole gold rush to him.

"Crossing that one stream was not as bad for us as it was in the picture because we crossed it early in the spring before it started to melt. Later when the ice began to thaw up stream it was pretty hard on the people trying to cross it."

The Big Landslide.

"At one time we came to a pass just after a big landslide, there were quite a few of these, and helped dig the people out of the snow. We found seventy-one bodies and buried them beside the trail. We dug up some people who were still alive after being buried in the snow for twenty-four hours. We were careful in searching for the bodies and kept track of all the provisions that we found. In all of the provisions lost in that big slide everything was found again with the exception of a hundred foot coil of rope.

"Chillcoot pass was another hard place in the trail to Dawson City. The climbing of the pass was difficult in itself, but everyone who went beyond the pass must have fifteen-hundred pounds of provisions and this had to all be carried up the pass by the individuals. We walked up without carrying anything the first time just to look things over. In the steepest part steps had been cut in the ice, but the endless stream of feet stepping in the same place numberless times practically made steps in the hard snow all the way up. We all carried staffs to help us climb and then we used them in coming down to guide and stop us. We slid down. There were Canadian officials at the top of the pass to see that no one slipped through without his 1,500 pounds of provisions because the winter had been a hard one and many of the people had died during that time in Alaska from starvation. The officials were taking no chances with the ingoing people because there was no surplus food on the interior. We each, in our party, carried about fifty pounds up the first trip, but by the end we were each carrying a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five pounds apiece. We stacked the provisions we had already carried up the pass at the top, covered them with canvas and put our name on them.

No Pilfering Here.

"Did anyone ever get tired carrying their own provisions up and start off with someone else's?" I asked.

"Not that I know of. No one had time to try anything like that and then it wasn't quite worth trying. If that had happened, it didn't that I know of, there would have been no time for a trial. It would have meant certain lynching.

"We were held up next on the banks of the White Horse rapids where it was necessary for us to wait until the thaw set in and the ice started breaking up. While we were waiting we built boats in which to shoot the rapids. We had to cut down the trees, saw up the wood into planks and do everything for ourselves. The pitch, nails and canvas used in these boats were

among the provisions we carried over the Pass. During this time there was much friction and more partnerships broke up than at any other time. Men working hard always thought that their partners were shirking and getting out of all of the work possible.

Finding the Gold.

"We did not stop long in Dawson City but went on to Circle City. It was from this town that we went out on prospect trips. This town was a few miles above the Arctic Circle.

"We did not find much gold and what we did find we washed out in pans. It was so hot during the daytime that everyone worked at night. It was light almost all night up there. During July and August the thermometer registered 100 during the daytime. Although it was so hot working three feet below the surface the ground was frozen and we struck ice. The sun was very hot.

"Yes, we had plenty of beans while we were up there and then some more beans. We also had bacon and oatmeal almost as often. There were a few fresh eggs there, but these were about a dollar apiece. These eggs that we used mostly were granulated eggs and our milk was of the condensed type.

"We reached Seattle, Wash., on our way home on November 26, 1898, and went back to the jobs we left. I would like to go back again, but I have no desire to go through the same hardships we went through on that trip."

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1882.

—Ottumwa's gold mines are still exciting the people of that section. The Democrat says that Mr. J. O. Briscoe received a letter yesterday from Philadelphia—which the reporter read—stating that his plumbago samples had been examined there by a leading stove polish manufacturer and pronounced just the thing. The letter states that the plumbago can be readily sold in the Philadelphia market at \$40 a ton. Mr. Briscoe says he can deliver it on the cars in this city at \$1.50 per ton and save himself. The intelligent reader can ascertain the freight rates from Ottumwa to Philadelphia, and figure the margin for profit to suit himself. Mr. Briscoe yesterday afternoon melted the two gold and silver "bricks" from the Bear Creek mines and cast them into one. The consolidated "brick" was to have been shipped to the Philadelphia mint last night. Another "clean up" will take place at the Bear Creek mines this week. Mr. Briscoe informs us that he is now running the mills to their full capacity and will hereafter turn out a brick a week.

Gold in the Klondike Sent Thousands Racing In Mad Dash for Alaska, Just Fifty Years Ago

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1947



CHILCOOT PASS—In long line "sourdoughs" head for summit.

By W. D. CRAWFORD
Central Press Correspondent

WASHINGTON—When Klondike gold discovery news reached the United States just 50 years ago it electrified the imaginations of thousands of men and women and started one of the greatest gold stampedes in history.

Men through all generations have risked their lives, fought each other, killed each other, and bargained with each other over the precious yellow metal; but it is doubtful whether gold ever stirred men more deeply or fired them with greater visions of sudden fabulous wealth than did stories of the Klondike discovery half a century ago.

George Carmack, who had gone from Illinois to Alaska in 1890 and there married an Indian squaw, is credited with discover-

ing gold in Bonanza creek on Aug. 16, 1896, near where the Klondike river flows into the Yukon river.

The streams froze shortly afterward, however, and news did not reach the outside world until the thaws of 1897 when a gold-laden steamer pulled into Seattle with its Klondike cargo.

People already in the Yukon and other parts of Alaska rushed to the Klondike as soon as possible and staked out claims on all land along Bonanza creek.

Starting in 1897, some 30,000 fortune-seeking adventurers streamed to the Klondike. The gold urge was no respecter of professions or social classes. Some men took their families. Most went on a

get-rich-quick gamble. A few made rich strikes and came back wealthy. Many lost all their possessions, faced starvation, and underwent devastating hardships. Some died. Others simply failed to find gold, and had to have government relief.

