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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



FIRST EDITION. 10,000.

DRAMA

—OF LIFE IN THE—

BLACK HILLS



3 Acts,
26 Scenes,
30 Characters.

Illustrated
with 40
Engravings.

To which is added a brief narrative of the trip, a Historical Sketch of the Hills, and notices of many of the prominent actors in that mining camp, accompanied by an original poem, entitled

GOLDEN NUGGETS,

—BY—

THOMAS McLEAN NEWSON.

SAINT PAUL.
DODGE & LARPEN TEUR,
1878.

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To the Public at Large

—AND—

To my Friends in the Hills.

The object of this book is not so much a history of the Hills as a portrayal of rugged life in the mines and a description of odd scenes and odd characters, and as these pictures are drawn from living realities, they become of peculiar interest to the general reader. Society, however, is not all of this type. I have met and mingled with as good people in the Hills as can be found anywhere in the West, and many who wear rough clothing, are true ladies and true gentlemen. My Drama embodies scenes of every day occurrences which are truthful to a degree that will challenge the criticism of those best informed. Accompanying the Play are brief sketches of the Hills, and of the outward trip; also personal notices of the more prominent characters who are now either living, or who have but recently passed off the stage of life. And thus, with a hope that my little work will not only interest but instruct the great public, I submit it to their keeping.

THE AUTHOR.

THE BLACK HILLS.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

“Pah-Sappa” is the Indian title for the Black Hills. Pah—hill, Sappa—black. They derive their name from the immense amount of pine which grows upon their summits, the green foliage of which, in the distance, gives them a dark appearance,—hence Black Hills. They lie partly in the Territories of Dakota and Wyoming, but at one time were a separate reservation belonging to the Indians. They rise right out of a vast plain of from 250 to 300 miles in extent on nearly all sides of them, and in the prospective present a succession of undulating mountains, with here and there a high peak projecting, apparently, into the sky. They occupy a space of about 100 miles square—then one is lost on boundless plains, where, for miles the view is never interrupted, even by anything higher than a common wild sage bush. For many years past,—at least not less than twenty-five,—this section of country has been looked upon and talked about, as a mysterious region. Tales of unbounded stores of gold have come borne over the prairie to the white man’s ears, and intimations and insinuations from the Indians, have only corroborated the story. As far back as 20 years ago, the good and faithful Father DeSmet confidentially asserted that there were mountains of gold in this section, and that golden nuggets could be found on the shores of lakes even beyond that portion of country which is now known as the Black Hills. Half-breeds and Indians carried into Fort Garry many years since, bags of gold dust obtained from this region. Knowledge of these facts coming to the ears of the Government, Custer’s Expedition with Prof. Jenney’s investigations followed, and then the ever-grasping desire of the American mind for gold, took possession of the American people, and Indian ground or no Indian ground, on they pressed right into the jaws of the savages, who, claiming they had no rights on their soil, brought on a conflict, in which many a poor fellow lost his life, and the Government became involved in a long and expensive Indian war. Gordon and his party were among the first to enter the Hills. They were forcibly taken out, and their property destroyed by the American Government. A commission to treat with the Indians for the lands followed, at a cost of \$50,000: it proved unsuccessful. Emigrants continued to make their way into the Hills. Soon it was demonstrated beyond a doubt, that gold exist-



THE BLACK HILLS. PROFESSORS OF GEOLOGY VIEWING THE FORMATION OF THE COUNTRY. FIRST ENTRY OF UNITED STATES TROOPS.

The Gold Region is a succession of Mountains as represented in the cut, only higher and many more of them. I have given that class of mountains which are usually metalliferous, that is, those that are generally bald, contain the best mines of gold and silver. Those thickly covered with pine trees,-- (and this is the predominant characteristic of the Hills,) have not as yet proved to be of very great mineral value. The Geologists (with their high top silk hats,) are standing upon the peak of one of the highest of these bald hills, (at least one thousand feet above the plains,) while Gen. Custer and his troops are on the ridge of another Hill on their way down into a valley.

ed in the streams in paying quantities, and then right in the teeth of the most imminent danger ever presented to man, the routes to the gold fields swarmed with pilgrims, who had determined to fight their way through or die in the attempt. Fabulous stories of the existence of gold in the rocks and among the gravel, inflamed the public mind, and onward the crowd rushed, pushing aside the American soldier, setting at defiance treaty stipulations, snapping fingers at Indian threats, enduring unheard of hardships, periling lives,—all for the sake of that strangely, incomprehensible love—of GOLD.

And thus opened the winter in the Black Hills in 1876—the centennial year of the American independence. Government saw plainly enough that this great tide of emigration could not be stayed without much bloodshed, and so the mass moved on, confronting the wild savage, step by step, well knowing that no protection and no quarters would be given, for really at this time the title to the land was supposed to exist in the Indians, and the Government had refused aid to those who might attempt to enter the Hills. The Indians took up the war-path. Sitting Bull and his adherents swept the plains. Expeditions were attacked, whole parties murdered and horribly mutilated; stock stolen; wives made widows—children made fatherless. And yet the crowd swept on, until, in mid-summer, 1876, the Hills contained a population of not less than 6,000 people, all armed, many inured to frontier life, with a fixed determination to hold their claims or leave their bones bleaching on the sides of the streams. In several noted cases the miners were rewarded for their indefatigable efforts, and gold began to make its appearance in the East, as *prima facie* evidence of an existing fact. The contagion spread. French Creek, Spring Creek and Deadwood Gulch gave up their wealth, and then gold began to be found in the veins, and capital turned its face towards the only star that glittered in the financial sky. It was not Black Hills or burst, as it had been in the days of Pike's Peak, but it was burst first, and then Black Hills afterward. Men of the East, many of whom had been unfortunate in business, turned their faces towards the only ray of hope that flickered across the heavens, and that hope centered in the Black Hills.

A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF THE TRIP.

Fully impressed with the belief, from what I had previously heard and knew respecting the metalliferous deposits of Pah-Sappa, as the Indians call it, and new and more and well founded information coming to hand, I concluded to visit the hills, so bidding good bye to the loved ones at home—to friends who thought they should never see me again, I embarked on my perilous journey.



ON THE TRIP. BURIAL OF DEAD INFANT OF EMIGRANTS NEAR RED CLOUD AGENCY. FRIENDLY INDIANS VIEWING THE SCENE.

Nothing is so sad as the scene represented in the engraving. A wife longs for her husband. He is in the Hills: he comes not. She waits; hopes:—prays; and still he comes not. She writes, and writes, and writes again—no answer is received, and then she resolves; sells off her household goods, and disregarding the advice of those of experience, gathers her children about her and starts on her journey. The favorite child sickens—calls for papa—no papa comes. The mother's heart is big with agony! Day after day and at the camp fire, night after night, she watches; the little one writhes with pain.—It calls again the endearing name of "papa," and amid the wildness of nature and the loneliness of the scene, its little spirit passes out into a better world. Then friendly hands wrap the blanket about the alabaster form, kindly hearts prepare the grave, and amid the lamentations of the mother and the sister, the dear little inanimate clay passes out of earthly sight forever. As if to make the picture more impressive, Nature's great rocks and Nature's untutored yet friendly children silently gaze upon the scene. At her journey's end the father no longer hears the patter of little feet; he no longer feels the soft touch of little hands; no longer the electric thrill of little lips, but upon his heart there is a heavy weight—he might have saved his baby boy!

On the way startling rumors met my ears. The Indians had attacked the whites in every conceivable manner; several men had been killed on the road, and many were hurrying back to the States. A dreadful fear had seized the people. The horrible atrocities of the Indians; their persistent, usually unexpected and deadly attacks; their unmerciful and savage revenge, had conspired to create a stampede, and there were more coming from, than going to, the Hills. Besides, apparently well authenticated reports of small pox among the miners gave me rather a gloomy idea of that far off glittering El Dorado. Still, I came to go to the Hills, and I was going.

The country through which we passed was very desolate, not a tree, even the size of a grasshopper was visible, except along the bottoms of some of the streams. Camped at a place called Running Water. Old pioneers threw down their bedding on the new made hay and spoke in glowing terms of their luck. I followed suit: while just in the act of crawling into my novel bed, I felt something crawling under my hand, and on investigation, found it to be a snake. Now I don't like snakes; never did like snakes: would much prefer to see Old Nick himself with his pitchfork, than that gliding, elongated form and glittering eye, and if forty Indians or forty demons had been under my blanket, I couldn't have jumped quicker and cleared myself of the neighborhood than I did on that eventful night. A little further along we strike the Indian trail which crosses to Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies, and here and beyond here is where the fiercest attacks have been made by the savage foe. We now enter the Red Canon, and from this point forward, the Professor, who figures in the Drama which follows, will fully describe the scenery along the way, until we enter the Hills.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HILLS—THEIR GEOLOGICAL FORMATION.

As one approaches the Hills from the plains to which I have already alluded, they present a succession of mountains rising one above the other until the highest, (Hearney's Peak,) seems to cleave the clouds, then they drop down lower and lower until the plains are reached, and here are what are termed the Foot Hills, being really at the foot of high mountains which rise so grandly in the centre. Standing on the top of one of these highest peaks, the eye rests upon a glowing and lovely scene. A chain of a thousand hills stretch out upon the vision, broken occasionally by a valley, when beyond this nest of mountains, (so to speak) the plains are again visible in the distance for miles and miles. Geologically considered the Hills present very unique and grotesque characteristics. Entering them from the Cheyenne route, you pass by the lime and sand-stone formations lying horizontally, and pene-

trate the Red Canon, so called by the oxide of iron that has trickled over the rocks for ages, and given them a red appearance. The road is narrow, the mountains are high, and rise on an elevation of about 65 degrees. Along the side of these mountains, and on their top, are huge trees. As I passed through this gorge when the Indians were very dangerous and very troublesome, I had no opportunity to examine them with a view to ascertaining their mineral wealth, but veins which I saw by the road side as I passed along in the stage, and the prevailing oxyd of iron (really the father of gold) lead me to the belief that valuable mineral deposits exist in this neighborhood. Emerging from the Red canon we rolled out into what is justly termed Pleasant Valley—a broad expanse of country guarded by high hills, resembling, very strikingly, the lay of land on the north shore of Lake Superior, minus the valley. Indians were still about us and we kept to our coach, consequently no explorations were made in this direction. As we approach Custer the Hills begin to rise in succession, piling, apparantly, heterogeneously one above the other, until the eye is lost amid the diversified rise and swell of the rocky cliffs which appear and disappear as we changed our position from one point to another. No spot on the American continent is so grand and beautiful as Custer. Lying peacefully in a basin, with French creek winding through it and the ground gently ascending, reaching even to the apex of Hearney's peak, the scene is lovely beyond description. In front of the city a high mountain rears its head; just outside of the line of houses, a bluff surrounds the place in a semi-circle, and from this bluff no grander view ever fell upon the vision of man. Talk about scenery in Europe! It is tame in comparison with that about Custer. Gazing out from this point, no sight could be more enchanting. Here at our feet is the quiet city, so clean and regular. Yonder is an undulating plain, as charming as the graceful figure and motions of a woman: on our left winds the road; on our right, swelling knolls, hillocks, valleys, and just beyond, grand natural avenues, 300 feet wide, on either side of which are uplifts of rocks, and on the tops of which are trees. Further on are parks, grottoes, rills, vales, streams, valleys, mountains, and every element necessary to make a most imposing scene. These avenues are lined by trees, and the small road which winds through them beautifully, remind one of the magnificent domains of an English lord, rather than nature's handiwork. An artificial park of this character, would cost \$10,000,000; and yet, there is no apparant mineral wealth in and about Custer, and here it lies awaiting some development in the march of events to bring it into use and make it one of the most charming spots inside of the range of American scenery.

But the beauty of the country has swallowed up my geological ideas, and I find myself rambling in the field among the flowers and



IN A RANCHE. TERRIBLE ALARM BY A REPORT OF INDIANS NEAR.

This is a laughable yet a truthful scene. Many a time, on the road to the Hills, in 1876, did the passengers on the Stage from Cheyenne, arouse from their slumbers at the report of "Indians near," and present a much more ludicrous scare than is indicated in the engraving. Whatever may be said of the bravery of white men, I found that in every case they were terribly frightened at the report of Indians, and usually those who affected to be the bravest were the greatest cowards. For instance, the man with his clothes in his arms, "wasn't afraid of Indians!" but at the first alarm, he became so dreadfully nervous that he was unable to dress, while the young man with his coat on and right arm partially lifted, (who, during the journey, was afraid,) is now ready for the fight. The man with the boots does'nt fully comprehend the situation; the chap with his hands in his pocket, don't care a d—mn.--- The man in the berth looking out, "do'at think there will be much of a shower," while the fellow below him, is so frightened that he howls like a mountain lion! In times like these there must be a leader, and any judge of human nature can readily see that the coolest man will carry off the prize, and that man is the one to whom they are looking and in whom they all have confidence. It is very brave for one sitting in his parlor at home, to tell what he **WOULD** do, in case of an Indian attack, but it is another thing to lead a crowd of frightened men in case of such an emergency.

trees, instead of examining the stratification of the more solid parts of God's magnificent work. Here, just where I stand, the geology of the Hills commences. Five or six miles back of Custer, northwest, the country is greatly broken by great masses of slate and amygdaloid rock. Really, this section of the country looks like other mineral lands, and many old miners aver it will yet prove to be the richest part of the Hills. The contour of the country does not change until you reach Camp Crook, about 40 miles from Deadwood, when the trappean rock, or, as it is called by some, greenstone, usually found on Lake Superior, makes its appearance, and with it we have clear evidences of silver and copper. This rock goes hand in hand with the argillaceous slate, huge masses of which appear on every side. At Deadwood there are mountains of limestone, beneath which from four to five hundred feet deep, are veins in which I have found gold and silver. In and about Deadwood the veins mostly contain copper and some silver, while up towards Gaysville and above it, come in the cement beds and veins in which gold can clearly be seen; and here, we observe for the first time porphyritic rock, with the two classes of slate—tal-cose and argillaceous. These cement beds were no doubt at some period sedimentary deposits from water, for in them we find agglutinated porphery, quartz, slate, pebbles, trap, granite and iron mixed. Then subsequently a volcanic action (which is clear,) threw them up on to the Slate mountains, and flowing over, made what are known in the Hills, as the conglomerate mines. The Alpha, the Keats, the Aurora, the Hidden Treasure, the Fairview. (to a degree) are of this character. The Homestake, the Old Abe, the Golden Terry, and the Father De Smet, are all different, being veins, with wall rocks, and well defined. Gold is found in all these mines. Now, the miner from California looks for gold in white rock here, but he don't find it. The man from Montana expects it in rose colored rock, but looks in vain. The explorer from Nevada and Utah hunts for a gray rock, but it is non est, and so, each and all having very rapidly gone up the hill, very deliberately go down again—that is, leave for home, while the tender foot, who knows nothing, pockets the red oxide of iron ore, in which there is gold; gobbles the slate in which there is gold; claims a bald headed hill, upon which there is nothing apparantly, but in which there is gold; smokes his cigar, elevates his heels, smoothes his stomach, and grins over his good luck; sells out for \$80,000, and sings "Dad's a Millionaire." Deformed monstrosities, geologically speaking, are the peculiar characteristics of the Hills, and every day demonstrates that these monstrosities are becoming more numerous. They are discarded by the professor, disgusting to the old miner, perplexing to the thoughtful man, but a God-send to the ignorant; so, after nearly six months of study, I have

come to the conclusion that gold is just where nature puts it—either in a turnip or in a pancake; in quartz or in slate; in veins or in beds; in fact, it is just where you don't expect it, and in this respect the Black Hills differ from all other mining countries on the face of the globe.

