

1am 344-454

Mr. S.T. Curtis, 351
Interviewed- Mch. 22,
1934.

ELIZABETH CURTIS

Sauil Curtis

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MCH 22 1934

Doc 344

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"My father came to Colorado in the early '70s. He came as far as a place in Eastern Colorado called Kit Carson, here the railroad ended, so his ride was also ended. He started out with several other young men who had been on the train to come to Pueblo. The group, consisting of my father and three others, walked as far as Pueblo. Here in Pueblo my father became engaged in the contracting work, and for the next several years worked as a brick-layer and builder. After this he went up to Canon City, and took up farming. He had farms along Beaver Creek and up on the Four Mile Road. It was while my mother and father were living on the Four Mile place that I was born, this was in 1876.

In the spring of 1882 we left our home near Canon City and came to live in the Beulah Valley. Beulah was just then beginning to build up into a prosperous community. The Sease family, the Murray family, and the Davis' had been settled in the valley for a good many years. Father had the land that is now known as the "Donley Ranch".

The Beulah Valley in the early days was rather a hard place to get into and a hard place to get out of. There were only about three possible places where one could either get in or out of the place. The road leading into the valley when we first went there was terrible. When we came to that part of the road known as "Beulah Hill" my Mother was so frightened by the height of the road that she got out of the wagon and walked down the hill.

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Later I attended school back above the Country Club, just where the Beulah school is located now. This school was built in '88 or '90, and has been in use ever since. The first teacher that I had while attending this school was a Mr. Tarbert. After I had gone to the school for a while my father gave the school an acre of ground, and this property still belongs to the school.

In 1901 or 1902 the church was moved from the Klipfel Ranch to the present site, just across the road from the school-house.

All of the timber that is now found in Beulah Valley has grown there since we were there. Part of the valley closely resembled a prairie when we first moved into the valley. The old lanes are still used as they are in the same places that the section lines are now. One could find no barb-wire fences, all of the fences were made of poles laid criss-cross.

Beulah, in the early days, had many severe snow storms, often times the snow would drift 10 feet high along the fences. However this has changed and Beulah enjoys mild winters now."

(Mr. Curtis is engaged in the truck-gardening business here in Pueblo at present. He has only been in Pueblo for the past few years, having come here from the old home in Beulah Valley. His Mother lives with him, but is unable to talk with anyone because she is very deaf. I had hoped to talk with her, but found that an impossibility under the circumstances.)

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ELIZABETH COX
MCH 26 - 1934

Pam 344-57

Mrs. Rosalie Warden
and
Mrs. Mary Cox. 354
Interviewed- Mch. 26, '34

Mrs. Rosalie Warden and Mrs. Mary Cox are sisters and at the present time are living at 722 Veta Ave.

Mrs. Mary Cox is a trained nurse and has been a resident of Pueblo since Nov. 10, 1886. Her sister has been here since Jan. 1887. Mrs. Cox gave the following account of their coming to Colorado:

" Our old home was located in the state of Kentucky, but when my sister Rosalie and I were just girls we left this place and went to Cincinnati, Ohio to live. When Kansas was opened up as a country where homesteads were bountiful, my brother got the "land craze" and decided to leave Kentucky in preference of Kansas. He persuaded the rest of the family to accompany him on his journey to the "west". The whole family , Rosalie and myself included, came to Kansas to homestead a hd. Kansas, we found was the most barren, forsaken country that we had ever seen. In Kentucky and in Ohio we had been used to dense forrests, underbrush, berry bushes, and fertile ground. All of our lives we had spent in a country where the wild berries, fruits, and nuts were plentiful. Kansas, to us, was a direct contrast to what we had been used to having and seeing. Sand, sparse vegetation, dry climate, and uninhabited plains were the things that we found made up the state of Knasas.

We homesteaded in Kansas, just about thirty miles from Garden City. My first position as a nurse was in Garden City, and it was here that my hatred for the country grew. Often I wished that I

had never left Cincinnati. The task of homesteading proved to hard for my father, he died shortly after we came to Kansas. Mother was hurt in an accident , so we decided to give up the homesteading idea for the time being.

I decided to come to Pueblo, knowing friends here, so came in November of '86. I got work and after a time sent for my sister Rosalie. We worked, and in time managed to get the whole family to come to Pueblo. I liked Pueblo from the first, but must admit that it is much different from Cincinnati. Many times I was fooled by friends who liked to take advantage of my being a "tenderfoot". It was hard for me to get used to the sudden changes in the weather, one day it would rain, the next snow, and the third the ground would be clear and the day as bright and sunshiny as one could imagine. The east offered no such diversions of climate, a snow stayed on the ground for weeks.

One of the earliest Sunday diversions that I can remember was that of going for water. We found the water in Pueblo very poor, so hauled all of our water from the artesian wells located on what is now West Abriendo. We lived on the east side of town, and it took us quite a while to cross over to this side of the river in order to get water. Early Sunday morning we would load the buggy with jugs and start out for water, the water we got lasted us for that current week and the same process would be repeated the next Sunday. The place where we got the water was called Dr. Worrall's . Sometimes we would go to Clarks Mineral Well for water, but we really liked the artesian water the best.

The building of the Grand Hotel was a momentous occasion in the history of Pueblo. When the Hotel was finished it was opened for public inspection, and I know that we had quite a thrill when we got to go through the "big, new hotel". The hotel was quite large and was really a building that Pueblo could well be proud of.

City Park was a much-talked of concern in the early days. Mr. Carlile and Mr. Dittmer held the land that the City Park is now located on. Their original idea was to make this a suburban home district that would be surrounded by the park. They also hoped to sell the land to the city as a site for a city park. The foundations for several houses were laid, but never completed. Mr. Dittmer, who was German and Swede, spent a great deal of money and time in improving the park district. He made several trips to foreign countries especially to purchase trees that were to be planted in the park. The assortment of trees that are to be found in City Park today cannot be equaled in this part of the state.

Today the park is owned by the city, and although it does not quite cover the area that Carlile and Dittmer intended that it should, it is Pueblo's largest park."

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Mr. M. Scott Chilcott, 357

Interviewed- Mch. 28, 1934.

Pen 344 - #58

alvin
Mr. M. Scott Chilcott, one of Pueblo's best known residents has lived in this town since 1862. He has seen the town grow from a group of crude shacks, housing Pueblo's business firms and residents, to a city of modern business and residential sections. The material is best presented in first person.

"We drove into Pueblo May 2, 1862. My father had come to Pueblo in 1859 and in 1862 he sent for the rest of the family to come in the early spring. At that time we were living in a place, almost frontier itself, called Tekamah, Nebraska. Two brothers, whose last name was Peck, made the trip to Colorado with my Mother, Father, myself and two other children. I was not very old at the time, but I do remember that the entire distance was covered in about six week's time, and with a span of horses. We left Tekamah and headed for Omaha, from Omaha we made our way straight west to Denver, Colorado, then to Colorado City, and south into Pueblo. At times the horses ran, but for the most part the trip was taken at a walking gait. The horses had such heavy loads to pull that it was ^{nearly} impossible for them to go any faster than a walk. The trail, for that was what we followed, was difficult to keep on- so dim were the tracks in some places. Considering the fact that we covered about 720 miles, our time in making this distance was fairly good.

My father had come to Pueblo in '59 and at that time took up land south of Pueblo. The ranch was 10 miles below Pueblo, and there were only two other ranches between our place and the site of Pueblo. It was here that we once had an Indian scare. I had seen numerous bands of Indians, but in crossing the plains we had no trouble whatever with the Indians. The Indians used to cross the river near where our ranch was, but they never came near our place. However, this one day I was at school and someone let out the cry that the Indians were coming. The school was hurriedly dismissed, every child started out on a run for his home. The Indians crossed the river at a place known as Spring Bottom, and continued their way north to the Fountain River. In a few days we heard of the murder of many pioneers in the vicinity of the settlement of Fountain. The Indians that we had seen were the murderers, but they had not stopped to pursue their plunderous habits in our part of the country, for which we were indeed thankful. (The first teacher at this little country school was Miss Henry who later became Mrs. Thatcher.) (The teacher boarded and roomed at the Chilcott ranch.)

Later we came to Pueblo to make our home, and father bought the house that stood on the corner of 6th. Street and Santa Fe Ave. This house was, I think , the first adobe house to be built in Pueblo. To the best of my recollections, the house was built in '63 by a Mr. P. D. Moore. Today the house is still standing, although it has been stuccoed and additions to the four original rooms have been made from time to time. I have lived in the house on 6th. and Santa Fe for fifty odd years, and it has been only in recent years that I have made my home on 13th. Street.

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The present site of the State Insane Asylum at one time belonged to my father. The land had originally been homesteaded, but father bought 140 acres from a Mr. Graves, and there built our family home. This was a brick residence. Father was interested in politics and in about '79 was a member of the Legislature in Denver. During this time the question as to where the State Insane Asylum should be located came up, and after much agitation Pueblo was selected. Father helped pass the measure and when the probable site was discussed our land was chosen as the ideal location. We hated to give up the new home, but did move in '79. Again we went to live on 6th. and Santa Fe. Our new home now became the first Woman's ward in the Asylum, this was in '80, and Dr. Toms was the first Superintendent of the State Hospital. (This land was sold to the state of Colorado by my father.)

(In 1866 I attended what was perhaps one of the first schools in Pueblo. The first school-teacher that I recall was George Bilby. Later Klaas Wildeboor and Kirk Pride became the teachers. This first school was located on Santa Fe Ave. between 4th. and 5th. Streets, and was nothing more than a crude log shack. The building was on the west side of the street, and stood about where the Calkins White Company is now located. In this first school were perhaps 6 or 8 students- among them, ~~Cas Withers~~, Pete Dotson. (Pete Dotson later became the owner of a log hotel that was located on the corner of 2nd. and Santa Fe .)

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Pan 348 #57
SKETCH of Mrs. Fanny B. Parkhurst-----Pueblo Colorado.

Mrs. Fanny B. Parkhurst born October 17th., 1857 at Cattarugus County, New York; near Buffalo, is now 77 years of age and resides at 655 Wilson Ave., Pueblo Colorado. After leaving her home she went to live in Norman County, Minnesota; where she was employed as a Teacher for 4 years, was then married and went to live at Horton, Kansas until 1891, she came to Denver in 1892, and after the death of her husband moved to Pueblo in 1893.

At the present time she does writing and contributes articles to Mcfadden Publications, has written many Poems; viz, Pikes Peak published in the Great Divide; A poem on OCTOBER, Christmas Poems, Anniversary and Birthday Poems which have been accepted by many Magazines and Newspapers.

Mrs. Parkhurst has also written songs, among them being Weaving Rainbows and Wah-Wah-Tay-See (Glorworm) an Indian Melody which was published by Van Buren Music Co; she also wrote a Poem covering the Invention of the Phonograph, and sent it to Mr. Edison who replied with an appreciative letter.

Mrs. Parkhurst taught oil and China painting and has many Oil Paintings on the walls of her room, these consist of scenes of the Mountains and Camp Life. She has many beautiful Water Colors of Landscapes and Flowers in her possession which are very highly treasured.

Mrs. Parkhurst's mother died in Pueblo, March 1928 at the age of 91 and she has two sisters still living who are over 70 years of age. Mrs. Parkhurst is still hale and hearty and looks forward to many years of active life.

(Mrs) Fannie B. Parkhurst

By Hand

ELIZABETH CAIRNS Doc 344

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JULY 22 1934

Will send some more
in a couple of days when
I get it written.

