ENGLISH GRAND OPERA

STORY OF ITS INTRODUCTION INTO THE METROPOLITAN.

How Henry Savage, a Plain, Every-Day American, Became a Great Impressario.

Grand opera has always been looked upon as belonging wholly to the domain of art, and being utterly beyond the pale of business. The successful manager has been the diplomat who could control the singers. As a rule, too, grand opera has been conducted at a financial loss.

It remained for a hard-headed, practical man of business, wholly lacking in experience of amusement affairs, to succeed in interesting a great mass of people in grand opera, to present really artistic performances at minimum prices, and to develop an organization so powerful that this season it has moved into the Metropolitan, of New York City, a place that has always been held sacred as a temple for the great singers of the world. How this has come about is one of the most remarkable stories in recent theatrical history.

The theatrical and musical world of New York can scarcely believe its eyes when it sees an Eighth avenue manager dictating a new policy to the Metropolitan Opera-House, says Matthew White, Jr., in Munsey. This is truly a novel and extraordinary spectacle. One might as well look to see the first violin ousted from the post of honor in an orchestra in favor of the cymbal clanger. But it is even so. On the night of October 1, when the curtain rose in the great Broadway temple of music, sacred in the past to high-priced voices that made an exotic of grand opera, the event marked the invasion of the domain of art by the far-sighted, profit-weighing American spirit of business.

For several seasons Maurice Grau has been furnishing New York with a very superior brand of grand opera, always sung in foreign tongues. The wealthy stockholders have acted the part played by Kings and Dukes on the other side in making good all deficits at the season's close out of their own pockets.

Evils of the Star System.

The star system prevailed to the furthest limit. A frog in the throat of a tenor, the chance over-eating of a soprano, meant a doctor's certificate sprawled across the billboard, a nervous understudy, and a wrathful public. All this at $5 a seat. And, meanwhile, the metropolis was without a National opera sung in the native tongue, such as contributes to the musical education of every city on the Continent of Europe. To be sure, attempts had been made to establish a National American organization, but all these ventures were built on the very lines that the so-called "Italian school," an uncertain factor, subject to the moods and monetary exactions of the stars who were so thoroughly exploited had already adopted. They failed—some brilliantly, others ridiculously.

In Boston a hard-headed business man, with no particular bent towards music except a liking to listen to it, found himself with a financial problem to solve, and in doing this he apparently has brought a real American opera company into successful being.

He was at the head of a real estate firm, unexpectedly saddled with a piece of property in a not particularly attractive quarter of the city, a combination structure of hotel, stables, restaurant and theater. The stables were easily let, a landlord was found for the hotel and restaurant, but the theater, the largest part of the building, was the stumbling block. It was out of the way, and there were plenty of other places of amusement in the city centrally located. In solving the problem of making this white elephant pay, Henry W. Savage, a man without any previous training in theatricals, thought out on cold, commercial lines a plan of entertainment for the people that has now been incorporated into the scheme of conduct for a world-famous opera-house. Hence, to explain the inception of the Metropolitan English Grand Opera Company means to relate the rise and growth of the Castle Square organization, and that is a story of grand opera as a business.

Renting It a Failure.

The new playhouse was at first let to traveling companies, as were the other theaters at the Hub. After three seasons of this sort of thing, Mr. Savage discovered that when any money was made the company carried it away, and if there was any loss, he and his partners were expected to help the unfortunates out of town.

"So far as I can discover," he remarked, one day, "we are no better than mere janitors. I propose that we look the field over and see if we cannot do a little theatrical manufacturing on our own account."

During his trips to Europe at various times, Mr. Savage had been particularly impressed by the smooth, all-round, excellent performances at the court opera-houses in Germany. There were no stars, but a first-class ensemble, and the prices were low. To be sure, the theaters were subsidized. On the other hand, however, they were generally small, and had but a limited clientage on which to depend. Finally, after taking into account the New Englander's rating of something musical as a good thing to have in the house, if it was only a melodeon, Mr. Savage determined to try the experiment of introducing the bargain idea into grand opera.

This meant putting the whole thing on a strictly business basis, finding out beforehand just what your goods would cost and then offering them to the public at the lowest rate consistent with a margin of profit. With no practical theatrical experience beyond having once piloted a cantata to amateur performance, Mr. Savage employed a manager, and the warm weather was selected as the period to test the venture, a time when the house would otherwise be idle.

His First Venture.

