The Easton Gazette,

Easton, Maryland, July 4th, 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.

To reach the Kaibal Mountains, across the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, just seventeen miles, as has been stated, we had to go more than three hundred miles, and over a very difficult trail to travel, but the splendid shooting we would be sure to find on the other side tempted us, and we made the start, regretting to part with several of our party, who did not care to suffer the severe hardships of such an expedition, and be gone an indefinite time.

They bade us good-bye with looks that plainly said:

"We have seen the Grand Canyon, and we feel sorry for you, who are not satisfied and wish to see more."

So back they went, while we branched off into a volcanic country, where not a tree, grass or water could be found—only those solferino mountains, once flaming volcanoes, and the lava from which filled the land.

Our outfit was, in the mass—excepting, of course, Buffalo Bill and his fellow Gentiles—all Mormons, for we have E. D. Wooley, President of the Kanab Stake of Zion—said stake being a certain amount of territory of which he is president or ruler—and Mr. Anthony W. Ivins, of the St. George Stake.

These gentlemen formed an escort to Colonel Cody and his party through the land of the Mormons.

All of them are most companionable to travel with, while they know the country perfectly, and tell many good stories of their people.

If there are any bad stories to tell, we did not hear them, so take all they said in faith.

A "character" of the party was old Al Hunington, guide, scout, hunter and prospector.

He was born at Sacketts Harbor, New York, and is a grandson of General Clark Allen, of the war of 1812. He came West at the time of the Mexican war, being a member of the Mormon Battalion, enlisted in the United States Army to fight in Mexico.

Al Hunington is a dyed-in-the-wool Mormon. He has scouted the country over for forty years, and in his younger days rode pony express out of Salt Lake City.

He is a great story teller and it is whispered of him that he mixes up the sham and the real.

Old as he is, he never sleeps in a house or tent, but out in the open air, winter and summer, and with his riding horse and pack animal roams over the country far and wide.

Some time ago he was speaking to a traveler of the petrified forests—which we intend to visit, by-the-way—and as he expressed it:

"Everything thar peetrifies, stranger, and I'll tell yer thet a buffalo bull got astr'y from from a herd on ther Buckskin Mountains, and just as a hunter went ter shoot him, he jumped over a peetrified log, and scalp me, ef ther beast didn't peetrify right up in the air!"

"And remained there?" asked the stranger astonished.

"You bet he did."

"But gravitation would have brought him to the ground," meekly suggested the listener.

"Stranger, ther gravitation was peetrified, too!" was the cool rejoiner of the dyed-in-the-wool Mormon.

Mormon boys are a very intelligent lot of fellows, strictly moral, and I have yet to hear any one of them utter an oath, though they have a few choice phrases as a substitute when others might consider profanity necessary.

They were polite, attentive, eager to please, and say their prayers night and morning.

Any man who can drive a herd of ponies along a roadless plain and not swear is, in my humble opinion, a saint, and this I have known them to do.

Our trail led us along with the San Francisco Mountains at our back, so that the peaks of Kendrick's Challender, Sitgreaves and Antelopes were in sight, whenever we cast a backward glance, for many, many miles.

We wound into a grove of cedars—as old and scarred as the Cedars of Lebanon they looked—and there a halt was made to gather wood, for there was no firewood on our way for many a long, weary league.

We stowed a goodly supply in the wagons, and went on our way across a red, arid plain to which there seemed no limit.

We were in what had at one time in the world's history been the bottom of an inland sea.

Around us here and there were volcanic mountains, some of them rising three and four thousand feet above the level.

The craters of some of them are open and are of enormous size, the sides are barren of trees, shrub or grass, and some of them are most fantastic in shape, a few of them being as regular in shape as though thrown up by the hand of man.

They are all of a dull vermillion hue, and down their sides have flowed rivers of lava, which forms the foundation of the plains.

Now and then the view is most grand, stretching away for fifty and a hundred miles, far over into the Navajo country.

In one day's ride I counted thirty-one of these volcanic mountains, while we passed many hills I took no count of.

Our first night out was a "dry camp"—that is we had no water, only what we had brought along in kegs, and it was the same as regarded wood.

The horses would have to go without water until we crossed the Little Colorado the next morning.

It was put to a vote and carried unanimously that we would not pitch our tents, but sleep out in the open air; so our blankets were spread in the lee of the wagon, the cook got out his utensils, and when seated before a blazing fire, with the cowboys' outfit near us, Buffalo Bill suddenly cried with enthusiasm:

"I tell you, this is out of sight, boys!"

We all agreed that it was "out of sight," for there was not a soul near in many a long mile to see us.

We had a supper of soup, drank from tin cups: deer roast, bacon, roasted potatoes, onions, and a dessert of preserves and coffee.

Coyotes soon scented our camp, and we enjoyed some sport shooting them: then placing our guards—for we were nearing the Navajo country—we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and slept.

We pulled out of camp at sunrise the next morning, and after an hour's travel came to what is known as the Arizona Diamond Fields, and halted to have a look at the precious gems, but found none, though some rare specimens of stones were picked up.

