DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1901.

Boliovos Ho Hos Found B were built the walls were Believes He Has Found The Long Lost Tribes

Aged Scout Tells the Denver Post a Story That Reads Like a Romance Taken From the Arabian Nights-His Visit to Some Ruins in Mexico is Productive of Some Startling Discoveries.

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Does a Denver man hold the secret | dered the squaws about after the fashthat will deliver up the history of the lost tribes of Israel?

Moreover, has he discovered a city, built by these lost children, wherein is buried fabulous wealth, even far beyond the wildest dreams of a Monte Cristo, together with records and hieroglyphics of untold value to the scientific world and far more startling than anything yet unearthed by the most sapient Egyptologists in the land of Pharaoh and Cleopatra?

Again, do the discoveries of this same man embrace wonders before which the pyramids and the Sphynx will pale into insignificance?

Such is the earnest belief of the man who has made a remarkable discovery. For more than a year he has guarded his secret, not zealously, but with care enough to prevent being robbed of the giory which may be the result. Fre-quent inquiry he has put to learned nen and ministers of the gospel, with whom he has come in contact, has always told him the same thing-that he has surely found the lost tribes of Israel

Charles Nelson Molden Bledsoe holds the secret. He is a venerable scout, powed under the weight of seventy-five years of toil and hardships, but with a mind clear as crystal and bright as it was in the halcyon days of his lusty manhood. For the tempering Bledsoe has passed through would have wrecked anything but a frame of steel and nerves of a like consistency. Nor has time failed to leave an imprint.

HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION.

The once hardy plainsman and soldier is tottering along on the verge of physical decay, with no companion save his faithful dog "Nip," who never leaves his side. Still Time and Nature did not start this tearing down un-aided; the bullets of white brothers battling in an opposite cause and the torturing arrows of painted Sloux devils helped in the work.

And so while Bledsoe the scout dreams of a wealth that could establish an empire which would dim Solomon in all his greatness he is almost wanting the necessities of life. But, mind you, does not complain; like the stoics of the plains whom he has warred against since childhood, he bears his burden quietly, murmuring softly: "God's will be done.

For among his other virtues he is a Christian, this same Bledsoe, doing everything in the name of the Lord.

One bare rough room in the rear of 1519 Nineteenth street shelters Molden Bledsoe and his dog "Nip." There a small hard bed in one corner, There is diminutive stove and a chair for furniture. There may be a few other articles, but if so they are of minor importance. The old scout does his own cooking and housework. The loving care or tender ministerings of a woman

lon of the noble red men-but as to a woman's love, he never knew its mean-Still below the surface he is as soft and gentle as any woman.

A PATHETIC FIGURE NOW.

It is a pathetic figure Bledsoe makes white, his hair long and his step some-what unsteady. The only education he ever had was picked up among frontiersmen, pioneers, soldiers and redskins, with a post-graduate course of travel.

But to his secret. Bledsoe has just come back to Denver with the most romantic and interesting story ever fold in this city, where generational things are becoming almost daily oc-currences. Last May a year ago while on an overland tour through Old Mex-ico he accidentally made what he is inclined to regard as the greatest dis-

"You see I had been through Mexico "You see I had been through Mexico before," said the scout in telling his story, "and knew the country pretty well. I had also been through Arizona, New Maxico and Texas and there isn't New Mexico and Texas and there isn't much about a redskin or a greaser 1 hadn't learned. Being able to speak 'Pache. Comanche, Mexican and a little Spanish I could always get along anywhere and the reds kinder seemed shine to me too. Maybe it's because I sent so many on 'em to the happy huntin' ground, but anyway they ain't caused me no trouble for many a

year. 'As I was sayin', me an' my pard, B. F. Davis, was prospectin' around down in Mexico, when we came across a Navajo that used to know me up in New Mexico. We got talkin' together when he up an' tells me about an old chiet an' a tribe of Indians down among the

mountains in the state of Sonora. No white folks had ever been among this tribe, he said, but they had mingled a little with the 'Paches and the Comanches . They could speak some 'Pache an' a little Spanish, an', of course, knew all about the white people and how they owned the country. I questioned the Navajo pretty close an he told me how I could find the tribe.