J. E. McFarland
903 W 15th Street
Pueblo, Colorado

July 22 1934

History of Pueblo

#6 363
Page 344

In the winter of 1859-60 the site of the present city of Pueblo was laid out.

The first house was built by A. C. Wright. It was located in the rear of the north-east corner of what is now First Street and Santa Fe Avenue. There is a dispute about the first house. It is claimed the first house was built on the east of the town on the alley of what is now Damson and Catalpa streets.

About this time the first bridge was built over the Arkansas. The first store was established about this same time, at the settlement at the mouth of the Mountain River.

Aaron Sims kept the first hotel and in 1862 the first mail service was provided, which came from Denver once a week.

St. Peter's Episcopal Church, located on the northwest corner of Seventh St. and Santa Fe Ave. was erected in 1868, and was the first building used.

for public worship.

In 1872 the Denver & Rio Grande Railway was completed in Pueblo, which was followed by the building of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe in 1875. The Union Pacific, Missouri Pacific and Rock Island followed.

Pueblo was incorporated in 1873. The City of Pueblo as it is now constituted, formerly consisted of three distinct corporations, Pueblo, Central Pueblo and South Pueblo, which were consolidated in February, 1886.

The first great manufacturing enterprise, the works of the Pueblo Smelting & Refining Company, was established in Pueblo in 1878, which was followed by the extensive iron and steel works of the Colorado Coal & Iron Co. in 1881. These were followed by the Colorado Smelting Works in 1883, and the Philadelphia Smelter in 1888.

The State Insane Asylum was established in Pueblo in 1879.

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LORENZ ACCOLA, NATIVE OF ALPS, CAME TO PUEBLO 60 YEARS AGO

Lorenz Accola, secretary-treasurer of the Southern Colorado Pioneers' association, packed Pueblo for his home after wandering over western United States for several years after coming to this country in 1889.

Accola was born in Davos, Switzerland, the head of the Alps, on March 18, 1847. At the age of 15, he left his home and journeyed to France where he served his apprenticeship as a baker, which profession he followed when he came to this country.

The venturesome man first located in Iowa, which in 1862 was already a prosperous farming state, but the lure of the gold to be found in the mountains and the fabulous wealth talked about in the farming community, caused Accola to leave his farm and go to Denver in March of 1871.

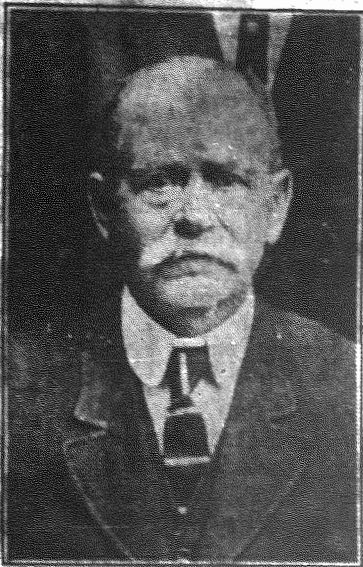
The Denver & Rio Grande railroad was just starting to build its railroad into Pueblo, and Accola worked in their first camp. Shortly afterward, he came to Pueblo, which was then a thriving village with a population of about one thousand persons. The business district was confined to Santa Fe avenue, and a few scattered houses were to be found west of that street. Sunflowers grew in profusion over what is now the downtown district of the city.

The lure of the new country and the mining camps caused Accola to visit many parts of the west before he finally settled in Pueblo. He wandered into New Mexico, Utah, California, Washington, and Oregon, later traveling down into South America. There were not many railroads in the west at that time, and most of the traveling had to be done with pack burros and freighters. Altho the Indians did not molest the mining camps, they would often attack those who were traveling across the open country.

In 1876, Accola came back from South America and went into the Black Hills of the Dakotas. Deadwood Gulch at that time was a very lively placer mining camp. The district was in the center of Indian territory, and there were no railroads into the country, the miners depending on freighters for their commodities. Prices were high, a letter cost 25 cents to mail, and nothing could be purchased for less than a quarter. Currency and silver were scarce, but everyone carried a small buckskin pouch of gold dust, with which all trading was handled.

The merchants would use scales which would weight a small amount of gold dust accurately, and when a purchase was made, it was paid for with the gold dust. From the Black Hills, Accola traveled to Leadville when that mining camp was at its highest peak, where he had many exciting experiences in the mines and in the town. Accola finally located in Silver-

ton, Colo., in 1880 where he operated a bakery and restaurant. He served several terms while there as a city official, and is a past noble grand of the Odd Fellows lodge



LORENZ ACCOLA

there. In 1886 he married Miss Anna Walter, to which union three children were born, two of whom are living, Mrs. Calvin Stollenwerck and L. E. Accola.

The family moved to Pueblo in 1890, and Accola opened up another bakery on the site of the present Thatcher block. He operated one of the largest bakeries in the city during the nineties, doing practically all the work by hand, since there was no machinery. He later was in the grocery business, retiring in 1915.

Accola is now 84 years old and enjoys the best of health. He has never been ill, despite the many hardships that he underwent during the early pioneer days of the west. Mr. and Mrs. Accola have resided at 405 West Seventh street for many years.

Wheldon-Cavallo Pupils In Recital Monday Evening

Pupils of Mrs. Carol Wheldon, teacher of piano, and Raffaello Cavallo, teacher of violin, will be presented in recital at the D. Z. Phillips music store Monday at 7:30 p. m.

Violin pupils who will appear on the program are Caroline Willis, Vivian Schrack and Ruth Clark. Piano pupils who will play include Howard Myers, Marilyn Herr, Elizabeth Meath, Clara Campbell, Lauranna Snow, Frances Klein, Joan White, Vera Camp and Clarice Lamb.

Presented by Mrs. L. E. Accola at Pueblo Star Journal
Monday, Feb. 28, 1937.

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Lorenz Accola

From the original #1
March

Lorenz Accola. Plan 344 - #366

Another one of Pueblo's oldest pioneers is Lorenz Accola, who has lived in Pueblo for 60 years

Accola was born in Davos Switzerland over 88 years ago. He came to America when quite a young man, after staying a short time in France, where he learned his trade as Baker, which trade he followed in this country. He traveled West and first located in Iowa, where he became a farmer, in 1869, but the report of gold being found in the mountains and the fabulous wealth to be found there, he gave up the farm, and went to Denver, in 1871. After traveling through, nearly all of the Western States, including New Mexico, Utah, California, Washington and Oregon, finally he traveled to

South America. There were not many railroads in the west at that time and most of the traveling was done by Pack burros and freighters ~~in 1896~~. Accola returned from South America and went into the Black Hills of the Dakotas. Deadwood Gulch was at that time a very lively place for a mining camp. In this part of the country there were no railroads and the miners depended on freighters for their commodities. Gold dust was used as currency here, and merchants used scales to weigh gold dust for payment of merchandise purchased. Accola traveled from Black Hills to Leadville where he had many exciting experiences in the mines and in the town he finally located in Silverton.

Lorenzo Accolo.

Colorado, where he operated a bakery and restaurant for several years. He then married Miss Anna Watter, to which three children were born of whom two are still living. ^{About 1872} ~~Then~~ he ^{first came} ~~moved~~ to Pueblo, which was at that time, ~~was~~ a land, where the sunflowers ^{grew} and very few houses, the business district was confined to Santa Fe Avenue. He worked in the first Camp, for the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, when they were just starting to build their railroad into Pueblo. He has seen this city grow, from a thriving village, of a population of about ~~one~~ thousand persons, to a city with a property value ^{increase}. In the past five years there has been built 1,800 homes, at the

Lorenzo Accola

cost of \$4,000,000, there are several
 new Buildings in the heart of the
 city among them a new Theatre
 Bldg. A \$7500 Golf Club overlooks
 the city and a Million Dollar
 Court House a magnificent Building.
 Mr Accola operated one of the largest
 Bakeries, in Pueblo, located in
 the Thatcher Block, during
 the early nineties, doing all
 the work by hand, since there
 were no machinery at that time.
 He later was in the Grocery
 business, retiring in 1915. Mr
 Accola is a ~~member~~ a past
 noble grand of the Odd Fellows
 Lodge and Secretary, Treasurer
 of the Southern Colorado Pioneer's
 Association. Lorenzo Accola

Pen 344-1 270

SKETCHES of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Peckenpaugh -----Pueblo Colorado.

Mr. J. W. Peckenpaugh was born at New Paris, Ohio, December 29th., 1853 and is now 81 years of age. Lived at Centerville, Indiana, until 1871 then moved to Topka, Kansas, where he was married in 1883 and then his wife and he moved to Pueblo, Jan'y, 18th., 1890.

The Union Depot was just in course of Construction when Mr. Peckenpaugh arrived and secured employment in the Baggage Department with that Company in 1890, assisted in moving from the Old Spot to the present location in the fall of 1890 and worked under Sup't's Tate Seibert, Young and Climenson. He was pensioned in Nov., 1925.

The De Remer Opera House located near White and Davis present Store; as well as the Mesa Hotel which stood on the site now occupied by Broadway Arcade were both burned down after Mr. Peckenpaugh arrived. Mr. Peckenpaugh remembers when worked started on Mineral Palace Park, and the erection of the Congress and Vail Hotels.

Mrs. T. A. Peckenpaugh was born in County Kildare, Ireland November 1861 and is now 73 years of age. She came across the Ocean and went to live in New Jersey where she went to school, and remained there 8 years, moving to Topeka, Kansas, in 1882, where she met Mr. Peckenpaugh and was married in 1883.

Mr. & Mrs. Peckenpaugh now reside at 134 1/2 Harvard Ave., Pueblo Colorado are hale and hearty and expect to enjoy many more years of married life together.

J. W. Peckenpaugh
T. A. Peckenpaugh

One of the oldest pioneers of Pueblo is Milton Yarberry. He was born on March 1, 1834, in Benton County, Arkansas. Was raised in Arkansas until the Civil War broke out; was in the war all of the later part. On January 16, 1872 he married Rebecca England.

He came west in 1874 traveling with a Covered Wagon Train in which there were about thirty (30) wagons. They were three months on the road traveling on the Old California Trail. When the party reached Las Animas, Colorado, the train split up. A few of the members went to Arvada. A few more went up the Santa Fe Trail to Pueblo, but they joined the rest of the train again at Benish Hollow, which is on the Fountain River. They continued their journey to Colorado City (then the capital of the territory) where Mr. Yarberry and one other family left the train. The rest went on to Washington and Oregon. There were plenty of Indians along the road but they had no trouble with them.

Mr. Yarberry worked at mines in Alamosa, Colorado and then went to Colorado City and worked in the Plaster Paris Mills. They stayed in Colorado City about nine years. While he was there he was Marshal and Deputy Sheriff. He also held the job of Constable. While living in Colorado City he had the pleasure of meeting General Grant through his friend Sam Downing, who was Chief of the Cherokee Indians. He also met John Cogan, vice-president under Grant.

From there he moved to Pueblo 47 years ago. He entered the farming business later he engaged in the cattle business.

He has raised his family here and is still living in Pueblo.

The first time I saw Pueblo it just about one street long. The business section was from what is now Forth and Santa Fe to First Street. What is now Main Street was nothing but a patch of weeds. The Arkansas River then ran close to First Street. There were a few houses on what is now known as Bradford Hill. There was nothing on the south side of the river. The buildings were all Mexican style adobe houses. I would say that in the time that I have watched Pueblo grow it has become a true American city from what was once a Mexican Post.

Milton Yarberry

One of the oldest pioneers of Pueblo is Milton Yarberry. He was born on March 1, 1854, in Benton County, Arkansas. Was raised in Arkansas until the Civil War broke out; was in the war all of the later part. On January 26, 1873 he married Rebecca England.