The mines are simply vast gravel beds, lying a few miles from the Little Colorado River.

Everywhere we saw large pieces of petrified wood, and the stones and rocks are of a strange formation.

During the morning we cited several mounted Indians watching us from distant cliffs. That they were Navajoes we very well knew, and therefore, let them severely alone.

The approach to the Little Colorado is a fearful trail for wagons, but we reached the stream in safety, though the way was strewn with the skeletons of horses and cattle.

It is an uninteresting stream, but served its purpose in water and driftwood, with which we loaded our wagons, for it was a waterless and timberless land beyond.

In the morning we struck out at an early hour, but were forced to leave one of our horses to die as he had been used up by the trip.

At noon we came to what might well be called the Invisible River, for soon after leaving its source it loses itself in the soil, which there had become sandy, though its banks were high on either side, and in the wet season was quite a torrent.

Here horses were watered and canteens refilled, and once more we pushed on for the night camp twenty miles away, and where it was said there was a pool, if there was water then in it—which was doubtful—hence our preparation for a possible disappointment.

During the ride we surprised a Navajo Indian off his reservation. He was herding fully two thousand sheep and a dozen ponies not to speak of goats which were plentiful.

The Indian has learned the value of wool, so eats goats and keeps the sheep.

I never saw so many black sheep in one flock—fully one-fourth being smut-colored.

Major Mildmay, in his eagerness to get a sheep for a kidney stew, nearly lost his life, for he rode down toward the Indian at full speed, shouting:

"Now for a kidney stew!"

The Navajo at once threw his rifle to his shoulder to be ready for hostilities, and a warning cry from Mr. Ivins checked the major in his search for delicacies out on the barren plains.

We got a sheep, however, for three dollars, so the major got his stew, and the photographer, snapping his kodak, got the whole herd and the redskins besides.

Our way still lay through a treeless, waterless desert land, with nothing in sight but grass in the canyons and a few coyotes, who hang on the trail for horses that lie down to die.

Not a bird even did we see, except crows of large size, which haunted the trails and camps for the same reason as the coyotes.

Our night camps were still more closely guarded, as Indians had been seen hovering about, and yet on that afternoon we had met a tramp.

He was alone, cross-eyed and in a hurry, while he carried in his hand a lidless tin bucket of dirty water, a small bag of provisions and had no blanket.

"That man is a fugative from justice. He has committed some crime and is making tracks for safety," said Mr. Seigmiller, which we afterwards learned was the truth.

We were aroused by a shot that night and a stampede of our horses, and at once went on a hunt for the animals.

We got all but two, which the Indian thieves had managed to get away with; but in this country one travels with extra stock for just such mishaps.

Soon after leaving camp in the morning, we dropped at last the San Francisco Mountains out of sight, and our way led through a wild, rugged country known as Cedar Ridge, where we saw several camps and burying grounds.

Two of the graves were open and the occupants were buried in a sitting posture with their faces toward the rising sun.

We overtook a Mormon wagon-train at noon, returning to Utah, they having been unsuccessful in their new homes.

With this train was a woman eighty-six years old, an aunt of Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, and also a baby two weeks old was in one of the wagons.

Not long afterwards we overtook another Mormon outfit, consisting of two wedding parties, for there were two young men and their sweethearts going to the Temple of St. George to be married.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cheap Passenger Fares via B. C. & Railway

between all points on the Railway Division on all points on all trains July 4th, 1896. Also from all points on Railway Division to Baltimore low rate tickets will be sold July 7th to 13th inclusive, good for return until the 14th inclusive, for the benefit of those who wish to attend the National Christian Endeavor Assembly at Washington, D. C.

6-27-3t A. J. BENJAMIN, D. P. A.

Sour

Stomach, sometimes called waterbrash, and burning pain, distress, nausea, dyspepsia, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This it accomplishes because with its wonderful power as a blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates an appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and raises the health tone. In cases of dyspepsia and indigestion it seems to have "a magic touch."

"For over 12 years I suffered from sour

Stomach

with severe pains across my shoulders, and great distress. I had violent nausea which would leave me very weak and faint, difficult to get my breath. These spells came oftener and more severe. I did not receive any lasting benefit from physicians, but found such happy effects from a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I took several bottles and mean to always keep it in the house. I am now able to do all my own work, which for six years I have been unable to do. My husband and son have also been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla—for pains in the back, and after the grip. I gladly recommend this grand blood medicine." MRS. PETER BURBY, Leominster, Mass.

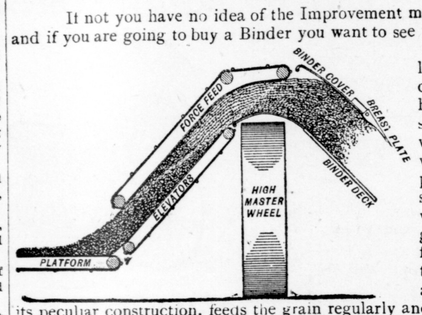
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25 cents.

Have You Seen the New Champion Binder

If 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.



