

COWBOY STORIES ABOUT ROOSEVELT.

Rough Rider Had the Friendship of the Cattlemen.

Quiet Orders Given to the Cow Punchers—His Experience with a Broncho—The Colonel Won—Test of Friendship.

In a most interesting letter in the Chicago Record, dated at Medora, N. D., William E. Curtis repeats many of the stories told him by the ranchmen and cowboys of North Dakota and eastern Montana relative to Gov. Roosevelt. He says they remember him most kindly and consider him one of themselves. Among others Mr. Curtis relates the following: A. T. Packard, now of Chicago, was editor of the Bad Lands Cowboy when Roosevelt was ranching up on the Little Missouri, and has many pleasant recollections of those days. Said he: "You cannot pay a higher compliment to Theodore Roosevelt than to say that he won the friendship of every cowboy in the Bad Lands. There isn't on earth a more independent, self-thinking lot of men than these same cow-punchers. They have the faculty of slucking a man out of his seat and looking his real character squarely in the face. If they like him it is a pretty safe guess that the man will pass muster anywhere for his sterling worth, and it is just as safe for any one who differs from such a conclusion about Roosevelt to keep his opinion to himself in the Bad Lands. The cowboy is perfectly willing at all times to back up in any way his friendship for Roosevelt. I wonder what would have happened to Alford if he had delivered his Toledo speech at a Bad Lands round-up?"

"Roosevelt had just established his Chimney Butte ranch and was driving in some cattle when I landed at Medora, so that I was contemporary with him. His name was a little too much for the average cowboy, and at first he was generally known as Roosevelt. That he was destined to popularity was shown by an almost immediate change to nicknames, chief of which were 'Old Four Eyes,' because he wore spectacles with enormous glasses, and 'Skin Tooth,' which has been sufficiently explained by the cartoonist. "Nothing amused the cowboys more than Roosevelt's choice of words and manner of speech. He was the purist in language, and at first was unable to tackle the cow-punchers' slang. While driving the first bunch of cattle to his Chimney Butte ranch a number of them started up a coulee. An experienced foreman would have shouted: 'Get a git on you there and head them steers,' or 'Hit the high places and turn 'em.' Roosevelt's order, while equally sharp, nearly paralyzed the flying cow-puncher. It has been treasured and told and retold wherever two or more cow-punchers have gathered together. Standing in his stirrups, he opened his steel-trap mouth and yelled: 'Hasten quickly forward yonder.' The wonder was it didn't stampee the herd.

"In the Chimney Butte horse herd," continued Mr. Packard, "was a broncho named Devil. When you find a horse in the West with such a name you can be sure he has earned it. Devil had. One after another the cowboys had tried their best to 'stay with the leather' on him, and none had succeeded, even with the aid of a 'life-preserver' and hobbled stirrups. He had been given up as a 'spoiled' horse, especially after he had acquired the playful habit of trying to bite and jump on the rider after he had thrown him. "Roosevelt decided to ride Devil and tame him for a saddle horse. It took three men to rope and tie him down while the blind and saddle were being put on, and he was then led to the edge of the Little Missouri and headed for a quicksand. Roosevelt mounted, jerked off the blind, and then began what was called at the time 'the gaul darndest phorommer in the Bad Lands has ever saw.' The first jump took Devil into the middle of the quicksand and Macemonnies' fountain became a squirt gun by comparison. Sand, water, Roosevelt and Devil seemed merged into solid body. Finally there was a separation and Roosevelt 'ascended' to take a look at Wyoming," as Bill Jones facetiously remarked. "The next day and the next and the next there was the same 'panorammer,' but finally came a day when Roosevelt 'stayed with the leather' and brought Devil, thoroughly tamed, back to the ranch. By a man found like much in the telling, but a man who can tame a horse with Devil's reputation can divide the last chew of tobacco with a cow-puncher. And that is a final test of friendship. He at once became 'Teddy' to every cowboy in the Bad Lands.

The Prosperity Alphabet. Abundance of work. Better times. Calamity dethroned. Duty performed. Expansion realized. Free silver exposed. Gold standard continued. Hawaii annexed. Independence to Cuba. Justice to all. Knowledge promoted. Liberty extended. McKinley's re-election. National honor upheld. Opportunities improved. Protection assured. Quantities of employment. Roosevelt a winner. Stability of credit. Trade extended. Union forever. Values upheld. Wages increased. 'X's' more plentiful. Yankee Doodle Dandy. Health of prosperity.