May 6, 1895, was the opening date, the opera was "The Beggar Student," and the first prima donna Louise Elesing, wife of Cyril Scott. The prices were 50 cents for the best seats, with a flat rate of 25 cents for matinees. Special pains were taken to give consistently good performances throughout. The chorus was a feature which Mr. Savage insisted should not be slighted. Keeping faith with the public was another item written large in the rules and regulations of the establishment. Nobody was ever advertised as a star; it was always the Castle Square Opera Company will produce such and such a work, and the bill, once announced, was never changed at the last minute because some one fell ill.

Another point this manager with common sense ideas was particular in carrying out: Printing a list of alternates on the program, which also contains the story of the opera, and the number of acts into which it is divided. This latter will be a gratifying innovation at the Metropolitan Opera-House, where heretofore one might imagine himself witnessing either a curtain-raiser or a continuous performance for all the information the house-bill gave.

A stock opera company was at that time unknown in the land. That the same organization should present a different opera every week, in good style and for half a dollar a seat, was regarded as a marvel. It was an opera bargain in very truth. When Boston waked up to the fact, Mr. Savage found that he could easily afford to cancel the Autumn dates made with combinations beforehand. For two years the Castle Square stock sang to packed houses, and the fame thereof went out into other cities who wished that they might be done by, likewise.

Promotion From the Chorus.

Meantime the proprietor had become manager as well. He began the policy of promotion from the chorus, which has proved one of the most valuable adjuncts of the system. Mr. Savage has no patience with the notion that if he ittles a singer to have been in the chorus a inks.

"See that your chorus is made of the proper material, in the first place," he says, "and there is no better school from which to pick your leading people. It gives them the experience and stage presence which the mere singer often lacks, no matter to what high notes she is able to soar."

The company was moved to Philadelphia, where it sang for two years to phenomenal business, and then to New York. The three seasons of success at the American are fresh in the memory of theatergoers, and recently branches of the company have been established in Chicago and St. Louis, and have been equally profitable.

All this while Mr. Savage continued to devote a large share of his attention to his Boston real estate business. He is a man with an infinite capacity for hard work, and yet, at the same time, possessing the ability to concentrate his attention on the matter in hand, whether it be making up costs or submitting to an interview.

"Grand opera is like the fruit business," he remarked once. "The goods are perishable if not marketed at the right time. That is why I started my other companies in Chicago and St. Louis—to enable me to save my singers the strain of learning so many new parts by switching them around in the old ones from one city to the other. It is a far simpler matter for a tenor to jump on a train and travel out to Missouri to sing 'Faust' than for him to study and rehearse the 'Huguenots,' for instance, for New York. I assign all the roles myself—work it out on a checker-board system."

Extensive Travel.

From this it may be imagined that here is a manager who knows his people well. Last Winter he covered thousands of miles in railroad travel, moving from one to the other of his organizations.

"I regard the new enterprise," he says himself, "as merely the legitimate outgrowth of the work accomplished by the Castle Square Company. The taste for good music has been cultivated in the masses to such an extent that they are ready to support better offerings than I could afford to give them at the American. A man must run opera on commonsense principles and with reasonable principals, just as he would the shoe business, or any other occupation in which raw materials are required for purposes of manufacture."

The sale of seats for the season of English opera at the Metropolitan opened a week ago last Monday. All day there was a line of people in front of the box-office which stretched well out into the street. The sale exceeded even the most sanguine expectations of the management, and it may be stated positively that the financial success of the venture is assured. Explanations are now in order from the wise ones who predicted the failure of English opera at the Metropolitan, and congratulations are in order for Mr. Savage and his associates.

BRYAN'S DEAL WITH CROKER

Suspicions of an Understanding Seem to Be Confirmed.

Chicago Times-Herald.

Notwithstanding the prompt and sweeping denial by Mr. Bryan the reported bargain by which the federal patronage in New York is to be Crokerized and Senator Murphy, the friend of the Tammany boss, given a place in the Cabinet in return for the electoral vote of that state, is confirmed by evidences that are convincing and by testimony that is conclusive.

It is easy to see that Mr. Bryan's denial is more evasive than appears from a cursory reading. As a matter of fact it does not directly deny the existence of a compact between Croker and ex-Governor William J. Stone whereby the head of Tammany is to control the federal patronage of New York and also name a Cabinet officer. It does not deny that Bryan has assented to a bargain of this character. The people have come to recognize Mr. Bryan as an adroit politician. They do not believe that he would specifically promise in writing to Croker or anyone else a Cabinet position or any patronage. But that there is an understanding to the effect that Bryan, if elected, will recognize Croker as dispenser of federal patronage in New York is a fact supported by ample testimony and commonly accepted and acknowledged by the Democratic leaders in New York City.

