The Easton Gazette,

Easton, Maryland, June 27th 1896.

THROUGH WONDERLAND.

ON A HUNT WITH BUFFALO BILL, BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Continuation of His Graphic and Interesting Description of Adventure in the "Wild and Woolly West."

Prepared for and read before the Philokalian Society.

Pulling out the next morning, with casks and canteens well filled with delicious spring water, we started upon the drive of forty miles to Grand Canyon.

Continuing our way through the same waterless country, which however, really had beautiful and park-like scenery, we came to a hilltop that gave us our first view of the Colorado Valley, and a grand view it was.

Yet magnificent though the sight was, it in no way prepared us for the grandeur of that which met our vision afterward.

Downward our trail led, along a road which many would consider impassable, until at last we entered a vale where we came upon a rude log hut with tents beyond, giving the idea of a military encampment.

Into the vale we went. Our horses were soon corraled, and we then met John Hance, the one dweller in that remote land, whose nearest neighbor is seventy miles away.

He is a character in his way and a man to remember.

He was born in East Tennessee, near Knoxville, served as a scout in the war, and after that, with a good horse and pack animal, made his way to the land of the northwest.

A slender, wiry form, he has never known what it is to be ill, and as for fear, it is not in his make-up.

A daring rider, a dead shot, a man of intelligence and a fluent talker, he entertained us all by his stories of the Grand Canyon and his life among the Indians.

Living a life of utter solitude, when he meets with any one to talk to, he says so much that many speak of him as one who draws the long bow to a wonderful extent, yet I do not believe that he does so.

One thing that is remarkable about him, for one who dwells so wholly amid the grandeur of nature in her grandest aspect, is that he is terribly profane. The "army in Flanders" is not a marker to him in this respect.

Witty, quick as a flash at repartee, he is a wonder in himself, and very justly is called the Hermit of the Colorado.

Away down upon his trail to the river he has his winter cabin, and there he lives with his cat, chickens and trusty weapons.

The Indians fear him, so they seldom visit his cabin, for he stands no nonsense from them; no matter how many come near his home, he faces them fearlessly and drives them off.

Claiming the cannon as his special property he has established what he calls "The Grand Canyon Hotel," which consists of a dozen tents, for those who visit this wonderland, coming here by stage from Flagstaff.

Hance does the cooking, and he is as good as a French *chef*, as we had reason to know when we sat down to his supper, which was washed down by champagne which Buffalo Bill had brought from Chicago especially to do honor to the occasion of our *entree* into the Cathedral of Nature.

I'll venture to say that it was the first champagne ever drunk there, and its taste was as delicious out of tin cups as it would have been from Tiffany filmy glasses.

Upon the register kept by Hance, I noticed perhaps the name of a hundred visitors only, and most of them men who have won world wide fame, for many of them were members of the International Geological Congress, who came from all parts of the world to visit this spot.

There were a number of feminine names upon the register, and Hance told me that the ladies who visited the canyon were even more daring in their explorations than were the men, and stood the fatigue equally as well.

As an evidence of the fatigue of a trip down the trail to the river, let me say that it is properly a two days' journey, for the descent is made one day and the return the next, a halt at noon each day being made at the guide's winter cabin.

Of course the only way to go is on foot, a small pack burro being taken along with food and blankets, dangerous as the undertaking is, for several of these have lost their footing, surefooted as they are, and have gone over a precipice more than two thousand feet to the bottom.

The guide was most enthusiastic in his telling of Major Powell's wonderful run down the Colorado in boats with his party.

It was a most hazardous undertaking, and resulting in the drowning of two of the men while three others deserted the outfit, preferring the danger of facing Indians to running the gauntlet of that terrific river. The three men sad to say made a mistake, for the Indians killed them every one.

Major Powell, however, was in pursuit of scientific research, and accomplished all that he undertook, and to-day is regarded as a wonderful man by all who knew of his exploits in this land of marvels, wherein and whereon God has written the mighty story of the illimitable past.

Seated one day with Hance upon a pinnacle of rocks overhanging the Grand Canyon, Major Powell asked him the following question:

"John, suppose a line was stretched from this rock across the canyon to yonder rim on the other side, and a string let down from the centre to the river, what would be the length of the string?"

"No durned fool knows!" was the guide's energetic response.

"I'll tell you, so that you at least will know John. It would be just six thousand six hundred and forty-nine feet long," the major replied.

And before John would believe it, Powell had to explain just how the calculation was made.