Talks by Prominent Men.

"I tell you, increase and multiply and expand is the law of this nation's existence. You cannot limit this great republic by mere boundary lines, saying 'Thus far shalt thou go and no further.' Just so far as our interests require additional territory, in the North, in the South, or on the islands of the ocean, I am for it."—Stephen A. Douglas, one of Lincoln's opponents in the election of 1860.

"What I want to say is this: We are on the eve of a campaign second in importance to none other in the history of our party, a campaign on the issues of which depend our future prosperity. I don't propose to discuss these issues, but I want to say a few words to sound a note of warning which the importance of this campaign justifies me in saying, not only to the Republicans of New Jersey, but to the Republicans of the whole country. It is your duty and the time is at hand when every man, no matter how humble, how prominent or influential, is called upon to contribute all the efforts, all the influence in his power to perpetuate this administration. I tell you, my friends, in all sincerity and honesty, it will not do to take anything for granted, not to neglect a single effort, nor miss a trick. We are confronted by a desperate foe. The fate of Bryanism hangs in the balance. If killed now, it is killed forever."—M. A. Hanna, in Asbury Park speech.

"Our business, that is, the retail house for which I speak, has each year for several years, handsomely surpassed its predecessors. The last six months have shown greater sales by a large percentage, and there is more general satisfaction than has ever been shown heretofore. Our pay roll is much larger than

at any period in our history, on account of more help being employed and also because of higher salaries. In fact, the general average of wages is higher to-day than at any time within my knowledge. Anticipating, I might say that the general outlook for all trade is very good and we have at this moment no reason to question the satisfactoriness of the last six months of the present year."—E. A. Selridge, of Marshall Field & Co.

"Go into any city or town east of the Missouri and north of the Ohio rivers, and you will find 80 per cent of the business men hostile to the supremacy of the Democratic party. I have not seen one business man who is not confident that President McKinley will be re-elected, and this very confidence may prove disastrous. Over-confidence is the only danger which threatens the Republicans. If the business interests were not so sure of success there would be no doubt about the result in November. There is a sense of absolute security in the business world which is highly complimentary to the Republicans, but over-confidence may beget apathy. That is the only thing we have to guard against."—Chairman Henry C. Payne.

"Originally, Croker was a genteel tough. He had his uses. Then he grew rich, the devil knows how, and set up for a vulgar swell. Now he is the merest cash sport of the la-da-da variety, all shirt front and shiners, and quite bereft of brains. In the long run, what Hill will do to him will be a plenty."—Henry Watterson (Democrat).

German Commend Expansion. Commenting on the recently published report of international trade, the Weser Zeitung says that expansion pays gloriously in the case of the United States, and advises Germany to pattern herself after the new world. It points out that four years ago the trade of the United States with Cuba amounted to only \$7,000,000, while it now reaches \$18,000,000. Likewise four years ago the trade with Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines was \$2,000,000, \$4,000,000 and \$500,000 respectively. Now the Porto Rican commerce amounts to \$4,000,000, that of Hawaii to \$13,000,000, and that with the Philippines to \$2,500,000.

Money Is Cheap. Western towns and counties now borrow money at about 3 1/2 per cent. Truly prosperity benefits everybody.



NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

DEAR BOY LETTERS—No. 2.

My Dear Boy—You say that you have read Mr. Bryan's speech at Indianapolis and that "there are some things in it that appear to be reasonable."

Well, Mr. Bryan is a very pleasant speaker and can make a plausible showing when he has a very weak case. He is a clever, respectable gentleman who "earns his bread by the sweat of his jaw," and he has learned his trade very well. But let me call your attention to a few solid facts for you to consider before you feel inclined to yield your mind to his brilliant generalities about imperialism.