That such a deal was made in consideration of Mr. Croker's promise to carry New York was established beyond any question by the Times-Herald's New York correspondent. The correspondent showed that no matter how strenuously Bryan may deny it the detailed terms of the bargain have become well known to the leading New York Democrats, and no one believes that Mr. Bryan would dare for a moment to repudiate the agreement made by his agent, ex-Governor Stone, with the Tammany boss. After calling attention to the well-known fact that Croker recognizes but one motive in politics and that his sudden zeal for Bryan can be accounted for by no other consideration aside from a specific promise of spoils, the correspondent makes the following affirmations regarding the deal with Croker:

1. The deal was first discussed in detail between Mr. Croker and William J. Stone, when the latter spent a week or 10 days in New York a month ago.

2. Mr. Stone reported Mr. Croker's terms to Mr. Bryan at a meeting in Chicago attended by Chairman Jones and Committeemen Johnson and Campau.

3. Upon his return to this city with Mr. Bryan's approval of the deal, Mr. Stone opened National headquarters here, and Mr. Croker began to raise a campaign fund and talk for Mr. Bryan.

4. Mr. Croker has promised to carry New York for Mr. Bryan. To do it he has agreed to raise a campaign fund of $2,000,000, and he has promised to give $100,000 in cash to the Democratic National Committee.

5. On his side, Mr. Croker is to receive the control of all Federal patronage in New York City, and he has the promise of the Secretaryship of the Navy for his bosom friend, former Senator Murphy, in the event of Mr. Bryan's election.

6. The cause of Mr. Croker's recent zeal for Mr. Bryan's election is the promise he has received of Federal patronage in case of the latter's election.

The public has never doubted for a moment that Croker's activity in raising a $2,000,000 campaign fund to carry New York for Bryan was inspired by an understanding which contemplates the recognition of the Tammany boss as the dictator in the distribution of the federal patronage of that state. It is not conceivable that Croker could have any deep and genuine convictions regarding the issues involved in this contest. He never was an enthusiastic Bryanite. He is not a believer in free coinage at 16 to 1. He is in politics for spoils.

The suspicions of the public are now amply confirmed. Mr. Bryan does not deny that he will recognize Croker as the dictator in New York. The price which Mr. Bryan offers for the electoral vote of New York shows the desperate straits of Bryanism. It should also admonish the people to use all diligence to avert the national disgrace that would come from dumping Croker into the arena of national politics.

A Pattern to His Son.—"Listen, Harriet, Li Hung Chang's wife has 4000 gowns." "Well, Harold, you don't call him a heathen, I hope."—Indianapolis Journal.

CROSSING THE PLAINS

MRS. DUNIWAY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF PIONEER LIFE.

Tantalizing a Hungry Man on an Overland Journey—How Farm Can Be Made Pleasant for Women.

PORTLAND, Oct. 5.—(To the Editor.)—Our family, consisting of 11 persons, started across the plains with five wagons, 21 yokes of cattle and one span of horses, which, together with teamsters and several other families with wagons, made a long train, of which my father was chosen captain. This was in 1852, when I, a dreamy, untaught, imaginative child, was 17 years old. There is in my possession now a battered, time-stained, ink-besmattered diary, kept during that six months' journey at my good father's command, enforced when necessary, with a box on the ear. This relic of an era so remote in conditions from this times that created it that its records, even now, seem to belong to the past history of an almost forgotten planet, will be a revelation to my childrens' children in the coming decades. It is a sacred memory to me now. Written in a crabbed, childish hand, and almost always under compulsion, it nevertheless recalls so much of pioneer fact and incident for which the student of today is thirsting, that some time before I go hence I mean to get it published in extenso. Today, as I turn its battered pages and read between its lines, I am a child again. The most pathetic of the many memories it recalls are clustered around the beloved dust of the dear ones who started for this Land of Promise, and left their bodies buried, or bleaching in the silent vastness of "The Great American Desert." As there yet remain among the serried ranks of the pioneers many hearts that beat responsive to the plaintive touches of memories like these, I yield to the request of a venerable friend, and herewith present, for republication, some lines, long since out of print, that stirred me to utterance when again crossing the continent, after the completion of the first transcontinental railroad. I claim for them no other merit than as a memory.

After Twenty Years.

Written on the Great Plains, opposite my mother's grave, near Fort Laramie, May 5, 1872:

Adown the dead and distant years
My memory treads the sands of time;
And blighted hope a vision rears,
Enriched by solitudes sublime.

And down the mystic, dreamy past
In chastened mood I linger now,
As o'er these prairies oft and vast
Move lines of oxen, tired and slow.
Their rough-ribbed sides and hollow eyes
And listless gaze and lazy tread,
As under cloudless, burning skies
Our way o'er trackless wastes they led,
But visions are of long ago.