VARIOUS gold syndicates were formed at once and started selling stock. Towns mushroomed in Alaska and the Yukon. Guides were published in 1897 giving prospectors the "lowdown" on life and conditions in the gold coun-

try, and advising them how to plan their trek, and what to buy for their outfit.

Appealing pictures were painted



LUCKY—These two prospectors panned \$15,000 worth of gold.

for stockholders and prospectors. One syndicate issued an attractive booklet with green plush cover printed in gold, quoting alleged authorities on the Klondike's golden future.

"Were 500,000 people to go there (to the Klondike), every year for 10 years," a college professor was quoted as saying, "not all the mineral lands could be covered."

Famed John Muir was quoted thus: "There are thousands of square miles in the basin of the Yukon laden with gold."

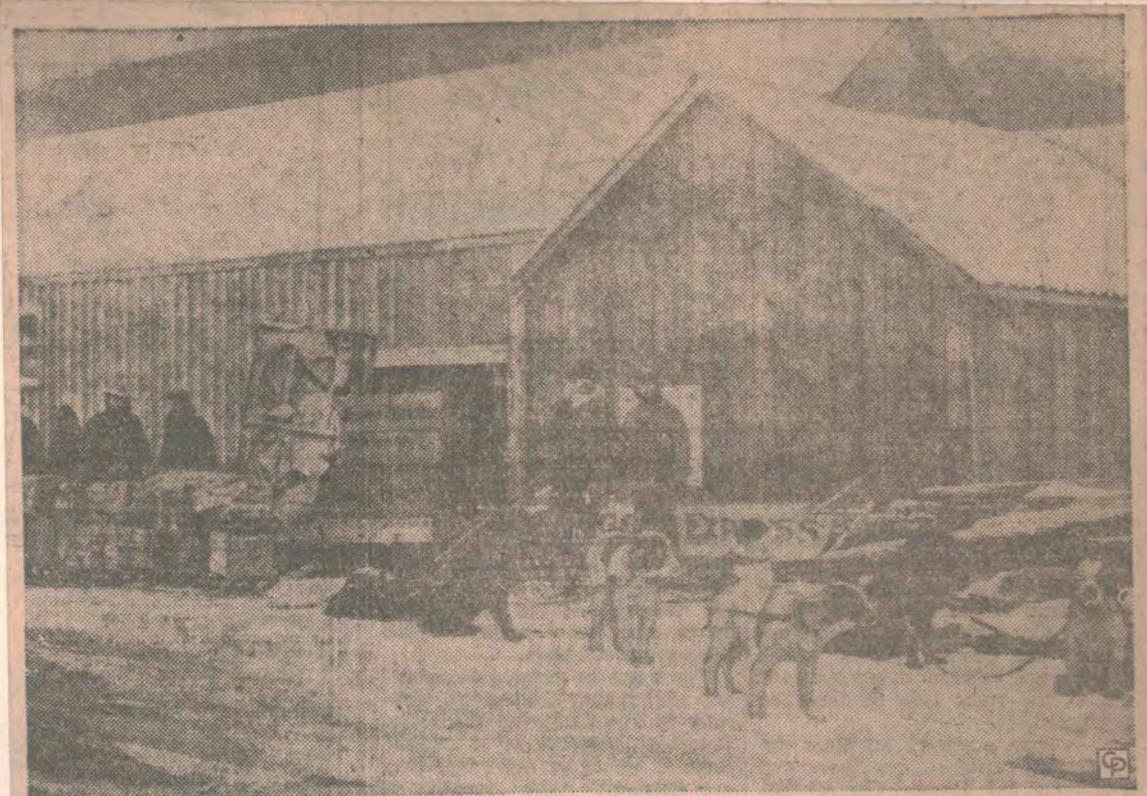
"Old miners believe that 300 tons of gold may be taken out each year," according to a former Colorado state official quoted in the booklet.

"The Klondike is but one of the

July 1947
Klondike

THE GREAT DUST
B. L. BICKEL

July 9, 1947
Gold in Klondike



NUGGET EXPRESS—This dog team rushed freight into and out of Dawson. Rates were \$4 per pound

many hundreds of tributaries of the Yukon," according to another quoted authority, "and each of its tributaries has its innumerable creeks with gold-bearing soil."

"Some gold found in Klondike is nugget, but nuggets, from the size of a pinhead to a goose egg," said another. "Men who have here only a year have from \$10,000 to \$50,000 apiece."

Another "authority" predicted that \$75,000,000 in gold would be taken out of the Klondike region in the spring of 1898 as a result of the coming winter's work.

Dawson, at the confluence of the Klondike and the Yukon, grew from one house to 500 in a few months. In about two years its population exceeded 10,000. Its saloons and night life made it the hot spot of the Yukon.

Gold was mined in huge quantities, but not to the extent predicted. The Klondike's peak output was in 1900, when miners dug more than \$22,000,000 in gold. By 1907 production dropped off to \$3,150,000.

Dredging and hydraulic methods were later used and in 1913 the gold yield was valued at \$5,846,000. Production has gradually declined since. Nevertheless, through the years more than \$185,000,000 in gold have come out of the Klondike.

Gold-seekers were advised in 1897 to take one of two main routes to the Yukon. The water route started by steamer from San Francisco or Seattle. At the mouth of the Yukon, prospectors loaded on river boats and journeyed for

many hundred miles up the Yukon to Dawson.