A MINING CAMP.

A mining camp is made up of all classes of people, and of all nationalities. Generally speaking, they emigrate for one motive—gold. Yet there are some who follow the excitement of a mining population not so much for the money to be had, as for the pleasure of a feverish life, which they have enjoyed from early youth. Stories of hair-breadth escapes and dare-devilism—gambling, robbing, and even killing, are elements in which they revel. The boy reads yellow-covered literature, forms an ideal hero, and when old enough seeks to reach in reality what he dreamed of in boyhood. So, equipped with a broad brimmed hat, a leathern belt, long hair, slouching clothes and a wild expression, (usually affected,) he startles the wild element in which he moves, by some daring act that at once elevates him, in their estimation, to a proud place on the roll of honor. Then he is a hero, just as he used to read about in years gone by. His associates applaud, admire, praise, and he aspires for a name in history that will rival in brightness that of Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin! Some, however, are natural characters, the result of hereditary causes, while others are only imitators. The first usually die with their boots on, while the others “skip the country,” and live to repeat their acts away into old age. In the Drama which follows, I have sought to group some thirty of these characters, and as they come upon the stage they are presented in a life-like form. This, with biographical notices of some of the most noted, a historical sketch of the gold region, a narrative of the trip, and a description of the country, will enable the reader to form an intelligent and correct idea of—LIFE IN THE HILLS.



SIR, I TELL YOU THERE IS GOLD IN THE HILLS.

Gold is the grand topic of the day; not only in the mines in the gold region, but in the country at large; not only commercially, but politically; not only financially, but socially. Gold is King. Silver has played a subordinate part in the past, but is now reaching out on to the plain of equality, and these two controlling and dominating elements of the world, will no doubt hereafter travel together. No wonder the news of large deposits of gold in the Hills creates a great interest. Every where it is the theme of conversation, and when it is known as a fact, that fifty mills in the Black Hills are turning out from \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000 of precious metals per annum, the reader will readily see there is force in the expression—"Sir, I tell you there is gold there, sir; plenty of gold, sir!" The engraving represents but one of thousands of similar scenes throughout the land.

DRAMA OF

Life in the Black Hills.

SCENE I. ACT I.

Curtain rises, finding eight or ten men in a room, smoking and warmly discussing the hard times.

“Well, Jones, times are hard!”

“Indeed, they are!”

“What will become of the Country if things continue this way much longer?”

“I don't know but”—

“By the way, two more banks went over to-day, and the air is full of flying fragments from the Insurance Companies!”

“No! has the National Bank failed? I heard that Bodkin & Co., Dry Goods men, had gone under!”

“Smith! what do you think of these times?”

“Devilish hard. Don't know when we shall reach the end, but if not soon nine-tenths of the business men will be bankrupt!”

“Thomas, didn't you tell me that the Shoeman Manufacturing Company had bursted?”

“That's what I hear to-day.”

“Well, something must be done. We can't stay here. We must strike out somewhere, or go with the rest of the people, to the poor house.”

[Enters a gentlemanly young man, who, in a somewhat excited, yet theatrical manner, exclaims:]

“Gold! Gold! aye, elegant gold! Beautiful gold! Exquisite gold! Glittering gold; and abundance of it!”

“Where? How? What?—tell us all about it.”

[The whole company gather about the man, peering into his face, pulling him around gently, and each begging to know where this gold can be found.]

“Gentlemen, poverty is a disgrace. In times like these poverty

is considered a crime, and he who has no money is, in public estimation, a dog." [All the company respond—"That's true! that's a fact."]

"To be or not to be—**RICH**—that's the question. Whether you will dwaddle away your time here or seek to fill your empty pockets with ducats, aye, gentlemen, golden ducats,—that's another question."

"Why, what in the name of Heavens ails the man! Is he crazy? George, what are you talking about?"

"Gold! grand heaps of gold! Mountains of gold; streams of gold!"

"Well, where is it? Don't keep us in suspense: in the name of God where is it?"

"Aye, there's the rub. To suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune rather than gather glittering gold. To recline at ease upon your downy couches, and smoke your cigars rather than endure the privations of frontier life. To suffer the pangs of hunger—to want a drink and to go dry—to look seedy—to attempt the gentleman on one meal a day—to be a nonentity—(empty in pocket and empty in head)—when, with a burst of righteous indignation you can all accumulate fortunes. Gold buys respectability—gold opens doors to churches—gold barter virtue and shields crime. Gold is the motive power of the world! With it come comfort, luxury, pleasure! You have it not, and yet you grasp at it still, and still it is within your grasp, and still you pause,—you dare not venture."

"Sir, will you do me the favor to stop this infernal harrangue and tell us where this gold you speak of, can be found! We are tired of your theories, give us **FACTS**."

"Yes, yes, that's the point; we all want to know where this gold you speak of can be found!—give us facts."

"You appear impatient, gentlemen. You should remember that the love of gold is the root of all evil, but that gold itself is a timid, harmless commodity."

"Oh, nonsense! A sermon on the mountain might do, if you only tell us what's in the mountain; so out with it, let us know where comes that glittering gold!"

Shakespeare says—"Our doubts are traitors which make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt," and I'm fearful you would make sorry hands in your trip to the Hills."

[All the company jump to their feet and exclaim—] "Just show us where this gold can be found, and we will demonstrate our ability to go."

"Well, gentlemen, I then point to the **BLACK HILLS**! It is there where men of energy and pluck go to retrieve heavy losses; and there where nature yields up her plentiful harvest of golden



“GOLD! GOLD! AYE! ELEGANT GOLD!”

nuggets. Oh! gold! how it rings in the ear and tickles along the heart! Oh! gold! how it stirs the warm blood of the poor delver in life's woes and miseries! how it arouses ambition—evokes new and brighter dreams, cheers, even in anticipation, deadened hopes."

"Well, you have given us an interesting lecture on gold; you have also told us where it can be found, but you have not told us how to get there."

"Very true! gentlemen. Never having been there, I cannot speak from personal knowledge. But, (by the way, who comes here?) Why, upon my life, it is the Professor himself! (Enters Professor.)

"Ah! Professor, how do you do? (Shake hands.) Allow me to introduce you to several friends of mine who want to go to the Black Hills, and you would do them and myself a favor if you would tell them how to get there."

"Well gentlemen, I am glad to meet you, and shall be pleased to briefly describe the routes to the Hills, but you must bear in mind this fact, the trip is a perilous one, beset with wild and revengeful Indians, but if you go, expect to meet many hardships."

[Enters a dappy little fellow—well dressed—gold sleeve buttons—gold studs—gold pin—white shirt—silk hat—polished boots—rattan cane—patent scoop, and in a bland manner, says:—

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening."

"Going to the Hills?"

"Yes sir."

"Been to the Hills?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! I go in the same train."

"Indeed!"

"I have a clean outfit sir,—show you in the morning."

(And he leaves the company abruptly. As he moves off the stage, there enters a tall, somewhat rough looking man, who scans every face, when he quietly asks;—)

"Can I make one of your company, gentlemen?"

"Certainly, we are just looking for a chap like you. (Re-enters the Tender Foot with patent scoop in hand.)

"You said, I think, young man, you were going to the Hills—ever been there?"

"No, sir; but there is gold there, sir!—plenty of gold, sir! Gold in the streams, sir, gold in the rock, sir, gold on the top of the rock, sir, gold in the grass, gold, in fact, in the streets, sir."

"Aint you mistaken, my friend?"

"No, sir: I have my information from a source entitled to the



"A PATENT SCOOP, SIR."

highest credit. \$3,000,000 have already been taken out of French Creek! \$5,000,000 out of Deadwood Gulch! Abundance of gold, sir! in the Black Hills. I speak from positive knowledge."

(One of the company says:) "Say, boys, let's be off. Give us a leader, and I, for one, am for the Hills: yes, by thunder, I will start to-night."

"What have you there?"

"A patent scoop!"

"A patent scoop for what?"

"Gold, sir! taking up the gold, sir!"

"Then you expect to scoop it up, do you?"

"Yes, sir, of course, sir!"

(The small man hurries around among the company, talking to one and another, while the Prof. gazes upon him with astonishment. After the man leaves the stage the Professor says:—"In the common parlance of Miners' slang, that man is called a Tender Foot—a pilgrim—an appellation applied to one who thinks he knows it all, but in reality who knows nothing—an inexperienced gentleman, who draws largely on his imagination for facts, instead of learning what he does know, from hard knocks in the rough and tumble of life."

"Tell us, Professor, about the route to the Hills."

"Yes, tell us; we are getting impatient."

"Well, gentlemen, after leaving the States, one is outside the line of railroad communication—fairly at sea on the great ocean of doubt—not knowing whether he will land at the golden fields at the end of his contemplated journey, or reach the shores of eternity on the other side of life. The country through which we pass, is desolate. Mountain ranges appear on either side of us, while the limestone formations grow heavier and stronger as we proceed. Peeping out modestly from the dry grass, we observed a bunch or two of purple violets, so silent, so lonely in their prairie homes. Here is Chug-water, which derives its name from an Indian tradition, that, once upon a time the red men coralled a large herd of Buffalo at this place, and drove them over the ledge of rocks standing high up on the road side, and down they went—chug! and as the stream is near by, it is called Chug-Water. The Buffalos broke their necks and a grand pow-wow followed! Here, too, are many prairie dogs. These animals resemble puppies one month old, and have a shrill, sharp bark as they stand in the apertures of their houses and give signals of warning to the inmates therein. The ladies would call them 'dear little creatures.'"

(The Tender Foot steps forward towards the Professor and says:)

"Professor! just a minute—please excuse me, but are these animals you speak of, real live dogs? And don't you think I could catch one with my scoop, if I had a longer handle?"



“THE TRIP IS A LONG AND PERILOUS ONE!”

(The Professor smiles—pauses. The large, rough man mingles in the group as though anxious to discover some one. One or two of the company request the Tender Foot to keep still, and he finally subsides. The Professor continues:) “At this point high masses of white sand stone rise, apparently, out of the ground, and present grand and imposing scenes. In the distance they resemble farm houses with barns near by, and one is greatly surprised on approaching them, to find that they are only sand. Eagle’s Nest is a marked peculiarity of this formation. Nature has carved out a complete fortification, on the top of which is an Eagle’s nest, and over the high, ponderous doors a well defined lion lies peacefully gazing upon the scene. The deception is so great, that many aver it is the work of man, and not the frolics of nature which have produced these well defined images and architectural beauties. But what is the use, gentlemen, of my giving you a lecture on the subject, when you expect to go there yourselves, and my advice is—get ready.”

“Yes, that’s it—let’s get ready,” and the company leave the stage in confusion, the Tender Foot dancing around with his patent scoop, and the Professor and George going out together—the mysterious man peering again into the faces of the crowd, and is the last to leave.

SCENE II. ACT I.

(A Jew’s shop. Guns, pistols, and fire arms generally hang on his rack. Picks, shovels, and mining implements are prominent. Over his shop is a sign, “Sample Room.” Just under this—“Free Lunch, 25 Cents,” and in front—“Second Hand Store.” Enters German, and Jew bustles around to wait upon him.)

Jew. “I’se sell sheap, very sheap! You go to Black Hills, eh? Ah! I see you want pistol—one elegant pistol! I have him.” (And the Jew produces a small weapon, handles it quickly, remarking—“That be excellent pistol.” (The German looks at it, but does not like it.) “You want to kill Indian—it be grand for dot.” (German takes the pistol.) Jew continues—“See! Indian come up to you! You kill him!” (German hands the pistol back very quickly, with a grunt, and hurries to another part of the room. He finally examines an old rusty flint lock and asks:

“Vot for you takes for dot big-leetle gun?”

“Ah! dot is sheap, very sheap! He carry two miles! I sell him you for \$10.” (Jew takes up the gun and brings it to a level, when the German dodges about the room, exclaiming—

“Mein Got! Mein Got! you no shoot me! Mein frow und



“I’SE GWINE TO DE HILLS!”

children be dead, if I be shooted." (Jew laughs immoderately, puts down the gun and assures the German—"I no shoot! I sell you one big gun sheap, very sheap!") (German examines further and finally buys an ordinary pistol, and while examining the various articles, in pops a negro:—

"I say, Massa! has you any ting what for to cook in?"

"Vell, vot you want?"

"Golly, Massa, I done ax you."

"Vell, you be damned nigger, not to know vot you want," but I has him, I'se sells him to you sheap, very sheap."

"Yah! yah! yah! Ise gwine to de Black Hills wid Massa Jones, and I done want somethin for sure."

"Vell, I has him, you buys him sheap, very sheap!" (Negro selects a frying pan, cup and coffee pot. Jew jumps around enthusiastically, and is exceedingly polite in his attentions, while he is constantly assuring the negro that he "sells sheap, very sheap!" Enters the rough looking man who appeared in the first act. He looks around mysteriously, and then wants to see some pistols.

"Will you let me look at some of your pistols?"

"Them be very nice pistols. I sells them just so very sheap." The rough man buys the pistols, puts them on his person, and again looking round, walks out.

"Vell, now! I likes them Black Hills. By jimminy, let me see—I make to-day, clear profit—\$50. Vell, vell—dot vill do. Yes, yes; that will do," and rubbing his hands, he closes the shutters and the curtain falls.