An iron horse, surnamed "The Storm,"
Today is rushing o'er the plain;
His breath with steam is quick and warm,
As on he thunders with our train.

Afar the Rocky Mountains rise,
Their rugged steeps a-clad in snow,
While o'er the hill the antelope bliss,
And Indians wander to and fro.
The buffalo gazes from afar,
Where erst in trust secure he fed,
Ere man upon him had made war,
And he was wont at will to tread,
Anear our oxen, slow and slow.

Fort Laramie, across, away,
Beyond yon hills that intervene,
My memory sees, as out that day,
Just twenty years ago 'twas seen.

There, in the echoing hills, hard by,
Surnamed "The Black," adorned by woods,
My mother laid her down to die
In wild and awful solitudes.
The wild coyote yet roams at will,
The timid hare and buffalo,
And antelope, and serpent, still
In freedom range and come and go,
While Indians gaze in scornful moods.

Gone are the oxen, patient brutes,
And drivers, with their song and jest;
Of ruder days they were the fruits,
And toiling well they did their best.

Their day is past, and now, at ease,
We glide along at rapid pace,
Gazing abroad while thought of these,
The days of yore, take present place.
And I am self-forgetful, too,
For through the long, eventful past,
Since last I dreamed beneath the blue-
Arched dome above these plains so vast,
I find of twenty years no trace.

My mother sleeps, dear God, as slept
Her peaceful form when we, that day,
Laid her to rest, marshaled on and wept,
Too sad to talk, too numb to pray.
Was it the breath of angel's wing
That fanned erewhile my fevered brow?
Did I hear a Heavenly Seraph sing,
When eyes and ears were closed, just now?

O, Mother, memory, God and Truth,
Sustain thy faltering, trembling one!
May I regret not years nor youth,
Nor that my life thus far is done,
As through these wilds once more I go.

But let it not be thought that our six months' journey was all tinged with sadness. Children are volatile creations, and their tears are like April showers. They would be days and sometimes weeks that, barring the stench of putrefying oxen with which the air was almost always laden, the journey was devoid of other incidents than the every-day diversion, fatigue and toil of travel. The grandest scenery ceased to interest us as we faced the bare facts of our physicial necessities and literally struggled for our lives. To abbreviate a long story, let us pass on to the time, in the latter half of our long journey, when my dingy diary registers daily scarcely anything but the miles traveled, the loss of cattle by death and drowning, and the ever anxious search for grass, wood and water.

The emigration was heavy that year of 1852, and grass and fuel became alarmingly scarce for belated travelers, as the weeks wore on into the Autumn. When at last, in the closing days of September, when food even for ourselves was gone, we were met in the Cascade Mountains by our relatives, Lawson Scott, an immigrant of '47, and John and Foster Johnson, of '52, who brought a quarter of beef, some flour and one of them a bottle of, "O, be joyful," thus horrifying our tee-totaler crowd, it was little wonder that a relative whom my father was bringing to Oregon to reclaim him got hilariously tipsy, and indulged in a carnival of drunken songs, much to the diversion of the children, to whom it all was very funny. But this man wasn't a wee bit jolly the previous night. We had toiled all day through the famous Barlow's Pass, and had camped at night at the foot of Laurel Hill. My uncle, who was usually the jolliest of souls, discovered that we didn't have even a cup of coffee grounds to ease the gnawing of his stomach, and I, who, with my sisters, had fed ourselves on sallal berries, took in the ludicrous side of the situation, struck an attitude before him, and repeated his own words as he had often uttered them, when romancing over the anticipation of a famine, saying: 'Ten days on half allowance and two weeks without anything to eat! Lo'd, Lo'd, the prospect tickles me." The poor fellow, who was really suffering from hunger, lost control of his temper, and I suppose I would not have lived to chronicle this event if my father had not interfered to protect me. From that day to this I have known better than to tantalize a hungry man, no matter what the temptation.

The following Summer, after teaching the district school in the village of Eola (they called it Cincinnati then), I followed the custom of the country and went, a child-wife, to the then wilds of Clackamas County, where my good husband had a donation claim. My experiences there were much like those of Olive Schreiner, though, unlike her, I didn't get world-wide fame by dressing them up for the press. But I wrote them up to read to my rustic neighbors, in fashion primitive enough, heaven knows, for I was without education and had no knowledge of the simplest rudiments of what the world calls literature. But they were sufficiently diverting to attract crowds to our cabin home, often to remain over night, and always till after dinner, where I was the only cook and housekeeper. They also sufficed to keep me out of the insane asylum, which I never visit in these later years without a shudder, for the women's wards are filled with farmers' wives, who, if at all brainy, must either die young, run away, go insane or lapse into a state of mental hopelessness for which there is no remedy.

