

Maysville.

An Exciting Encounter With a Foot-Pad,
 And a Chapter on the Fraternity.
 Increased Activity in Mining Interests.
 The Usual Growl at the Census Enumeration.
 Policies, Business and Generally Interesting News.

Being eager to get a glimpse of the new mushroom railroad metropolis of the Arkansas valley, your correspondent accepted the first pleasurable opportunity afforded in an invitation from Colonel Henry Altman, to occupy a seat in his buckboard, which he was about to drive to South Arkansas (later Salida, DN) yesterday afternoon, with two spirited animals in the harness. This fact in itself would be of little moment, was it not that an adventure,-- a thrilling, soul-stirring adventure ensued--that at one time promised to end in our slaughter at the hands of a drunken lunatic--else a most consummate villain--and a coward in either event. When but a short distance from town and while jogging along at a more than lively rate of speed, we were suddenly aroused from an interesting conversation, on turning a bend in the road, by the rapid approach of a pale and excited horseman, who enjoined upon us the necessity of looking out for our personal safety, as there was a man ahead who was shooting promiscuously at the passers by. The information was given hurriedly, the rider not even checking his horse while imparting it. No danger was apprehended until in going farther, we noticed a horse in close proximity to the road with his rider dismounted and standing at his head. A suspicion flashed upon us that we were about to encounter a foot pad, and the only weapon between us--which the colonel possessed in a "British Bulldog"-- was placed upon his knee, cocked and concealed by the rubber robe that was pulled over our lower extremities. Within a few yards of the enemy the horses were brought to a walk, and when opposite him, he jumped to their heads, and grasping the bits with firm hand, commanded us in a loud tone of voice to halt, at the same time bringing to bear upon us a forty-four calibre double-action pistol. It was plain to us that he was intoxicated, and although the colonel had him covered with his gun unawares, we thought it best to ascertain the nature of his attack and intention in thus stopping us, before going to extremes. Leaning on the fore wheel, with gun pointed alternately at us both, he inquired in a brusque and supercilious way if we had seen an ax on the road. To this we of course responded in the negative, and drew natural inferences as to his purpose. Once out of the buckboard a person would stand some show in a tussle, but there we were huddled together on the seat, his pistol bearing upon us with finger upon the trigger. The colonel abhorred killing him, and was irresolute. The loss of the ax was the only topic that he could be approached upon, and finally when he invited us to turn around and look for it the colonel suggested that I go in search while he held the horses. This was my opportunity, and taking the cue I asked the self-constituted jailor if he would not accompany me. The answer was a decisive no, and I was ordered peremptorily to alight and find the ax. An ax to find -- an ax to find-- seemed to be the only thought with him, and the cause for our detention--but by the time that I struck terra firma, he must have thought that somebody living in the immediate vicinity had an ax to grind, for I jumped his pistol, and before long was admonishingly

APPLYING IT TO HIS SKULL.

Such treatment is not calculated to inspire self-confidence, and he was soon supplicating mercy at our hands--the Colonel also having him covered from the vehicle-- and supplementing his cries with the claim that he was only joking. The joke was unappreciated, however, and we duly proceeded to take his name, which on request he gave as Tipton, at the same time turning to the Colonel with the assertive query, "Why, you know me Colonel?" Judging from subsequent demonstrations on the part of that worthy personage, he surely did. "Oh, it's you, is it. You--!----! Turned footpad have you; stop people on the highway to hunt axes; you -----!-----! Ah! ha; but you barked the wrong sapling this

Maysville (cont.)

time. See this (pushing the pistol into his face), you ----! ----!----!
 And then he dealt out invectives at the incitation of his just wrath until the miscreant trembled in every muscle in silent suppliance. The colonel is ordinarily of the most subdued and uniform temper, but it transpired that this man was one of a party who were engaged in jumping depreddations at his camp on the north fork, and were driven from the country by a miners' committee, one of the marauders being seriously wounded in a mine-jumping affray; and he quite naturally supposed that our encounter was the result of animus, the person Tipton having come directly from Ohio (as he acknowledged) evidently to appease his desire for vengeance. However, we allowed the rascal his liberty and went on our way rejoicing.

Had we known the following facts at the time, I think that he would be a prisoner now, as reprehensible for the beastly crime that he has committed. The Chicago Times has this to say in regard to him:

A BAD BROTHER.

An elopement took place the other day at Williamsport, Ohio., which produced a large sensation. Elias Rychell, of Five Points, Ohio, a place seven miles from there, left his home in 1869, and joined the regular army at Columbus, Ohio, in March 1872. He deserted the army and fled to the west, where he has since been engaged in prospecting in Colorado, and has during this time acquired considerable money. After nine years' absence he returned home two weeks ago to visit his brother, William Rychell, near Five Points. During his absence his brother had married Stella Jenkins, an intelligent young lady. While Elias Rychell was visiting his brother, who was busily engaged in farming, there seems to have sprung up an intimacy between the two, which the husband did not notice at the time, but of which he now feels the sad results.