SCENE III. ACT I.

(Inside of a parlor. Woman sitting at a table sewing. Child engaged playing. Enters George, the husband of the woman, who rises and comes to her as she enters. Puts her hand upon his shoulder and says:

"Why, dear George! what has made you so late to-night?"

"Dear Mary! You know times are hard—some of our best men have failed, and I have been thinking"—

"But, George, whatever else you do, don't go from home!"

"Well, Mary, what CAN I do? Trade is dull—money is scarce—times are hard. I have struggled to keep out of debt, and you know we both have economized, and what of the future? What about you and the child?"

Child. "Oh, papa! you won't go away and leave mamma and me—will you? Oh, dear papa! mamma will cry, and I will cry, if



I SELLS SHEAP, VERY SHEAP.

you go away! Don't, papa, leave your little pussey, for she will be so lonely."

(The father takes the child in his arms and kisses it. The wife leans on his bosom, and for a moment there is silence.)

"Mary, it is my love for you and the little one which induces me to think of leaving home, of enduring frontier life, loss of home comforts, wandering in a distant land, perhaps"—

"No, George! you must not go. We can get along here. What is gold but trouble? True, money is necessary in this world for life's comforts, but that is not all of life. To love, to be loved. The home—its dear associations. The golden link which binds two hearts. (Puts her hand upon the head of the child.) These are more precious than gold. Oh! George, whatever decision you make, do assure me you will not go from home."

"Mary! my dear Mary! however much I love you, however dear home is, whatever affection I may have for my child, yet I must rise above these feelings, for it is my duty to provide for you both. There is nothing doing here; I may realize a fortune there. And then, my dear wife, (kisses her,) then, what joy will come when I return from the Hills laden with golden treasures. No more fretting, no more care, no more seething and surging of the brain; we will enjoy each other's society and float down the stream of Time into the ocean of Eternity—still loving—still true—still happy." (George leans towards his wife. Mary lifts her head and says:

"Well, George! if that is your decision, however hard it may be for me to endure the parting—go! A wife's duty should be to help, not to discourage the husband in his battle with the stern realities of life, and while my heart breaks, I can only acquiesce in your decision, knowing that it is the offspring of pure love. But, oh, George, if you should never come back; if disaster should overtake you, if sickness—if death should come, great God! how could I endure the blow!" (George puts down the child and clasps his wife to his bosom, and both weep. The scene changes. Mary takes her seat, George takes the child upon his knee and concludes:—

"Well, Mary, let us hope that your fears will never be realized. Let us trust to a higher power, and with strong hearts and stern arms, seek rather to remove the obstacles in life, than pine over our misfortunes. Every dark cloud has its silver lining, and why not ours?"

"My dear husband! God shield you! God bless you! God protect you in your perilous trip!"

Child. "But papa will come again, mamma! He will come to-morrow—won't you papa? I don't want my papa to go away." (And the child climbs into his lap, puts her arms around his neck and kisses him.)

“ Well, my darlings, let us bid good bye to sad forebodings. Perhaps I shall not go, but in the morning we shall all feel brighter and happier, and then ”—

Child. “ Papa ! let me kiss you good night ! ” (Father bends down, kisses child, takes it in his arms, and with wife leaning on his shoulder, leaves the stage.)

SCENE IV. ACT I.

(Gathering of the company with picks, shovels, guns, pistols, blankets, at the first camp, just outside of town. Time: 7 o'clock in the morning. Two or three men are upon the stage when the curtain rises. Several drop in until the company are all present, among them the Tender Foot, the strange man, the German, the Negro, (Cook to the Tender Foot,) George, the Professor and others.)

German. “ Vell, by jimminy, I'm here. I'se ready. ” (rubbing his eyes.) Unburdens himself of a tremendous load of traps. Enters Tender Foot, followed by the Negro. Tender Foot rushes about the stage, informing the company he has a clean outfit; white towels, jellies, pillow cases, silver knives, napkins, china plates, &c. The negro is loaded with blankets, guns, bowie knives, pistols, coffee pot, cups, and every conceivable article necessary for the comfort of the Tender Foot.

Negro. “ By golly, gemmen ! Jordon's a hard road to trabel ! Massa Jones done thinks I'se a mule, and I'se loaded down just wose dan a double-decker Mississippi steamboat. Here, you Dutchman ! just come over here and help this 'ere nig ! ”

“ Vot der deivel you takes me to be ? eh ? I'm a shentleman ! I'se no cook—no nigger ! I'se a shentleman ! ” (German becomes quite indignant.)

(Negro is helped to unload by the Tender Foot, who, in his anxiety to relieve him of his burden, pitches the darkey on to the floor, bringing out a general laugh from those present. And just here enters the strange man, well provided with fire arms, reticent, carefully scanning each one's face, followed by George, the Professor and others, until the company are all on the stage, each one laying down his package. The Professor says:

“ Well, gentlemen, we are about to part with our friends, perhaps forever ! and in view of that fact, allow me to offer this toast—‘ God bless and preserve the dear ones left behind. ’ ” The German, Negro and Tender Foot scamper about the camp in

search of cups, out of which to drink. The toast is drank, when a song is proposed, and all who can, join in singing—

“GOOD BYE, OLD HOME!”

After the singing, a man appears upon the stage who is the leading teamster, and says :

“Gentlemen ! it will be necessary to load and get off at once, or we shall not make camp until late in the night.” (Friends present shake hands, good bye ! Each one picks up his baggage and carries it off the stage. One bundle is left, and presently in rushes the German, most out of breath—)

“By jimminy, mein planket vas left behind, already ! By jimminy !” (Picks up the bundle and rushes out.)

* SCENE V. ACT I.

(In camp on the road. Camp fire. Man frying ham, other men bringing wood and water, others smoking pipes. German terribly afraid of Indians; keeps close to a fellow passenger. Negro also afraid. Strange man peering out often into the darkness. A tent is on the stage for the use of the Tender Foot. After supper, which must be real, but short, the negro sings and plays the banjo. German also sings, after which the whole company join in

“DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?”

when the herder makes his appearance, in a terrible fright, and screams—“INDIANS ! INDIANS ! INDIANS !” Every man is on his feet in a moment. Firing of guns is heard from the Indians, when the Tender Foot, the German and the Negro make for the tent. The strange man steps to the front in the hottest of the fight and seems the animating genius of the group. A shot into the tent drives the parties out of it, the German crying “Mein Got ! Mein Got !” while he crawls into a blanket, leaving most of his body exposed. The Negro capers about the stage in a terribly frightened manner, the Tender Foot fires his pistol into the air and hides behind a stump, while George, the Professor and others are busily engaged throwing up rifle pits, &c. In the meantime there is a terrific fire from the Indians. The German runs around with his head covered with a blanket; the Negro turns summersaults in the air; rapid firing is heard on both sides for several minutes, when one of the company falls. The strange man runs, picks him up and places him in a secure place, and then resumes the fight. The strange man is on his feet, while others are behind defenses. The ground is hotly contested for fifteen minutes from



“LAY CLOSE TO THE GROUND!”

the commencement of the fight, when the German recovers his composure and says:

“What for I be coward! I fights mit Siegel. My grandfather he fights with Fritz. I be no afraid of Frenchman, I shoot the damned Indian,” and drawing his gun to his shoulder, fires, when an Indian drops. The herder runs into camp, bare-headed, no coat, no shoes, and exclaims:

“Indians are going!”

The German comes forward and says:

“Oh! mein got! this was the first Indian I ever did kill,” and dodges about as though he expected to be shot any minute. The Negro constantly dodges as though a ball was coming, and while chattering with his teeth, roars out:

“Massa! I se gwine home! Don’t like this business! ‘Spee Indians will kill this nigger! Oh! my God!” and he dodges behind the Tender Foot, who has come forward and is wiping his mouth with a white pocket handkerchief. Strange man walks among the the crowd, silent and grand. The Professor speaks:

“Gentlemen! you have done well! We are not yet out of danger. The foe, even while I speak, may be upon us. (The German and Negro both groan and dodge,) and it needs us to be still watchful. One of our comrades has fallen, and all and the best we can do is, to bury him here and send messages to his friends. All must watch until the gray of morning, and, with prudence, we may avoid another attack.”

(The herder, who is now dressed, informs the company to get ready and to move out silently without breakfast, as a fire might attract the enemy. The company pick up everything, and as they leave the stage, the curtain falls.

SCENE VI. ACT I.

Curtain rises slowly and a lone grave is seen on the stage. Curtain descends slowly, while the orchestra play a dirge.

SCENE VII. ACT I.

(Four men, with guns, are seen slowly coming down the Red Canyon. On either side of the road are new made graves. The men pause in the middle of the stage, when the Professor says:



LONE GRAVE.

“Well, George, this is the Red Canyon. Let me describe my first trip. Then, as now, we entered the Red Canyon with fear and trembling. Down its narrow gorge we passed, high bluffs lining our way. Beautiful was the scenery. Up! up! high up reared the heads of the Mountains on either side of which and all along their steep uplifts, coned-shaped trees were piled, one above the other, until their tops were capped with huge monarchs of the forest, shutting out the sun, and leaving us virtually in the valley of death. Any moment the crack of a rifle might announce the presence of the enemy; any minute death might overtake one or all of us. Along the way we noticed new-made graves. And so cautiously and fearfully we passed on, then as now, trusting only to our needle guns, while on every side of us were pits, embankments and fortifications thrown up to protect the way-farer from the sudden attacks of his inveterate enemy—the savage of the plains! The Indian gives no warning. He lies in ambush. He watches. A sudden pop, followed by the war-whoop, and he is upon you. He gloats over his victim. While still alive he tears the reeking scalp from the white man’s brain, and then, to gratify his terrible revenge, hackles, mangles, mutilates the still bleeding victim of his malice.”

(Almost instantly after the Professor’s last words, the strange man, who is among the crowd, drops upon his knee and fires; the balance of the company step back. A wild war-whoop and a rifle shot are heard, and in rushes an Indian in war paint with rifle and uplifted knife, the blood oozing from his breast, and falls dead upon the stage. The men look on silently, leaning upon their guns—not a word being said—when the curtain falls. (End Act I.)





“ FLYING FROM THE INDIANS ! ”

Look at the engraving. A young, delicate female, shielded by the brawny arms of a frontiersman. How earnestly she gazes into his eyes! Together they have penetrated the dark recesses of the woods to escape the horrible atrocities of the savages. Her family have all been killed by the Red men; she, herself, has been rescued from a fate even worse than death itself; and now with fear she clings to the noble hunter, who is determined to save her life, even at the sacrifice of his own. His faithful dog looks up piteously in his face; the sky frowns; the wind blows; the skulking Indian is upon the war-path, and any minute may be upon them; he has at last tracked them and pants for their blood—but, the savage foe is baffled. Amid the rocks the daring hunter darts with the fleetness of a deer, and oh! how close his frail companion clings to his strong arms. He eludes his pursuers, and after weary miles of travel, he places the delicate girl into the hands of her friends. It is the old story, which has been repeated a thousand times for a hundred years past. A worthy, industrious man, with a large family, goes on to the frontier, opens up a farm, harbors the savage at his hospitable table, when, without warning, the Indians treacherously fall upon their victims and murder all but the beautiful female, who, through the instrumentality of a bold and intrepid stranger, is restored to civilization, a mourner and an orphan! The great American Government lifts up its little finger, and gently puts it down again! The same savage is immediately better fed, and better clothed, and better armed, so that he may the better be able to repeat his acts upon other inoffending, industrious, innocent, American citizens! The dead are unavenged—the murderers are encouraged in their brutality!—the Government acts the part of an imbecile, at least in its treatment of the Indians on our frontier, and thus it has been, and thus it probably will be, for many years to come!

An Indian in war paint, with tomahawk and scalping knife, is as much an object of fear to-day as he was one hundred years ago, and, in some respects

more so, as in modern times he has added to his numerous other terrible weapons of death and cruelty, the most approved army gun; in fact, I may say, the best in the country. With this and his many peculiar instruments of destruction, he is even more ferocious, more brutal, more revengeful, more vindictive, more fiendish than when he occupied the land now embraced by New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and all the Western States, not excepting Minnesota. For just one whole century the Government has been seeking to devise some means whereby peace could be established and maintained between the whites and the savages, and yet at this present writing, in the year 1878, there is every reason to believe that we shall have a more bloody Indian war than was ever known before in the history of this country. While the Indian has progressed in the use of modern arms and even brutality, the Government has made no advancement whatever in the solution of the great question—"what shall be done with him?" but is even more perplexed and more vacillating than at any other period in its existence. Sitting Bull and his band have been public murderers and robbers for years, even before any question arose as to the existence of gold in the Black Hills, and yet the Government, with this knowledge in its keeping, is still striving to negotiate with the old renegade, instead of marching in force upon him, and either annihilating both him and his command, or securing and keeping them as prisoners of war. The removal of the agency Indians, who have been well fed and well cared for by the Government, has only added to the warriors of the successful old Chieftain, who spurns overtures from the Government, and who has to-day men enough, and provisions enough, and ammunition enough to hold at bay the present army in the field for years to come.

The horrible atrocities of killing, mutilating and even roasting alive innocent men, women and children, will again be re-enacted, and then, after several millions have been expended in useless attempts to subdue these poor, forlorn, wards of the Government, they will be politely invited to make a treaty—to lay down their old arms for new and better ones, and to partake of—a good, square meal!—of course at the expense of the people. This Indian business, on the part of the Government, is all a farce. There is too much red tape and nonsense about it to ever be effectual. What is needed, is a concentration of power into the hands of one man, with the whole force of the Government back of him, and then let this man not only have the authority to subdue the Indians, but kick out of office, or punish otherwise, every agent or Indian employee who is found stealing, or who is caught in any act derogatory to the welfare of the Government or prejudicial to the interests of the Indian who lives in good faith under the rules and regulations as laid down by the powers that be. Concentrate the Indians and give them a territorial existence; surround them with a military power, until at least they are subdued to civilization; give them officers from among their own race, just like the whites, and let them know they are citizens of the United States and will be held amenable to the laws of the United States; and when this is done we shall have no more Indian wars, and shall have no further occasion to illustrate our book with even such mild engravings of Indian atrocities, as precedes the present article.

SCENE VIII. ACT I.