Don't imagine that I see no happiness for women on the farm. A sunny disposition can extract sunbeams from cucumbers. With the proper means at their disposal for carrying out their plans for better modes of living on the farm, few women would not prefer that life to any other. As it is, the women who spend their lives upon the farms too often mother a progeny of malcontents, who fill our jails, if boys, or replenish our brothels, if girls. Children have a right to be born under the very best conditions the mother's heart and brain can devise. That so many fathers see no need of this opportunity for the mothers of men is a palpable reason why they should not hold the "power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever."

My reading on the farm for a long time was restricted to Billy Adams' Argus, a little folio published at Oregon City, in which some of my timid fulminations first appeared. Many were the neighbors from miles away who came to our cabin to hear those "pieces" read, or sent their children on horseback to borrow the paper, in which cases I would never see it again.

The pioneer farmer's wife is an expansionist born. If she does not in some way get away from the farm with her children while she and they are young, the boys will run away as soon as they are old enough to choose for themselves, and the girls, who no longer marry in childhood, as they formerly did, will follow them. And yet, the old farm ought to be a place to which the children should cling with keen delight through all the days of their lives. It should be a haven of rest for the child-bearing mother, and a home where the husband and father should find his chief attraction, instead of so often, as now, a place to eat and sleep and give his orders, like a Czar.

I recall one day in 1855, while we were yet residing on my good husband's donation claim. I had been alone, as usual, since daylight, with my one wee daughter, and was getting restless in looking for the good man's return. Suddenly the sky grew dark and an ominous roaring shook the atmosphere. I clasped my baby and instinctively covered her with my body and crouched on the floor, with my back to the coming storm, fully expecting instant death. When I opened my eyes a few minutes later the wind storm had passed on carrying with it the roof, walls and front door of the cabin, and filling the room with fence rails, clapboards, firewood, etc., leaving only the one spot in which I had instinctively taken refuge free from the debris. Then came a hail storm, which mercilessly pelted me for many minutes while I sheltered my baby with a patchwork quilt. It was almost dark when the hail ceased falling, and I started wading knee deep in the freezing slush, to the nearest neighbor's I could reach, on account of the swollen "swales)" Happily, my husband had missed the storm, but in trying to follow the road through the fallen timber, he was so belated that it was midnight when our neighbor, with whom I had taken refuge, hailed him and brought him to his cabin. From that time to the close of our sojourn on that farm, in "Hardscrabble," which occurred three years later, every gust of wind would throw me into a nervous chill. And yet I was not particularly unhappy on the farm. My husband was sober, industrious and kind. My children were a source of abiding joy, and I found enough of mental exercise with them and my crude, untutored pen, to keep me out of the grave and the insane asylum, which is more than I can say of most of the farmers' wives of brainy tendencies who began life as I did.

But I see that my story must end right here, though it seems that I have just begun it. Whether there shall be other chapters or not depends wholly on circumstances over which the editor has control. But, in justice to my good husband, I must add that for many years of his later life he saw these facts as I did, and often before his death requested me to write them up for the benefit of the world.