NEVIUS & FRAMPTON.

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 newspaper printed in Talbot county once in each of three successive weeks before the 13th 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.

As Usual

The Canada Atlantic and

Plant Steamship Line

is in the lead and commencing Saturday July 11, will operate

Three Ships A Week

Direct from Boston to

All Points in Maritime Provinces.

via Halifax, Nova Scotia, Hawkesbury, C.B. Charlottetown, P. E. I., with the following schedule: SS. HALIFAX sails every Tuesday at 12 o'clock noon, for Halifax, N. S., Hawkesbury, C. B., Charlottetown, P. E. I. SS. OLIVETTE sails every Saturday, at 4 p. m., Every Wednesday at 4 p. m., direct to Halifax, Nova Scotia. All sailings from the north side of Lewis Wharf 20 Atlantic Ave., Boston Mass. All Steamships connect at ports named with Rail and Water Lines for all points in the Maritime Provinces, and afford Tourists the best service to the Land of the Acadians.

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

O. F. Sturmer,

Jeweler,

Has a New Assortment of

Summer Jewelry,
Link Bracelets,
Lorgnette Chains,
Link Buttons,
Shirt Waist Sets,
Belts and Buckles,
Gold and Silver Studs,
Rings and Thimbles,

The "Spring Bride" will be happy to receive some silver from my stock.

O. F. Sturmer.

PICTURE TAKING IS EASY.

With a

BULLS-EYE CAMERA.

No Dark Room is required as it uses light-proof film cartridges and can be loaded in daylight. Complete, illustrated manual, free, with every instrument.

LIGHTEST, SIMPLEST.

$8.00 and $12.00.

Booklet Free.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sold by Shannahan & Wrightson Hwd Co.

TRUSTEES' SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

NEAR THE

Town of Easton.

BY virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Talbot county in equety, passed the twentieth day of June in the year eighteen hundred and ninety five, in a cause in which Ralph Buffett and Annie Buffett were complainants and Franklin Buffett and others defendants, the undersigned trustees named in said decree will sell at public sale in front of the Court House in the town of Easton on

TUESDAY,

the 21 day of July, 1896,

between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock p. m., the following property:

All and singular that farm or plantation situate, lying and being in Easton district of Talbot county, within three miles of the town of Easton on the waters of Miles River and Glebe creek and adjoining the lands of Robert B. Dixon, Charles E. Henderson and others, commonly known as the "Groome Farm," containing the quantity of

176 Acres of Land

more or less.

Being the same farm which was conveyed to George Buffett by Robert Hatton and wife by deed bearing date August 7th, 1883, and duly recorded among the land record books of Talbot county in liber J. F. T. No. 97, folio 16 &c.



The improvements on this farm are an excellent dwelling house, and necessary out-buildings. The soil is fertile; and the location and surroundings amongst the finest in the county.

Terms.

The terms of sale as prescribed by the decree are: The purchase money to be paid in equal instalments in one, two and three years from the day of sale; the whole to bear interest from day of sale, and the payment thereof to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser with surety or sureties to be approved by the trustees; or cash, at the option of the purchaser.

OSWALD TILGHMAN,
ROBERT B. DIXON,
6-27-ts TRUSTEES.

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.

WE BUILD

200 DIFFERENT Styles Of CARRIAGES.

Suitable for city and country use. Prices to suit the times. The Babcock DUST PROOF and SELF-OILING AXLES and Quick Shifting Shaft Coupling is a Great Improvement. See our line of Vehicles before you buy. We also keep HARNESS from $10 to $300.

H. H. BABCOCK CO.,
E. W. HALL, Mgr.
17 and 19 W. FAYETTE ST.
BALTIMORE, MD.,
Factory, Watertown, N. Y.

CHARLES E. SHANNAHAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
102 E. LEXINGTON STREET,
Near St. Paul St., opposite northwest corner Court House Square, first door front,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Practices in all the Courts—Federal, City, County and the court of appeals.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him either in County or City.

Wholesale Slaughter

—In Every Department.

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.

M. B. NICHOLS.

T. H. Hollingsworth & Co.



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.



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E. K. MORRIS,
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Stenographic and Typewriter Work.

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Rates Very Reasonable,
JOSEPH D. HOPE,
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PAINTS, OILS, GRASS, WALL PAPER

∴ IN COUNTLESS DESIGNS. ∴

Paper Hanging, Painting, Graining, Glazing and all work carefully done. Satisfaction guaranteed. Estimates cheerfully given.
E. H. FURNESS & CO.

NOTICE.

We have this day sold to Dallas B. Hayward the Drug Store and Business in Easton formerly carried on under the name of "D. B. Hayward, Agent," at the corner of Washington and Dover Streets.

All persons who are indebted to the concern are requested to make payment to Mr. Hayward, who is authorized to receipt for the same, and all accounts owing by the late firm are to be paid by him.

WILFRED BATEMAN,
ALEXIS G. PASCAULT,
W. T. H. LEE,
6-27-tf EDW. H. ROE.

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.