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Milton Yarberry

McBrigg
3 N. 15. A.
Pueblo

J. G. McCarthy

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One of Pueblo's first pioneers
J. G. McCarthy, a well known
mortician, when he first came
to Pueblo in 1874, at the
age of 8, he went into mining business
in the then rich gold districts
of Southern Colo. Later, he formed
a partnership with Johnnie Hugh,
and together they bought a
cattle ranch near Pueblo.

McCarthy had worked for some
time in a Chicago mortuary so
he finally went into that business
here. From a small building on
10th Union Ave., the business
has grown to where it now

occupies spacious quarters in the
no. Carthy block. 373

The aspect of Pueblo in
874 was a sparse settlement
where crooked wagon trails formed
what is now the main streets of
the city.

Mr. Carthy was Sheriff of Pueblo
County ^{from 1887 to} 1891 and ^{participated in} ~~gave~~ many
highly colored tales of the picture-
square life of that early-day
settlement. ^{Mayor of Pueblo 1884 to 1886} Many of these tales
^{State Senator 2nd Dist 1904 to 1909} prove that life in those days
was even more colorful than
the setting.

Mr. McCarthy who has lived
in and around Pueblo since the
age of 18 was born in Rutland, Vermont.
He now resides at 817 Grand Ave. Pueblo.

Lived in Oak Park a suburb of Chicago for 15 years
educated in Public Schools. Learned the painting
decorating & fresco trade which I then built up in
Puebla in the largest establishments in the state of
that line of business employing at times 25 to 150
Union men, doing work all over Colorado
& adjoining states & territories, was quite active in
local organizations assisted in organizing Elks No
Work men of the world K of C. So Cal Pioneers and
& many others one of the oldest members of Commercial
Business mens Assn member 1st State Fair Assn

P. Sh... Pam 344-262
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SKETCH OF JOHN DeJERSEY Pueblo Colorado.

John T. DeJersey was born April 24th., 1860 at Guernsey, England, is now 74 years of age. Came to America in 1879, and landed at Trinidad, to work at Springer, New Mexico for three years, and came to Pueblo in 1883 started working for the D. & R.G. July 2nd., 1883 at the Roundhouse and worked laborer, Boiler Maker Helper, and went Firing an Engine December 1887 until when was appointed as a Hostler and remained at that position until 1st., 1930 when he was pensioned.

Mr. DeJersey worked under J. J. Burns as the first Superintendent John Kelker was Master Mechanic at the shops. All the D. & R.G. Railroad narrow gauge from Denver to Leadville; Pueblo to Alamosa and Pueblo to ... ra, and while firing narrow gauge engines, along with Jerry Sullivan (now ...) as Engineer and DeJersey as Fireman, they were assigned and handled the Car every time it went over this district, until standard gauge was in ... led. The third rail or broad gauge was installed from Denver to Pueblo 1887 and there were 4 standard gauge freight engines and two broad gauge Passenger Engines, Numbers 500 and 501 pulling Santa Fe Passenger trains between Denver and Pueblo at that time. The last trip firing that Mr. DeJersey made was on narrow gauge from Canon City to Hillside and return on the Silvercliffe Branch, could not get into Silvercliffe account the line was washed out from Hillside to Silvercliffe.

Mr. DeJersey has seen the "MONTAZUMA" engine, known as the "ONE" working on the D. & R.G., and has handled the new "3600 class engines" largest engine ever to work on D. & R.G., and states that had the firebox of the 3600 class engines been large enough, you could have set the "ONE" right into the firebox of the 3600, giving a person an idea of the huge size of the firebox's on this class of engine, and how small the "ONE SPOT" have been.

Mr. DeJersey resides at 215 Tyler Street, Pueblo, Colorado, is enjoying good health and expects to still live and see many more years of happiness.

John T. DeJersey

Push

Form 344-262

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SKETCH OF JOHN DeJERSEY Pueblo Colorado.

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John T. DeJersey

T. D. Shank

Henry Stall

Pen 344-#

~~375~~
375

Another of the old-time settlers in Pueblo is Henry Stall who was born in Germany Jan. 10, 1863. Stall came to this country in 1879, and moved to Pueblo in 1887. A few years later after becoming established here Stall was married to Georgia Stewart who had come to Pueblo in 1865 in a covered wagon train.

Both Mr. & Mrs. Stall give vivid and hair-raising accounts of the Indian massacres of that day. Extremely colorful are the tales of how the wagon

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Pam 244-#65

SKETCH of Dr. E. O. NASH-----Pueblo Colo

Doctor E. O. Nash of Pueblo Colorado, was born in Trumansburgh, Tompkins County, New York, 1854, and came to Pueblo March 2nd., 1881.

He graduated from Cincinnati Ohio College; Ohio State College; and Hammiman College, New York., Arriving at Pueblo he established headquarters on C. Street.

Doctor Nash was married to Miss Alice Brown of Ithaca, New York in September 1882 and she is still alive and lives with the Doctor at 115 East 5th., Pueblo. The Doctor is one of the oldest Physicians still Practising in Pueblo.

Doctor Nash remembers the hanging; on the Old 8th., St., Viaduct which used to span the D.&.R.G. Railroad before the flood of 1921; of the Negro who murdered the two little girls who were lured from the Old Orphans Home on West 29th., St., some time during 1891.

The Doctor is still hail and hearty and expects to see many more prosperous days in our United States.

SKETCH of N. BENTON YACKEY----Pueblo Colorado.

N. Benton Yackey born Jan'y 7th., 1842 at Mascoutah, Ill., St. Clair County, and moved to St. Louis Mo., in 1849, moved from St. Louis Mo., to Pueblo in December 1878, crossing the plains from Kansas City to Pueblo, with his wife and the Dogs, in a wagon via The Sante Fe Trail. He was 40 days on the trip, and averaged about 18 miles per day, and had to stop many times account the Heavy Snow storms during that hard winter, and many nights camped by the side of droves of dead cattle. The Arkansas River was all frozen over that winter and the cattle could get no grass nor water. He would not take \$1,000 dollars to make the trip now., if he knew what was ahead of him. He established residence on arrival at E. St., and Lambkin St., where he lived for a year, then moved to 500 Black on West Sth., St., and then 17 years ago moved to his present address at 1119 West 15th.,

Mr. Yackey remembers two horse thieves taken out of Jail and hung at the back of Stanton's House, 10th., and Sante Fe during 1887. He crossed from Pueblo to Silverton over the Mountains many times freighting goods to that point, and also done freighting from Alamosa to Del Norte, handling goods for the Schaffer Brothers who handling large Merchandise store there at the time.

Mr. Yackey ran the first passenger wagon from the North side to Steel works before there were any cars here, his wagon handling 16 passengers, and he drove the first pin at the Steel Works with the Surveyors in 1881. There were no house out around the Steel Works at that time.

Mr. Yackey was married in 1867 and his wife died on May 1st., 1931 at the age of 82 years, the result of an accident when she had he hip broken in Los Angeles.

Mr. Yackey was employed as Carpenter on Steam boats between St. Louis and New Orleans, on the Mississippi River during period of 1864 and 1867, and has been employed as Carpenter on (13) Thirteen different rivers in the United States. During the years 1869 to 1872 He was on Metropolitan Police Force at St. Louis under Captain O'Neill. Then he was in Wholesale Stationery Business until he decided to come West.

He enlisted in November 1861 for 3 years of war, in Merrills Horse, Company A 2nd Cavalry and operating in North Eastern part of Missouri against the Gorillas in Scotland County. Merrills Horse composed of 300 men and the Gorillas were supposed to have 600 men, and Merrills Horse followed them from Middle July and finally overtook them at Moore's Mill, near Memphis where there were 21 men killed and 85 wounded. Mr. Yackey was wounded 5 times in the ambush battle, and still carries 2 bullets in his side, the Doctors stating at that time they could not take them out because he would not live any way. He was discharged from the ARMY on ~~May~~ 25th., 1862, and on June 28th., 1934 he was finally AWARDED the PURPLE HEART MEDAL, after waiting 72 years for it. Mr. Yackey is now 92 years of age, hail and hearty and expects to live many more years.

He joined the I. O. O. F. in 1866, transferred to Pueblo Lodge No. 8. in 1881, is the Oldest Oddfellow in Colorado, the oldest member of the Canton Degree and also the oldest member of the Encampment of Oddfellows.

He organized the G.A.R. Post No. 8 at Pueblo in 1881, is the only Charter member now living here, has been Commander of the Pueblo Post for the last 5 years, and is also Junior Commander of the Department at the present time. Mr. Yackey's picture and medals, given him are attached hereto.

*N. Benton Yackey
1119 W. 16th St Pueblo*

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SKETCH of Louis Bartels ----- Pueblo Colorado.

Louis Bartels Pueblo Colorado, was born at Council Bluffs, Iowa., on October 4th., 1867, making him 67 years of age. He has lived in Pueblo 66 years, having arrived here with his father and mother in a Wagon Train from Council Bluffs, travelling via the way of Cheyenne and Denver when he was one (1) year old.

The first train, in the wagon trains was always the one attacked by the Indians, and he believes they were in the second or third train; and at night always made corrals with their wagons to keep the Indians off, two or three of the party acting as Lookouts. They averaged about 20 miles per day with horses, but those with oxen were slower and some of them never did arrive here.

Arriving at Pueblo they took up Residence at 5th., and Sante Fe Ave., and when Mr. Bartels was 7 years of age, his father built the first Brick Stock, and then occupied it as the First Grocer in Pueblo at 408 North Sante Fe. The building is still standing at this address, and the rear which was constructed of doby blocks, ~~m~~olded out of the clay laying there, is still in the very best of preservation.

Mr. Bartels father constructed the present residence at 120 East 5th., st., Pueblo from RED BRICK made at St. Louis, Mo., and hauled to Pueblo by Ox Teams and it is in the very best of condition at present time. One of the largest apple trees in the State still adorns the back yard of Mr. Bartels residence.

Mr. Bartels is still hail and hearty and expects to live for many years yet.

Elizabeth ...
...

Mr. Brayton, Y.M.C.A., is one of the oldest living Real Estate men in Pueblo today. Mr. Brayton will be 91 years old June 15, of this year.

He came to Pueblo in the year of '79 in search of health. He originally lived in Savannah, Mo., where he was County Clerk for four years. He states that he at one time found that approximately three-fourths of the business populace of Pueblo came here seeking health.

He has seen the town of Pueblo grow from a population of about 5,000 people in 1880 to what it is at the present time. In 1880, Mr. Brayton, states that there were about thirty houses located on the Mesa, among these being the residents of the following persons: Mitchell, Sheldon, Suppen, and Montgomery. Later Stone and Arthur came to live in this part of the town.

In 1880 when the steel works was started the population of this part of the town greatly increased. The C.C.&I. Co, held land as far as the river, and parallel with the river bluff. Abriendo avenue, the "Blocks", and parts of the south side of the town were laid out by a Colorado Springs Contractor. He also laid off Colorado Springs. The old plats originally gave the streets on the the south side Mexican names, but these were changed.

Mr. Brayton was a Real Estate and Insurance man, and was the sucessor to the A.C.Foote office on 4th. and Santa Fe. Later he had his office above the Barndollar Grocery store.

When he first came to Pueblo he bought lots in the 300 Block on Quincy street, and later moved on one of the lots himself-here he pastured his cattle on the other lots that he was not using. These lots he bought for \$800 -4 lots, and in a few years sold two of them for \$700. Insurance in the early days was 1%, now it is about one-third of 1% on \$100.