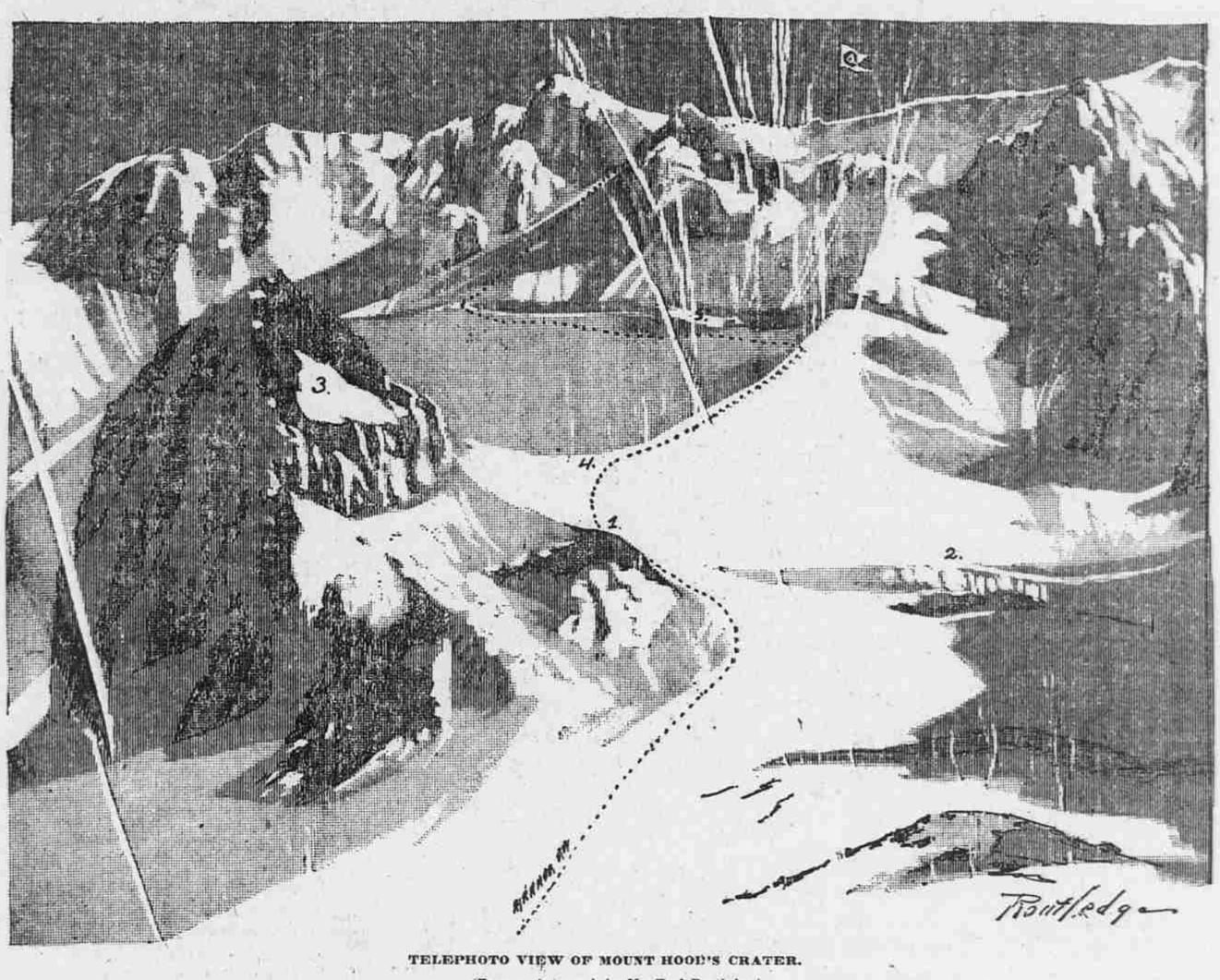
ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

Suggestion to Schurz.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

We suggest to the Hon. Carl Schurz that he address an open letter to Bryan, requesting him to say what he would do about paying the coin bonds in silver. This would be a distinct contribution to the discussion of the campaign, and it is made rather necessary by Bryan's omission of all reference to this subject in his letter of acceptance, as well as in his speeches. Mr. Scurz has been very voluble in professions of belief as to what Bryan could do, would do, and would not do, as President, but on none of the professions thus made has Bryan vouchsafed a word. It is difficult to see how, under this lack of co-operation between the candidate and his champion, Mr. Schurz can continue his contributions to the campaign debates. It is obviously a futile proceeding to rake Secretary Gage over the coals for his views of what Bryan would do when Bryan is right here to speak for himself, but refuses to do so. An open letter from Mr. Schurz to Bryan, couched in the best Schurz style of "now-I-say-to-you-sir," asking him what he would do about silver, would bring matters to a crisis and arouse an amount of public interest that would be tremendous.

WILL BE CLIMBED BY THE MAZAMAS IN 1901.



TELEPHOTO VIEW OF MOUNT HOOD'S CRATER.

(From a photograph by Mr. Fred Routledge.)

The Mazamas are planning an exploration of Mount Hood, for the outing of 1901. It will be the second time the exploit has been undertaken by the organization, and much is looked for in the way of scientific results. The telephoto view of Mount Hood's crater, which is reproduced herewith, was taken by Mr. Fred Routledge, of The Oregonian art department, while making photographic exposures at Government Camp. The dotted line shows the route along the "hog-back" and across the crevasse to the summit. The flag indicates the location of the Mazama box, containing a register for the reception of the signatures of all climbers of the peak. The photograph constitutes an accurate topographic map of the most difficult portion of the ascent, and shows the route usually followed. The bridge across the crevasse changes location with the seasons. The descriptive figures on the picture have the following significance: Figure 1, warm, barren rocks, where climbers usually lunch; 2, the sulphur crater; 3, Crater Rock; 4, hog-back; 5, crevasse; 6, Mazama box, containing register.