1. Mr. Bryan's record proves him to be an unsafe leader. He is a theorist rather than a practical man of affairs. In every campaign in the past and upon every issue heretofore presented to the people for settlement, Mr. Bryan has been mistaken. The results have proved that he was mistaken. The natural presumption is that he is mistaken now. When a Democratic Congressman and also a Populist leader in 1892, Mr. Bryan was very sure that free trade was the thing needed to insure prosperity in the United States. He was sure that the "robber tariff" was making it hard for the farmer and the wage earner to live. He was sure that those who believed as he did and the Wilson bill, a free trade measure, was adopted and became a law. Three years of bitter experience proved that Mr. Bryan and his friends were mistaken. Factories were closed, laboring men were without employment; capital found no productive investment, and the produce of the farm brought no adequate return to the farmer from 1893 to 1897 while this free trade bill was the law.

2. Your father remembers two campaigns before this when imperialism and militarism were the keynote of the Democratic war cry. The first was in 1864, when the mighty Lincoln, whose name you bear, was a candidate for re-election. I was not quite old enough to vote for him, although I was carrying an Enfield rifle in the Union army, and I remember how unjust it seemed to me because I was old enough to fight and not old enough to vote. I remember that our Democratic friends said that the re-election of Lincoln meant the downfall of the republic and the establishment of an empire by force of arms.

The same cry came to the front in 1872 when Gen. Grant was a candidate for re-election. "Caesarism," "nepotism" and "military tyranny" were the sum and substance of every Democratic speech, and the downfall of the republic was predicted if Grant should be elected.

Well, the logic of events proved that our Democratic friends were mistaken. Lincoln and Grant were elected, but the republic lived on. No empire was established. No army tyrannized over the people. The nation grew and prospered. Free speech, free schools and a free press not only continued, but enlarged their privileges and powers.

In this letter I have shown you that the presumption is against the Democratic position. In every campaign for forty years the logic of events has proved that the Democrats were wrong and the Republicans right. It is not unfair to presume that such is the case this year.

Germany Prosperous Under Protection. Germany adopted the protective policy in 1878 and in 1881 and again in 1885 the tariff was made higher and the enforcement more stringent. Ernest E. Williams in the National Review (English) contrasts the development under the protective policy. In 1865-69, under free trade, the average annual production of coal was 23,942,000 tons; in 1895-99 it was 85,290,000 tons. In 1865-69 the pig iron production averaged 1,165,000 tons; in 1895 the production was 8,142,000 tons. Prosperity follows protection.

SIMON GREY'S FAMILY. A STORY OF COUNTRY LIFE. BY ALMA L. PARKER, GUIDE ROCK, NEB.

- A Story in Nine Chapters, as follows: 1. The sign on the house. 2. Supply and demand. 3. Simon's fight for his honor. 4. Cynthia grows skeptical. 5. The road to the poorhouse missed. 6. The Spanish-American war. 7. Vinnie Grey's remarkable speech. 8. The ideas of the Irishman. 9. Healing of the breach.

CHAPTER I. The Sign on the House. It was an every-day occurrence to see Simon Grey standing on the street corners of Boonsville, making wild gestures with his hands. If the one he was conversing with was on the opposite side in politics, Simon was always in a state of excited earnestness. "Political" Simon, he was often called. If any one wished to be posted on any political question of the day, he was ever ready to explain the subject, and you could see, by the all-wise and self-confident expression of his face, that he enjoyed himself in so doing.

In his household politics was still his hobby. He was ever talking to the family of the "free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1," till his children began to think that anything so grand and good must come from God. "Pa's gettin' happy again," shouted his little son Jimmie, as he passed out of the door one day with a paint brush. We shall learn later what he did with the brush. Simon Grey did not notice him, so absorbed were his thoughts in the man who was to be the "next" President of the United States? Cynthia, Simon's wife, was so busy peeling apples and listening to her better half that she also failed to notice Jimmie and the brush.

Cynthia was proud of her husband. She knew he had an uncontrollable temper; yet his wisdom outbalanced that defect. Her daughter Vinnie was highly educated, and most everyone said she was "naturally smart," and then it was invariably added, "she takes after her father."

It was the talk in Boonsville that Vinnie Grey would be nominated for County Superintendent of Public Schools in Warble County. Simon said if she was nominated he would "lectioneer for her from morning till night, every day till election; that no Republican henchman would ever defeat her. Simon had already been trying to prove to the people of Boonsville that his daughter Vinnie was the one Warble County needed for Superintendent. She had been away to college; had taught school in Warble County for three successive years, and the citizens of Boonsville knew her by "experimental knowledge" to be a good teacher. She was now instructor of the grammar department of the Boonsville city schools, and many claimed she should have the high school, though the young professor, Glen Harrington, was "well liked."