[Public house at Custer. A number of persons gathered about the bar : prominent among them, is a nicely dressed young man, about 20 years of age, with small cane, cigar in his mouth, leaning his elbow on the counter. Men gather about him, when he turns around suddenly and exclaims : "set 'em up," and drinks off his whisky with the utmost sang-froid. Six or seven persons are sitting in the room, not connected with the bar, and among them, is the Professor, who gazes with much attention on the scene. The young man says : "boys, let's go," and leading his way out, they all follow. The Professor remarks to a gentleman near him : "It is a pity that a man so young and promising should keep such company as must, ultimately, lead him to ruin:"

(The gentleman addressed looks quizzically at the Professor, a smile plays upon his features and he replies :)

"I guess you are a little green—a tender foot. That young man is Calamity Jane."

(The Professor looks wonderfully astonished, the other persons in the room smile, when the gentleman addressed remarks :

"Dressing in male attire for years, Calamity Jane has acted the scout in Gen. Crook's army, has scaled the mountains, fought Indians, rode horse-back, a la male ; has drank whisky, panned out gold, and, changing her clothing, has acted the woman in the dance, around the social board, and even at the bed of death."

Well, well," says the Professor, "I bid you good night," and leaves the room. The bar keeper hustles about shuttering up, when the company depart and the scene shifts, displaying a small saloon with a bar. At a table with three men, is Calamity Jane, playing cards, while at the same time she is smoking. She is dressed in the garments of a woman and calls out—"Here, Joe, set 'em up! Give me wine," and she utters a hoarse laugh, throwing down her cards. The men smile, treat her courteously, when the bar-keeper brings the drinks. Jane quaffs her wine, when soon the men begin to beat her in the game. Her eyes flash, she throws down her cards, pushes back the table and pounds her fists on the bar. Finally pulls her bonnet over her face and is about to leave, when the men persuade her to come back and try again. She takes her seat at the table—the playing goes on, when up she jumps, throws down her cards and laughs



CALAMITY IN MALE ATTIRE.

with delight over her success—she has beaten them all in the game. Takes a drink and says;—“Well, boys I’m a going,” and leaves the room. Bar-keeper says;—“that’s a great girl—it is late and I am going to shut up.” The men leave and bar-keeper closes.

SCENE II. ACT II.

(A street scene. Loud talking is heard between a man and a woman, and as they come upon the stage the man draws a pistol, pointing it at the breast of the woman, and exclaims—“You miserable old buckskin, I have a good mind to shoot you!” Calamity looks at him a moment, then straightens herself up, snatches off her bonnet, throws it upon the ground, takes off her sack, throws that upon the ground, and replies: “I’m but a woman! I don’t fear you! shoot! you dirty dog!”)

(While standing in this position, the man undecided what to do, in enters the Marshall, who seizes the arm of the man. Jane picks up her bonnet and her shawl. The man puts the pistol in his side pocket and begins moving off, when Jane seizes it and has it pointing at his head.)

“Now, you puppy! I could blow your brains out, if you had any.”

(The man backs out, Jane after him, with the pistol at his head. when the Marshall seizes her, wrests the pistol from her and conveys her to jail, with a small crowd following.)

SCENE III. ACT II.

(A building somewhat deep, with two rooms. First room occupied by a bar, inner room adapted to a dance. Men drinking at bar; and others coming in. Four girls can be seen in the inner room, darting about, and among them, Calamity Jane, dressed in a plain black silk dress—comely figure. A small, dappy fellow, dressed in brown velvet, appears in the front room among the men, and exclaims loudly:—“Gentlemen will please prepare for the dance.” One and another take a girl and assume their places upon the floor, while the music strikes up a lively tune. Calamity comes to the bar with a rough looking man and says: “Give me a cigar.”—Lights it and walks off; smokes a moment, and then throws it away. The man in velvet calls off in a loud and drawling manner, and the dance sets in. Two of the girls are drunk



CALAMITY IN FEMALE ATTIRE.

and stagger ; the third one is noisy. Calamity is quiet, with an occasional remark ; dances modestly, and at the conclusion of the dance all parties repair to the bar. The three girls drink whisky with the men ; Calamity takes wine. The second sett commences, when a noisy fellow, half drunk, "is spoiling for a fight," walks up and down among the men, exclaiming—"I can whip any one in the crowd." Just then enters the strange man. He peers in upon the scene, walks quietly among the people, and stands beside the Professor, who came in just before him. The rowdy jostles against the strange man, when he simply says—"Sir, I wish you would be a little more careful," to which the reply is made: "you are a dirty old snide," and instantly the rough man knocks him down, the man falling close to the Professor, who with others, now run out of the door. The men grapple. Six of them finally hold the bully in one corner, while the girls crawl out of the windows. Both parties call loudly for pistols. The strange man holds the bully with the grip of a lion, when he finally quiets down—all parties become reconciled—shake hands—appear at the bar, and drink ; after which the Stage is vacated and the scene shifts, displaying a small room, the Recorder's office. Recorder present, busy with his papers. Enters Calamity and takes a chair.

"Good morning, Calamity," says the Recorder.

"Good morning, Charlie."

(Enters the Professor, who says:)

"And THIS is Calamity Jane!"

"Yes, sir."

"Calamity, have you any objections to my asking you some questions about yourself?"

"No sir."

"Why, then, are you called Calamity Jane?"

"Because of the calamity of my birth—I ought never to have been born. It is not my real name. I was born in the army after my father's death. Never went to school; can neither read nor write. My mother was a laundress in the army; my father was a soldier. Have brothers and sisters."

"How old are you?"

"21 years."

"How long have you led this rough mode of life?"

"Ever since I was a baby. Born among the soldiers, I have been with them all my life. In fact, I'm a bold soldier boy." (And she paces up and down the stage, eyes flashing, with all the egotism of a second lieutenant.)

"Jane, ain't you tired of this way of living?"

"Yes."

"Don't you sometimes feel that you would like to get back into the past, when you were an innocent, guileless, thoughtless child?"

(There is no reply. The Professor, after waiting a moment, turns and finds tears trickling down her cheeks. He had touched a cord in the wayward girl's heart, and the response came in tears. The Professor gazes a moment, then says:)

“Good bye, Jane.”

The Recorder has already left. Calamity is seen on the stage with her face in her hands, crying, when the curtain falls.

SCENE IV. ACT II.

(Curtain rises, when Calamity Jane and her husband come on to the stage, she skipping along as happily as any young girl could do, holding on to his arm.)

Husband. “Well, Jane, to-morrow morning we start for our ranche, where I have cattle, cows, horses, and everything necessary to make us comfortable.”

Jane. “Well, God knows I'm glad. But, I don't like the idea of giving up all my old friends, but I'll do it, of course I'll do it, if I say so. Say! Jim, what will you do if there comes another Indian war, and Crooks wants me to go as scout?”

“Why, of course, you must go,—that's all. Come along; let's be off.”

(And taking his arm, she skips over the stage, singing, and they both disappear.)

On the opposite page we give a life-like portrait of the original Calamity Jane, taken from a photograph brought from the Hills.

H. N. Maguire, Esq., a gentleman I met in the Hills in 1877, and a very fine writer on American Wonderland, thus alludes to his first introduction to our female hero:

“I asked my old Yellowstone friend, Jack Baronett—

“How far is it to Deadwood, Jack?”

“Only a mile and a half; that girl on horseback is going there now.”

“Girl! what girl? I don't see anybody on a horse, but that dare-devil boy yonder.”

“Why, that's a girl on that bucking cayuse; that's Calamity.”

“And “Calamity Jane” she was, as I ascertained in getting some items in regard to her most remarkable career. There was nothing in her attire to distinguish her sex, as she sat astride the fiery horse she was managing with a cruel Spanish bit in its mouth, save her small neat-fitting gaiters and sweeping raven locks. She wore coat and pantaloons of buckskin, gayly beaded and fringed; fur-trimmed vest of tanned antelope skin, and a broad brimmed Spanish hat, completed her costume. Throwing herself from side to side in the saddle with the daring self-confidence of



MARTHA CANARY, OR CALAMITY JANE.

[Among those in the Hills who are pre-eminently original, is Calamity Jane, or Martha Canary. Born in the midst of a wild whirlwind of dissolute life—thrown when a mere child upon the cold world for sustenance—uneducated, uncared for—with a mother incapacitated to love her—father dead—surrounded with sadness—Jane grew up among the rough and tumble of the world, and is to-day what delicate society would denominate, a strong-minded woman. She is about 22 years old; has a dark complexion; high cheek bones, an awkward walk; receding brow, black hair; rather pleasant eye, but when in passion, emitting a greenish glare. Her movements are all free and unstudied, yet in no sense unbecoming. Her conversation is animated, her language good, and her heart warm and generous. She imitates no one: is an original in herself; despises hypocrisy, and is easily melted to tears. She is generous, forgiving, kind-hearted, sociable, and yet when aroused, has all the daring and courage of the lion or of the devil himself. She has been long in the Hills; has been a scout in the army; dressed in soldier's clothes; traveled all over; scaled the mountains; rode horseback; fought Indians; and when dressed in her own garments she looks comely; when equipped as a man she has all the characteristics of the sterner sex, with her pistols, bowie knives, and other weapons of death.]

a California buchario, in full career, she spurred her horse on up the gulch, over ditches and through reservoirs and mud-holes, at each leap of the fractious animal giving as good imitation of a Souix war-whoop as a feminine voice is capable of.

“Calamity Jane,” is a character in the mountains, but she has redeeming qualities. If she must be “a woman of the world,” she would at least save independence of character. She sought not the sympathy of kindred associations, but preferred to stand alone, in brave defiance of a frowning world. Donning male attire in the mining regions of Nevada, where no legal restraints were imposed upon such freaks of iniquitous eccentricity, she “took to the road,” and has ever since been one of a hunting party, then participating in a mining stampede; again attached to and moving with a freight train, and it is said, she has even rendered good service as a scout, in an Indian campaign. She has had experience as a stage driver, and can draw the reins over six horses as skillfully as a veteran Jehu, and handles a revolver with the dexterity and fires it as accurately as a Texas ranger. She is still in early womanhood, and her rough career has not altogether

“Swept away the lines where beauty lingers.”

[The scenes in the Drama where Calamity appears, are, in every essential particular, true, and are presented, as they occurred under the observation of the author.]

SCENE V. ACT II.

(A crowd is gathered about a building, inside of which are bright lights. The Professor says:)

“Well, gentlemen! what’s up to-night?”

“Only a woman stands off the men— that is, beats them in the game of cards.”

“Well, I think I will go in .”

(Side wings open, showing a woman at a card table, neatly dressed, and a crowd of men about her. She throws off the cards briskly, when an old Miner advances a challenge. In a minute men buy chips which are piled up on the table. The game goes on, when in comes a girl, around which a number of men gather, greeting her cordially and asking her to drink. She thanks all but declines. The strange man again makes his appearance, this time seemingly taking great interest in every thing about him, and especially in the young girl.)

“Nellie! give us a song!--Boys! listen!” (Nellie smiles and remarks:)

“My voice is not in trim to-night, but I am always ready to gratify my friends, especially those who have been so kind and good to me, as these. (The crowd give way—the gamblers suspend their games, and Nellie sings—

“FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH!”

All take a drink, Nellie still declining, when the rough looking man steps forward and says:)

“Madam, your song has touched a tender cord in my heart, and I ask, as an especial favor, that you partake with me, at least, a small glass of wine.”

(Nellie looks at the man a moment, and then says, in quite an animated tone:)

“I will drink with you, sir!”

(And the crowd of men applaud the act, while the two, the delicate woman and the man, stand at the bar together and drink off the wine, at the conclusion of which he shakes hands with her, and exclaims, as though not noticed:)

“And this is Life in the Hills”.

(The gambling is resumed—persons come and go—Nellie mingles in the crowd, when another song is called for and sung—and then pleasantly and coquettishly she turns about and with a smile says,)

“Well, I must go—good night.”

(And dancing lightly along, she leaves the room. One drink and then another at the bar—the crowd thin out, and nobody is left but the woman and a dozen men, about the table. When all is silent, two or three pistol shots are heard in the street. The crowd all run out and the curtain falls, or scene shifts.)

SCENE VI. ACT II.

(In the night. Dark. A man is found upon the ground, bleeding. Is taken up, carried into the gambling saloon, and over him bends the female gambler of the Hills. He calls for his wife, his children. She soothes him. He dies. Tableau—woman bending over the dead body; all the miners looking on. Sad music. Curtain falls slowly.

SCENE VII. ACT II.

(Professor's office. Inside, rock thrown up all around. Mortar, pan, &c., &c. Professor gazing with a glass on a piece of

rock, when in rushes an old miner, tattered and torn, under his arm a pan, exclaiming—

“I’ve struck it big! do you see it?”

“See what?”

“Why, the colors. There they are, don’t you see them?”

“What do you mean by colors?”

“Why, gold! I rather guess you are a Tender Foot: a little green.”

“I only see two or three little bright specs, and do you call these colors?”

“Of course I do. That’s a good prospect.”

“A what?”

“A prospect!”

“Now, excuse me, but really I would like to know what you call a prospect.”

“Well, old man! look here. You see that pile of dirt, don’t you?”

“Yes!”

“Well, now, I take this pan and fill it with that dirt. Now I wash it thus, (showing him,) being careful not to slop the gold over, and now, you see the gold being the heaviest, sinks to the bottom of the pan, and here’s a prospect. See it?”

“Yes; and then these small pieces of gold you call a prospect?”

“Yes, I do, and a good one. That will pay big.”

“What, then, do you do?”

“You see the gold is washed down on to the bed of the streams, and as a matter of course we can’t get it out until the water is drawn off, so we commence digging ditches, and when completed, turn the water into these ditches, and then go to bed rock!”

“And what do you call bed rock? and how deep do you usually have to go?”

“Well, old chap! you are as ignorant as a weasel! You seem to have considerable ‘sand in your craw,’ and you are pretty well ‘heeled,’ but you never will make a miner.”

“Well, never mind that; I am asking for information.”

“You see that dirt on top, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Now, that gravel may run two, ten, or twenty feet deep—down we go until we strike a hard bottom, (usually slate,) and that is bed rock, and there is where we find most of the gold.”

“Then, what do you do?”

“Sometimes we put the dirt into our sluice boxes, which are placed upon an inclined plain,—just wait a minute and I will show you.” (He goes off the stage and brings on his boxes. During his absence the Professor says:)

“These miners are queer fellows, but, after all, they are kind-hearted and good.”

“ Now, you see, I throw the pay dirt into these boxes, let on the water, and the gravel is carried off by the current, and the gold lodges on the riffles in the bottom of the boxes, and it is then saved.”