A communication from Professor J. S. Dille r, of the United States Geological Survey, suggests that the Smithsonian Institution may detail a corps of scientists to exploit Mount Hood, at the time of the Mazama expedition. There is a widespread desire among the scientific specialists at Washington to give the mountain the attention which its great fame and popularity merit. A number of noted men have expressed the wish that Mount Hood shall be surveyed next Summer.

THE STORY OF A TRAGEDY

DRUNKEN ORGY THAT LED TO A BLOODY MURDER.

Mr. Huggins Continues His Reminiscences of Puget Sound—An Affair of 1853.

Stony Lake, so called by the first settlers, is a swall or low piece of land in the prairie joining the Montgomery donation claim, Fort Montgomery, or Camp Montgomery, as it was called in the days of the Indian War of 1855-56. It has several large bowlders in it, from which it derives its name. It is about two miles east of Spanoway Lake. I don't know who owns it now, but in 1853 a discharged soldier named Hunter, who came with the first company of United States soldiers, Fourth Artillery, Captain B. F. Hill, in August, 1849, owned it. The term of enlistment of this company was five years, which expired, I think, in 1852 or 1853. A large number of these men remained in this part of the country and took up donation claims. A very few of them being married, they could not take advantage of the clause in the act giving a full section to a married couple, but several of them took up claims of half and quarter section in extent. Nearly all of them had a nice little sum of money when paid off, as, besides receiving double pay, allowed principally to induce them not to desert and join the goldseekers in California, they were paid an amount equal to the cost of a passage to New York by way of Panama, which in those days was quite a large sum of money. This money, with their extra pay, another incentive to remain, they did not receive until they were finally discharged, so that a man, after serving his full time, was sure to receive quite a respectable sum which the Government had saved for him. It was sufficient to enable him to commence farming, especially as the land did not cost him anything more than the usual preliminary expense of surveying.

As I before stated, Hunter owned the Montgomery claim in 1853. He was unmarried, and did not, I think, ever have an Indian wife. He was a Virginian, about 30 years of age, and was a good-looking, quiet, gentlemanly fellow. He seldom drank to excess, but when under the influence of liquor was inclined to be quarrelsome. A comrade of Hunter's named Buchanan lived with him. Buchanan was a Scotchman, and well-behaved. He often came to Fort Nisqually to see Dr. Tolmie, who, being a Scotchman, always had a friendly feeling for a respectable brother Scot. Besides, he attended him professionally when the regular army surgeon was away on leave of absence. Buchanan's bad health arose from an effort he made with a fellow soldier to desert and reach Vancouver Island, outside the jurisdiction of the United States. The man who accompanied Buchanan was named Russell, and he was between 40 and 50 years of age. These men were nearing Port Townsend when they were captured by Snoqualmie Indians, who were on the lookout for them for the sake of the reward that Captain Hill offered for their apprehension. It is reported that the Indians, headed by the notorious Chief Putkynum, cruelly treated them during the time they were prisoners, and in consequence of which Russell died soon after he returned to Fort Steilacoom, and Buchanan's health became very much impaired.

In those early days there was a great deal of liquor drunk. Whisky was brought in large quantities in the ships which came here in the early '50s to load with grain for San Francisco. This was before spirituous liquors were highly taxed. The tax on whisky was small and it was comparatively cheap. There were frequent orgies among some of the early settlers, and one day during the Summer of 1853, when I was temporarily in charge of Fort Nisqually, Dr. Tolmie being away, the cook of the establishment, an Englishman, who had suffered a touch of sunstroke in the tropics, and who periodically had slight fits of insanity, rushed into the room in which I was writing, and in an excited manner shouted: "Oh, sir, there's been a half dozen men, white and Indians, killed in a big fight at Montgomery's place, and I want to go out and see the bloody sight." I told him he could not go, but to remain at home and attend to his work. He paid no attention to my order, but took off his apron and immediately started off to walk the distance—about 10 miles or more. The story was partly true, but the slaughter was not so great as at first reported. It seems that Hunter and Buchanan had obtained a keg of whisky, and commenced a drinking bout, when an Englishman and an Indian named Utilcut, or Tallman, a Nisqually, employed by the company as plains men, or vacqueros, rode by the house. Hearing the noise of singing and loud talking, and perhaps smelling the whisky, they dismounted and joined in the festivities. As was generally the case on such festive occasions, a quarrel ensued, and high words led to blows, and a general fight. An Indian boy in the service of Hunter was in the house, and gives this information. Hunter, who was said to be very quarrelsome in his cups, foully abused the others, and lunged at Utilcut with a big knife, and stabbed him in the region of the lungs. Utilcut managed to escape from the house, and made for an Indian lodge at Montgomery's place, about one mile away. The Englishman escaped without being wounded. Another Indian named Tah-hal took part in the spree, but he was, I suppose, too far gone in liquor to escape.