NOT AN EASY JOB.

"Well, it wasn't exactly no easy job,

but me an' my pariner came across 'em at last. I've seen lots of Injuns in my time, but none just like these an the old chief was a bully good red. We could talk a little to each other and made a heap of signs by which we could be underastood. As we got to know each other better the chief told me he was 150 years old, and from all the things he knowed I reckon he was. "One day he took me an' Davis down through the mountains and led us to the ruins of a building that most took my breadth away. I never saw any-thing like it in all my life. The walls thing like it in all my life. The walls were from 50 to 100 feet high and on the inside were polished smoother'n glass, These walls were made of terrible big stones, as well as we could cal-

at present in Durango, or at least was the last time Bledsoe heard from him. In a recent letter to the scout Davis mighty smart. They first made a low scaffold and then with the aid of this air pump moved the stones onto it and writes: "What do you think about going back to Mexico and searching them old ruins. If I knew as much as you y again?

lowstone country.

formity.

air pump moved the stones onto it and then into place in the walls. This kept up until they had the stones as high as they wanted them." Bledsoe is a practical machinist, blacksmith and carpenter, and no doubt knows whereof he speask. "Well, in the middle of this big room was a sort of stone plic public to room regard to that matter and could get along with the Indians as well as you, I surely would want to go for I know by was a sort of stone plt, only it was

built up above the ground about twelve eet. Inside it was lined with some sort of queer stuff and on one side near the ground was a little opening. The old chief told me his ancestors used to carry dirt and rocks down from the mountains, put it into this pit, (or maybe it was more like a furnace), and then burn it, after which, so the hief said, yellow stuff would run out the hole near the floor.

GOLD IN YELLOW STREAM. "Now you see that stone fixin' was

nothin' more than a smelter and the yellow stuff which ran out was gold. I had a sort of an iron cane with me and it had a sharp point. Aimless-like I was pokin' down in the earth around the furnace when my cane struck something. I knew it wasn't rock, so I kept on pokin' until I worked ut something about eight inches long ind four inches wide, and what was but a piece of gold that had run lown into a hole from the mouth or the furnace. I brought it back to the states with me and sold it for \$1,000. "But this was nothin' to the wonder-ful things the chief told me. He had the history of his people for over 3,000 years back. It had been handed down

rom generation to generation, but always kept inside the tribe. "'We were all white then, and the White Spirit ruled over us,' said the chief, 'Water flowed on all sides, the grass grew up to our breasts and whateve we planted in the ground brought

forth great crops. But Cortez, the black spirit, came and ruled my people. He, tore down our temples, laid waste our fields, dried up our rivers and killed our peopl

"After telling that, the chief took us to a mountain, where steps led up to the top, and showed us a slide that was almost straight up like a wall. The top of the mountain was a white stone, but at one place on this straight wall was a big dark stain like blood. The chief said this was where his ances tors had been thrown over to death after their hearts had been cut out and held up in the sun on the point of a lance. And 'way down at the bottom of this mountain was wagon loads and wagon loads of dry bones. The old chief also told me of a wonderful city that from the way he ex-plained it must have been buried by

an earthquake. It was near the ruins he showed us, and he said there had been a fine temple in the city. In this temple was a stone that weighed 100 tons. The stone had been hollowed out inside of it were little stones on which was written the history of the chief's people for thousands of years back. Riches, too, that couldn't be counted, the chief said, were buried with the

city. RETURN FOR THE TREASURE.

"At that time I never thought se much about it except that I would go back some day and look for the treas ure. Since I left the country, hough hough I have told ministers and educated men about the old chief and his people, and they said he was talking about the lost tribes of Israel. "So I made up my mind to go back.