This journey cost from \$150 to \$200 and took from four to six weeks. Equipment set each prospector back about \$200 more. Freight up the Yukon cost 10 cents a pound. Travel on this route was limited to June, July and August.

The main land route to the golden promised land was to Juneau, or straight on to Dyea, near Chilcoot pass, or Skagway, near White pass, by steamer. Both passes led across mountain summits to lakes whose channels connected with the upper Yukon river.

PROSPECTORS were advised to leave San Francisco or Seattle about May 1, giving them time to cross either pass, build their boats along Lake Bennett, and be ready to start for the Klondike when the ice broke up in early June.

Chilcoot pass was the shorter route. Its trail started at Dyea, crossed the summit at 3,500 feet, and on to the end of Lake Lindeman. Dawson was then 548 miles northward.

Settlement started at Skagway in 1897 when a gold miner from Minneapolis crossed the White pass in a wagon from the Yukon gold fields. Skagway, like many other mushroom gold cities, was first a tent town. Permanent buildings, including stores, manufacturing, and even a college, soon followed. When the White Pass and Yukon railroad was built as a result of the gold stampede, Skagway boomed, while Dyea de-

clined to insignificance.

Veterans of World War II are developing a planned community at Chilcoot, at an Army post established during the gold rush. Before gold-seekers started using Chilcoot pass, Indians had crossed

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1947

AN IOWA GOLD MINE.

Mining Operations Being Pushed Rapidly Forward in Wapelle County, With Good Prospects of Success.

Some months since quite a sensation was excited in this part of Iowa by the report that veins of gold had been discovered near Ottumwa. The results were anything but satisfactory, the public press made considerable sport over the matter and people in general supposed it had been dropped. But now we learn that the gentleman on whose land the ore was said to have been found, has been carrying on operations ever since. The Ottumwa Democrat says in a review of the whole affair that last October, Mr. Briscoe sent a quantity of this ore to Chicago to have it assayed for silver alone. The gentleman who had the matter in charge, after making the experiment, which was altogether satisfactory, asked if it had ever been tested for gold, and on receiving a negative answer, proceeded to make the test, which was even more astonishing than had been the result of the test first made. The result astonished Mr. Briscoe so much that later, some time

in November, he sent a mill run of 1,200 pounds to Omaha, when the statement of the Chicago parties was fully corroborated. In December, a mill run of 1,000 pounds was sent to Chicago to another firm and satisfactory results obtained. In January, 1882, about the time the board of trade committee went to Chicago, Mr. Briscoe went to New York, taking with him about 1,100 pounds of the ore, where he had it tested by some of the most noted scientists in that great metropolis. Here the ore, as on other occasions, produced the same relative value as to the precious metals. With all these tests before him, and having faith born from investigations made by himself, he decided while in the city to purchase the necessary machinery with which to reduce the ore and to inaugurate a system of gold mining in Wapello county.

Having purchased a mill of the latest and most improved pattern, it arrived at Ottumwa July 3d, and was in running order on the 7th. The appearance of things on Mr. Briscoe's property now indicates that he intends to push work in earnest from this time on.

The mill is situated on the bank of Bear creek on a steep hillside. The building is 56x34 feet and is built with special reference to the work for which it is intended, and contains the crusher, the pulverizer, the large boiler, engine and a fine Knowles steam pump. All the machinery is set in a permanent manner, not for experimental work, but for a permanent business.

The ore bed is about 100 yards away from the mill on the side of the hill and a little above the creek. From where the rock is quarried it is carried on cars run on a tramway up an inclined plane to the mill, where it is dumped off into a bin from which it is fed into the crusher. In this machine the rock is broken into small pieces, from which it runs down a chute into the pulverizer, and from that out into the chutes and into the riffles. From one point all the business can be under the eye of the superintendent. This pulverizer is a curious machine, not unlike a wash-pan in shape, and in it by the means of what are termed "lugs" the ore is ground to the fineness of flour almost. It is so fine that the ore and water is washed through sieves with something like 4,000 meshes to the square inch, and then carried into the riffles, eighty-four feet in length, and by the time the water gets to the end there is but little sediment left in the water.

The machinery is not all in perfect working order yet. A belt needs fixing, a bolt tightened here or there, and so on, but the mill is grinding along smoothly the most of the time and with a few stoppages, which will not occur after a day or two.

Frequent washings of the pulp have taken place, and in no instance without color being visible to the naked eye, from which it is plain that the precious metals are there and probably in greater quantities than anticipated. It is the purpose of the proprietor to run the mill both

night and day. The first clean up will not take place probably under two weeks, until which time the result will not be known. The mill will grind from fifty to seventy-five tons every twenty-four hours with ease, and as water, wood and coal in abundance exist at the very door of the mill, nowhere could the work be prosecuted cheaper. It will require seven men to run the mill every twenty-four hours, besides the quarrymen, and the expenses will average about \$18 or \$20 per day.

KEOKUK CONSTITUTION

KEOKUK, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1882

GOLD AT LAST.

It has Really Been Found on Iowa Soil - Particulars of the Discovery.