The hayden ranch, south of the Bessemer ditch was a noted place in the early days, here they raised melons-getting their water from the St. Charles by way of the steel works water supply. Also the Baker Gardens were well known. Baker was furnished the water to show what could be raised on irrigated land.

The first Cemetary Association of the Mountain-View Cemetary had among its members, W.W.Strait, Mr. Banks, and Mr. McMurtry.

In the early days 10th. Street was the fashionable Street in Pueblo.

The land where the Clark's Mineral Well is now located was homesteaded in about '71, and it was here that Mr. Clark drilled for oil, but struck water that made a fortune for him.

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Pam 344

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Frank Smith
Mr. Frank Smith
Mr. Steve Smith.

ELIZABETH AIRS
Mch 30 1934

Interviewed- Mch. 30.
1934.

(Mr. Frank Smith and Mr. Steve Smith live at 609 N. 5th. St., and are both very pleasant men to interview. Their father was Josiah F. Smith, one of Pueblo's most outstanding pioneers. Their uncle Stephen Smith was also well known in Pueblo in the early days.)

"A good account of the life of our father, Josiah F. Smith, may be found in the book PORTRAIT AND BIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. (page 1440.) Some of the things that might be of interest to you are as follow:

(Miss Hattie Smith, sister to Frank and Steve, was the first white girl born in the city of Pueblo. She was born at the old fort- Dec. 3, 1860. Frank was born Dec. 3, 1868.)

(Mr. Emery Young (still living) was the first white boy born in Pueblo.)
Block 7, apt. 4 21

J.D. Miller, Josiah Smith, L.B. Gibson came here in 1858, and G.A. Hinsdale, O. W. P. Chilcott and Col. Francisco, in the next year.

When Pueblo county was organized in 1862 it embraced what is now the counties of Pueblo, Huerfano, Bent, Prowers, Las Animas, and Otero.

It was along about 1860 that a town site was incorporated in Pueblo. This was instigated by Steve Smith and about 30 others.

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The Smith brothers have in their possession as fine a collection of historical papers and data as I have seen in Pueblo. Some of the things that they have I have made copies of, but due to the fact that the Project is ending I had to skip over most of the material that I had not looked at Friday when I first saw them. Some of the papers that they have in their possession are:

1. The Daily Citizen, The Denver Republican, for Sat. July 21, 1885.
 (This paper is printed on the clean side of some old wall-paper.)

2. A Stage Receipt from the-
 Kansas City, Santa Fe, & Canon City Express Co.
 issued to J.F. Smith, by J.J. Thomas (Agent), Mch. 10, 1866.

3. Land Grant issued to J.F. Smith Sept. 1, 1866.
 Andrew Johnson, President, and E.D. Neill, Sec.
 N. Granger, Recorder of the General Land office.

4. Original lot drawings, and receipts.
 5. Old coins, stamps, purses, papers, clippings, and many other things of unusual interest and value to historical research.

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Sales Book
Date
Salesman

Elizabeth Chas Pueblo, Colorado, Oct 7th 384
1876

W. G. Thatcher Bros Co

W. G. THATCHER BROTHERS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, LIQUORS,
HARDWARE, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, QUEENSWARE,
CLOTHING,
Hats, Boots, Shoes, etc.

Perms Cash

Waltham, Mass. 301 Third St. Bldg.

1 Cady Bright Navy Hat	20.00	14
1 " " " " " "	20.00	14 18

1 " " " " " "	3.15	14
1 " " " " " "	3.15	14
Total		28.08

Sales Book
Date
Merchant

Elizabeth Pueblo, Colorado Oct 7 384
1876

W. G. Thatcher Bros Co

BOUGHT OF

THATCHER BROTHERS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, LIQUORS,
HARDWARE, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, QUEENSWARE,
CLOTHING,

Perms Cash

Hats, Boots, Shoes, etc.

Milner & Lister 704 Third St. Pueblo

1 Cady Bright Navy Hat 21.00 14

1 " " " " " " 22.00 14 18

for this day for " " " 3rd " " " " " " " "

25.18

25.18

Enrico Cavallotti
Apr 12 1934

Mr. Raffaello Cavallo,
Interviewed- April 12, 1934.

Mr. Raffaello Cavallo, 816 Albany, has been prominently identified with the musical circles of Pueblo for many years. Following is an account taken from THE LOOKOUT, a publication of the Denver Public Library, January, 1927. This article mentions the achievements of Mr. Cavallo when he resided in Denver.

"For many years Raffaello Cavallo has been an important figure in the musical life of Denver, creating an appreciation and desire of the highest form of musical composition, namely, the symphonies. Cavallo as a conductor and program builder proved a great success; he was sincere of purpose, his ultimate aim to create a fine ear and taste for the highest form of musical entertainment. More than one local artist made a debut with the Cavallo Symphony Orchestra at Elitch Gardens. Vivid in my mind is the appearance of Frederika Le Fevre after her return from her European study and Paris. Mary Elitch Long, "The lady of the Gardens," sponsored these cultural concerts which were attended by the lovers of musical art. Mr. Cavallo also has given several series of symphony concerts at the Broadway Theatre, and, in more than one instance, has dug down deep into his pockets in order to provide them, also bringing outside artists. He gave several seasons of concerts at Lakeside Park. A memorable occasion was the appearance of Lillian Nordica with the orchestra shortly before her death."

Some other items of interest that were published in THE LOOKOUT are mentioned as follows:

" Conductor of the Denver Municipal Band"

Rafaello Cavallo-----1917-18.

" The Symphony Club of which Florence Taussig was founder and director, did much for education and musical appreciation in that Miss Taussig analyzed and illustrated with two piano arrangements the important symphonies which Cavallo's Symphony Orchestra played weekly at Elitch Gardens for many years. First these concerts were given in the Trocadero, but later the Friday Afternoon concerts were held in the theatre."

" We had several seasons of opera. At the old Manhattan Beach Theatre, a series of ten operas was given by the Stewart Opera Company. Paul Whitemen (of jazz fame) played the viola in the orchestra under Rafaello Cavallo, conductor, and Theodore Reiss, concert master. "

" Later the venerable pianist, Professor James Tracy, was brought from Boston to head the piano department, and Signor Rafaello Cavallo, who had then recently moved to Denver from New York, was engaged to head the violin department of the Denver Conservatory of Music, Inc."

Mr. Cavallo was actively concerned with the semi-centennial celebration of the statehood of Colorado, and helped with the musical entertainments honoring the event. Following is an excerpt from the MUSIC NEWS, for Aug. 20, 1926. The article is entitled, " Arthur M. Oberfelder Announces Unusual Array Of Artists Season of 1926-27 in Denver, Colo.", and was written by Mrs. James M. Tracy.

" Probably the ~~most important~~ musical event of the summer season was the symphony concert in the City Auditorium Aug. 2, as a part of a three-day celebration of the semi-centennial of the statehood of Colorado. This was under the direction of Denver's beloved conductor, Raffaello Cavallo, who for a number of years has done a great deal towards creating an appreciation for symphonic music. It was Signor Cavallo who for fourteen years conducted the symphony concerts at Elitch's Gardens, noted for its coterie of cultural intellectual audiences. It was here principally that Denver music-lovers had their musical appetites whetted for the great symphonies and orchestral music of classic and modern masters."

In the MUSIC NEWS, for Sept. 9, 1927, appeared an article under the heading, "Symphony Concerts at the Broadway Theatre in Denver.", by Mrs. James M. Tracy.

" A beautiful prologue to the music season of 1927-28 are the month of August weekly symphony concerts, instituted by Raffaello Cavallo, the magnetic, experienced orchestral conductor, who has for the past thirty-one years devoted the best part of his musical life to the cause of symphonic music in Denver.

The famous Elitch Gardens, a delightful pleasure park for young and old alike, has a tone, an atmosphere, an environment, unlike anything else in Denver of that nature. Much of this is entirely due to the high class form of musical entertainment which was provided for fourteen years, under the baton of Conductor Cavallo, in the cozy theatre of the Gardens. Throughout the entire summer he gave weekly symphony concerts on Friday afternoons. These attracted the cream and culture of Denver and summer tourists and visitors flocked there. A great many young artists, vocalists, pianists and violinists have made their debut at these concerts, giving them an experience that is invaluable to a musician's career.. and often-times leading them to the goal of their ambition.

Through the means of the Cavallo Symphony Orchestra of Denver all the best symphonic music of the classic and modern masters has been presented. "....."

" Signor Cavallo's position needs no introduction, for every theatre-goer in Denver knows him as the pioneer of high-class theatre music in this city. Cavallo came to Denver in 1896 and since then has been constantly active in Denver's best musical circles. He organized a fifty-piece professional symphony orchestra in Nov. 1904, which was a decided artistic success and brought forth lavish praise from the press. He has conducted big orchestras in every large theatre in Denver."

I asked Mr. Cavallo for a short sketch of his life prior to the time that he came to make his home in Denver. He told me that he had received the greater part of his musical training in Albany, New York. From the time that he was 15 years old until he was 17 he played in numerous theatres in the East. When he was just 17 years old he was sent to Montreal, Canada to conduct two theatre orchestras. In 1893 he again went to Newark, New Jersey where he played for the same theatre and the same management that he had played for earlier in his career. In 1894 he was instrumental in organizing a Philharmonic Orchestra in Newark, New Jersey. This Orchestra was made up of 75 pieces. He was again transferred in 1895 to the Third Avenue Theatre in New York, and in 1896 again to Newark. July, 1896 found him in Denver, Colorado where he came in search of health. The Eastern doctors had told him that he had but 6 months to live if he stayed in the East. In Colorado he found both health and success.

Just a few years ago Mr. Cavallo came to Pueblo to make his home. He is very well-known in Pueblo, and is popular in musical circles. He has done a great deal for the city of Pueblo, among his accomplishments that of organizing a Symphony Orchestra here. Following are a few items taken from newspaper accounts of his achievements in musical circles in Pueblo.

PUEBLO'S ORCHESTRA.

"The capital city of Southern Colorado is to be congratulated on reaching out to be a cosmopolitan city with a fine symphony orchestra under the baton of Raffaello Cavallo, a musician with an exceptional musical background, and more than a musician, an evangel of music, the Damrosch of this Western world.

From this time on Pueblo will have something to live for in a cultural way. The people are in earnest and they will soon find out the value of such a musical organization to their city. With their assistance and sympathy something big will come from it and musical Denver will be making pilgrimages that way now and again.

. Mt.

. 19,
1928.

The Pueblo
Chieftain.
Nov. 11, 1928.

PUEBLO'S CIVIC ORCHESTRA.

Pueblo's Civic orchestra will have its premier Wednesday evening at the City auditorium. The Chieftain along with the sponsors of this most ambitious undertaking feels certain that the initial concept of the series will meet with the whole-hearted response it commands and deserves.....

Pueblo is indeed very fortunate in having identified with this movement the nationally known conductor, Raffaello Cavallo, whose artistry has won him the admiration and plaudits of thousands. His work in Denver for the past 37 years classes him among the most finished impresarios of the nation.

With a genius at the head of the organization and the assembly of the truest talent of the city the success of this fine pursuit is the manifestation of everyone that its director, its members and its sponsors have the full support of ALL PUEBLO.

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Pueblo, Colorado.

April 24, 1934.

Mr. L.R.Hafen,
The State Museum,
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Mr. Hafen:

A friend of mine very kindly consented to introduce me to Mr. Cavallo, but arranged the introduction after the project had ended. I had hoped for an earlier date, but Mr. Cavallo has been busy with a series of concerts, and was unable to see me sooner. Although the project had officially ended, I went to call upon him, and found him one of the most pleasant and amiable persons that I have met.