The canyon itself has been described and photopraphed again and again, yet is beyond all power of description, all art of photography and painting, and when I confess that my pen is inadequate even to give a conception of its grandeur, its wonders and weird magnificence, I simply admit that I stand in the presence of the majesty of the Great Supreme.

The first view of the Grand Canyon is one of startling surprise, which grows into amazement as one gazes upon it; then, with a feeling that is quite appalling, the sense of what is immeasurably weird, wild, astounding.

One of our party expressed it truthfully when he exclaimed, emphatically.

"We stand at the entrance of hell! I shall be a nobler, a better and a wiser man for seeing this."

It is a stupendous mountain range, split in twain as by a mighty blow.

Nearly three hundred miles long, and from five to seventeen in width, and from six thousand to eleven thousand feet in depth, as I have stated, with precipices dropping off thousands of feet, banks of solferino, gray blue, yellow, black and red, with the monarch hills six thousand feet in height, rising from the depths, and whose summits do not reach to the rim of the grand chasm upon either side, its wonders may be pictured in the mind but not portrayed by pen or brush.

Imagine that the White Mountains of New Hampshire should be placed within the Grand Canyon, yet they would not half fill the cleft, while Mount Washington would not rise as high by a thousand feet as peaks that rise from its depth away.

The canyon stream, as seen from the rim, looks like a mere creek, yet in reality it is from a quarter of a mile at low water to a mile in width when it gets upon the rampage which it does every year.

In the Cliffs of the Grand Canyon every stratum known to the world is found.

There we find granite at the lowest depth, blue limestone, red sandstone, graystone, white limestone, marble, onyx, asbestos and copper, iron, gold and silver.

There are a number of valuable "finds" reported by the guide, and there are corundum gems of various kinds also to be found in the deep recesses.

The river ranges in depth from a few feet upon its rapids at low tide to three hundred feet, with pools here and there that are practically fathomless.

In it are innumerable fish—Colorado salmon of fourteen pounds weight, and other species of the finny tribe we could find no name for.

Even Hance did not know the names of some of the fish we caught, and world-wide, roving sportsmen as some of our party were they had never seen the like before.

Bait with what we pleased, fish with reel, pole, or only throw out a line, and we caught fish.

If we hoped for a salmon, we were just as likely to catch one of the long, slender, nameless fish referred to, that made excellent eating baked, or a little "sawed-off," that was delicious fried in a pan with butter.

And how some of those fish can pull is a caution to trout fishers, for they had the twist of the red snappers of the Mobile and the run-away-with-your-line-and-yank of the tarpon of the gulf.

After splendid sport in fishing night began to come on, and as the shadows pressed about us, one and all were impressed more than we cared to admit by the overhanging of those lofty cliff banks of the canyon.

It seemed as we lay on our blankets that night, gazing upward, that the cliffs were about to close in upon us.

The stars never looked so large and bright before to us, and never before in my life—and it was the general verdict—had I been so awed by surrounding urture as down in the depths of that mighty chasm. It was too awfully silent, too awe-inspiring, for sleep.

The sharp yelp of a wolf echoed until it seemed a pack of hounds were in full cry after game, a pistol-shot roared like a heavy gun, a shout re-echoed like an army of voices.

Bright and early we were all up to see the sunrise, have breakfast, and go on a pedestrian hunt for game.

Though on the mountains we had left cold weather, down in the canyon it was like spring-time, the thermometer showing seventy degrees.

The Indians dread the Grand Canyon as an evil land, and shun it. They do not go down into its depths—not even tempted by the game there—and they have little to say regarding it.

The game that haunt the Grand Canyon are mountain sheep, lion, wildcat, coyote, deer and antelope, with a few bear, and fish, as I have said, in great variety and in abundance in the river and streams.

Starting off for a hunt in twos and threes, I was so fortunate as to have Hermit Hance for my guide, there being a bond of sympathy between us, as we had both served in the same army.

Colonel MacKinnon was along with us, and he whispered to me:

"We'll bag the game, for you may be sure that Hance knows just where to find it."

And he did, for it was not very long before he stopped and said:

"There's one for each of us. Fire at the word—one, two, three!"

The "one" for each of us were deer, and we were looking down at them over a rise.

They saw us just as we pulled triger at the word three, and our rifles flashed together.

The doe that Hermit Hance shot at dropped dead with a bullet through her brain, while Colonel MacKinnon, taking the buck, knocked him over; but he got up and ran, and it took several shots to bring him down, for each one hit him.