Our readers will remember that some time since the CONSTITUTION published an account of the work that was being carried on in the Bear-Creek mines, in Wapello county. With the proper machinery and an unlimited amount of energy the owner has kept on working and has undoubtedly found gold at last. The Ottumwa Democrat says that the rumors which were in circulation all of yesterday concerning the clean-up over at the Bear-Creek mines, culminated last evening in the production at the Democrat office of a gold and silver brick, weighing 41½ ounces, avordupois, and worth in the neighborhood of \$600. The news leaked out into the streets that Mr. Briscoe, the proprietor of the mines, was in the Democrat office with his "brick," and a rush was immediately made for the sanctum, which was crowded with people until a late hour. But the brick was there, solid, substantial, glittering—and was handled and inspected by scores of our citizens, among whom were several old miners who pronounced it the "pure quill," and no mistake. The specimen on exhibition last evening is the first product of the mine. It is irregular in size, having been cast in a hole chiseled out of a stump, and is an inch in thickness, while on the front it measures four by two and one-half inches. On the converse side it measures three and three-sixteenths by two inches. The proportion of the two metals is 70 per cent. gold to 30 per cent. silver. It will be assayed to-day by an assayer. These are the simple facts, which are positive and undeniable. The brick is the result of about three days' grinding of the gold-bearing rock, which is found on Bear creek, a stream about three miles from Ottumwa, in the bluffs on the west bank of the Des Moines river. This ore lays in horizontal strata, aggregating from 30 to 40 feet in thickness, and is apparently in inexhaustible supply. The ore crops out along the banks of Bear creek for a considerable distance. The "clean up" was far from perfect, and the gold and silver were taken out by the process of raw

amalgamation—the simplest process known. The ore from which this result was obtained is from strippings along the bank of the creek.

This is the first run from the Bear Creek district, and, of course, no one knows anything about the ore further than can be learned from the essays. The rock and ore are of such a character, also, that it is impossible to select it, and that from which this brick was produced was not selected to make—in mining parlance—"a strong run."

The mill used for grinding the ore is new, and the men who operated it were utterly inexperienced. The tailings were closely run, yet the yield is pronounced by old miners to be extraordinary, when the quality of the ore is considered.

The precious metals are found in a sedimentary rock. This is run through a sixty-inch screen, having 3,600 holes to the square inch. A large proportion would go through a 100-mesh screen. The office of the "riffles" is to catch any globules of amalgam that may be thrown out during the process of the grinding.

The amalgamation, the writer was informed, was principally effected during the grinding.

That gold and silver exist in paying quantities in the immediate vicinity of Ottumwa, has been demonstrated beyond a possibility of a doubt.

The close proximity of the mines to coal, the abundance of water and other adjuncts to successful mining, renders this district a profitable one, as poor ores can be successfully worked, whereas the same grade of ores in other districts, not possessing these attributes, could not be worked at all.

The success which has attended this gratifying termination of what was considered, on all sides, as a very doubtful experiment, is entirely attributable to the energy and perseverance of the owner of the mines, Mr. John O. Briscoe. In the face of ridicule, sneers and even revilings, he has never for a moment lost faith in his enterprise. He has put both his time and money into it, and there are few people in Ottumwa who will not be glad this morning that he has at last vindicated himself and his mines.

He bears his honors modestly, however, and was the recipient of the heartiest congratulations last evening, from a large circle of friends.

THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY

J. B. BICKEL KEOKUK IOWA

DEPOT BRICKS TO BE DUG UP

★★★★E

Des Moines Sunday Register
Dec. 8, 1968
Third News Section

5-T

(The Register's Iowa News Service)

FARMINGTON, IA. — Members of the Pioneer Historical Society here will soon be digging up bricks, but if their hopes are realized, they'll put the bricks back where they got them.



Robert Satterly, society president, wrote to the Burlington Railroad asking that the depot here be preserved as a tourist attraction if and when it would be closed by the railroad company.

The railroad did not say when it would part with its depot, if it ever would, but railroad officials donated the bricks on the west side of the depot and

loading platform to the historical society.

There was a catch to the offer, however. The bricks have to be taken up by Jan. 1. This would save the railroad tax money.

The historical society wants the bricks where they are, neatly laid in the ground around the depot — if they get the depot.

What to do with the bricks while waiting for the railroad to donate the depot was the question at the society's meeting recently in the Methodist Church basement. No decision was reached.

But the bricks will be taken up, even if the members have to dig them up by hand.

And if they get the depot, the bricks will be put back.