Hunter was now a perfect wild man and turned his attention to poor Buchanan, who was lying wounded and helpless upon the floor. Hunter, crazy with the liquor he had drank, recommenced an attack upon him, and soon cut and pounded the life out of him. The drunken man then threw himself upon his bed and was soon in a dead sleep. The Indian boy, in fear and trembling all this time, hid himself under a bed and paid no attention to the frequent calls of Hunter for him to show himself. The lad well knew that had he done so, his life would have been forfeited, for the cursed drink had made Hunter for the time being a raving maniac. The Indian Tah Hal was also lying dead on the floor, choked, it is said, by the quantity of whisky he had drank, but more likely he had been choken by Hunter. After the cause of all this bloodshed was dead asleep, the boy crept from his hiding place and viewed with horror the floor of the little cabin, which was like a butcher's shambles, with Buchanan lying dead in one corner, covered with blood, and the Indian Tah Hal dead in another corner, with features hideous and distorted.

About daylight next morning Hunter awoke, and, sitting up in bed, rubbed his eyes and looked around the room in bewilderment. He asked what was the matter with Buchanan, and the boy told him he was dead and that he had killed him and had killed Tah-hal, and almost killed Utilcut. Hunter continued to question him, and after awhile requested the boy to bring him his gun. The boy got alarmed at this, and did not give him the gun, but flew from the house, and hid a little distance off. In a few minutes he heard a loud report, and creeping back to the house, found that Hunter had blown out his brains.

Nothing was done in the matter. The neighbors buried the unfortunates, and that was the end of it. I doubt if there was even a Coroner in the country at that early date; besides, a Coroner could have done no good. The witnesses were dead, and an Indian's testimony would not be taken in those days against a white man. Utilcut came home to the fort the next day, and a ghastly-looking object he was. He did not die at once, but lingered for about a year, and then died of apparently consumption.

Sorry He Said It.

New York Tribune.

Mr. Beckham, who was defeated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Kentucky last year and who is now filling the office of Governor by virtue of the decision of a partisan tribunal, is a candidate for Governor this year, and he is in trouble. He brought it upon himself by an inadvertent remark in a campaign speech at Bowling Green a few days ago. "Fellow citizens and fellow Democrats!" he cried, "I want you to come out in force this year so as to overcome the Republican majority of last year"— and then the candidate paused to hear his audience respond, "We will." But it didn't. It only coughed and wriggled—all of it, that is to say, except a few anti-Goebel Democrats and Republicans who were present. They greeted the appeal with what the reporters of debates in Congress call "derisive applause." It is said that Beckham blushed when he realized his blunder. If that story be true it appears that there is one thing which will make a Goebel Democrat in Kentucky blush—to know that he has let slip the truth, however unwittingly. It was too late for Beckham to recall the fatal admission, and he has ever since been trying to explain to his supporters that the words were spoken without premeditation and "in the heat of debate" as it were. His friends have advised him to stick to his manuscript hereafter.

A Local Issue.

New York Tribune.

When an impertinent and forward person interrupted him in the midst of his fiery philippic against "trusts" the other day with an inquiry about the Tammany Ice Trust, Mr. Bryan impatiently waved him aside with the remark, "Oh, that's merely a local matter." General Hancock expressed the same opinion about the tariff 20 years ago, but he may not have been so familiar with that subject as Mr. Bryan is with the Tammany Ice Trust through his intimate association with Croker and Van Wyck, or as he is with the Cotton Baling Trust through equally intimate association with Chairman Jones, one of its organizers and active promoters.

Many a woman dresses to go out, feels irresolute, sits down, and falls into a fit of despondent musing. Ask her what's the matter, and she'll probably answer "Just the blues." And what are the blues? Only another name, in general, for a disordered liver and a diseased stomach. Cleanse the liver, heal the stomach, purify the blood, and there'll be no more blues. It can be done by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine puts the diseased organs of digestion and nutrition into a condition of sound health. It eliminates from the blood all impure and poisonous substances, and cleanses the clogged liver. It contains neither alcohol nor narcotics.

"I had liver complaint for the past fifteen years, complicated with dyspepsia and gall stones," writes Mrs. N. Bernier, of 401 Elm St., Oshkosh, Wis. "I doctored with seven of our prominent doctors, and not one or all of them have done me the good, nor begun to do what your medicines have. I have used three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, one vial of his 'Pleasant Pellets,' and one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and have gained about eighteen pounds since I first began to take these remedies."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.