“ What are riffles ? ”

“ Little cleets nailed crosswise on the bottoms of the sluice boxes, to catch the gold ? ”

“ Just so, I understand.”

“ Then we sometimes use the rocker.”

“ What do you mean ? You have no family ? ”

“ No ! ”

“ No baby ? ”

“ No ! ”

“ Then why the rocker ? ”

“ To rock out the gold ! Just wait a bit and I will show you.” Brings in his rocker and explains.

“ See ! here is a board across it, filled with holes, and an apron on an inclined plain to catch the small particles that might otherwise escape. Now I throw the dirt into the rocker, pour in the water; the dirt is washed off; the gold is caught below.”

“ Well, I must confess I have learned something new. It is the best uses to which I ever heard a rocker put, and withal your explanations have been lucid as well as interesting. How much to the pan do you think your pay dirt will yield ? ”

“ About 25 cents to the pan.”

“ How much per day, would that be to the man ? ”

“ With a full head of water, about \$25 per day, to the man.”

“ That’s very good.”

“ You bet; and the fellow who pokes his nose into my claim, I will jump him.”

“ Suppose a man should commence work on one end of your claim, what would you do ? ”

“ I would ‘stand him off,’ then if he ‘kicked,’ I would ‘jump him,’ that’s all.”

“ Then you mean, that at first you would try to drive him away, and if he found fault, shoot him.”

“ That’s it exactly. Good day, Professor. The boys tell me they have made a new discovery, and I must be off.”

(Old miner picks up his pan, the Professor says—“good day,” and the miner goes off the stage. The Professor soliloquizes:

“ Well, well ! I’m pestered to death. Every man I meet thinks he has an abundance of gold in his rock, when, in reality, he has none. I think I shall close my doors and get a little rest.”

(Turns around, when in comes a man with a dilapidated cap, coat part blue and part made of gunny sacks ; pantaloons patched with different kinds of cloth ; greasy, dirty-looking fellow, who

approaches the Professor, and in an exceeding pompous manner, says :

“Professor! they tell me you know something about rocks: is that so?”

“Yes: I sometimes tell what rocks contain.”

“Well, sir, I give it as my most decided opinion, that that rock is very rich,” and he hands the rock to the Professor with great pomposity

Soldier.—“I burned that rock; burned it sir; and see the yellow nuggets! Eureka! I tramp no more over the dusty road—I lie down to pleasant dreams.”

(The Professor looks at him a moment, scanning him from head to foot, and asks:)

“What is the freight from Cheyenne to Custer?”

(Soldier folds his arms, and gazing upon the Professor with piercing eyes, coolly inquires:

“What do you take me to be, sir?”

“A mule-driver! a freighter! you are a capital specimen of the genus homo.”

“Sir; in all the perambulating, labyrinthian toils of my checkered life, I never had that cognomen attached to my otherwise respectable name. I resent the insult, sir!”

“Well, my friend, I meant no insult. Your dress indicated your profession, and if I am mistaken, I would like to ask—what do you do for a living?”

“Do! I tramp! I watch! Live on horse and mule meat! Go naked! endure untold privations. Convert myself from a man to a dog! Fight Indians! Do! I am one of the right arms of the American Government!—I’m a soldier in Gen. Crook’s army

“Yes, sir; six months without clothing; scarcely any thing to eat, and for nine days living on horse and mule meat to prevent starvation. To-day I have no clothes; no money; no blanket to cover me from the cold, and even you take me to be a mule driver!”

“Beg pardon, my friend. You asked me about this rock. I am sorry to disappoint you in your expectations, but, these glittering specs you see, are not nuggets of gold, but mica, worthless, good-for nothing.”

“Just my luck! Good day, Professor. I can’t stand THIS sorrow; I must have a drink.

(And the soldier goes off the stage quickly, leaving the Professor gazing on the vacant spot where he once stood. While thus gazing, the Curtain falls.)

SCENE VIII. ACT II.

(Interior of Log Cabin. Frying pans, tin pails and other domestic utensils lying around loose. Greasy clothing hanging on the wall. Fire in a large fire place. Three or four miners sitting



"I'VE STRUCK IT BIG."

and moving around ; all smoking pipes.—One Miner kneading bread ; hands awfully dirty. Another man pounding rock ; another looking at rock through a glass. One Miner says :

“Jim ! I hoped to be bamboozled out of my next spree, if I haven't “struck it big !” Just look at this flour gold !”

2d Miner.—“I'll be darned if you haven't struck it big ! That's a splendid prospect !”

Jim.—“Well, boys, you are all in, and if she pans out well, I'll be smashed if you ain't ‘heeled.’”

(The man kneading the bread, with hands all flour, rushes up, and seizes the rock ; looks at it a minute, then exclaims—“free gold !” All look. All are satisfied, and a general jubilee takes place : the cook tumbles the flour on to the ground ; a bottle is brought out, each drink and get mellow, but not drunk. One miner says :

“I'll be dog-on if my old dad and mam don't get a little of this yellow stuff.”

“And you bet my wife shall have new dresses, and the gals shall be set out in blue ribbons.”

“And my little chick, by thunder, shan't wait for me much longer. I have been putting her off on account of my poverty, but I'll be blowed if that ain't busted—”

“Whoop her up, boys, let's have a dance,” and the whole company frolic around the room several times, when a knock is heard at the door. All the company cry—“come in.” One, however, opens the door, and in walks a somewhat tall man, very much emaciated with mountain fever. As he slowly steps to a stool given him by one of the company, he is followed by the strange man, who peers into each face, and stands silently one side.

An old Miner.—“Well, stranger, you seem sick ; what's the matter ? Mountain Fever, eh ?” (The sick man simply nods, yes.) The strange man says :

“Boys, I hear you have struck it big, and God knows I do not envy you, but this poor man I found lying in yonder cabin—all alone, his partner having gone for grub, and he has lain there and suffered ; and when I met him he wanted me to help him over here, and I know you will not let him want for any thing, for he has struggled hard, lost all, has a family, and is very sick.”

“He shall not want here ; not if we know ourselves. No man suffers in this gulch, when Pat Casey is about.”

An old miner goes to him and says : “Have some ham ?” (He simply shakes his head—“no.” “Have some pork and beans ?” Shakes his head, “no.” “Have a drink of whisky ?” “No,” by a shake of the head.

“Well, boys ! let's make him some tea.”

(The tea is made. Sick man only sips a mouthful or two, and murmurs, “thank you.” A bed is prepared : he is laid on it, all

the miners trying to be careful in tucking up the bed clothes, smoothing them down, and otherwise showing endearing marks of kindness. Strange man sits at the bed side. All is still. While thus sitting, a woman's voice is heard, when in comes Calamity Jane. On entering, she exclaims in a loud tone—not looking towards the bed :)

“ Well, boys, I was going to the Ranche; and thought I would drop in and say—‘ How d’ye do ? ’ ” Casts her eyes towards the bed and starts back, uttering in a subdued voice—“ My God ! what’s this ! ” Strange man has his finger lifted as though she must keep still. She draws near the bed : looks sadly and kindly upon the man, and then walks towards the front of the stage, where a miner meets her and asks her—

“ Jane, do you know that man ? ”

“ My God ! Yes. That man is George Fullerton ; a noble-hearted fellow, who came to the Hills in search of wealth. He has a wife and one child at home, and how I came to know him was ; when he first entered the Hills, he spoke kindly to me and gave me some money when I was in distress, and Calamity Jane, whatever may be her faults, never goes back on a friend. After his kindness to me, I learned his history from a man who came from the same place. ”

“ Well, Jane, will you stay and help take care of him ! ”

“ Of course I will, ” and off goes her bonnet and down goes her shawl, and Jane draws near to the bed. The mysterious man walks out, followed by most of the miners, leaving Jane alone with the sick man. Jane says :

“ George, do you know me ? ”

(He simply answers by a nod, “ Yes. ”)

“ Do you feel any better ? ”

(Shakes his head, “ No. ” Raises up in the bed, looks wildly about, and then tremblingly and slowly, yet distinctly says :)

“ Oh ! my wife ! my dear wife !—my child ! Oh ! my God ! must I die and not see my dear ones at home ? ”

“ Calamity bends over him, wipes his forehead, gives him some water. He again rises in the bed, and pointing upward, says :)

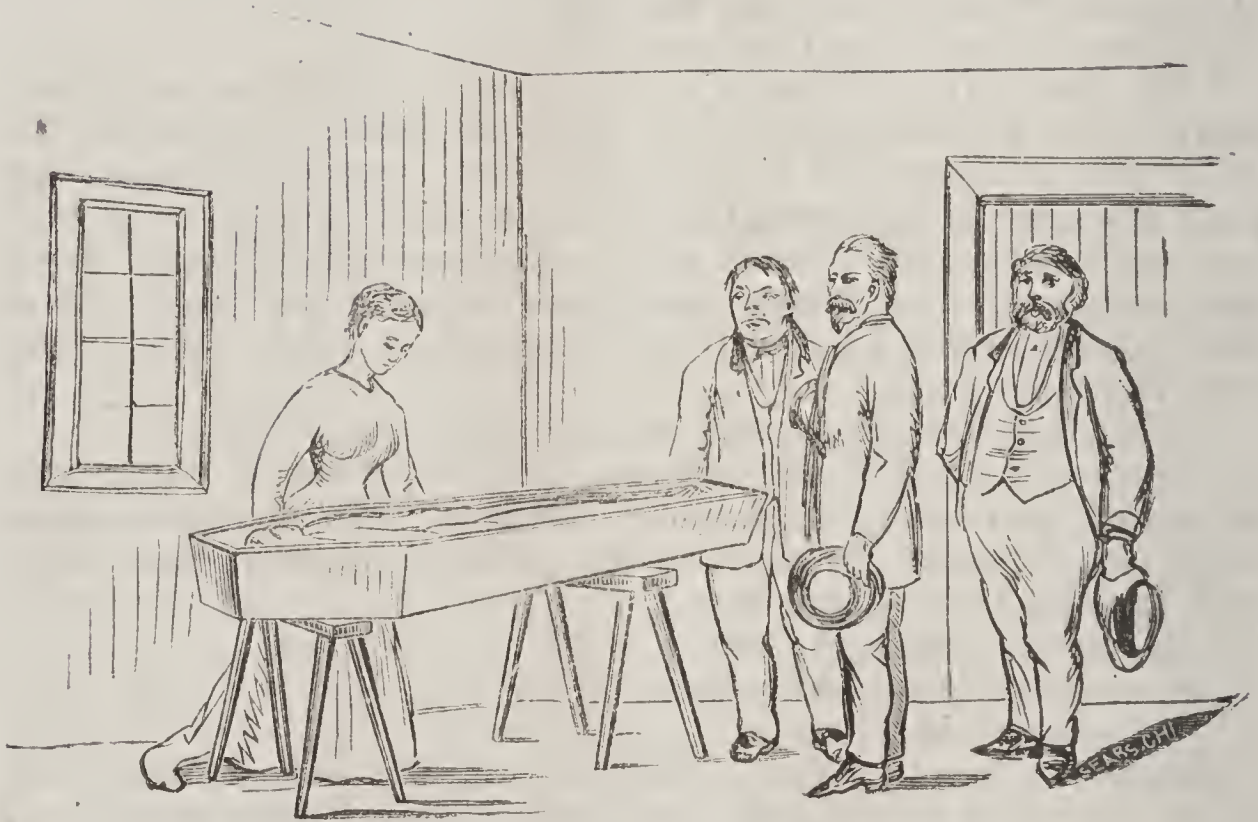
“ She comes to meet me ! Oh ! my darling child ! gone before ! See ! See ! ” (And he sits up in the bed and points upward a moment, then falls back. There is a pause. Turning, he whispers :

“ Calamity, you have been a good girl to me. ” (Calamity bursts into tears and sobs.)

“ I know I can’t live. Take one little lock of my hair ; send it to my wife, and may God bless your kind and wayward heart. ”

(Calamity cuts off the hair, and then sobs violently. In comes one and another of the miners, until four or five are about the bed, when turning on his side to them, he says :—

“ Well, boys, life’s fitful fever is nearly over ; I’m going home.



“ POOR GEORGE. ”

(pointing upward.) I've toiled, I've struggled ; all's gone ! How kind you have been. And see ! she comes again ! my darling child. See ! See ! See !" He drops back dead ! Calamity stands at his head, weeping. Miners back of him. Sad music commences, when the scene parts, displaying George's wife, with uplifted, clasped hands, gazing upward, while an angel child is seen descending just over the bed of the dead miner. Curtain falls.

SCENE IX. ACT II.

(Room where the Professor is reading. In rushes a tall Irishman, with a hat full of holes, dirty face, torn coat, and in a terribly excited manner, exclaims ;)

"Be golly, Professor, get your coat and be off ! The whole country is on fire. Holy Mother Mercy, how they have struck it ! come along !

(Tom grabs the Professor by the coat collar and draws him out of the room. The Professor breaks away from him and cries :)

"What in the name of Heaven is the matter, Tom ?"

"Oh ! but they have struck it big out on the Battle Creek ! \$20, \$30, \$40, and by golly, \$50 to the man per day."

"But—Tom—I was never on a stampede in my life ; besides, I learn the country is very rough, and then—the news may prove false."

"False, did you say ? And hasn't the Mayor of the city and the Recorder and the Judge gone ? And, do you be after thinking we are not as cute as they ?"

(The Professor smiles and asks :)

"How shall we go ?"

"In two horses and a wagon, Bob and the dogs, with all the elegant luxuries of the season."

"You mean in a wagon and two horses."

"Yis, of course. I mean jist what I say."

"Well, Tom ! that won't do. The road, I learn, is very rough ! horses can't get over it with a wagon. Suppose we go on foot."

"Just be afther doing as you plase, but come along."

"Well, then, get ready."

(Both leave.) Side scene changes and in comes Tom, Bob, Phil, the Professor and the dog. On coming on to the stage, Tom says :

"Be jabbers, now this is a hard trip !"

Professor.—"This is my first stampede, boys ; it is a rough one, but to me it is full of beauty and thought. Did you see that diamond-shaped rock weighing hundreds of tons, balancing upon a small point ? That, to me, was grand ! Did you see that great

uplift of slate, resembling a church? That, to me, was also grand! Why, the corridors, the windows, the spire were all there, as natural as life! Do you know, Tom, I listened, for all it seemed to me it wanted to make it a living institution, was the music of the organ and the tread of the people.