After taking his time, and knowing that he would be somewhat disappointed if I neglected to send to you the results of the interview I am sending in the material today. I am sorry that I didn't happen to be able to arrange the interview for an earlier date.

Very truly yours,

Elizabeth Cairns

815 Van Buren St.,

Pueblo, Colorado.

Elizabeth ...
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Pan 344-392
(From an early newspaper clipping, unable to find the date.)

PUEBLO'S EARLY HISTORY

(For the facts included herein I am indebted to Mr. S.S. Smith, of this city.- H.L.H.)

THE MAXWELL LAND GRANT.

During the heyday of the Maxwell Land Grant there was, in passing, some boomers who would make the average real estate man of today look like a 30 cent piece. These fellows had great maps made, showing rivers with steamboats plying on them, and there were plenty of rivers-on those maps. There were pictures on those maps showing orange and lemon groves, banana plantations, tropical plants and beautiful palms and fine forrests with the mountains for a background. No land could have been painted more beautifully. Great factories were shown teeming with a contented and happy population of happy workers.

The boomer was happy. He had made the Cimmaron and other dry creeks look like the Mississippi, and he took the chance that once a sucker got on his hook he was his to scale at his leisure. But as soon as the English came into possession of the grant the boomer had to hike, and his progeny has been wandering over the west ever since.

It goes without saying that the inhabitants of Elizabeth and of other towns on the Maxwell Land Grant, knew that they were not property owners in the slightest degree, but Maxwell, realizing that several thousand squatters were a force to be reckoned with never made them feel it. He opened his lands to them and supplied them with unlimited credit at his general store, and everybody was happy. The English, well accustomed to law and to a land where a man's property was his and everyone else kept off, soon made their ownership felt.

Ill feeling was rife. A band of undesirables under the name of the Ute Creel Tads, of a dozen men, was organized for the noble purpose of getting something for nothing, a purpose that they ably carried out. Cattle and horses-invaluable possessions to the pioneer,-were stolen; farms raided and the English company especially was molested. But as shots intended for one man will disturb and frequently injure his neighbors, so these raiders, directing their efforts against the English, terrorized the whole country around.

Bolder and bolder grew the robbers, and the settlers were helpless, Finally, three Tads rode up to the English company's store and the postoffice and held up the clerks. A large amount of money and gold dust was taken, and a few provisions. The Tads rode out of the town and made their escape. None seemed anxious to follow, and even the peaceful settlers seemed rather pleased than otherwise that the detested English had been the victims so directing attention from themselves. The English were angry in earnest. They offered \$1000 reward for the robbers, dead or alive.

The Tads had gotten away easily, and were far back in the mountains by the time the reward was offered and they thought themselves fairly safe. One night, as they sat around their smoky camp-fire, they heard horses' hoofs coming up the trail. At once each man drew back in the darkness, one hand on his gold packs and the other on his revolver's trigger. But the stranger proved a tipsy miner returning from a week's visit to Elizabeth and on his way to a nearby camp, and he related to them the incidents of the big robbery.

"Say, but them English dudes air mad! They swore they'd catch the robbers somehow, and they offered a thousand dollars reward for 'em, dead or alive. Nobody seems to want the job much, however. It's too much like fishing gold out of a dynamite barrel. No one has got the lay of their present location just at present. Them Tads made a hurried exit like, and didn't even stop to tell the mail man where to forrard their letters. So long," he concluded, "I must be getting on."

When the miner had gone, the robbers laughed together over this story. "I guess nobody don't want us," was their comments, and, "We fellars ain't nowise pop'lar, but I don't care; I never hankered none to be a society leader, noways."

Rolled tight in their blankets, they slept the sleep of the just that night, or at least two of them did. One, Coal Oil Jimmy, by name, lay awake. About midnight he arose, crawled noislessly over to his two companions, and shot first one and then the other before even the second one had time to reach for his gun. It took him but a short time to hide the gold sacks in a secret place, tie the dead men onto the pack horses, and start back.

Coal Oil came into town at night, tore down a reward placard and went straight for the English Company's office. The manager was still at his desk when he heard a heavy knock on his outer door. Before he could open it it was thrown wide, and a man, still on horseback, leaned in. A glittering pistol was ready in his right hand, so the manager did as he was told without any hesitancy.

"Come out and look at these here," commanded Coal Oil; and then, when the manager stood at the door, "See this reward offer? Here are your bandits or anyways two of them." He pulled a laden pack horse into view, and pushed back the blankets from the dead men's faces. "See them? I thought you'd recognize them. Now trot out your \$1000, and be quick."

"Where's the third?" ventured the manager. "We want all three."

"One got killed in a fight when they was dividin' the stuff," he said. "Now get the money quick. No funny tricks either, if you don't want to make the third."

The manager took a horrified look at the dead men and went. A man who will kill two, will not stop at a third. He opened a strong box, drew out the money, and handed it to the visitor.

Coal Oil at once undid the bodies, tossed them on the floor, and left. Again he made his escape, only to be killed by the posse the next day and his body was brought in and placed beside by side with his victims on a door, and Mr. Smith, then photographer at Elizabeth, took a picture of the dead bandits.

The robbery of the postoffice by this time had been called to the attention of the United States government, and a posse sent after the Tads. After a long dangerous hunt the bandits were all corralled at the Spanish Peaks and killed, only one getting away. So closed the lives of the Ute Creek Tads, and with their death came the end of the truly wild and woolly history of the Maxwell Grant.

Things settled down. The mining became centered in one large mine. But this was a placer and there seemed to be no way to run it for there was no water near. Finally a project was formed to dig a big ditch across

the mountains from the Red River to the Mareno. This ditch was to be 30 miles long and lay through the fastness of the mountains. For over eight miles the water had to be brought through flumes. The subscriptions on this ditch finally became so heavy that almost every man interested, which is saying almost every man in New Mexico at that time, went "broke." As the ditch was almost completed, the sheriff closed in on promoting company and sold the ditch at an auction. Then this ditch, costing over \$200,000, was sold to a Mr. Lynch for about \$10,000.

He completed the ditch and it has been in operation ever since. Lynch made a fortune out of the placer mines and did much to start Trinidad on the road to prosperity by investing his money in that place.

The Maxwell Grant has been the bone of contention for ambitious land grabbers, but somehow none have been able to get around the action of the United States senate which confirmed the grant in favor of Maxwell.

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1. Pan 344- 395
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AN HISTORICAL ROCKY-MOUNTAIN OUTPOST.

The day might have graced the month of June, so balmy was the air, so warmly shone the sun from a cloudless sky. But the snow-covered mountain-range whose base we were skirting, the leafless cottonwoods fringing the Fontaine qui Bouille and the sombre plains that stretched away to the eastern horizon told a different story. It was on one of those days elsewhere so rare, but so common in Colorado, when a summer sky smiles upon a wintry landscape, that we entered a town in whose history are to be found greater contrasts than even those afforded by earth and sky. (Today Pueblo is a thriving and progressive city, peopled with its quota of that great pioneer army which is carrying civilization over the length and breadth of our land. Three hundred and forty years ago, as legend hath it, Coronado here stopped his northward march, and on the spot where Pueblo now stands established the farthermost outpost of New Spain.)

The average traveller who journeys westward from the Missouri River imagines that he is coming to a new country. "The New West" is a favorite term with the agents of land-companies and the writers of alluring rail-way guides. These enterprising advocates sometimes indulge in flights of rhetoric that scorn the trammels of grammar and dictionary. Witness the following impassioned utterances concerning the lands of a certain Western railroad: "They comprise a section of country whose possibilities are simply infinite-simal, and whose developments will be revealed in glorious realization through the horoscope of the near future." This verbal architect builded a wiser than he knew, for what more fitting word could the imagination suggest wherein to crown the possibilities of alkali wastes and barren, sun-scorched plains?

A considerable part of the New West of to-day was explored by the Spaniards more than three centuries ago. Before the English had landed at Plymouth Rock or made a settlement at Jamestown they had penetrated to the Rocky Mountains and given to peak and river their characteristic names. Southern Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona have been the theatres wherein were enacted deeds of daring and bravery perhaps unsurpassed by any people and any age; and that, too, centuries before they became a part of our American Union. The whole country is strewn over with the ruins of a civilization in comparison with which our own of to-day seems feeble. And he who journeys across the plains till he reaches the Sangre del Cristo Mountains or the blue Sierra Mojadas enters a land made famous by the exploits of Coronado, De Vaca and perhaps of the great Montezuma himself.

In the year of 1540, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado was sent by the Spanish viceroy of Mexico to explore the regions to the north. Those mountain peaks, dim and shadowy in the distance and seeming to recede as they were approached, had ever been an alluring sight to the gold-seeking Spaniards. But the coveted treasure did not reveal itself to their cursory search; and though they doubtless pushed as far north as the Arkansas River, they returned to the capital from what they considered an unsuccessful expedition. The

way was opened, however, and in 1595 the Spaniards came to what is now the Territory of New Mexico and founded the city of Santa Fe. They had found, for the most part, a settled country, the inhabitants living in densely populated villages, or pueblos, and evincing a rather high degree of civilization. Their dwellings of mud bricks, or adobes, were all built upon a single plan, and consisted of a square or rectangular fort-like structure enclosing an open space. Herds of sheep and goats grazed upon the hillsides, while the bottom-lands were planted with corn or barley. Thus lived and flourished the Pueblo Indians, a race the origin of which lies in obscurity, but connected with which are many legends of absorbing interest. All their traditions point to Montezuma as the founder and leader of their race, and likewise to their descent from the Aztecs. But their glory departed with the coming of Cortez, and their Spanish conquerors treated them as an inferior race. Revolting against their oppressors in 1680, they were reconquered thirteen years later, though subsequently allowed greater liberty. By the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo in 1848 they became citizens of the United States. From one extreme of government to another has drifted this remnant of a stately race, till now at last it finds itself safely sheltered in the arms of our great republic.

Such is the romantic history of a portion of our so-called "New West;" but it was with a view of ascertaining some facts concerning occurrences of more recent date, as well as of seeing some of the actors therein, that we paid a visit to Pueblo. We found it a rather odd mixture of the old and the new, the adobe and the "dug-out" looking across the street upon the imposing structure of brick or more often gaudily-painted frame cottage. It looked as though it might have been indulging in a Rip Van Winkle sleep, except that the duration might have been a century or two. High mesas with gracefully rounded and convoluted sides almost entirely surrounded it, and rising above their floor-like tops, and in fine contrast with their sombre brown tints, appear the blue outlines of the distant mountains. Pike's Peak, fifty miles to the north, and the Spanish Peaks, the Wawatoyas, ninety to the south, are sublime objects of which the eye never grows weary; while the Sierra Mojadas bank up the western horizon with a frowning mountain wall. A notch in the distant range, forty miles to the northwest, indicates the place where the Arkansas River breaks through the barriers that would impede the seaward course, forming perhaps the grandest canon to be found in all this mighty mountain-wilderness. Truly a striking picture was that on which Coronado and his mail-clad warriors gazed.