It seemed evident that Vinnie would receive the nomination; but as Cynthia said, "You can never tell; don't count your chickens before they're hatched." "You always look on the dark side, Cynthia," said Simon. "Wish I had a wife with a more cheerful disposition, and a better knowledge of the questions that so concern our welfare."

"Well, I guess as long as I bake your bread, mend your socks, and make your apple pies, and as long as you have enough wisdom for two, we can get along all right." Their conversation was here interrupted by Vinnie entering the room. She had just returned from school. Vinnie Grey was indeed pretty. Whenever she came home her smile seemed to make the old home brighter. This evening disgust was depicted on her usually bright countenance.

"Father," she said, "I was ashamed of my home to-night. For the first time in my life I felt humiliated when I came in sight of the house."

"Vinnie," said her father, "is it possible that because the young professor, Glen Harrington, has been paying attentions to you for some time, and because he is sort of well-off, that you cherish hopes of a so much better residence that you are ashamed of your home?" "I am astonished!" said Vinnie. "Whoever thought of such a ridiculous idea! What made me ashamed of my home was the word 'Bryan,' in big black letters, over the front door. How did it happen to be there?" "I knew nothing about it, Vinnie. You must be mistaken."

are on the side of wrong. I believe that Free Silver is what we need, but I have never studied the subject much, and it may be a mistake."

"Vinnie," interrupted Simon, "Have n't you been readin' the papers I take? Don't them noble papers of mine convince you that it isn't a mistake? Why in those countries where they have the silver standard of money, they are away ahead of us in riches and civilization."

"The Mexicans and natives of heathen India, ahead of us in civilization?" repeated Vinnie. "Why, then, do we send them missionaries?" "I guess we don't send any missionaries to Mexico."

"But what about India?" "They may send them there, but it is very likely that it's a Republican scheme to make people think they don't know anything."

"It can't be possible, father, for it is the church that sends missionaries, and in regard to their riches, I am told that the laborers work for 6 cents a day. We are continually hearing of the famishing people there. Charley Reynolds has traveled in Mexico, and you know what he says concerning their condition. Their laboring classes live in extreme poverty."

"I don't want you to mention what old man Reynolds has said. These Republicans will tell you anything for a devilish purpose. I dare say those Mexicans wouldn't trade their conditions for ours. If they're not all rich down there, it's their own fault, but here in this infernal country a fellow can work day and night, selling 10-cent corn and 2-cent hogs and then, see the mortgage carry away his farm. Them rich fellows up in Washington are gettin' richer off of our skin. O, it riles me to think of it! I do hope Coxy will make things hot for 'em. I shudder to think of McKinley's fate, if he's elected, and makes times ten times as bad as they are now. The only reason I should like to see McKinley elected is to see these Republicans like Reynolds and old man Harrington squirm. My! Wouldn't they twist if hogs went still lower and wool went down to nothing, where it would go, if it went any lower than it is now. Old Joe Harrington sells lots of eggs and butter, and if they declined any more, he'd have to sell his cows and chickens; that is, if he could find a buyer for 'em."

"Nevertheless, seeing I am a patriot and not a man of spite, I hope to glory that Bryan will sink McKinley clear out of sight in November, and he will, so help me God!"

Vinnie laughed to see her father's earnestness. His voice had increased in volume "till the 'So help me God!'" rang out with awful clearness.

"Simon," said Cynthia, "anybody would think you was swearin'."

"Let 'em think it if they want to. I guess its nobody's business if I call on God to help me down McKinley. I have been thinkin' of sending for my brother Ezra, back in Pennsylvania, to come out here, and help me down the Republicans in Warble County. Now, none of my folks ever saw Ezra, and if you did, you'd be astonished with his great intelligence. He is a well-educated man, and honest as the day is long. Father gave him a better schooling than he did me, which probably accounts for the difference in us at present. He made enough in his younger days by his good skill and careful management to keep him the rest of his days. Ah! I wish you could see Ezra. I do wish he would come out here, and lecture in the cause of Free Silver during the campaign. Of course, he never was a real orator, but he is a good talker—used to make stump speeches at school to amuse the boys. Something like Abe Lincoln in that respect."

"Be a joke on you, Simon," said Cynthia, "if he was like Abe Lincoln in politics, and he might be, for all you know."