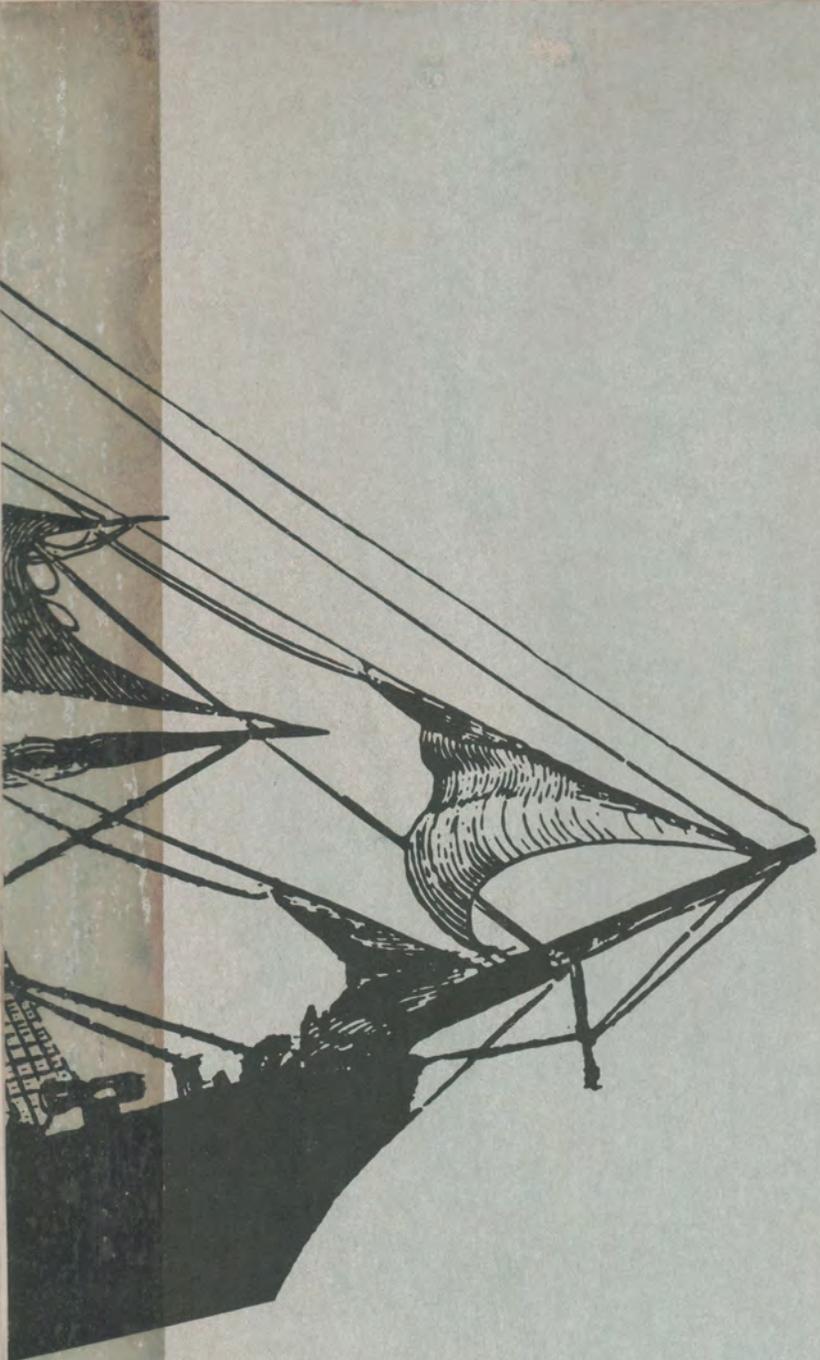


**WHERE'S
THE
GOLD
OF
GRAVEYARD
REEF?**

Hold of Graveyard - pg #1

R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

Hold of Saaveyard - PG # 2



It was a clammy, foggy morning in the year 1856. On Santa Rosa Island, an eighteen-mile-long member of the Channel Islands thirty-two miles off the Southern California coast, a derelict beachcomber strolled along the sand, looking for sea life the tide often deposited there which might make an easy breakfast. Despite the morning chill, the beachcomber was barefoot. Idly, he kicked at piles of seaweed along the way.

Suddenly his toe stubbed against a wooden object. He raised his foot, swore in pain and picked up the object to hurl it angrily into the sea. Then he drew his arm back abruptly. The object, he decided, was no ordinary piece of driftwood. Shaped like an eagle, it was nearly as long as a man's arm, with barnacles almost completely covering the faded but originally gaudy paint. Curiously, he scraped away the growth. Two words were faintly legible underneath: *Yankee Blade*.

Without knowing it, that unnamed beachcomber had literally stumbled across the only clue ever found to one of the sea's greatest mysteries. Two years earlier, the gilded eagle had adorned the wheelhouse of the swift, new 1,800-ton sidewheel steamer, *Yankee Blade*, as she raced southward from California's gold fields toward Panama. The voyage was never completed. Less than thirty miles from where the beachcomber made his find, the *Yankee Blade*, with 900 passengers aboard, plunged against a reef at Point Arguello, and into eternity, on October 1, 1854.

For two generations, the eagle reposed in a theater archway in Santa Barbara. Later, it was turned over to the University of California. But authorities there now say they have no record of what happened to even this tiny clue to the *Yankee Blade* mystery.

More than a century later, the mystery continues to fascinate both historians and nonhistorians. In fact, it fascinates just about anyone who'd like to kick over the nine-to-five traces (continued on page 75)

BY JOE BROWN

Of all the ships to run aground and sink near Point Arguello on the central California coast, *Yankee Blade* deserves the spotlight. With her sank a cargo of gold probably worth more than a million dollars

WHERE'S THE GOLD OF GRAVEYARD REEF?

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and have enough of that long green stuff to avoid work the rest of his life.

For the *Yankee Blade* was no ordinary ship and she carried no ordinary cargo. Far from it. When she sank to her doom the day after she foundered in 1854, a fortune in gold disappeared with her. Just how much gold is a matter of speculation. Estimates range all the way from \$153,000—the amount listed officially on her manifest—to \$2,000,000. Even the lower figure is misleading. In 1854, gold sold for twelve dollars an ounce. If the manifest was accurate, it means that at the *minimum*, the treasure the *Yankee Blade* was hauling from the rich gold fields of the Mother Lode is worth today, at thirty-five dollars an ounce, nearly \$500,000.

To date, there is no record of the gold ever having been recovered. A San Francisco diver in 1950 reported finding the sunken wreckage, then of losing it again when he returned the next day, after stormy seas and bad weather drove him away the first time. Few people believed him. For, as any skilled treasure hunter knows, one of the first and obvious rules of the business is: If you find anything, why tell anyone else?

The *Yankee Blade's* owners, Cornelius Vanderbilt's Independent Steamship Line, sent a salvage ship and crew to the side-wheeler's last-known location within a week. They came away empty-handed. In 1856, the same year the wooden eagle was found, it was reported that the ship *Ada* had succeeded in lifting the steamer's gold-filled vault. Most historians discount that as rumor.