It now appears that the visitor had made arrangements with the lady to meet him at Williamsport on Wednesday evening, and take the train for the west. Rychell bade the husband and wife farewell last Monday morning, and started for that place, where he awaited the arrival of his brother's wife. She told her husband that she wanted to visit a neighbor of hers who was lying dangerously ill. The husband gave her a horse to go, but instead of going there she went to Williamsport, and, in company with Rychell, she went to a hotel, where they registered as James B. Tipton and sister,. They took the first train west for Maysville, Colorado. The lady not returning to her home, the husband went in search of her, but could hear nothing of her. He has two children, aged four years and eighteen months respectively. He is very much shocked at his wife's conduct, and has notified the officials in Colorado to arrest the guilty pair upon their arrival.

There is no doubt but what he is the scoundrel, and the woman cited above is still in his company. As near as can be ascertained, the outlawed pair are on their way to Ruby camp, via Gunnison city. And these do not apparently comprise the calendar of crimes perpetrated by him, for circumstantial evidence points to the accomplishment of a deed deeper and graver in import. Steps are being taken to apprehend him, and if successful, the Herald will be enlightened at an early day.

The proverbial footpad of the west has been held for a long time by many of the inhabitants as a sort of myth, and an outlaw of society that Maysville could have no possible attraction for. Such a happy state of premature conclusion is being rudely dispelled, however, and the people are, in a measure, beginning to appreciate the approaching dangers on the highway. The disciples of Duval, who are inciting this fear, are from all accounts but novices, and have thus far been unable to accomplish their intended ends. Within the past two weeks, several attempts have been made to hold up citizens, which in every instance have signally failed.

Mr. J. S. Painter, the local editor of the Miner, was ordered to point his
"HANDS HEAVENWARD".

A few days since, on the North Fork trail, but in so doing brought to bear on the couple of thieves a six-shooter, and made them hunt their holes. The Owen brothers were subjected to the same treatment, and made a similar disposition of their opponents.

Apropos of footpad and highway themes, there is a miner in the western portion of the district who took his life in his hands a few evenings since in perpetrating what he is disposed to term a practical joke, upon a couple of travelers. Phoebus was discarding her robe of light, and the evanescent hues of twilight were dissipating their beauties when "Mac", in a husky voice, spoke his good night toast to a saloon audience in Maysville. With the assistance of his bibulous coterie, he was soon thereafter mounted, and speeding to his camp, near timber line--speeding as fast as was practicable for a man in his condition. When arrived at that portion of the road, where a good concealment was afforded him, he went into ambush and patiently awaited the coming of a victim, his only apparent persuader for an effective "hold-up" being a decrepit horse-pistol, that had not been loaded for years. He was not long in this position before he observed two itinerant sons of Israel approaching on horseback at a slow gait. Putting spurs to his animal, he leaped into the road before them, pulled the unloaded gun, and quietly directed them to pass over their pocket books. This they seemed disposed to do, but, instead of requiring them to hold their hands above their heads until the requirements were fulfilled, he allowed them to clean out their own pockets, which they did in a way that brought a vision of the hereafter before him by bringing to bear upon his person two double-action Colts. Presto! and the scene suddenly changed. Standing upright in the saddle, with both hands upon his head and pistol on the ground he appealed to their magnanimity, declaring at the same time that it was only a joke. In mitigation of his offense he referred them to the fallen pistol. Examining it the innocent intent of his attitude became apparent, and rebuking him for his recklessness they went on their way rejoicing at the happy turn the affair had taken. Not so with "Mac" who could not stand the covert sneers they heaped upon him. Waiting until they had turned a bend in the road and were quite out of sight, he took a large Colt's revolver from an inside pocket, and giving the spur and rein to his horse swooped down upon them a literal Nemesis, blazing away, over their heads, but close enough to impress them sensibly of his secondary intention. Their horses took the inspiration and were soon leading a lively and exciting chase, while the pursued turned their revolvers on the enemy, and pumped away in a desultory but energetic manner, without sighting. Bullets flew thick and widely, but it was no use to resist,

HE HAD THE DROP OF THEM,

Being able to load and sight at will; and after getting in a few shots in close proximity to their heads, they appreciated the situation sufficiently to pull rein and throw up their hands. Advancing, he disarmed them, and after receiving their personal assurance that no word would be said of the occurrence, they joined in a social drink from a bottle in his possession and departed. It leaked out, however, as all such affairs do, and was given to the writer sub rosa.

