

The Unpopular Dead Man "The Mexican" Still Free

A Word from our Proprietor

While I admit that, as it is only natural for a foreigner, certain niceties of the American legal system still escape me, I always thought the law on this side of the Atlantic Ocean was not fundamentally different from that of old Europe - at least until I came to Bewstownd!

As I write this, Mackey Maria Clifton, has been dead for over a year. To remind my audience of the manner of his passing away let me quote from our very first issue:

The situation then escalated, ending with the death of Clifton and Sweet at the hands of the stranger, who then left the saloon, leaving the mysterious pocket watch behind. Oliver Jackson, the Barkeeper, describes the fight: "Clifton and Sweet never stood a chance; that darn stranger was mighty quick with that Susan of his. Shot Clifton before anyone knew what had happened and made quick work of Sweet too. Not the kind of fellow you want to be messing with."

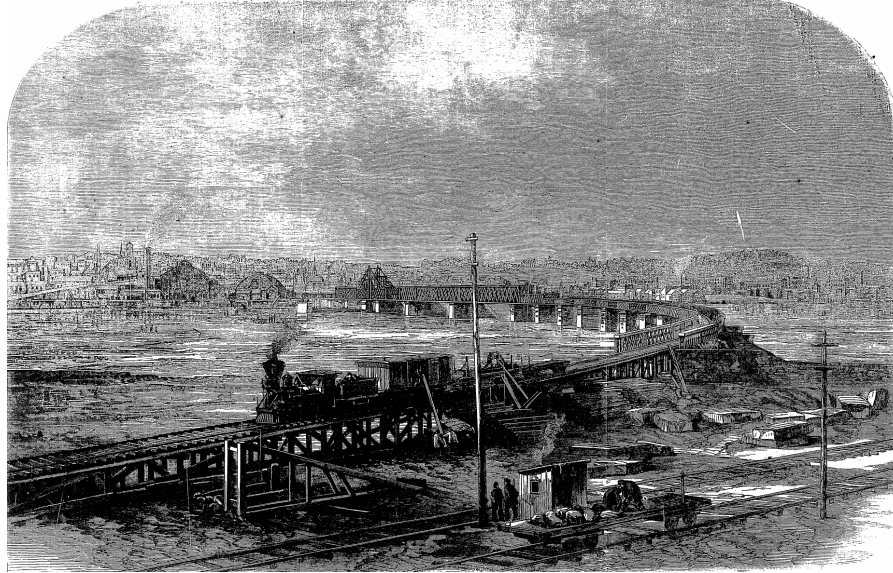
So, to put this bluntly: "The Mexican" shoots two men in cold blood, walks out of the saloon, gets stitched up by the doctor and the following week he's back as Bill Fenderson's head cowboy. The sheriff just wants to forget the shooting ever happened, the mayor is otherwise occupied and the real Mexicans all wear stupid grins. I ask you, citizens of Bewstownd: Is this justice?

Signora Zenobia's Corner

You all know me, are all intrinsically familiar with the singular literary entity that is I, Signora Psyche Zenobia, thus a *Vorstellung* of the here-presented *ego* seems superfluous. Thus, let us dip directly in *medias res*, shall we - namely, thus: It is very nearly always, lest one should sound too maudlin and *ennuyant*, both advantageous for the *Auflagenzahl* and thus also beneficial for, the hungry minds of one's revered readers, to include engaging, and thus entertaining, *poèmes*, such as this latest by *bambino prodigio* Edward Maddox:

The Haven

"Once upon a prairie dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,
Over many an old and drunken volume of
forgotten whore,
While I wandered, nearly napping, and saw no
shore,
Only sad sand, and dark dust,
And crippled cacti, and murky mud,
And only one single, very tiny, trodden, feeble,
and forlorn, alfalfa sappling,
I lost my way under the starry sky
And never again beheld my haven - alas, bucolic
Bewstownd! Sigh."



Railroad Reaches Denver City!

Mayor Fenderson Takes Part in the Celebration!

Denver City, September 24th. After years of futile gestures and pointless infighting, officials from Colorado Central Railroad finally connected the last leg of the Cheyenne-Denver line. The track was officially inaugurated in a grand ceremony under the delighted eyes of state and local officials from throughout Colorado.