A motley throng compose the inhabitants of Pueblo. The dark-hued Mexican, his round face shaded by the inevitable sombrero, figures conspicuously. But if you value his favor and your future peace of mind have a care how you allude to his nationality. He is a Spaniard, you should know - a pure Castilian whose ancestor was some old hidalgo with as long an array of names and titles as has the Czar of All the Russias himself. Though he now lives in a forsaken-looking adobe hut with dirt floors and roof of sticks and turf that serves only to defile the raindrops that trickle through its many gaps - though his sallow wife and ill-favored children huddle round him or cook the scanty meal upon the mud oven in a corner of the room - he is yet a Spaniard, and glories in it. The tall-raw-boned man, straight as a young cottonwood, whose long black hair floats out from beneath his hat as he rides into town from his ranch down the river, may be a half-breed who has figured in a score of Indian fights, and enjoys the proud distinction of having killed a man. There is the hungry-looking prospector, waiting with ill-disguised impatience till he can "cross the range" and follow again, as he has done

year after year, the exciting chase after the ever-receding mirage-the visions of fabulous wealth always going to be, but never quite, attained. The time-honored symbol of Hope must, we think, give place to a more forcible representation furnished by the peculiar genius of our times; for it is not our modern Rocky -Mountain prospector the complete embodiment of that sublime grace? His is a hope that even reverses the proverb, for no amount of deferring is able to make him heartsick, but rather seems to spur him on to more earnest endeavor. Has he toiled the summerlong, endured every privation, encountered inconceivable perils, only to find himself at its close poorer than when he began? Reluctantly he leaves the mountain-side where the drifting snows have begun to gather, but seemingly as light-hearted as when he came, for his unshaken hope bridges the winter and feeds upon the limitless possibilities of the future. Full of wonderful stories are these same hope-sustained prospectors-tales that are bright with the glitter of silver and gold. Not a single one of them who has not discovered "leads" of wonderful richness or "placers" where the sands were yellow with gold; but by some mischance the prize always slipped out of his grasp, and left him poor in all but hope. And in truth so fascinating becomes the occupation that men who in other respects seem cool and phlegmatic will desert an almost assured success to join the horde rushing toward some unexplored district, impelled by the ever-flying rumors of untold wealth just brought to light. The golden goal this season is the great Gunnison Country and soon trains of burros, packed with pick and shovel, tent and provisions, will be climbing the Range.

Pueblo has likewise its businessmen, its men of to-day, who manage its banks, who buy and sell and get gain as they might do in any well-ordered city, though, truth to tell, there are few of them who do not sooner or later catch the prevailing infection- a part of whose assets is not represented by some "prospect" away up in the mountains or frisking about the plains in herds of cattle and sheep. But perhaps the most curiously-original character in all the town is Judge Allen A. Bradford, of whose wonderful memory the following good story is told: Years ago he, with a party of officers, was at the house of Colonel Boone, down the river. While engaged in playing "pitch-trump," of which the judge was very fond- and in fact the only game of cards with which he was acquainted- a messenger rushed in announcing that a lady had fallen from her horse and was doubtless much injured. The players left their cards and ran to render assistance, and the game thus broken up was not resumed. Some two years later the same parties found themselves together again, and "pitch-trump" was proposed. To the astonishment of all, the judge informed them how the score stood when they had so hurriedly left the game, and with the utmost gravity insisted that it be continued from that point!

On a bright sunny morning we sought out the judge's office, only to learn that he had not yet for the day exchanged the pleasures of rural life across the Fontaine for less romantic devotions at the shrine of the stern goddess. Later we were informed, upon what seemed credible authority, that upon the morning in question he was intending to sow oats. Though cold March still claimed the calendar, and hence such action on the part of the judge might seem like forcing the season, yet reflections upon his advanced years caused us to suppress the rising thought that perhaps some allusions to wild oats might have been intended. Hence we looked forward to a rare treat-judicial dignity unbending itself in pastoral pursuits, as in the case of some Roman magistrate. "A little better than a mile" was the answer as to how far the judge's ranch might be from town; but having upon many

former occasions taken the dimensions of a Colorado mile, we declined the suggestion to walk and sought some mode of conveyance. There chanced to be one right at hand, standing patiently by the wayside and presided over by an ancient colored gentleman.— The coach had been a fine one in its day, but that was long since past, and now its dashboard, bent out at an angle of forty-five degrees, the faded trimmings and the rusty, stately occupant of the box formed a complete and harmonious picture of the past grandeur seldom seen in the Far West. Two dubious-looking bronchos, a bay and a white, completed this unique equipage, in which we climbed the mesa and then descended into the valley of the Fontaine. The sable driver was disposed to be communicative, and ventured various opinions upon current topics. He had been through the war, and came west fourteen years ago.

"You have had quite an adventuresome life," we remarked.

"Why, sah," he returned, "if the history ob my life was wrote up it would be wuth ten thousand dollars."

While regarding the valuation as somewhat high, we regretted our inability to profit by this unexpected though promising business-opportunity, and soon our attention was diverted by a glimpse of the judge's adobe, and that person himself standing by his carriage and awaiting our by no means rapid approach. He was about to go to town, and the oats were being sown by an individual of the same nationality as our driver, to whom the latter addressed such encouraging remarks as "Git right 'long dere now and sow dat oats. Don't stand roostin' on de fence all day, like as you had the consumshing. You look powerful weak. Guess maybe I'd better come over dere and show you how."

Judge Bradford's career had been a chequered one, and it has fallen to his lot to dispense justice in places and under circumstances as various as could well be imagined. Born in Maine in 1815, he has lived successively in Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado, and held almost every position open to the profession of the law. From the Supreme bench of Colorado he was twice called to represent the Territory as delegate to Congress. In 1852, when he was judge of the Sixth Judicial District of Iowa, his eccentricities of character seemed to have reached their full development. He exhibited that supreme disregard for dress and the various social amenities which not infrequently betray the superior mind. Never were his clothes known to fit, being invariably too large or too small, too short or too long. As to his hair, the external evidences were of a character to disprove the rumor that he had a brush and comb, while the stubby beard frequently remained undisturbed upon the judicial chin for several weeks at a time. The atrocious story is told that once upon a time, when half shaven he chanced to pick up a newspaper, became absorbed in its contents, forgot to complete his task, and went to court in this most absurdly unsymmetrical condition. But, despite these personal eccentricities, a more honest or capable judge has rarely been called upon to vindicate the majesty of the law. Upon the bench none could detect a flaw in his assumption of that dignity so intimately associated in all minds with the judiciary, but, the ermine once laid aside for the day, he was as jolly and mirthful as any of his frontier companions. Judge Bradford was no advocate, but by the action of a phenomenal memory his large head was stored so full of law as to emphasize, to those who knew him, the curious disproportion between its size and that of his legs and feet. These latter were of such peculiarly modest dimensions as to call to mind Goldsmith's well-known lines, though in this case we must, of necessity, picture admiring frontiersmen standing around while

Still the wonder grew
That two small feet could carry all he knew.

The judge's mind is of the encyclopaedical type, and facts and dates are his especial "strong holt". But his countenance fails to ratify the inward structure when, pausing from a recital, he gazes upon your reception of the knowledge conveyed with a friendly smile—a most innocent smile that acts as a strong disposer to belief. Whether it has been a simple tale of the early days enlivened with recollections of pitch-trump and other social joys, or whether the performances of savage Indians and treacherous half-breeds send a chill through the listener, it is all the same: at its close the judge's amiable features wear the same belief-compelling smile. Under its influence we sit for hours while our entertainer ranges through the stores of his memory, pulling out much that is dust-covered and ancient, but quickly renovated for our use by his ready imagination and occasional wit. With a felling akin to reverence—we listen—a reverence due to one who had turned his face toward the Rocky Mountains before Colorado had a name, who had made the perilous journey across the great Plains behind a bull-team, and who since has been associated with everything concerned in the welfare and progress of what has now become this great Centennial State, toward which all eyes are turning. Not without its dark days to him has passed this pioneer life, and none were more filled with discouragement than those during which he represented the Territory in Congress. He describes the position as one of peculiar difficulty—on one-hand the clamors of a people for aid and recognition in their rapid development of the country, while on the other, to meet them, he found himself a mere beggar at the doors of Congressional mercy and grace, voteless and hence powerless. Truly, in the light of his experience, the office of Territorial delegate is no sinecure.

No one has more closely observed the course of events in the Far West than Judge Bradford, and his opinions on some disputed points are very decided and equally clear. Many have wondered that Pueblo, which had the advantage of the first settlement, had long been a rendezvous of trappers and frontier traders, and lay upon the only road to the then so-called Pike's Peak mines, that via the Arkansas Canon—that this outpost, situated thus at the very gateway of the Far West, should have remained comparatively unimportant, while Denver grew with such astonishing rapidity. But, in the judge's opinion, it was the war of the rebellion that turned the scale in favor of the Queen City. The first emigrants had come through Missouri and up the Arkansas, their natural route, and as naturally conducting to Pueblo. But when Missouri and South-eastern Kansas became the scenes of guerilla warfare the emigrant who would safely convey himself and family across the prairie must seek a more northern parallel. Hence, Pueblo received a check from which it is only now recovering, and Denver an impetus whose ultimate limits no man can foresee.

Many strange things were done in the olden times. When the Plains Indians had gathered together their forces for the purpose of persistently harassing the settlement, the Mountain Utes, then the allies of the whites, offered their services to help repel the common enemy. Petitions went up to the governor and Legislature to accept the proffered services, but they were steadily refused. Our long-headed judge gives the reason: The administration was under the control of men who were feeding Uncle Sam's troops with corn at thirteen cents per pound, and other staples in proportion, and the Indian volunteers promised a too speedy ending of such a profitable warfare.

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 1. Thus eventfully has passed the life of) few trappers and frontier traders, most of them in the employ of the American Fur Company. These were the fearless and intrepid pioneers who so far from fleeing danger seemed rather to court it. Accounts of their adventures—now a struggle with a wounded bear, again the threatened perils of starvation when lost in some

Paragraphs arranged in the order of the article I then copied them into this book according to number.

mountain-fastness- have long simultaneously terrified and fascinated both young and old. We all have pictured their dress- the coat or cloak, often an odd combination of several varieties of skins pieced together, with fur inside; breeches sometimes of the same material, but oftener of coarse duck or corduroy; and the slouched hat, under Judge Bradford. During his threescore-and-five years he has moved almost across a continent, never content unless he was on a frontier. Long may he live to ride in his light coverless wagon in the smile of bright Colorado sunshine, honored by all who know him, and affording his friends the enjoyment of his rare good presence!

Thirty years ago this whole Rocky-Mountain region, now appropriated by an enterprising and progressive people, contained, besides the native Indians and the Mexicans in the south, only a (whose broad brim whatever of the face that was not concealed by a shaggy, unkept beard shone out red from exposure to sun and weather. The American Fur Company had dotted the country with forts, which served a double purpose of storehouses for the collected valuables and of places where the employees could barricade themselves against the too-often troublesome savages. For such a purpose, though not actually by the Fur Company, was built the old adobe fort the ruins of which are still to be seen on the banks of the Arkansas River at Pueblo. How old it may have been no one seems to know, but certain it is that for long years, and in earliest times, it was a favorite rendezvous. Here was always to be found a jolly good party to pass away the long winter evenings with song and story. Here Kit Carson often stopped to rest from his many perilous expeditions, enjoying, together with Fremont and other noted Rocky-Mountain explorers, the hospitalities of the old fort. Many times were its soft walls indented by the arrows of besieging Indians, but its bloodiest tragedy was enacted in 1854, when the Utes surprised the sleeping company and savagely massacred all.