Many others have tried. John Tanner, a scuba diver and a graduate student at California's Claremont College, has made fifteen pilgrimages to Point Arguello in the hope of at least locating the wreck. Just last December, he braved rough seas and bone-numbing weather to try again. So far, he's come up blank.

"I'm convinced the gold's there," he says. "It has to be there. I've searched every record, read every newspaper account of the period, talked to descendants of survivors, everything. It's there because I can feel it. I haven't found the gold, but I won't quit looking."

If you study the *Yankee Blade* mystery as an historian would—coolly, logically, sifting out the evidence and discarding all but logic and proven fact—that nice, fat, probably million-dollar vault of gold seems very real, indeed, and almost within reach. Yet, nearly 114 years after it got there, it still continues to elude everyone. Why?

Some say no one has yet looked hard enough, or with the right equipment. Some say finding the gold is pure chance, and Lady Luck just hasn't yet smiled upon the right diver. Still others call the treasure a curse. They remember the other ships snatched by Arguello's treacherous reefs—like seven four-stacker destroyers which went aground there in 1923 in what remains today the Navy's worst peacetime disaster. They remember the blood-chilling details of the *Yankee Blade's* fight for life, of looting, murder and piracy aboard, as she seasawed on the reef before finally plunging into history. They remember—and then they say no more. But to the beginning. . . .

C. F. Spearman was glad to be heading at last toward home in Keosauqua, Iowa. Like thousands of others with a golden gleam in their eye, he had migrated westward with the great California gold rush of the mid-1800s. Unluckier than many, now he was returning home empty-handed. But he was philosophical about it. "Some make it, some don't," he mused that morning to a ship's crewman aboard the steamship *Yankee Blade*. "I didn't."

A few minutes before four p.m., October 1, 1854, Spearman snugged his coat collar tighter to ward off the afternoon chill, and began a stroll around the steamer's deck. She was a new ship, he remembered, barely a year old, and in her newness he felt safety and comfort. Despite a recent run of ill luck, to her owner, eastern shipping magnate Cornelius Vanderbilt, she remained the pride—and the moneymaker—of the Independent Steamship Line.

The *Yankee Blade* was 274 feet long, of 1,800 tons registry, and propelled at fantastic speed by the twin paddlewheels which now churned up the ocean off the California coast. Nine hundred passengers like Spearman were crammed aboard. They were immigrants from the gold fields, mostly, some with pockets bulging with nuggets and gold dust, others with barely a dime to their name.

The steamship had left San Francisco the previous afternoon—September 30, 1854—bound for Panama. There, her passengers and cargo would be shuttled across the isthmus by wagon and reboarded on another Vanderbilt steamer for the final leg of the voyage to the East Coast.

The *Yankee Blade's* bad luck had occurred a week earlier, on her last Panama-

to-San Francisco run. Six passengers came down with cholera, which apparently they had picked up while waiting for the steamer in Panama. They were buried at sea.

If that proved an ill omen for any of the passengers, it certainly didn't bother the *Yankee Blade's* skipper, Captain Henry Randall, a hard-driving and apparently foolhardy seafarer, who now continued to push his ship at top speed despite the gathering afternoon fog. It was learned later that Vanderbilt paid his captains a bonus for cutting down on the scheduled time of a voyage.

The run to Point Arguello went uneventfully. At nine p.m. the previous night, the *Yankee Blade* passed another steamer on her starboard beam: Purser Samuel Vought jotted an entry in his log, estimating the other vessel to be either the *Uncle Sam* or the *John L. Stephens*. Vought knew most of the other steamships by heart: the *John L. Stephens*, he knew, had last left San Francisco exactly a month earlier, on August 30, 1854, with a reported \$1,220,000 in gold bullion tucked in her vault. The *Uncle Sam*, like the *Yankee Blade*, was only a year old.

The afternoon of October first, the fog grew thicker and the coast line was soon obscured entirely. Why, Vought wondered, didn't Randall reduce speed?

A study of a nautical chart of the central California coast will quickly show the hazards faced by sea captains on the north-south run in those days before radar and other navigational aids.

From San Francisco south to Point Arguello, the coast runs almost north and south. One hundred and thirty miles north of Los Angeles, it bends sharply to the east. Point Arguello is the pivot for the coastal turn. Ships traveling south have a choice of two courses: they can continue almost due south, steaming on the windward side of the Channel Islands (thus losing valuable time), or turn eastward and thread their way through the thirty-mile-wide Santa Barbara Channel. Randall chose the latter. Shortly after three o'clock, the *Yankee Blade* swung into a new course at the mouth of the channel.

Mariners dread the sea near Point Arguello. It is an area of swift and deceptive currents, perpetual fog and heavy swells. Nearer the point itself are underwater reefs that can rip the hull from an unwary ship in minutes. The worst tragedy there occurred on September 9, 1923, when a squadron of nine Navy destroyers, racing toward San Diego, went aground in follow-the-leader fashion. Only two freed themselves. That accident cost twenty-three lives. (See "Death Cruise of Squadron Eleven," *ARGOSY*, May, 1961.)

At about three-thirty p.m., C. F. Spearman returned to his stateroom to await the bell for dinner. Suddenly, the vessel plunged on a reef with an impact so hard, passengers were hurled to the deck.

Within seconds, pandemonium broke loose throughout the little ship. The screams of women and children (there were about 100 aboard) could barely be heard over the shouts of men desperately trying to restore order. Because of her high speed, the *Yankee Blade* had driven herself sixty feet onto the reef and her bow angled sharply into the foggy sky. Her stern sank correspondingly in nine fathoms of water and her rear decks immediately began flooding.