Our very own mayor Carl Fenderson, who attended the celebration with his wife and son, called the event "a marvelous triumph of modern engineering and entrepreneurship." His wife Lily commented that "it was very festive," while little Nestor's only reaction consisted of a loud burp.

Mexican Railroad Workers Paid for Once!

The only other Bewstownd resident in attendance, well-known bean and beet farmer Francisco Moreno, who was in Denver City on unspecified business involving, as he put it, "lucrative investments," wrinkled his nose at the festivities. "It's a sham. For all purposes the railroad was here three months ago when Kansas Pacific reached the suburbs. Now, Colorado Central comes in and makes it a grand spectacle just to divert people's attention from their steadily falling share values." But in the end the steadfast Mexican had to admit that there was something positive about all this: "At least the Mexican workers have been paid this time."

The War in Europe French Emperor Captured by the Prussians! President Grant Delighted at Declaration of the Third French Republic!

Sedan, September 2nd. In an unexpected reversal of roles the French army, itself the aggressor in this war (the Herald reported), experienced its darkest day when in the eastern city of Sedan a hundred thousand men, including French Emperor Napoleon III, surrendered to the Prussian and Bavarian forces under the command of William I of Prussia.

Within the day, a revolutionary government had seized power in Paris. The revolutionary troops continue to fight the Germans with renewed vigor. Padre Benítez commented that the German advance was a clear sign that they had paid close attention to the lessons taught by the War of Secession, but underestimated French partisans.

The Bewstownd ATF (Alcohol, Tobacco and Fornication) Prohibition League invites to its monthly tea and cookie afternoon. It will be held as usual in the First Protestant Church, starting at three p.m.



President Grant's congratulations to the birth of the French Republic were reportedly ignored by the Prussians. Chief Yellow Rattlesnake, our resident expert on Germany, sees the situation as follows: "Germany will win, because they have better beer. It don't make you drowsy like French wine." Dr. Isaacs laments the many dead and dreads further warmongering in Europe.

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A Bold Proposal A World's Fair in Bewstownd? -Why Not!

The meeting held last night by our town's most distinguished citizens to consider the proposal of hosting a World's Fair here in 1878 concluded it to be highly desirable and, moreover, distinctly feasible. The majority of the discussion consisted of overcoming Dr. Isaacs' objections of being "far too old for this! Why, I can barely cope with the influx of patients during the Fair!" Eventually, it was decided that he should hire an assistant for the duration of the event, as the Doctor threatened to leave the town for good otherwise. A committee was appointed to raise at least \$1,000,000 in preparation for the event, as well as to draft plans and a list of nations to be invited. Attractions already agreed on include The Prairie Garden, 20 acres of genuine American desert land that boast not a single plant over 3 inches' height, and the establishment of a museum dedicated to the town's founder, Old Bews, in the Bews' End mine. "My wife and my boy, they're gonna love it!" said mayor Fenderson. His brother, land-owner William Fenderson, added: "Having gained local fame with the yearly Bewstownd Fair, we believe it is now time to take the next step and seek international renown. There is no reason why the name Bewstownd shouldn't be as famous as, say, Walsenburg or Paris!" Madam Lucy, the saloon owner, was quoted as saying "Pah, delusions of grandeur, all of it! Where do they suppose they're going to get a million dollars, anyway?" She was not admitted to the meeting, however.

Patent Patience

The trials and tribulations about the now infamous fence patent of the late Mackey Clifton still rage on and there is no respite in sight. In what has come to be known as Bewstownd vs. Mackey Maria Clifton, the framing community of Bewstownd has now filed a class action suit of appeal with the state court back in Baltimore, MD, Clifton's birthplace and the location of his estate. To wit, according to witnesses Clifton had repeatedly attempted to extort money from Bewstownd farmers with an alleged patent on their fences. After his demise it has turned out that the patent was actually genuine. Several supposed heirs of Clifton have already claimed inherited ownership of said patent and the subsequent royalties. "This is an outrage and a travesty of justice," were the words of F. Moreno, spokesman of the Bewstownd Farmer's Association. In related news, the Sons of the South deny that Clifton's associate the late Mr. Sweet has ever fought for Dixie. They stated that they want their uniform back, which should prove difficult.