While these events were transpiring at the old fort a party of Mexicans had journeyed from the south, crossed the Arkansas River, and formed a settlement on the east side of the Fontaine. A characteristically squalid and miserable dwelling it was, with the dwellings- they scarce deserved the name of houses- built in the side of the bluffs very much as animals might burrow in the ground. Part dug-out and part adobe were those wretched habitations, and the shed-like parts which projected from the hill were composed of all conceivable and inconceivable kinds of rubbish. Sticks, stones, bits of old iron, worn-out mattings and gunny-sacks entered more or less into the construction of these dens, all stuck together with the inevitable adobe mud. The settlement extended some distance along the bluff, and the sloping plain in front was dignified as plaza. Perhaps the dark-hued immigrants expected a large town to spring from these unpromising beginnings, and their plaza to take on eventually all the importance which a place so named ever deserves in the Spanish and Mexican mind. But the Pike's Peak excitement, originating in 1852 with the finding of gold by a party of Cherokee Indians, and reaching its culmination in 1859, brought a far different class of people to our Rocky-Mountain outpost, and a civilization was inaugurated which speedily compelled the ancient Mexican methods to go by the board. Thus, Fontaine was soon absorbed by the rising town of Pueblo, though the ancient dugouts still picturesquely dot the hillside, inhabited by much the same idle and vagabond class from which the prosperous ranchman soon learns to guard his hen-roost.

The growth of any of our Far Western towns presents a curious study, In these latter days it frequently requires but a few months, or even weeks, to give some new one a fair start upon its prosperous way. Sometimes a mineral vein, sometimes the temporary "end of the track" of a lengthening railroad, forms the nucleus, and around it are first seen the tents of the advance-guard. Before many weeks have elapsed some enterprising individual has succeeded, in the face of infinite toil and expense, in bringing in a sawmill into camp. Soon it is buzzing away on the neighboring hillside, and the rough pine boards and slabs are growing into houses all of curious sizes and shapes, irregularly lining the main street. Delightfully free from conventionality are matters in these new towns. Former notions of ~~this~~ things go for naught. Values are in a highly-disturbed state, and you will probably be charged more for the privilege of sleeping somewhere on the floor than for all the refined elegancies of the Fifth Avenue. The boardwalks along the street, where they exist at all, plainly typify this absence of a well-defined dead level or zero-point in the popular sentiment; for the various sections are built each upon the same eccentric plan that obtains in the corresponding house. The result is an irregular succession of steps - equally irregular, with enough literal jumping-off places to relieve any possible monotony attending the promenade. If the growth of the town seems to continue satisfactory, its houses - at least those in or near its central portions - begin gradually to pass through the next stage in their development. During this interesting period, which might be called their chrysalid state, they are twisted and turned, sometimes sawn asunder, parts lopped off here and applied elsewhere, and all those radical changes made would utterly destroy anything possessed of protean possibilities inferior to those of the common Western frame house. But, as a final result of this treatment and some small additions of new material, at last emerges the shapely and often artistic cottage, resplendent in paint, and bearing small resemblance to the slab-built barn which forms its framework. If the sometime camp becomes a city - if Auraria grows into a Denver and Montaine develops into Pueblo - the frame houses will sooner or later share a common fate, that of being mounted on wheels or rollers for a journey suburbward, to make room for the substantial blocks of brick or stone. By this curious process of evolution do most of our Western towns rapidly acquire more or less of a metropolitan appearance.

Pueblo, while not a representative Western town in these respects, yet in its early days presented some curious combinations, most of them growing out of the heterogeneous human mixture that attempted to form a settlement. The famous Green-Russel party, on its way from Georgia to the Pike's Peak country, had passed through Missouri and Kansas in 1858, and there found an element ripe for any daring and adventurous deeds in unknown lands. Many of the border desperadoes, then engaged in that hard-fought prelude to the civil war, found it desirable and expedient to leave a place where their violent deeds became too well known; and these, together with others who hoped to find in a new country relief from the anarchy which reigned at home, fell into the wake of the pioneers. Pueblo received its full share of Kansas outlaws about this time, and, what with those it already contained, even a modicum of peace seemed out of the question. Here, for instance, was found living with the Mexicans by the plaza a quarrelsome fellow named Juan Trujillo, better known by the sobriquet of Juan Chiquito or "Little John," which his diminutive stature had earned for him. This worthy is

represented as a constant disturber of the peace, and he met the tragic fate which his reckless life had invited. From being a trusted friend he had incurred the enmity of a noted character named Charley Antobeas, than whom, perhaps, no one has had a more varied frontier experience. Coming to the Rocky Mountains in 1836 in the employ of the American Fur Company, he has since served as hunter, trapper, Indian-fighter, guide to several United States exploring expeditions, and spy in the Mexican war as well as in the War of the rebellion. Antobeas still lives on the outskirts of Pueblo, and his scarred and bronzed face, framed by flowing locks of jet-black hair, is familiar to all. The frame that has endured so much is now bent, and health is at last broken, and about a year since an effort was made by Judge Bradford and others to secure him a pension. But twenty years back he was in his full vigor and able to maintain his own against all odds. Whether or not it is true we cannot say, but certain it is that he was credited with the death of Juan Chiquito. An Indian called "Chickey" actually did the deed, lying in ambush for his victim. Perhaps few were sorry at the Mexican's sudden taking off, and in a country where Judge Lynch alone executes the laws the whole transaction was no doubt regarded as eminently proper.

Among those who came to Pueblo with the influx of 1858 were two brothers from Ohio, Josiah and Stephan Smith. Stalwart young men were these, of a different type from the Kansas and Missourians, yet not of the sort to be imposed upon. They were crack rifle-shots, and even then held decided opinions which subsequent experiences have served to emphasize, but not change. And what with constant troubles with the savages, as well as with the scarcely less intractable Kansans, their first years in the Far West could not be called altogether pleasant. Many a time have their lives been in danger from bands of outlaw immigrants, who, dissatisfied with not finding gold lying about as they had expected, sought to revenge themselves upon the settlers, whom they considered in fault for having led the way. Their personal bravery went far toward bringing to a close this reign of terror and transforming the lawless settlement into a permanent and prosperous town. Still in the prime of life, they look back with pleasure over their most hazardous experiences, for time has softened the dangers and cast over them the glow of romance. And while none are more familiar with everything concerning the early history of Pueblo, it is equally true that none are more ready to gratify an appreciative listener, and the writer is indebted for much that follows to their inimitable recitals.

About the first work of any note undertaken in connection with the new town was the building of a bridge across the Arkansas. This was accomplished in 1860, when a charter was obtained from Kansas and a structure of six spans thrown across the river. It was a toll-bridge, and every crossing team put at least one dollar into the pockets of its owners. But trouble soon overtook the management. While one of the proprietors was in New Mexico, building a mill for Maxwell upon his famous estate, the other was so unfortunate as to kill three men, and was obliged, as Stephan Smith felicitously expressed it, to "skip out". Thus the bridge passed to other hands, where it remained until it was partly washed away in 1863. The following little matter of history connected with its palmy days will be best given in the narrator's own words: "We had a blacksmith who misused his wife. The citizens took him down to the bridge, tied a rope around his body and threw him into the river. They kept up their lick until they nearly drowned the poor cuss, then whispered to him to be a good to his wife or his time would be short. He took the hint, used his wife well, and everything was lovely. That was the first cold-water cure in Pueblo, and I ain't

sure but the last." This incident serves to illustrate the inherent character of American gallantry, for, however, wild or in most respects uncivilized men may appear to become under the influence of frontier life, instances are rare in which women are not treated with all the honor and respect due them. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that the general sentiment concerning women is more refined and reverential among bronzed pioneers at the outposts than under the influence of a higher civilization.

The Arkansas, ever changing its winding course after the manner of prairie-rivers, has long since shifted its bed some distance to the south, leaving only a portion of the old bridge to span what in high water becomes an arm of the river, but which ordinarily serves to convey the water from a neighboring mill. We lean upon its guard-rail while fancy is busy with the past. We picture the prairie-schooners winding around the mesas and through the gap: soon they have come to the grove by the river-bank; the horses are picketed and the camp-fire is blazing; brown children play in the sand while their parents lie stretched out in the shadows of the wagons. They left civilization on the banks of the Missouri more than a month ago, and their eyes are still turned toward those grand old mountain-ranges in the west over which the declining sun is now pouring its transfiguring sheen. The brightness dazzles the eyes, and the Mexican who rides by on on a scarce manageable broncho with nose high in air might be old Juan Chiquito bent upon some murderous errand. But no: the rider has stopped the animal, and is soliciting the peaceful offices of a blacksmith, whose curious little shop, bearing the suggestive name of "Ute," is seen near the bridge. Here bronchos, mules and burros are fitted with massive shoes by this frontier Vulcan and sent rejoicing upon their winding and rocky ways. Our sleepy gaze follows along Santa Fe Avenue, and the eye sees little that is suggestive of a modern Western town. But soon comes noisily along a one-horse-street-car, which asserts its just claims to popular notice in consequence of its composing a full half of a system scarce a fortnight old by filling the air with direful screeches as each curve is laboriously described. And, later, when the magnificent overland train, twenty-six hours from Kansas City, steams proudly up to the station, fancy can no longer be indulged. The old has become the new. The great Plains have been bridged, and the outposts of but a decade ago become the suburbs of to-day.

Doubtless Old Si Smith now and then indulges in reveries somewhat similar, but his retrospections would be of a minute and personal character. To warm up the average frontiersman, however-and Old Si Smith is no exception- into a style at once luminous and emphatic and embellished with all the richness of the border dialect, it is only necessary to suggest the Indian topic. However phlegmatically he may reel off his yarns, glowing they be with exciting adventure, it is the red-skins that cause his eyes to flash and his rhetoric to become fervid and impressive. To him the Indian is the embodiment of all that is supremely vile, and hence merits unmitigated hatred. Killing Indians is his most delightful occupation, and the next in order is talking about them. His contempt for government methods is unbounded, and the popular Eastern sentiment he holds in almost equal esteem. The Smith brothers have had a varied experience in frontier affairs, in which the Indian has played an important part. They hold the Western views, but with less prejudice than is generally found. They argue the case with a degree of fairness, and many of their opinions and deductions are novel and equally just. Said Stephen Smith to the writer: "We've got this thing reduced right down to vulgar fractions, and the Utes have got to go. The mineral lands are worth more to us than the Indians are"-this with a suggestive shrug-and of

ive shrug-"and if the government don't remove them from the reserves, why, we'll have to do it ourselves. There's a great fuss been made about the whites going on the Indian reserves; and what did it all amount to? Maybe fifty or sixty prospectors, all told, have got over the lines, dug a few holes and hurt nobody. But I suppose the Indians always stay where they ought to! I guess not. Some of them are off their reserves half their time, and they go off to murder and kill. Do they ever get punished for that? Not much, except when folks do it on their own account. But let a white man get found on the Indian reserves and there's a great howl. I want a rule that will work both ways, and I don't give much for a government that isn't able to protect me on the Indian reserves the same as anywhere else. Some years ago Indian troubles were reported at Washington, and Sherman was sent out to investigate. Of course they heard he was coming, and all were on their good behavior. They knew where their blankets and ponies and provisions came from. Consequently, Sherman reported everything peaceful: he hadn't seen anybody killed. That's about the kind of information they get in the East on the Indian question.

"Misused? Yes, the Indians have been misused, badly misused. I know that. But who have they misused? This whole country is covered with ruins, and they all go to show that it has been inhabited by a highly-civilized race of people. And what has become of them? I believe the Indians cleaned them out long years ago; and now their turn has come. I find that it's a law of Nature"- and here the narrator's tone grew more reverent as if touching upon a higher theme-"that the weak go to the wall. It's a hard law, but I don't see any way out of it. The old Aztecs had to go under, and the Indians will have to follow suit."