Tom.—“But, boys, it’s getting late, and just be afther coming along.”

(All leave the stage, when side scene shifts and in come the stampeders, Phil and Tom ahead, with guns. Again they appear upon the stage, pushing along rapidly, each burdened with his baggage, crossing the stage two or three times. We push forward, clambering over rocks, ascending precipitous hills, crossing dangerous streams, descending deep declivities, where we had to hold on to the wagon to prevent it from tumbling on to the backs of the horses. We pass through narrow gorges, on each side of which great bodies of slate rise six and seven hundred feet high. Tired and weary, we come to camp. This should be a wild place, just as wild as the imagination can picture. A camp fire is built. Tom stands around with his hands in his pockets; Bob cooks; Phil attends to the coffee; Professor lies down. When the supper is prepared, each one dips into the pan, takes his bread; also, cup of coffee, when, all of a sudden a noise is heard in the bushes. Each man drops his victuals, seizes his gun, and steals away from the fire; Phil lies down on his stomach, pointing his gun in the direction of the noise; Tom is back of him with his gun leveled; Bob is behind a tree, while the Professor is between Bob and Tom—all pointing their guns. After two or three minutes’ suspense, Phil and the Professor crawl out and reconnoitre, but find—nothing.)

“Be jabers, boys, I was awful cold out there; I was just shivering all the while. And did you see the Professor? His gun was never a bit loaded, and his cartridges were off by the fire, but, as the Indians didn’t know it, divil a bit was I going to tell them. If those blarsted Indians had a come, the hair of the Professor would have stood right up on the top of his head.”

(All laugh; draw near the fire, constantly looking about, clutching guns and bringing them to a level. Tom is really frightened, but he declares he is not; only he shivers so like thunder. Bob is very active—Phil is unconcerned, believes in fate—if the Indians are going to kill, they will kill whether asleep or awake. The Professor don’t like the situation of affairs; is forcibly struck with the idea that he has been a stupid fool. The company hurry through their supper, draw away from the fire, spread their blankets, and with their guns in their hands, lie down to—sleep!—perhaps!)

Tom.—“Prof., will you be afther going to sleep?”

“No sleep for me, Tom.”



“DAMN THE INDIANS! I'M GOING TO SLEEP!”

(The Professor rises up and leans on his elbow very often, and looks around. Tom does the same. Phil lies still: so does Bob. Sitting upright, the Professor calls:

“Phil! Phil! did you hear that?”

“Yes.”

“What did it sound like?”

“Like a Mountain Lion.”

“Are Mountain lions dangerous?”

“Yes, sometimes: when they are very hungry.”

“Well, how do you know but this one is very hungry?”

“Well, I guess he is, or he would not come so near our camp.”

(Tom jumps up, and with his gun runs over to the Prof.)

“Professor! that’s rather nice, ain’t it, to know that this wild Mountain lion may be very hungry? Oh! Lord! he might eat us both up before Phil would wake. I shiver like a stamp mill! Oh! by me soul I wish I was out of this scrape.”

(Goes to his blanket, lies down; so does the Professor.)

Tom.—“Professor, did you hear that?”

“Yes.”

“Call Phil.”

“Phil! Phil!”

(Phil grunts and turns over.)

“Phil! did you hear that noise?”

(Phil gets up and rests upon his elbow. He listens; takes his gun, brings it to a level. The Professor asks:

“What do you think that is?”

“It sounds like the crouching tread of an Indian! Keep cool. Don’t fire until some object appears. Lay close to the ground.”

(Tom and Bob are both sitting up with their guns pointing in the direction of the sound. Phil finally says:

“Damn the Indians; I’m going to sleep.” And at last all the company drop down, and Phil is heard to snore.

Tom.—“Be gorra, Professor, when a fellow looks out into the darkness, it’s kinder exhilarating to have an Indian with his tomahawk and scalping knife on one side of ye, and a Mountain lion on the other. Be gorra! I shiver all over; I say, ain’t that something?”

(And Tom comes over to the Professor, pointing in a certain direction, frightened terribly.)

MORNING.

(The Professor is up, stirring the fire. Bob, Tom and Phil crawl out, roll up their blankets, and soon breakfast is well under way. Professor puts on the coffee pot, Bob fries the ham, Phil cuts the bread, Tom stands with his hands in his pockets, occasionally looking out this way and then that.)



TOM--"AIN'T THAT SOMETHING?"

Prof.—“Boys, I'm beginning to think with Tom, I wish that I had not come. Where are you going?”

Tom and Bob.—“Don't know. Who knows the track?”

“Nobody.”

(If scenery would permit, large masses of slate make their appearance, and the company wind up a high and steep mountain. Country terribly broken, huge rocks, trees and ravines are seen on every side. Road simply dreadful. The company have been in the woods all the while, and finally emerge out into a canyon, on one side of which are high uplifts covered with trees; on the other side bald mountains, with nothing on them. We are supposed to be going down this canyon, the grass of which has been burnt over, and every thing has a desolate appearance. We are now on dangerous ground. Here is where the Indians used to hold their carnivals over the slaughtered Buffalo, and here is where the Indian trail crosses to Red Cloud agency. The Professor and Phil are ahead, with their guns. Tom and Bob are behind.)

Tom.—“By the Holy Moses, there are Indians!”

“Where?”

“Don't you see them?”

Phil.—“Oh, nonsense; that's nothing but stumps of trees.”

(Tom comes up to Phil and the Professor and looks about on all sides of him, being careful to get in between the two as they walk on together.)

Phil.—“Hurrah! here we are.”

(All halt and go to a precipice and looking down 500 feet, see a beautiful valley, in the midst of which runs a silver stream of water. On either side of the stream a tent or two are seen, and a few people, looking like small specks, moving about. The company hurry down, descending steep hills, and arrive in the valley below.)

SCENE SHIFTS—NIGHT—CAMP FIRE.

(Gone to bed. Presently a snow storm sets in. Morning dawns with the snow storm still raging. The men all crawl out. Bob starts a fire; the Professor brings wood, Phil cuts it; Tom stands with his hands in his pockets, muttering,

“It's devilish cold! I am just shivering to death.”

Prof.—“Come, boys, let's be off. The snow will soon be very heavy; the track will be covered up; we shan't be able to climb that hill, and if we get lost in this storm, we must starve to death, for we have but one day's provisions.”

Tom.—“Arrah, now; by me soul, and this you call a stampede—start for somewhere—go no where, see nothing, and get back in a snow storm. The devil a bit do I like it.”

Prof.—“Now, Tom, I hope you have learned a lesson. By



“KERSMOKERMAN, COWIN NISISCHIN!” (White man chief not good.)

your excitable Irish nature, I was induced to come on this journey. We have accomplished nothing ; know but little more than we did before we came, and here we are—periling our lives in chasing, what? a bubble !”

“By me soul, Professor, you draw tears to my eyes. I give up the ghost and pray for the Holy Virgin Mary to carry us safely through. Upon me honor I feel a little homesick.”

(All start out briskly, the snow coming down very fast, and the curtain falls.)

END OF ACT II.



“ME GOOD INDIAN !” (Fed by the Government.)

SCENE I. ACT III.

(If possible, a long street, filled with men, women, dogs, horses, teams, music, and every excitement known in a mining camp. A man appears upon the stage, and looking around, soliloquizes :

“And this is Deadwood! so well known to the Eastern world. Here flit the shadows and realities of human life. Here is wealth—here is pleasure! Here in the wild whirlwind of excitement, human hopes are buried! Here fortunes are made. Here is the lowest and the highest strata in human existence; and yet society is not bad. Each man is his own keeper, but when temptation enters, common sense flies out; the brain totters and crime follows. Deadwood! a child grown to manhood within the space of childhood's years; a giant in experience, yet so young and tender: Deadwood! how many memories cluster about thy name! Deadwood! down deep in the human heart thou art cursed by some; the fortunate few sing paeans in thy praise. Deadwood! with the energy of Hercules and the heart of Apollo, thou art but the condensed elements of human life. But, by the way, I intended to go to Tom Miler's Belle Union Theatre this evening, where life in the Hills, is not only portrayed on the stage, but acted in reality, in the pit. Just the time.”

(Takes out his watch, looks at it, and while leaving, curtain falls.)

SCENE II. ACT III.

(A band of music is heard, apparently, in the street. Stage arranged for Theatre. All the company take part. Songs, dances, &c. lasting about half an hour. There must be no vulgarity.—Real, high-toned wit only, is admissible. At the conclusion of the performance, a man near the stage rises and flings an axe at Jene, one of the singers, it striking between him and a lady performer, at his side. The women scream and run to the back of the Stage. Jene rises instantly, and fires his pistol three times, and while the man is climbing on to the stage, he fires again, and the man falls;

is taken off. The Manager coolly asks--“ what means this ? ” when Jene as coolly replies--“ jealousy ! ” The dead man is carried off the stage, all following, when the Curtain falls.

AUNT SALLY.

“ Aunt Sally is a large negro woman, almost as broad as she is long, now living in Crook City. She went out in Custer’s first expedition, and was with him when he entered the Hills. She is a walking encyclopedia of matters and facts connected with this country, and presents a very animated appearance when she rolls up her great white eyes, shows her beautiful teeth, and exclaims with earnestness and animation : ‘ I’se de fust white woman as ever entered the Hills.’ Of course it would be impolite in the presence of a lady to deny the soft impeachment, so I simply accepted the statement as in every sense true. Aunt Sally is by no means a fool. She knew Custer, Crooks, and other army officers, and was with them in Indian fights, acting as cook, and the only woman in the whole command who had the courage to accompany the troops in search of that renegade old chief—Sitting Bull. While she is full of kindness and good humor, she is by no means unmindful of the power of wealth, and has contrived to accumulate a nice property out of her hard earnings. We shall be able to present, in a future edition of this work, a more elaborate history of Aunt Sally’s life, which is full of romance and interest, but just now we leave her sitting by the stove, engaged in knitting, ever and anon murmuring, ‘ I’se de fust white woman as ever entered the Hills.’ ”

SCENE III. ACT III.

(A large room, as large as can be had, brilliantly lighted with chandeliers. Music in the back part. Bar beautifully decorated. Men coming and going, and drinking. Tables with Faro--21 and other games. Prominent is Keno, and a man is calling off the numbers. Conspicuously among the crowd, is the strange man.-- He mingles with the people ; scans each face, and to night startles the whole company by drawing his pistol at a man and exclaiming :

“ Now, I have you, you villain ! You have ruined my domestic happiness, and I will ruin yours ! ” (He points his pistol at the man’s heart ; the crowd begin to sway out, when, in rushes a girl, who is seen in the back-ground, and placing herself before the man, says : “ shoot ! ” The strange man looks a moment, and remarks :

“ Perhaps I’m mistaken ! Stranger, I owe you an apology. I have mistaken my man ! Come, take a drink.” (Puts up his pistol ; the girl draws away from the man ; he extends his hand ; and all three drink at the bar. Scarcely have the drinks been had, when in stalks three dreadful desperate looking fellows, armed with pistols, knives, &c.--real brigands, who approach the bar and call for drinks. The rough man draws away, but these men eye him. Presently one approaches him ; the games in the meantime

all going on, and says : " Old boy, how is bullion ? which Stage did you come in on ? " The strange man speaks confidently to him, and the four leave the room. All this time drinking at the bar, smoking, playing, &c. continue, when side scene shifts, and there appears a hurdy-gurdy dance. Music ; man calling off ; girls and men dance : playing, drinking, dancing continue, making a gay scene, the gayest that can possibly be made upon the stage, for this scene is intended to be the most exciting in the Play, so far as gayety is concerned. In comes a good-natured fellow, who asks : " Boys, have you heard the news ? The stage has again been robbed, every thing taken from the passengers and \$75,000 in bullion ! I was on board, and lost all my money. "

" Would you recognize the robbers ? " asks one of the company.

" Yes, sir, I would. I thought I saw one in the city to-night. "

(Men gather about him, forming a group, when a beautiful young girl enters and walks around amid the crowd ; she is recognized by a good many of the men. One exclaims :

" Nellie, give us a dance ! "

" Nellie coquettishly begs off, but the men insist. The dance in the back part of the room ceases, gamblers stop their games, when Nellie dances. After the dance, the men call for a song. Nellie plays off, but finally sings, when the crowd applaud. Some get hold of her, and ask her to drink, but she declines. She takes her place at a gambling table fronting the audience, when a great, awkward miner, with black hands, smutty face, dilapidated hat and ragged coat, buys some chips, and enters upon the game. Nellie smiles sweetly—looks sweetly. The awkward man in looking at her in great admiration, fumbles his cards so clumsily that she sees the game and wins, and smiles. He buys again. Is finally dead broke, but leans over the table and looks a thousand loves at Nellie. In the meantime the dance in the back part of the room ceases. Men go. The audience thin out, when all of a sudden there is a cry of " murder, murder, " proceeding from a female voice, and in rushes a girl, hair all dishevelled, clothes torn, followed by a half drunken brute. The girl runs to Nellie and cries,—" Nellie, save me ! " Nellie clasps the girl in her left arm, draws a pistol from her pocket with her right, and presents it at the brute's head. The man pauses, the gamblers look on ; Nellie holds the girl, and the curtain falls.





NELLIE FORD.

Nellie, in Central, is one of the most artless and bewitching women in the Hills, and she cannot help it. God made a beautiful face and splendid form in her person, and no female attracts so much notice as Nellie. Of course she is a gambler, and that here is not derogatory to one's character. In the ordinary proprieties of every day life, you see nothing to find fault with, but when seated at the gambling table, surrounded with rough miners, Nellie looks her best and her worst—best by comparison—worse by her company—not that her companions are bad, but the place, the scene, the game, is not where one expects to see a beautiful woman. But, then, this is a free country, and I believe in woman's rights, and yet if I dared to whisper in Nellie's ear it would be,—stop! take your friend whom I know is good to you, and reach up high on to the plane of life! for you can dignify any position. Nellie is only 18. Has a very interesting face, a sparkling eye, a charming way with her; her movements are graceful, yet she loves the cards.

The likeness we give above, from a photograph, does not flatter the original, but it is the best and the only one we could get of this charming little woman. The part she assumes in the play, is in the main drawn from life, and as such, will aid the reader in forming an intelligent opinion of her real character.

SCENE IV. ACT III.