I went up to Leadville to get some money that was coming to me, intend-

ger, and see if I can get him to tell me more." B. F. Davis, Eledsoe tells about, is at present in Durango, or at least was the last time Bledsoe heard from him. In a present letter to the scout Davis Celebrated General Marshall in his construction was the provent for the scout of the scout of the celebrated General Marshall in his

guerrilla war through Central Ameri-ca. Marshall had been robbed by the natives while crossing the Isthmus of Panama some years before, and getting a fearless band of plainsmen about him went back and started a warfare of extermination for revenge. So suc-cessful was he that he was practically declared president of Costa Rica, San Salvador, Guutemala and Honduras

I surely would want to go, or I know by what you have loid me and by reading old books and the Bible that there is someticing secret i somewhere, and by them telling you of things that have been handed down from generation to generation goes to show that there must be something there, and it must be something there, and it must declared president of Costa Rica, San Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras, until the English interfered. Coming back to the States again, Bledsoe led Major Waite and the Fifth infantry from Leavenworth, Kan. to Salt Lake Circ during what was known Salt Lake City during what was known as the Mormon war.

be something sacred or they would not watch them old ruins so close. I be-At the outbreak of the civil war the gallant scout enlisted with the Second Colorado volunteers under Colonel Jim Ford, serving in company E under Caplieve that the lost tribes of Israel came across here somewhere. There was something that belonged to Israel that was lost or hidden away somewhere. I have thought that its whereabouts tain William Green, and company G, under Captain E. Boyd. They fought at Pigeon's Ranch and Fort Craig, in New was known by some, but this I canno say. But there is one thing certain-Pigeon's Ranch and Fort Craig, in New Mexico, and at the latter place routed General Sibley's Texas Rangers. Gov-ernor Glipin then asked the Second Colorado to go over into Kansas, which they did, engaged in bushwhacking stiemings even any During the way it will not be many years before it is found. There is things hidden away that would be of great help in this day and age of the world." Lives of few men have been more skirmishes every day. During the war Biedsoe was shot twice in the body and was nearly scalped by an exploding

Lives of few men have been more stirring than that of Charles Nelson Molden Eledsoc. He was born in Lex-ington, Ky., but when a baby his par-ents moved to Lexington, Mo. When about 10 years old he ran away from home, rather than go to school, and go-ing to St. Louis, was hired by the elder Pierre and Charles F. Chouteau to go on an expedition with the American Fur company. They went up into the St. Lawrence district, were driven off by the Hudson Eap people, and then confined their operations to the Yeishell. The old scout also had many thrill-ing encounters with Indians, the last being in May, '71, down at Deer Trail, Colo. He was with Jake Sheer, who Colo. He was with Jake Sheer, who owned a big ranch, and one of Sheer's herders, when a band of about 800 Sloux in full war paint swooped down upon them and tried to drive off about 500 head of Texas cattle. The first show-er of arrows killed the herder, and then Sheer and kidene had a doubt for their onfined their operations to the Yel-Sheer and Bledsoe had a fight for their MEXICAN WAR VETERAN. Bledsoe went through the Mexican var having charge of General Zach 'aylor's horses, and in 1844 once Wort war having charge of General Zach Taylor's horses, and in 1844 came West with Lieutenant (afterwards General) the dust when the two, sorely pressed, both wounded by arrows, came in sight Fremont, on Fremont's expedition to of the Wilson ranch. Andy and Billy establish a line between Mexico and the Wilson ran out to help them, and thinking a big rescue party was coming, the United States for the government. Hon. Thomas Benton, the celebrated Mis- Indians made off.