Whatever humanitarians and archaeologists may conclude concerning these opinions, they are nevertheless extensively held in the Far West. The frontiersman, who sees the Indian only in his native savagery, who has found it necessary to employ a considerable part of his time in keeping out of range of poisoned arrows, and who must needs be always upon the alert lest his family fall prey to Indian treachery, cannot be expected to hold any ultra-humanitarian views upon the subject. He has not been brought in contact with the several partially-civilized tribes, in whose advancement many see possibilities for the whole race. He cannot understand why the government allows the Indians to roam over enormous tracts of land, rich in minerals they will never extract and containing agricultural possibilities they will never seek to realize. His plan would be to have only the same governmental care exercised over the red man as is now enjoyed by the white, and then look to the law of the survival of the fittest to furnish a solution of the problem. The case seems so clear and the arguments so potent that he looks for some outside reasons for their failure, and very naturally thinks he discovers them in governmental quarters. "There's too many people living off this Indian business for it to be wound up yet a while." Thus does a representative man at the outposts express the sentiment of no inconsiderable class.

Next to the Indian himself, the frontiersman holds in slight esteem the soldiers who are sent to the border. The objects of his supreme hatred still often merit his good opinion for their bravery and fighting qualities, but upon raw Eastern recruits and West-Point fledglings he looks with mild disdain. Having learned the Indian methods by many hard knocks, he doubtless fails to exercise proper charity toward those whose experiences have been less extended; and added to this may be a lurking jealousy-which however, would stoutly be disclaimed-because the blue uniform is gaining honors and experiences more easily and under conditions more favorable than were

possible with him in the early days. "They be about the greenest set!" said an old Indian fighter to whom this subject was broached, "and the sight of an Injun jest about scares 'em to death at first. I never saw any of 'em I was afraid of if only I had any sort of show. Why, back in '59 I undertook to take a young man back to the States, and we started off in a buggy-a buggy, do you mind. When we got down the Arkansas a piece we heard the red-skins was pretty thick, but we went right on, except keeping more of a lookout, you know. But along in the afternoon we saw fifteen or twenty coming for us, and we got ready to give 'em a reception. We had a hard chase, but at last they got pretty sick of the way I handled my rifle, and concluded to let us alone for a while. They kept watch of us, though, and meant to get square with us that night. Well, we travelled till dark, stopped just long enough to build a big fire, and then lit out. When those Injuns came for us that night we were some other place, and they lost their grip on that little scalping-bee. They didn't trouble us any more, that's sure. And when we got to the next post there were nigh a hundred teams, six stages and two companies of soldiers, all shivering for fear of the Injuns. It rather took the wind out of 'em to see us come in with that buggy, and they didn't want to believe that we had come through. But, like the man's mother-in-law, we were there, and they couldn't get out of it. And, sir, maybe you won't believe me, but those soldiers offered me seventy-five dollars to go back with them! That's the sort of an outfit the government sends to protect us!"

We have had frequent occasion since our frontier experiences began to ponder the untrammelled opulence of this Western word, outfit. From the Mississippi to the Pacific its expansive possibilities are momentarily being tested. There is nothing that lives, breathes or grows, nothing known to the arts or investigated by the sciences- nothing, in short, coming within the range of the Western perception-that cannot with more or less appropriateness be termed an "outfit". A dismal broncho turned adrift in midwinter to browse on the short stubble of the Plains is an "outfit", and so likewise is the dashing equipage that includes a shining phaeton and richly-caparisoned span. Perhaps by no single method can so comprehensive an idea of the term in question be obtained in a short time, and the proper qualifying adjectives correctly determined, as by simply preparing for a camping-expedition. The horse-trader with whom you have negotiated for a pair of horses or mules congratulates you upon the acquisition of a "boss outfit". When your wagon has been purchased and the mules duly harnessed in place, you are further induced to believe that you have a "way-up-outfit" though, obviously, this should now be understood to possess a dual significance which it did not before obtain, since the wagon represent a component part. The hardware clerk displays a tent and recommends a fly as a forming desirable addition to an even otherwise "swell outfit". The grocer provides you with what he modestly terms a "first-class outfit," though albeit his cans of fruit, vegetables and meats are for delectation of the inner man. Frying-pans and dutch-ovens, camp-stools and trout-scales, receive the same designation. And now comes that crowning triumph of this versatile term, as well as a happy illustration of what might be called its agglutinative and assimilating powers; for when the horses and wagon have received their load of tent and equipments, and father, mother and the babies have filled up every available space, this whole establishment, this omnium gatherum of outfits, becomes neither more nor less than an "outfit."

The last five years have witnessed a wonderful material progress in the Far West. The mineral wealth discovered in Colorado and New Mexico has caused a great west-ward flowing tide to set in. The nation seems to be possessed of a desire to reclaim the waste places and to explore the unknown. Cities that were founded by the "fifty-niners," and after a decade seemed to reach the limits of their growth, have started on a new career. And for none of these does the outlook seem brighter than in the case of the city of Pueblo, the old outpost of whose early days we have attempted to sketch. Its growth has all along been a gradual one, and its improvements have kept pace with this healthy advance. Its public schools, like those of all far Western towns which the writer has visited, are model institutions and an honor to the commonwealth. A handsome brick court-house, situated on high ground, is an ornament to the city, and differs widely from that in which Judge Bradford held court eighteen years ago—the first held in the Territory, and that, too, under military protection. Pueblo's wealth is largely derived from the stock-raising business, the surrounding country being well adapted to the cattle and sheep. The rancheros ride the Plains the year round, and the cattle flourish upon the food which Nature provides—in the summer the fresh grass, and in the winter the same converted into hay which has been cured upon the ground. An important railway centre is Pueblo, and iron highways radiate from it to the four cardinal points. These advantages of location should procure it a large share of the flood of prosperity that is sweeping over the State. But enterprises are now in progress which cannot fail to add materially to its importance as a factor in the development of the country. On the highest lift of the mesa south of the town, and in a most commanding position, it has been decided to build a blast furnace which shall have no neighbor within a radius of five hundred miles. With iron ore of finest quality easily accessible in the neighboring mountains, and the coal-fields of unlimited extent likewise within easy reach the production of iron in the Rocky Mountains has only waited for the growth of a demand. This is the advancement and prosperity of the State have now well assured. Many kindred industries will spring up around the furnace, the Bessemer steel-works and the rail-mills are now projected; and in a few years will suffice to transform the level mesa, upon which for untold centuries the cactus and yucca-lily have bloomed undisturbed, into a thriving manufacturing city whose pulse shall be the throb of steam through iron arms. The onlooking mountains, that have seen strange sights about this old outpost, are to see a still stranger—the ushering-in of a new civilization which now begins its march into the land of the Aztecs.

Perhaps these thoughts were occupying our minds as we climbed the bluffs for a visit to this incipient Pittsburg. The equipage did no credit to the financial status of the iron company, as it consisted of a superannuated express-wagon drawn by a dyspeptic white horse which a boy who officiated as driver found no difficulty in restraining. Two gentlemen in charge of the constructions, their visitor and two kegs of nails comprised this precious load. The day was cloudless and fine, albeit a Colorado "zephyr" was blowing, and the party, with perhaps the single exception of the horse, felt in fine spirits. The jolly superintendent, who both in face and mien reminded one of the typical German nobleman, was overflowing with story, joke and witty repartee. The site of the works was reached in the course of time. Excavations were in progress for the blast-furnace and accessory buildings, and developed a strange formation. The entire mesa seems built up of boulders packed together with a sort of alkali clay, dry and hard as stone, and looking, as our distingue guide remarked, as though

not a drop of water had penetrated five feet from the surface since the time of the Flood. Two blast-furnaces, each with a capacity of five hundred tons, will be speedily built, to be followed by railmills, a Bessemer steel-plant and all the accessories of vast iron-and steel-works. With the patronage of several thousand miles of railway already assured, and its duplication in the near future apparently beyond doubt, the success of this daring frontier enterprise seems far removed from the domain of conjecture.

All this was glowingly set forth by the courtly superintendent, who, though but three months in the country, is already at heart a Coloradan. That there are some things about frontier life which he likes better than others he is free to admit. Among the few matters he would have otherwise he gives the first place to the tough "range" or "snow-fed" beef upon which the dwellers in this favored land must needs subsist. "I heard a story once," said he, "about a young man, a tenderfoot, who, after long wondering what made the beef so fearfully tough, at length arrived at the solution, as he thought, and that quite by accident. He was riding out with a friend, an old resident, when they chanced to come upon a bunch of cattle. The young man's attention seemed to be attracted, and as the idea began to dawn upon him he faced his companion, and, pointing to an animal which bore the brand "B.C 45," savagely exclaimed, 'Look there! How can you expect those ante-diluvians to be anything but tough? Why don't you kill your cattle before they get two or three times as old as Methuselah?' "

We took a long ride that afternoon under a peerless sky, with blue mountain-ranges on one hand, whose ridges, covered with snow, seemed like folds of satin, and on the other the great billowy Plains, bare and brown and smooth as a carpet. The white horse, relieved of the kegs of nails, really performed prodigies of travel, all the more appreciated because unexpected. A stone-quarry for which we were searching was not found, but a teamster, who, while everything was solemnly stood still and waited, and amid the agonies of an indescribable stutter, finally managed to enlighten us somewhat as to its whereabouts. These adventures served to put us in excellent humor, so that when the road was found barricaded by a barbed wire fence, it only served to give one of the party an opportunity to air his views upon the subject-to argue, in fact, that the barbed wire fence had been an important factor in building up the agricultural greatness of the West. "For what inducements," he exclaims, "does the top rail of such a fence offer to a contemplative farmer? None, sir! His traditional laziness has been broken up, and great material prosperity the result."

Whatever causes have operated to produce the effect, certain it is that the West is eminently prosperous to-day. Everywhere are seen growth, enterprise and aggressiveness that stops at no obstacles. Immigration is pouring into Colorado along at the rate of several thousands per week. The government lands are being rapidly taken up, and the stable industries of stock-raising and farming correspondingly extending. Manufacturing, too is acquiring a foothold, and many of the necessaries of life, which now must be obtained in the East, will soon be produced at home. The mountains are revealing untold treasures of gold and silver, and the possibilities which may be hid in the yet unexplored regions act as a stimulus to crowds of hopeful prospectors. But while Colorado is receiving her full share of the influx, a tide seems to be setting in toward the old empire of the Aztecs, and flowing through the natural gateway, our old Rocky-Mountain outpost. It is beginning to be found out that the legends of fabulous wealth which have come down to us from the older times have much truth in them, and mines

that were worked successively by the Franciscan monks, Pueblo Indians, Jesuit priests and Mexicans, and had suffered filling up and obliteration with every change of proprietorship, are now being reopened; and that, too, under a new dispensation which will ensure prosperity to the enterprise. Spaniards and priest have long since abandoned their claim to the rich possessions, and their doubtful seay, ever upon the verge of revolution and offering no in centive to enterprise, has given place to one of a different character. Under the protection of beneficent and fostering laws this oldest portion of our Union may now be expected to reveal its wealth of resources to energy and intelligent labor. And it may be confidently be predicted that American enterprise will not halt till it has built up the waste places of our land, and in this case litterally made the desert to blossom rose. Thus gloriously does our new civilization reclaim the errors of the past, building upon the ancient ruins the enlightened institutions of to-day, and grafting fresh vigor upon efete races and nationalities. And now, at last, the Spanish Peaks, those mighty ancient sentinels whose twin spires, like eyes, have watched the slow rise and fall of stately but tottering dynasties in the long ago, are to look out upon a different scene- a new race come in the might of its fre dom and with almost the glory of a conquering host to redeem a waiting land from the outcome of centuries of avaricious and bigoted misrule, and even from the thraldom of decay.

George Rex Buckman.

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In this article are pictures of:
 Pueblo, Judge Bradford, Old Adobe Fort, Old Bridge, Si Smith, and Santa Fe Avenue- in addition are several of different interesting things.

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