Street scene. Dark. The rattling of a stage coach is heard in the distance. It draws nearer and nearer, and when close to the stage, four masked men cry, "halt!" Just before entering in view of the audience, the leader says---"Hold up your hands! Driver, get down off that box." Driver dismounts. The four robbers have their pistols pointed at the passengers and at the driver, when they come in full view. There are six passengers, and each man holds up his hands while the robbers go through their pockets, watches, &c., &c., and then two robbers are left to guard the passengers, while two more are fumbling for the Treasury box. The leader says :

"Now, gentlemen, you may go, but if one of you squeals, or makes a movement towards defense, he is a dead man. We do not seek your lives. The world has treated us harshly ; it owes us a living, and we are bound to have it---go."

(Among those present, is recognized as the leader, the strange, mysterious man, who comes to the front sufficiently to be seen by the audience. Passengers enter the coach, driver mounts the box, robbers hold their pistols pointed, the driver says, "get up," and as the stage leaves, the curtain falls.)

SCENE V. ACT III.

(Parlor, with a young girl sitting at a table. As the curtain rises, she gets up, paces the stage once or twice, and then soliloquizes :

Kitty Arnold.--"Oh ! my God ! and this is life ! and such a life ! Tossed about on the wild waves of excitement, I find myself here, an outcast, away down in the scale of existence, a mere chip, floating out on to the boundless ocean of time, washed hither and thither by the waves that dash upon the shore. Aye ! once it was not so. Away back, in the past, a dear mother caressed me. Mother ! how that word brings up a thousand memories ! Mother ! dear mother ! God bless the name ! How she watched over me in babyhood ! how tenderly she guarded my footsteps in girlhood ! and yet, disregarding all the love of that saintly being, I plunged into a life of dissipation, and here I am, the mere wreck of what I once was. Love ! woman's weakness---love. How natural for the heart of woman to twine itself around the gigantic oak ! How closely it clings to it for protection ; and yet the storms



“WE’VE GOT YOU AT LAST.”

Nothing aroused the indignation of the miners to a greater degree, during the past season, than the action of the mail robbers on the routes to and from the Hills. Their feelings upon this subject were more intense than even an attack from Indians, simply because many of them were deprived of those little episodes from home, called—letters, while others, when on their homeward trip with bags of yellow nuggets and dreams of bright days of joy and happiness, were robbed of all they had accumulated in the mines for years. The engraving represents an out-of-the-way place, where three of these gentry were surprised by an indignant mob. In the confusion two escaped, one was secured. These men are not usually rough-rooking customers, but above ordinary in looks and in intelligence. It is a well known fact, to parties fully posted, that of the gang who robbed the money car on the U. P. Road, six of them made their rendezvous in the Hills, and one hailed from St. Paul, Minnesota. They are usually of all sizes and ages; from 22 to 35 years, and an investigation into their histories shows that they were educated in the schools of yellow-covered literature. Of course their careers are short. The young man who contemplates a move in that direction, should pause—stop! think! his detection is sure.

come--the wind beats among its noble branches, and down it goes, carrying with it the ivy clinging to its sides! How little the world knows how I long for that better life: and yet, to me, it may never come!—

Hark! I hear the horrible words--“a man shot!” I will go into the street--perhaps some poor fellow may need my sympathy. I will try to merit even a smile from the angels.”

(She puts on her things and hurries off the stage. The scene changes, showing a man lying upon the pavement, and men passing and repassing, who simply glance at the body. After several have passed, in comes Nellie. She pauses a moment, kneels down by the side of the dying man, pulls out a delicate white pocket handkerchief, wipes the blood from his lips and asks: “Have you no mother? No home? Can't you send some word to the dear ones left behind?” He raises his head, tries to speak; falls back! Nellie says, “ah! poor man! he is dead!” And as she and others gaze upon the scene, the curtain falls.

SCENE VI. ACT III.

(A saloon where men are drinking and gambling. Wild Bill comes in, takes a drink with two or three friends, and creates quite an excitement by his presence. He is dressed as Wild Bill was in life. Seats himself at a table, when in comes Calamity Jane, who, striking Bill on the back, says: “Here is one of my best and dearest friends.” Wild Bill gets up, shakes her by the hand, saying: “How are you, my old gal--take a drink?” Both drink, when he sits down to a table and commences playing. Jane says: “Good bye, Bill,” and leaves the room. Jack McCall soon after enters, puts a pistol to Wild Bill's head and fires. Wild Bill falls over, dead! McCall backs out of the room, and as he goes, points his pistol at those inside, who draw their weapons and fire upon him. In comes Calamity Jane, who exclaims: “Who shot Wild Bill? Pushes aside the crowd, who gaze upon her with astonishment. Takes the head of Wild Bill in her lap and moans: “Oh! my God! my best, my greatest friend is gone! Bill! speak to me! Bill! open your eyes! Bill! you can't be dead! When the cold world kicked me, it was you who helped me. When the heart was breaking, it was you who calmed it. Oh! my God! my God!” and Jane falls to the floor in a swoon. None touch her, but Wild Bill's body is picked up, placed upon a bench, when those present step back, gaze upon the scene (Calamity being still upon the floor,) and the curtain falls.

WILD BILL, OR JOHN B. HICKOX.

Wild Bill was one of the most noted characters that ever entered the Hills, not that he had ever done anything particularly brilliant here, but he came with a reputation of having killed many men. Jack McCall, his murderer, no doubt thought he would make as great a name in destroying Bill's life as Bill had himself, and so, without provocation, he walked into the saloon where Bill was sitting, and shot him dead. Wild Bill's forte was killing his man first. He is said to have been a kind hearted person, true to his friends, yet ambitious of that one idea—notoriety as a ruffian. In the sandy graveyard on a mountainous slope in Deadwood, lies Wild Bill's body. He was buried near the stump of a tree, and on this stump was written his epitaph. Subsequently Charles Utter, or Colorado Charlie, erected a pine board monument to his memory, on which was painted an account of his tragic death.

SCENE VII. ACT III.

(Street scene. Post-office. Men coming and going : the strange, mysterious man in the crowd, when he is recognized by a passenger, who exclaims : "Here is a mail robber!" Men draw their pistols ; the mysterious man also draws and runs. He is pursued over the stage several times, firing as he runs, but is finally caught by the Sheriff, who, flinging his arms about him, holds him fast. The crowd find he is severely injured, and the sheriff, with the assistance of one or two, convey him to jail, when the scene shifts.

(Court Room. Judge on the Bench. Lawyers and People. Complaint that the prisoner at the bar is guilty of robbing the stage.

Judge.—"What have you to say—guilty or not guilty?"

Before he answers, a man goes to the Judge, speaks a few words to him, when the Judge says :

"The Court orders the sheriff to produce one of the boots of the prisoner." The boot is produced, is examined by the Judge and others, and is a very small one. The Judge turns and remarks :

"Suspicions are now conclusive, by the production of this boot, that you belie your sex, and are not what you appear to be—that is, you are a woman ! Do you plead guilty to this charge ?"

"May it please your Honor, I do ; and if permitted, would like to make a few remarks :

"I am a woman ! I mean no wrong. I did not rob the stage, but was with the parties who did. Drawn into their cob-web of villainy, I could not break away from them without losing my life, and may it please your Honor, every resolution I made, was



“ THAT PRISONER IS A WOMAN. ”



“ I AM A WOMAN ! ”

A court scene in the Black Hills now, and a court scene one year ago, are two different things. The cut represents the early days of the Hills; to-day the court scene in Deadwood, is as respectable and as intelligent as can be seen in any Eastern or Western city. The prisoner at the bar, as must be apparent to the reader, is in disguise. The Judge has asked the question—“ am you a woman ? ” To which she replies; “ yes, I am a woman ! ” Mark the consternation on the face of the Sheriff, who is so much interested in the matter, that he has forgo'ten to remove his hat, as well as the Deputy, who is pointing out to the Judge some particular points in the history of the prisoner.—The spectators are no less astonished than the officers of the law, and altogether the scene is picturesque, ludicrous, amusing and tragic. Is it true? Yes, so far as being arrested in men's clothes, tried, and pleading guilty to her sex, and also being released by the Judge, and as this is all I claim in my Drama, it is simply an illustration of Lights and Shades in human nature.

broken. I plead guilty to the last, but not to the first charge: and if I may be permitted to skip the town this time, you may be assured, your Honor, I will never enter it again."

Judge—"Madam, you are in a very singular predicament: charged with robbing the stage, and violating all social and civil law in appearing in the character of a male. Under ordinary circumstances the law would deal harshly with you, but I take the responsibility to set you at liberty."

"Judge! I thank you for your leniency."

"Sheriff, release the prisoner."

Woman walks out—others follow. Curtain falls.

SCENE VII. ACT III.

(Hotel, or other large room. Capitalists moving about. Some gray-headed, some bald, some with canes, some with gold chains. Old miners come in, and about a dozen are showing capitalists rocks, and almost every one is talking at the same time. A nicely dressed man appears and is introduced, and in a very agreeable manner he tells them what rock carries gold; what is the best rock, &c., expatiating largely upon the value of claims.)

Capitalist.—"What do you think of that rock?"

Nice Gentleman.—"I think that is very rich. (Winks to the miner.) This is purely a gold rock. That is silver, and this is copper."

Another Capitalist.—"And what is your opinion of this specimen?"

"Well, sir, that is no doubt a smelting ore—carries Galena!

Old Miner.—"I panned out 37 cents from a pound of that rock!"

"Is it possible! Let me see; that is \$740 to the ton."

Nice Man.—"Yes, that is one of the richest and finest mines in the Hills. Why, just think of it—\$740 to the ton! 30 tons will go through a twenty stamp mill per day; that is \$22,200, or \$155,400 per week, or \$1,864,800 per year! Deduct the fraction of \$864,000 for expenses, and you have \$1,000,000 profits per year!"

Enormous! where is this mine located?"

"Up Hidden Treasure Gulch."

"Well, I'll go and see it." (Two or three capitalists, miner and nice young man disappear. Another old Miner is seen handing rock to a capitalist.)

Capitalist.—"Can you see any free gold in this rock?"



“ I BIN SO MAD AS I EVER WAS. ”

“No, sir; I have worked hard on this vein; have tested it in my humble way, and think it will go about \$20 to the ton. I would like to have you look at it, sir.”

“Can't do it, sir; I want rock that will go up into thousands.”
(The poor miner draws away disappointed.)

German—addressed to a capitalist.—“What for you tink, eh?”
(and pokes the rock under the nose of a gray-headed man, who dodges back as if he were shot.)

“Dot be elegant good rock, eh?”

(The capitalist backs away off to the wall, while the German still puts the rock under his nose.)

“I looks at him one, two, tree tousand times. I'se knows him. He be one elegant good rock. I sends him to my Catharina!”

“If you will give me time to breathe, I will look at your rock, but it strikes me you are a little familiar.”

“Oh! I have a family, one, two, tree, four shildren. I sell him one rock to you by jimminy—I make my vrow happy. Just for you take the rock.”

(Capitalist takes the rock: looks at it a moment, while the German stands looking on in a very awkward manner.

“What do you want for your claim? How much money?”

“How much you give me, eh?”

“Yes.”

\$100,000!

“Oh! I can't think of talking to you. I couldn't afford to invest over \$1500—perhaps not more than \$1,000. \$1500 ought to buy the best mine in the Hills.”

German.—“What for you say, eh?” (Approaches the capitalist in a threatening manner; capitalist half frightened to death: backs out; German follows up.)

“What for you say, eh? You say my rock be no good! By jimminy, you make me one poor man! I get so mad as I ever was.” (Puts his fist under the nose of the capitalist, when an old miner approaches and says:

“Hans, see here: that man don't want to buy your claim, and don't bother him any more.”

“But I be so mad as I ever was; I charge him \$100,000. He insult me; he no give me but \$1000. I no stand him; I commit suicide on him. By jimminy! what for big men come to this country just for to make me so mad!” (The German leaves the stage, exclaiming, “By jimminy I'm so mad as I ever was!”

Irishman. Arrah! now, me honey, but that rock is just lousey with gould! Look at it. By me soul, it it is putty rock, and just be afther seeing the little eyes of the gould peeping out.”

(Capitalist takes the specimen, examines it, while the Irishman is exclaiming:



“GOOD FOR NOTHING!”

“Butiful rock ! Illegant rock !”

Capitalist. “How much does this rock go?”

“Go, did ye say? Ah! me boy, but it goes when I carry it.”

“Yes, I understand that, but how much to the ton does it yield?”

(Aside.) “Ah! be golly, the mon is ignorant. By the powers, he thinks gould grows like praties.)

“Weel, old mon, I never planted him, and how the devil do I know what he yields?”

(The capitalist hands back the rock disgusted. The Irishman simply says, “weel!” An old miner steps up and remarks:

“Pat, the man wants to know how much gold you can get out of your rock.”

“Now, be jabers, that’s just what I want to know.”

“What do you want for your claim?”

“Jist any thing I can git. Isn’t this mon a gintleman? then by me faith, he ought to know more than Pat; and if Pat don’t know what’s in the rock, then surely the gintleman ought to know.”

Capitalist. “Well, well, I don’t want your old rock! I don’t want any thing to do with you.”

(Irishman, aside.) “Weel, be me powers, I’m a good will to put a head on you, old chap.”

(Sides up to him, when in comes a seedy looking fellow, who attracts his attention. This man should be seedy, but not tattered or torn: should have a rusty hat on. As he enters Pat looks at him sharply a moment, and then walking up to him, says:

“Do you see that, now?”

(Just then enters the Professor, who is introduced and shakes hands. The seedy man looks at the rock a moment, and then in a disgusted manner, replies:

“I don’t want to see any more of this stuff,” and is walking off the stage, when the Professor hails him:

“Halloa! stranger, where are you going?”

“Home.”

“Been long in the Hills?”

“Yes.”

“Got rich?”

“No. It is all a fraud. There is no gold there. I dug at least forty holes, almost a foot deep, and didn’t get a color; over 500 men have died with the small pox, and two hundred more are down with it. People are starving, sir, absolutely starving, sir! There is no work, no money, no grub, no nothing.”

“Well, you give rather a gloomy picture of the Hills.”

“Gloomy! gloomy! it’s no name for it. You can cut the gloom with a knife. Horrible! sir, horrible! simply horrible!”



SCOPE. "I BELIEVE I DID."

“ Well, it seems to me that those people who advise others to go there, ought to be arrested.”

“ You are right, sir ; right, sir. I would like to feed such chaps to Mountain Lions ; give them to the Indians. In fact I would like to chew them up myself. (Patronizingly.) By the way, will you just loan me \$5 ? I will see that you are paid.”