I fired at a doe, aimed too low, and it went off with a broken fore leg, and hidden by bushes I was unable to get another shot. Buffalo Bill killed it half an hour later.

Stripping the deer and stringing them in trees, we went up a lesser canyon, through which a stream flowed like a mill race.

A short walk brought us upon half a dozen mountain sheep. Colonel MacKinnon got a fine pair of horns, and I lost a pair, as their owner went over a precipice a thousand feet downward, and I did not care to follow him. Hance did not fire.

As we were out for game four-footed or winged, the colonel brought down a magnificent eagle, with a shot that won the hermit guide's admiration.

Soon after we came suddenly upon a bear, and as he was cornered he showed fight.

He was a big fellow and savage, and it took several shots from the colonel's rifle and mine to put him to sleep—Hance not firing.

On our return we got a mountain lion cub, half grown, and upon arriving in camp, found that as far as variety went, we had won the championship, for a bear, mountain sheep, deer, lion and an eagle made a good record.

A council was held that night in camp, and it was decided at once to make for the opposite side of the Grand Canyon, where we would find plenty of game in the Kaibab Mountains.

Scrofula

Infests the blood of humanity. It appears in varied forms, but is forced to yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and vitalizes the blood and cures all such diseases. Read this:

"In September, 1894, I made a misstep and injured my ankle. Very soon afterwards,

A Sore

two inches across formed and in walking to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on and I thought I should have to give up at every step. I could not get any relief and had to stop work. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Before I had taken all of two bottles the sore had healed and the swelling had gone down. My

Foot

is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. H. BLAKE, So. Berwick, Me.

This and other similar cures prove that

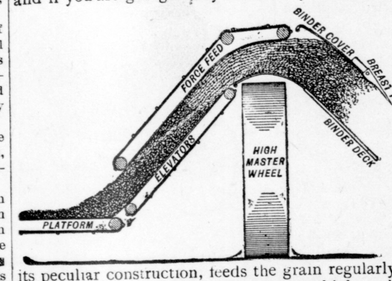
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

Have You Seen the New Champion Binder

It not you have no idea of the Improvement made in Binder Building and if you are going to buy a Binder you want to see the new Champion.



Suppose you had heavy loads to haul to town, and one road had a long steep hill, another a short, easy slope hill. Which road would you take? The elevator on the new Champion Binder is short, the slope is easy and the canvasses are wide apart; the grain is handled with less friction and more gently than on any other Binder, and the upper canvass, by its peculiar construction, feeds the grain regularly and gently to the packers.



The elevators on other binders are high and steep, and the canvasses must be run close together. Suppose you had a 300 pound stone to move from your field, would you strain your back trying to lift it by main force, or would you use a long lever and pry it out? On the new Champion Binder the eccentric binder wheel gives long leverage when heavy work is to be done. These are the new things on Binders. The new Champion has all the good features found on any other Binder, and has these new features that are not found on any other machine. We would like you to see one os these machine before you buy.

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Down They Come

Every resident of Easton is familiar with the fact that we are the leading exponents of the idea of good quality and low prices in the Dress Goods trade. But the season has arrived—that in-between season—when all businesses require a boost. We want to break our sales record during the next few weeks, and we will make sweeping reductions in Millinery, Mattings, Dress Goods, Notions, etc.

Our plan of advertising our greatest bargains during the dullest portion of the year has stirred up quite a breeze in business circles, and made a lot of extra work for our clerks but still they like it. There's something so exhilarating in in the atmosphere of a busy store. These low prices will not last long, so come early.

Everything in the Millinery Department must go at any figure. Now is the time to secure bargains.

Few Mattings left. You can buy at about half price.

Agents for Domestic and Reliable Sewing Machines, Standard Patterns always on hand.

Yours for Bargains,

T. H. Hollingsworth & Co.

Mr. James Perdue, an old soldier residing at Monroe, Mich., was severely afflicted with rheumatism but received prompt relief from pain by using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says: "At times my back would ache so badly that I could hardly raise up. If I had not gotten releif I would not be here to write these few lines. Chamberlain's Pain Balm has done me a great deal of good and I feel very thankful for it." For sale by Harry Roberts, Easton; A. D. Harrison, St. Michaels; J. F. Sisk, Cordova.

Call at Norris' Provision depot for fresh vegetables of all kinds, peas, beats, potatoes etc. at lowest market price. 2t.

ORDER NISI.

Alfred L. Tharp. Assignee,
vs.
Emory Mackey and wife.

In the Circuit Court for Talbot county. In Equity.