Randall was nonplussed. He had figured the ship to be about ten miles from shore. Actually, she was less than a mile, at best estimates. He immediately turned to the task of rescue. Already, many of the passengers were scrambling off the ship onto the nearby rocks.

As the ship grounded, Spearman raced from his stateroom to the deck to see what had happened. On the way, an ash-faced crewman bumped into him, then ran past without apology. On deck, Spearman stared aghast at what he saw. Frightened women and children, fleeing the torrent of water that was now quickly filling the after decks, were squeezing closer to the bow for safety. For most of them, moving at all was difficult because the deck sloped upward at such a sharp angle.

Purser Vought went immediately to find Randall and was astonished to hear the captain's immediate plans.

"I am going ashore to find a safe place for the passengers to land," Randall said.

"I don't know how long the vessel will stay on the reef. It could slide into the sea at any moment."

Vought couldn't believe it. A captain leaving his ship at such a crucial time? But he could not argue. His job was to follow orders. He asked Randall who would be in charge during his absence.

"My son," the captain replied quietly.

Vought was more puzzled than ever. Randall's son, Henry Randall, Jr., was still in his teens, an inexperienced boy. Still,

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THE GREAT JUST HEAR CALLED HISTORY
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

an order was an order, and Vought said nothing of his doubts.

"While I'm gone," Randall continued, "take some men and break out the provisions for the passengers. Maybe if we get them to eat, they'll calm down. Then—and this is important—go below and bring up the ship's papers—and the vault."

Vought acknowledged, and Randall left.

What followed next is best described in Vought's own words, as published in the *Alta Californian*, a few days later:

"While the boats were being lowered, the chief steward and storekeeper went below with a gang of men and broke out large quantities of provisions, which were sent to the forward decks. I prepared to save the ship's papers and the valuables in my possession belonging to passengers, but on going below about ten minutes after the ship struck, I found the specie (the gold vault) covered with five feet of water, and so rapidly was she filling that the water rose in the stern at the rate of six inches per minute. Consequently, no one dared descend to the vault."

That is the only known published reference to the fate of the *Yankee Blade* treasure. Since it is obvious that the water continued to fill the room where the vault was kept, making the job of retrieving it more and more difficult, it must be assumed that the gold stayed with the ship in those frightful and fateful hours as she lay dying on the Arguello reef.

As in most tragedies, accounts differ as to what happened next aboard the steamer. Vought reported that through the long, cold night before help arrived, "desperadoes were ranging and pillaging the ship, and it was reported—although not supposed to be true—that a man was murdered on the lower forward deck."

Spearman, in his account years later, said that "there was no looting of passengers, to my knowledge." The major was evidently too frightened to realize what was going on, or a poor observer, because what happened aboard the *Yankee Blade* as night fell on October 1, 1854, is one of the Pacific Coast's classic tales of barratry and piracy.

Some accounts go so far as to state that the wreck was planned by a gang of pirates who boarded the ship in San Francisco, sabotaged the compass and thus diverted the *Yankee Blade* onto the reef intentionally, as a plot to steal her gold. It was common knowledge that, in addition to the wealth the vault held, many of the passengers, fresh from the Mother Lode gold fields, were carrying home great amounts of gold dust or nuggets.

Maritime investigators spent years wrestling with the mystery and never found a satisfactory answer. Contemporary newspapers disagreed as to the cause of the foundering, but were unanimous in describing the night of terror.

Darkness and the fog only frightened the passengers more. The ship's liquor stores were quickly raided. The desperadoes soon looted the forward cabins—those still above water—and accosted passengers who dared venture into the ink-black passages, rifling their pockets and bags. Whether there was a murder aboard probably never will be known; quite possibly, one did occur. But when the sidewheeler finally surrendered to the sea late the next day, she dragged down between fifteen and thirty bodies with her.

Near midnight, one gang of thieves—possibly fifteen to twenty men—managed to lower a lifeboat, pile it high with their booty and cast off for dry land. Although the shore was only 300 feet away, they never made it. Probably because it was so heavy with loot, the little boat overturned a few yards from safety and dumped its passengers into the boiling surf.

Meanwhile, on board the steamer, the passengers quieted down somewhat and resigned themselves to a long night. Some prayed. Others sang softly to themselves.

By midnight, the ship's officers had succeeded in lowering another boat, and twenty-one passengers, mostly women and children, managed to row ashore. They weren't much better off than those who stayed aboard the ship except they knew, at least, that the reef on which they huddled was in no danger of sinking.

One of the passengers, Mrs. Jane Elwell, risked her life by jumping into the water alongside a lifeboat and helping the panicked women passengers reach the shore. She clung tightly to the boat's railing, helping it to move along by kicking her feet. Suddenly her leg touched a soft object and, through the gloom, she realized it was a human body. Nearby was a second body. She passed the word to the passengers in the boat.

"I don't think they're dead," she said. "Just unconscious. Please give me a hand." With almost superhuman effort, the survivors were lifted into the boat.

Once ashore, someone kindled a fire with matches which miraculously had remained dry. Then they settled down for the remainder of the night. Few slept.

About eight a.m. the following day, September second, Captain Salisbury Haley, master of the coastal packet *Goliah*, squinted unbelievably toward the shore as his vessel steamed past Point Arguello.

He nudged his first mate and pointed toward the fog. "Am I hearing things, or are those screams?"