CONSUMPTIVES HARKEN TO GOOD NEWS! Recent United States government reports show that during the year 1900,

the deaths from Consumption were fewer by 40,000 than in 1890. How great is

modern medicine! To successfully fortify the predisposed Consumptive against this human scourge is a mighty step in medical progress; to rescue actual subjects of The the disease is a wonderful scientific the lungs

ALMOST AND ACTUAL

achievement. The four wonderful preparations of Dr. Slocum-free to all threatened or afflicted humanity-both prevent and .

cure That such an army of people have

They are the safeguard against and the cure for not only Consumption but many wasting maladies. The Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the

ost energetic and successful tissue builder known. The Tonic is a wonderful agent for-

bodily reinforcement. Expectorant increases the

reathing capacity by giving freedom to Ozojell cure for Catarrh is ad-Th

mirable for healing purposes. Some cases call for four remedies in combination; others need only one or

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two of the preparations. Whether you have Consumption or been spared the horrors of the malady | not, if your powers of life are failing



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has been due largely to the free, broadcast distribution of these preventive and curative remedies. Thousands availed themselves of his

corrective, tonic and building, As a complete armor, they turn the

hand, they strike down and conquer maladies that have already invaded the body.

was rich in color, as the waterflow was abundant. Two years ago its charming color was all gone. Careful survey, however, showed that while there was cause of less force, but because of less clearly defined throats demanding greater force, which they do not possess, energy. The current had been diverted As a matter of fact some geysers do in in another direction and was evidently giving its flow to another pool, a little to the north, whose terraces in turn were being freshly colored. Last sea-son the pools of the Minerva were were being freshly colored. Last sea-son the pools of the Minerva were again overflowing the brim, the color is spreading, and the north pool will consequently lose its water and beauty. this year. The Fountain geyser be-came irregular in 1899. Another geyser burst out not a hundred feet away, and ran a very brilliant but irregular career for a short season, the sum total of its Those rich colorings depend on the con-When force being so nearly equal to that of the old Fountain that it was easy to the water ceases, decrepitation begins,

yourself the prompt benefit of the free offer which means health to you. Free for the Asking. To obtain these four FREE prepara-

tions that have never yet failed to cure, all you have to do is to write to

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Editor's Note .- When writing the Doctor, please mention the Deseret News, giving express and post office address, and greatly oblige.

parently dead geysers are not quiet be- , break had taken place below in the pipe of the old geyser, and the current was forced from a smaller nozzle, hence more brilliant. But in 1900 Fountain geyser was playing again in undiminished glory, as nature's plumbers had mended their broken pipes.

"The Black Growler is another strik-ing case. Through a cone, three feet in diameter and four feet high, an enormous amount of apparently superheated steam used to rush continuously, a roaring gong that could be heard two miles. All at once a series of very small vents broke out in front of it, and soon the single growler became silent. In its place some thirty little whistlers kept up their noise. But the

present outcry as to the park's

R. D. Grant, an expert, who has been I the formation in a new direction. This investigating the Yellowstone geysers is evident all about the region. All of this speaks not of dying energy, but of to determine whether they are dying the limits of that energy and of its per out, as returned, now reports that petual support up to that limit. It is changes of this sort that have led to "Over the entire area are endless dying.

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GEYSERS ARE CHANGING.

Expert Returning From the Yellowstone Reports New

Wonders.

small boiling points or fumaroles sput-"Three years ago Minerva terrace tering away with slight change of opening from year to year. Trifling external causes may vary these a little. while occasionally one seems to dry_up a striking change, it was not and go out of action. But even this apparent loss is often only the result of a dry coating of mud, forming too heavy a crust for the slight force to penetrate; and it is not uncommon to hear the baby geyser's smothered voice beneath the surface. Indeed, the most striking impression made is that of unitinual flow of scalding water.

"In natural construction, as where and the color fades. The geyser is to be thought of

free offer and today owe their lives to this fact. Many almost consumptives were prevented having the malady and othersactual subjects-were cured and saved

The wonderful properties of these preparations, which bar and prevent and arrest and cure Tuberculosis have been proven to be actively germicidal,

shafts of disease; as mighty weapons, that can be wielded by the weakest