Ordered this 23d day of June, A. D. 1896, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Alfred L. Tharp, attorney, assignee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 21st day of August next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Talbot county once in each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $375.00.

WILFRED BATEMAN, Clerk.

True copy. Test:
6-27-3t WILFRED BATEMAN, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Charles C. Nickerson, mortgagee,
vs.
Joseph Bowdle.

In the Circuit Court for Talbot county. In Equity.

Ordered this 17th day of June, A. D. 1896, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Charles C. Nickerson, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 14th day of August next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some news aper printed in Talbot county once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $100.00. WILFRED BATEMAN, Clerk.

True copy. Test:
6-20-3t WILFRED BATEMAN, Clerk.

Notice to The Public.

I have sold my business of Well Digging and Pump making to Messrs. Elbin and Ferguson of Easton. These gentlemen are well qualified to wait upon the public in the business of pump and well making and I bespeak for them the patronage of the public. Thanking the public for its patronage of the past, I am truly yours,

LEVI S. TURNER.

When You Go To Halifax,

Nova Scotia, Hawkesbury, C. B., Charlottetown, P. E. I., remember the

Plant Steamship Line

offers TWO SHIPS A WEEK. SS. Halifax sailing every Tuesday, SS. "Colivette" sailing every Saturday at 12 o'clock noon, from the North Side Lewis Wharf, 20 Atlantic Ave., direct from Boston to

All Points in Maritime Provinces.

The Best Service,
The Lowest Rates,
The Quickest Time.

Don't Forget the Halifax Carnival

July 28, 29, 30 and 31. The Plant SS. Line will carry thousands of people, and you will be wise if you make your Reservations Early. For rates, tickets, staterooms, berths and all necessary information, call on the ticket agents of railroad and steamship lines in all the principal cities. The tourist Agents, 201, 211, 296 and 232 Washington St., Boston, Mass. E. N. MILLS, City Passenger and Ticket Agt 207 Washington St.

RICHARDSON & BARNARD, Agents, 20 Atlantic Ave. Boston, Mass.

6-27-4



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Too Many Goods For This Season.

Look at This Cut in Prices:

Boyss' Suits, 15 to 19 years reduced from $10.00 and $12.50 to $5.95.
Men's Suits worth $10.00, $12.00 and $14.00, cut to $6.95. Short pants suits down to $1.50.
Ten Handsome styles of Woolen Dress Goods reduced from 62c and 75c to 35c per yard. We loose money in every yard but

.·. THEY MUST GO .·.

Remnants of Percales, Lawns, Dimities and Ginghams Reduced from 12 1-2 to 6 1-4 cents. Do not miss your chance for these Remnants.

Another Cut in Shirt Waists.

Sometime ago we cut our $1.25 Waists to 89 cents but we cut the price again today. Splendid Shirtwaists, best made, now only 65 cents. Some as low as 40 cents. Greatest offer ever heard of.



LOOK!

For the next thirty days a CASH DISCOUNT of 20 per cent will be given on all Shoes Sold. You should see our BICYCLE DEPARTMENT. For the balance of the season we will allow a special discount of all

Cash Purchasers of Bicycles,

or on any sort of sundries in Bicycle Goods, of which we have an excellent line. Give us a call before you buy, it will mean money in your pocket.

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FIVE DOLLARS

WILL BUY

A Nice Mandolin

with Bag and Instruction Book Thrown In.

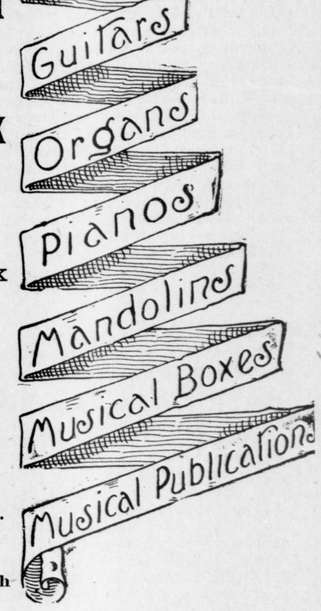
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MEN'S WHITE DUCK TROUSERS—all sizes, per pair $1.00

MEN'S LINEN CRASH TROUSERS—all sizes, per pair $1.50

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FLANNEL COATS—odd sizes, slightly soiled, and for that reason reduced from $3.00, $4.00 and $5.00 to $2.00

MEN'S BICYCLING SUITS—sack coat and bloomers. Formerly $6.50, now $3.50
Excellently made of durable material.

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