

## LIBERTY PARK INN®

*A Syndicated Column*

*Name: 1800's Hotel And Saloon*

*By: David Henry © 2012*

"Howdy partners," I said. "Welcome to my establishment. My name's Slippery Dave. The year's 1810 here in Liberty City and I'm the proprietor of this here hotel and saloon."

"We're Ned and Jed Miller," Ned replied. "We're brothers."

"Nice to meet ya," I said.

"Nice to meet you too, Slippery Dave," Ned replied. "Hey, that's an unusual name. How'd ya come by it?"

"Each year we hold a county fair down by the lake," I answered. "Once when I was a boy I won the greased watermelon contest. People started calling me Slippery Dave after that and the name stuck."

"Interestin'," Ned replied.

"You boys look like ya been travelin' a fair piece," I observed. "Where ya hale from?"

"Me and my brother's from Central City," Ned replied.

"Nice town," I commented. "I been there."

"Yeah. It's a nice town," Jed agreed. "Yer's is nice too."

"Yeah," I said. "We got a mayor and a general store and there's a church just down the way a piece. We got all the modern conveniences. And people are right friendly here. It's a good place to settle down and raise a family. So what brings you to our town?"

Ned answered, "We're lookin' for the varmint that kill't our little sister."

"Tell me what happened," I inquired.

"We had all our money hid away in our cabin," Ned explained. "And this varmint was jest about to steal it when our little sister walk't in on him unexpected like and surprised him right in the act. We came in right behind her just in time to see him as he pull't out his gun and shot her three times. We saw the whole thing."

"That's terrible," I exclaimed! "What did ya do then?"

"When he saw us, he ran out and jump't on his horse and took off. We follow't him but lost him somewhere

near the railroad tracks just north of here."

"How old was yer sister when she died," I asked?

"She just turned 17," Jed answered. "And a right pretty thing she was too."

"Could ya recognize this varmint if ya saw him again," I asked?

"We sure can," Jed said with a certainty that left no doubt. "We'll never forget his face."

"You got any evidence," I asked?

Ned reached into his saddlebag and pulled out a bloodstained dress.

"This here's the dress she was wearin' when he kill't her."

"That looks like pretty convincin' evidence to me," I replied. "There's three bullet holes just like ya said and that sure is a lot of blood."

"Yeah," Ned said.

"Well yer in luck today," I explained.

"I'm the justice of the peace here in these parts. That room back there is where we hold court when we needs to. But we don't have much crime 'round here. We're decent law abidin' folk. Not that long ago nearly everybody in this country was a decent law abidin' Christian. No doubt that's 'cause of what George Whitefield and them other preachers done in the religious revival."

"Our town is like that too," Jed commented.

"Hey, if ya be needin' a posse to help find that varmint I can scare one up fer ya," I volunteered.

"That'd be much appreciated, judge," Ned replied.

"No need to call me judge except in court," I said. "Slippery Dave is fine. That's what folks around here calls me."

"Ok," Ned replied.

"Now don't ya hunt down that varmint and kill him yerself," I said. "We're civilized here. We'll give him a proper trial and give him a few days to make his peace with God if he wants to before he dies. Then we'll hang him real civil like."

"We won't kill him," Ned promised. "If we find him here, we'll let you put him on trial."

I added, "I hear'd that some towns

back east have hired themselves a sheriff to enforce the law. Don't know why they did that. But we're like most towns in this country. We got no sheriff."

"What's a sheriff," Jed asked?

I answered, "When this here country first started there be no sheriffs anywhere. Twenty-two years ago, in 1788 when we ratified our constitution it gave us only courts and the grand jury fer maintainin' law and order."

"We do know how the grand jury works," Jed commented. "We was cheated out of some money several years back and our father went to the grand jury and asked them to investigate."

"We still use the grand jury system here too," I said. "Works fine fer us folks. I'll tell ya if we ever do hire a sheriff here he'll just intrude into our personal affairs and takes away our liberties we fought so hard for."

"Yer probably right," Ned replied.

"Well anyway," I continued, "you come and sit a spell. My wife, Kitty, will rustle ya up some grub. Lulubelle here in the fine red dress is goin' to sing fer y'all. And Dancin' Dan with the flying fingers is at the piana. So you just sit down here while I go round up that posse."

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This column introduces the 1800's hotel and saloon, which was located right near the current day Liberty Park Inn. These columns cover different time periods in history so the readers can get an idea of the perspectives of the people who lived in these earlier years of this country.

Most Americans today are unaware of the fact that there were no law enforcement officers in this country when we first became a nation. And they also do not realize that the grand juries we have today are nothing like the grand juries we had in the early days of this nation.

Liberty Park Inn® is a syndicated column about issues and current events featuring conversations in an imaginary hotel. You may contact the author through his website at [www.libertyparkinn.com](http://www.libertyparkinn.com).