"Have you lost your reason?" said Simon, impatiently. "Abraham Lincoln didn't live in this age of the world. It wasn't quite such a disgrace to be a Republican then as it is now. To be sure, Ezra has never told me his politics, but my reason tells me that a man as noble, as honest, and as intelligent as he is, could be nothing else but a Populist."

wouldn't be surprised if pa was wrong. Anyway, she was goin' to let time prove all things to her. If McKinley was elected and times got better then she'd know that our money system doesn't need changing, but if times got worse, then she'd think the Populists were right, or if Bryan was elected she'd watch his administration just the same. Anna had said that surely would be the simplest way of proving which side was right, but Mary, she knew right now that 16 to 1 was just what we needed, that it meant sixteen dollars where we have one now, and anybody ought to know that would be a good thing, and then Vinnie and Anna laughed and said she had better find out the true meaning of 16 to 1 before she commenced to argue.

"I hope," Cynthia thought to herself, "that Vinnie will be loyal to the Populist party, for they may give her the candidacy for Superintendent."

Cynthia had now finished milkin' and gone to the kitchen, to help the girls with the evening work. Suddenly the door flew open, and Simon plunged into the room. He had returned much sooner than usual, and Cynthia wondered what could be the matter. He seemed "mad," and without saying a word to explain his distorted appearance, threw a postal card on the table. With a heavy crash his fist came down after it. From the noise produced, she might have thought he used a sledge hammer.

"Simon Grey, you'll break that table. Are you crazy?" "No, sir! But darn the luck! Read that infernal card and find out for yourself."

Cynthia, picking it up, read these words: "W—, Pa., Sept. 10, 1896. 'Mr. Simon Grey, Boonsville: 'Dear Brother—I am coming to make you a visit. Will arrive Wednesday on the west-bound train. 'Hurrah for McKinley!!! 'EZRA GREY.'"

CHAPTER II. Supply and Demand. Five days had passed by since the postal card from Ezra Grey was received. It was now the day for him to arrive in Boonsville.

The County Convention of the People's Independent party had been held, and Vinnie Grey was successful in receiving the nomination. She was now candidate for County Superintendent of Public Schools in Warble County on the Populist ticket.

Political Simon was very proud of his daughter, and only one thing marred his happiness—the awful fact that his brother Ezra was Republican.

His first impulse after reading that "Hurrah for McKinley," followed by three exclamation points, was to give his brother a cool welcome, but after much thought and consideration he decided to treat him all right as long as Ezra didn't let his neighbors know that he was Republican. He felt if it became known in Boonsville it would disgrace the Grey family, especially as he had said so much about sending for his brother to give a series of lectures in favor of Free Silver.

It was a bitter cup for him to swallow, but there was no way to escape. So when Ezra Grey stepped from the platform of the train Simon grasped his hand and gave it a hearty shake, at the same time taking a secret survey of his clothes to see if he had a McKinley button on. To his satisfaction there was nothing about his person to inform people of the awful truth; so with real delight he introduced him to all he met as his brother, Mr. Grey, from Pennsylvania.

Just as they were preparing to start for home Ezra Grey's keen ear heard a group of men, near by, discussing him. One of the men, evidently a Populist, was heard to remark: "Talk about the Populist party being composed of ignorant men, and then, look at that fellow's face. Would you call him an ignoramus?"

By this time the two brothers had started up the dusty road, and Ezra Grey heard no more of the conversation.

"Say, Simon," he said, "did you hear those fellows discussing me? They seem to have the impression that I am a Populist. Wonder how they ever happened to think that?" he said, laughing.

"Blame me for that," said Simon. "I told them that I had a brother back in Pennsylvania capable of making speeches, and I thought of sending for him to lecture for Free Silver in these parts through the campaign. This was before I received your card, of course. Is it possible, Ezra, that you have not yet seen the light?"

Ezra Grey chuckled, in spite of Simon's solemnity. "The light? Is that the name they have for the silver delusion in this part of the country? So you are a 'Pop,' are you, Simon?" "Indeed I am. I am proud of that distinction."

"Well, Simon, I am truly sorry that you have been led into the silver trap. I have spent much time studying the subject, and I am thoroughly convinced that free silver is not what we need and that it is a fraud."

(To be continued.)