A number of ^{minor} sales of mining property have been consummated of late, and as a consequence the local life has been given a new impetus of excitement. The saloons are all doing a lively and profitable business, while the faro banks have for the week past been spreading their layouts early in the day; a feature of progress that many congratulate as the dawn of a new era, and the "marker" of a "last turn" in the lethargy and quietude that has pervaded the life of the camp since early spring. The municipal officials are in no wise lax in vigilance, and the "hurrah" fiend so long endured as a necessary element in mining camps enjoys two alternatives--the latter of which he wisely accepts-- slaughter at the judicial throne, or a complete subjugation of his liquored boisterousness.

A drunken war-whoop on the street is rarely heard, the minions of Bacchus having sense enough to pay due deference to the wish of the people, the mandates of the city council and the efforts of the ubiquitous marshal.

Politics are evoking considerable excitement, and at this early day many bets are being made on the result of the coming election. The republicans are exceedingly undemonstrative, but in a quiet way are more than satisfied with their chosen leaders to the coming fall victory, while the democrats are making the air ring with rejoicings at the result of the Cincinnati convention. When the news reached here that Garfield and Arthur were nominated as candidates for presidential seats by the Chicago convention, the people who were interested in the results of that warring body, went about in a subdued way shaking hands in congratulation, their joy being of that order, so significant in quietude. The only demonstration made of a prominent character, was that of a body of citizens, convened at Junction city, for the purpose of changing the name of that place. On ballot the town was named Garfield by a vote of twenty-seven to seven, showing very conclusively a republican predisposition among the inhabitants.

On Saturday evening the democrats held a ratification on the main street, after shooting big guns (?) and otherwise prefacing the entertainment. Mr. Chaplaine, the city attorney, was the first speaker, and after eulogizing Hancock and English and the precepts of the party, he gave way to Mr. Montgomery, of Silver Cliff, whose appearance and address was looked forward to with anticipation on the one hand and curiosity on the other. He made an animated address, which was concluded with cheers for the democratic nominee. Mr. Bauman followed in a short and pleasing delivery, which terminated the programme, and the large assemblage dispersed in general good feeling.

Major George D. Merriam, the census taker for the southern half of the county has been here, and gone with his full allowance of schedules filled to repletion. By his work Maysville shows a population of nearly 600 souls. The western and outlying camps and precincts of the district were not enumerated, owing to the deficiency in his supply of schedules, and the limited time that he is given to make the circuit in. This lack of foresight and improvident disposal of a public duty that should be fulfilled with the utmost care cannot be deplored or condemned in any too strong terms. From the present outlook it is highly probably that the population of this district will not be taken by half, and the county as a whole will be but illy represented on the census schedule.

Several business houses are in course of erection, and a number of newly-arrived firms have hoisted signs. Mr. C. M. Wolff, who has associated with him Mr. Max Beer, has opened a fancy liquor establishment, that has already become a popular resort for epicures. All the delicious morsels of fish and flesh that the foreign gourmand delights in feeding upon are to be found at this establishment, and are dispensed to customers gratis.

The mining situation is improving daily, and now that the snow has disappeared from the various camps, the prospectors are becoming ambitious, and in many instances are developing their claims. On the Middle fork, unusual activity is being displayed by owners in having their properties worked, and of late a number of contracts have been let for work at the Arbour mountain mines.

Colonel A. C. Babcock, of Illinois, and the man of men in the republican party of that state, arrived recently, fresh from the convention troubles, and is pushing developments in his camp on the middle fork. He is deeply interested in that locality, and his property ranks among the best in the district. Conspicuous among his interests is a tunnel site--which is well under way-- that at a depth of two thousand feet will tap a series of eight fissure veins that are known to exist from croppings, all of which are rich in extent and quality of ore.

Mr. J. C. Acheson, superintendent of the Kansas City consolidated mining company, is vigorously pushing developments on the property of his company at Cree's camp, which comprises in detail seven fissure veins with mineral of good quality exposed in all of them.

For the week past travel to this point has been gradually increasing, until now there are at least six different lines of hacks and coaches making double trips daily. The hotels are all doing an excellent business, the Hughes house being crowded to such an extent that beds have to be made on the floor nightly.

Great preparations are being made for the celebration of the coming Fourth, and the town is literally bedecked with streamers, announcing the programme of pleasures arranged for the day. Greased pigs, greased poles, foot races, lunch baskets, burro races, horse races and all the what nots that the juvenile mind look forward to with special delight, will predominate. In the evening a sheet and pillow case ball will be given at the Hughes house, that promises to be an elegant and enjoyable affair. It will be given under the auspices of the leading society ladies and gents, and will be conducted in a strictly conventional manner.

Maysville, June 28.

E. D. C.