"Sounds like women, Captain. A ship aground, maybe?"

"Let's find out."

Haley moved the packet as close to shore as he dared, and waited. Soon the sun began burning off the morning fog and the twisted wreckage of the *Yankee Blade* became visible. Haley was aghast. The steamer's hull now slanted at a forty-degree angle and Haley could see tiny figures clinging to her rigging. He ordered a boat sent to the stranded vessel and then decided to go along himself.

The first group of passengers was taken off the steamer within fifteen minutes, a creditable feat considering the roughness

of the sea and the heavy ground swells. It became obvious that to save the 600 persons still aboard, with the *Yankee Blade* threatening to break up and sink at any moment, would take precious hours this way. Haley had an idea. On the next trip, he fastened one end of a thick hawser to a buoy, lowered this into the water and towed it to the steamer's side. This he made fast to the steamer itself. Then the *Goliah* backed off slowly, taking up slack in the hawser until it was taut. The *Goliah* then dropped her anchors to windward.

Using the hawser as a lifeline, Haley's crew worked until dark to remove the last of the *Yankee Blade*'s passengers.

Before weighing anchor, Haley ordered provisions and blankets sent ashore to the 250 persons who had left the steamer the previous night. With a final glance at the empty, broken ship, he ordered the *Goliah* under way for San Diego.

He had no way of knowing that the provisions never reached those for whom they were intended. As Vought wrote: "A party, composed mostly of the ship's firemen, insensible to humanity and holding the advantage of having in their possession a large quantity of firearms and ammunition, took for themselves almost everything that went ashore. Money was seen in their possession, which they could not have obtained honestly."

As the sun set, the *Yankee Blade* split apart with a final, shattering groan and sank from sight.

Treasure seekers have been trying to find the spot ever since.

If most accounts are correct, the sea floor near Point Arguello and the expanse of water within Santa Barbara Channel itself should be, by now, a treasure hunter's bonanza. At least a dozen vessels have foundered there over the centuries, many of them known to be carrying fortunes.

In 1641, for instance, the *Nuestra Señora de Ayuda*, a 230-ton Spanish galleon, sank in a storm near Santa Catalina Island. A salvage ship rushed to the scene in an effort to retrieve the \$500,000 worth of gold aboard. They found lots of debris, but no galleon or her gold.

Another gold-laden ship, the *Santa Marta* of Mexico, foundered in the same general area in 1852. Mexico sent a salvage expedition, but it had no luck.

Records show that in a single five-year period early in the twentieth century, the "graveyard of ships" claimed eight victims. They were the *Senegal*, *Arubi*, *Sibyl Marston*, *Dora Bluhm*, *Santa Rosa*, *Comet*, *Rosecrans* and *J. J. Loggie*. All were of fifty tons displacement or larger, indicating that they could have carried sizable cargo.

Salvage efforts for the *Yankee Blade*'s cargo began within a week after she went down. Vanderbilt, who had intended to sell his prize steamer soon and had her insured for only \$175,000, sent a team of divers up from Panama aboard the tug *Caroline*, but they were unsuccessful.

Altogether, the gold-rush steamers plying the highly competitive San Francisco-to-Panama route hauled an estimated \$300,000,000 worth of gold in the decade between 1849 and 1859. That was a natural attraction for seagoing bandits, of course, but whether the *Yankee Blade*'s demise was planned or was simply the result of what one historian calls "a demand for top speed in a highly competitive era" probably never will be known.

Yet a century later, the thought of her gold still tempts one diver after another. The 1950 salvage attempt involved a diver named Bill Wood, of San Francisco, who was sent to Point Arguello by a professional salvage firm.

Interviewed after his first try to find the wreckage, Wood told the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin*, "I saw the hulk, but lost it again. I found the gold vault, too. It was lying face down on the rocky sea bottom. But I didn't have time to bring it up."

Wood asserted that strong riptides endangered his descent, and before he could cut into the vault with a torch, the current forced him to abandon operations. It is im-

Hold of Graveyard - pg #4

possible to dive at Point Arguello except for two or three weeks of the year. (John Tanner reported that the weather last Christmas, when he last visited the area, was unusually mild for that time of year.)

The following spring, Wood reported that he returned to the scene only to find that a barge loaded with coal, breaking its tugboat tow, had sunk atop the skeleton of the old *Yankee Blade* in eighty-two feet of water. When he went back a third time, he could find neither barge nor steamer.

Besides the wind, currents and fog, there are other deterrents to Arguello treasure seekers. For instance, the point lies within the Navy's Point Mugu missile range. During test periods, diving operations within the vast range are considered extremely dangerous.

No one knows for sure, either, at what depth the *Yankee Blade* hulk lies. Wood said he saw it at eighty-two feet which meshes with eyewitness accounts that the foundering occurred "300 feet from land." Still, "land" could have meant a reef, perhaps a mile or more offshore. The underwater shelf at Arguello slopes gradually to seaward. It does not reach great depths for several miles.

Yet it is also quite possible that the strong underwater currents could have, over the years, pushed the hulk—or at least parts of it—into deeper water.

It seems likely that one day soon, a diver, with modern equipment, will find the hulk and bring up the gold-filled strongbox. Maybe he'll be lucky. Or maybe the ghosts of the old side-wheeler will baffle attempts for all time.

But the lure of gold is strong, and the lure of finding it even stronger. Perhaps the lucky finder could be you. • • •

"THE GREAT DUST HEAP CALLED HISTORY"
R. J. BICKEL KEOKUK, IOWA

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