“ Certainly.” Professor gives him \$5.

“ Thank you, sir ; thank you. Your kindness will never be forgotten. Good day, sir.”

(He starts to leave, when the Professor says :)

“ Wait a minute ; didn't you go out in the same stage with me last summer ? and didn't you have a patent scoop ? a Tender Foot ?”

(The stranger looks sheepish, scratches his head, and murmurs :

“ I believe I did.”

“ Good day, sir,” and the man disappears. This conversation with the Tender Foot causes all the monied men to get frightened, and one fellow says :

“ Well, I have been here now three weeks ; have climbed the mountains ; gone into shafts ; walked, at least, one hundred miles ; tried rock, and upon my soul I am more confused this moment than when I first came. I would like to buy a mine, but, am afraid I may be deceived ; perhaps the rock has been “ salted.” I must confess I am confused, and I think now I will store my mill and wait.

Capitalist. “ Ah ! Professor, you are just the man we want to see. We are a little muddled on this question of buying mines, and we need your services. Now here is a rock from a vein which a very gentlemanly young man assures me is enormously rich : what do you think of it ?”

(Hands him the rock.)

“ Well, sir, this is good for nothing. It is simply iron pyrities : there is no gold in it I know the rock, and know the vein.”

(Two or three voices.) “ Good for nothing !”

“ Good for nothing, gentlemen !”

“ What do you think of this ? It was given to me by a rather modest man, but he says he can't see any gold in it.”

“ This is good rock ; will run \$20 to the ton ! It is reliable, and I consider it an excellent vein.”

“ Is it possible !”

“ Well, Professor, here is one more rock, handed to me by a German ; what do you think of this ?”

“ This is not bad rock ; will go \$16 to the ton !”

“ Will that pay ?”

“ A very excellent profit can be realized at \$16 per ton. You can extract and mill the ore for \$7 per ton, leaving you a net profit of \$11 per ton. 30 tons per day will go through a mill : profit \$330 every 24 hours ; or \$2,310 per week.”



“GOOD FOR NOTHING!”

That is the expression of the Professor, as he stands among the capitalists and lifts the scales from their eyes which have been drawn over them by the “nice young man!” who, in cahoot with the “old forty niner,” seeks to sell them a very rich claim. The gentleman in the chair is perfectly astounded, while his companions grin with evident mortification. The earnest expression of the speaker clearly shows that he means what he says, and his auditors are not backward in their evident confidence in his statement. No man in the Hills is more constantly besieged, than he who has the knowledge of rocks and mines, and can draw from them the metal. He is in demand everywhere, for, while there are practical miners, who, by a crude process, are able to get “colors” out of their rock, there are very few who can either make a laboratory or commercial test. In my experience on the north shore of Lake Superior, at Vermillion, and at the Black Hills, I have found that the only safe way to arrive at correct results, is, to commercially test every rock brought to you, and by this means very valuable discoveries have been and can be made.— Theoretical Professors are useless in any mining camp. It is not only he who understands chemistry, but the practical knowledge of rocks, which makes him useful not only to men of means who desire to invest, but to the miner himself, who, owning a vein, has to rely upon the Professor to know what is in it.

“ Well, Professor, we must confess our ignorance. When we entered the Hills, we thought we knew considerable about mines and mining, but we know a great deal less now than a month ago. We shall call at your office and engage you to pick out such mines as in your judgment, are really good, and shall abide your decision. Good day, sir.”

“ Good day, gentlemen.”

(All the parties shake hands, leave the stage. Curtain falls.)

SCENE IX. ACT III.

(A Parlor. A nicely dressed lady and gentleman are sitting near a table. On the curtain rising, the gentleman gets up and paces the stage.)

Gentleman. “ And so you will give me no decision to-night as to our marriage.”

“ No, sir ; I can make no decision as to marriage until my mission is fulfilled.”

“ You do not doubt my love ? ”

“ No ; but there are weightier matters upon my mind than love.”

“ Well, while my heart may prompt me to press the suit, my judgment tells me to abide my time.”

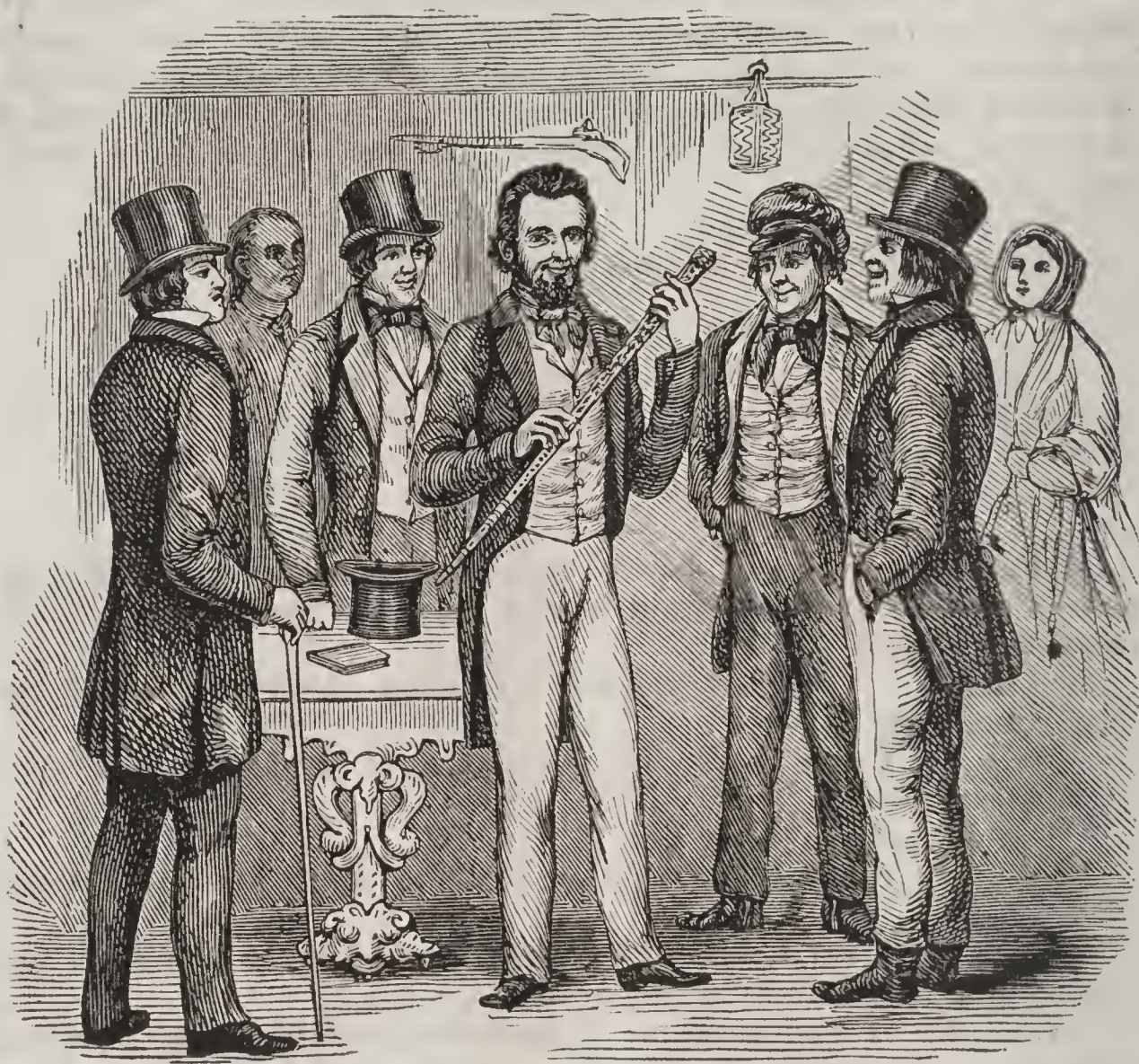
“ Aye, sir ; if you knew my history, you would forego pressing your suit. Every heart has its own burden, and I have mine.”

“ Why, madam ! what mean these words ? No matter what your history, I love you ; but say the word, and we are married.”
(Approaches her.)

“ No ! no ! not now ; I cannot penetrate the future—but—perhaps—perhaps—good night.” Waves him away. He takes her by the hand, kisses one of them, says “ good night,” and leaves.

Lady soliloquizing :

“ Romance pales to twilight under the glaring rays of Reality. We are but puppets—moved and driven about by circumstances, and could the inner vaults of our existence be exposed, we should be, to the public gaze, but walking books of fiction, eclipsing the highest drawn pictures of Ideality. The rosy hues of childhood glide into the maturity of youth. Manhood ! womanhood ! open up grand panoramas ! Hopes and plans dance upon sunbeams ! The far future gleams with brightness ! But, ah ! who knows how deceitful, but one who has travelled life's checkered path. Born in luxury—nurtured in luxury—married in luxury—nothing was wanting to make my joy com-



“ ENORMOUSLY RICH ! ”

This is the expression of the Capitalist who has been roped in by the nice young man, and who, no doubt, has “ salted ” his mine to catch gudgeons, that is, Eastern men, who, wise in their own conceit, only awake from their wild notions, to find themselves ruined. The Hills would not be a mining camp if they did not contain some of these characters. Men who know nothing of mining, in their own estimation know the most; and my experience is, they are the ones who tie up to nice young men, and ignore the old practical miner, who could tell them more in one hour about mines and minerals, than they could learn in years of gas and theories. The modest man with a good mine, is discarded, while the brazen-faced fraud is courted and petted. I know several mines in the Hills now worth from \$75,000 to \$100,000, (and have been sold for these figures,) two-thirds of either one of which I could have purchased for \$2,000 and \$3,000, but the man of money knew it all, and of course he is out just a handsome fortune! I have no sympathy for such men. The perfection of human knowledge is, when a man knows positively what he knows, and positively knows what he don't know. Such a man can learn just a little more, and that little more brings him wealth, while the man “ chuck full,” can't get any more into him, and dies, minus a boganza, which he might have secured—in the Black Hills.

plete, but the reflection of my own being, and like a grand gleam of love, it came, and I was happy. My boy grew in grace and beauty. His young heart twined its tendrils about my own, but, ah! when the light of the father's eyes went out, how much grander grew the son. And, thus together, we traveled, hand in hand, until a dark pall fell upon our bird-cage home—my boy was gone! kidnapped! and woe and bitterness have marked my later years. The dens of large cities were scanned; rewards were offered—he came not. In desperation I made my way to these Hills—have mingled in all shades of society—have affected the man in the blessed hope that I might once again gaze upon that dear image. But how my heart has bled with agony as odium has rested upon me in my rough career—my association with robbers—my mingling in the great crowd of life; hoping, praying, that some face might peer in upon my own, and cry—“mother!” But, it comes not. Why this fate? He was innocent; so was I. He, the legitimate heir of a rich estate in England, I am made wretched, miserable, because by the cruel greed of man, he is seized, carried from my sight—perhaps—DEAD!” (She drops upon her knees; buries her head in her hands and cries)—“My boy! my boy! Oh! my boy!” and the Curtain falls.

THAT MYSTERIOUS MAN!

[The strange characters assumed by this woman, might lead the reader to think that it was an ideal picture—a creation of the brain, whereas, the original is now living in the Hills. She is a tall, finely formed female, very graceful in her motions, with an exceeding pleasant face, a beautiful mouth, a broad forehead, a sweet smile always playing upon her features, except, perhaps, when reminded of her great trouble, and then her lips become compressed, her eyes assume an unusual lustre, and back of the delicate woman there is a stern, masterly character. In her pensive moods there is a subdued melancholy resting upon her face, and her heart yearns for some one who never comes. Her husband, it is supposed, was killed, because he stood in the way of a set of greedy heirs to an estate in England; she, herself, having a record of the family descendants, was seized and left for dead, and finally her boy, a beautiful and talented son, (the legitimate heir,) was kidnapped in New York city, leaving her desolate and sad. In hopes of tracking him, (she fears he is dead,) or those who were instrumental in his abduction, she assumed the characters I have given her, and after scanning the dens of our great cities, she borrowd money on her homestead in Brooklyn, and devoted her time and resources

to further search for her long lost boy. Those who have read of the efforts of Mr. Ross to recover his son Charlie, can appreciate the feelings of this poor, lone mother, and exclaim, as she does in the play, "Romance pales to twilight under the glaring rays of reality."

SCENE X. ACT III.

(Street Scene. Two men are heard quarreling before they come upon the stage. They enter, both armed with pistols.)

1st Man.—"The lot is mine; I bought it: paid for it, and by the eternal God, I will keep it!"

2d Man.—"You won't keep it. I located the lot, built upon it, and no dirty dog shall take it from me."

"All right. You just jump in."

"Bill! I don't want any fuss with you, but either you or I have got to back out, and I will be damned if it will be me."

"That's all right; when I go away from here, it will be a dead man."

"I am bound to have this lot, no matter what the consequences."

"You told Nickle Jim, that I was a thief!"

"So I did; and any man who will jump another person's lot, is a thief—an infernal damned thief."

"Your a dirty liar!" (Makes a movement for his pistol.)

(Second man draws his pistol—fires—and the first man puts his hand upon his breast where he is shot. Second man, after firing, runs. First man gets up and pursues him. Men run off the stage and on it again; second man falls flat on his face. First man comes up to him and fires a ball into the back of his head; then walks off rather feebly, indicating he has been wounded. A crowd gather; the man is dead! Is picked up and carried away. Two miners return to the stage, when one says:

"And so Bob is dead!"

"Yes, and George can't live."

(Another miner rushing in, exclaims)—

"George is dead!" (All appear astonished.)

"And thus two lives have been sacrificed over a paltry, worthless lot!"

"Poor Bob!"

"Poor George!"

"But, that's life! What's the use of growling; we have all got to die, and it matters not how. Come along, boys; let's go help and take a drink."

(The speaker leads—all follow, curtain drops.)

SCENE XI. ACT III.

(A two story white house in the lower part of Deadwood. Inside a bar, card table, &c. In front of the house in the evening, a man muffled and armed, paces up and down, until wearied with watching for his victims, he enters. A young woman, with cold gray eyes, large Roman nose, and comely figure, greets him :

“Halloa, Jim !”

(It is one of her husbands, and she meets him with the cold formality of an iceberg. He extends his hand. Up stairs is a small, front parlor, adjoining which is a bed room. The man has come home from a distance to see his wife, whom he loves, but she treats him indifferently.)

“Well, Kitty, I have come home this time to either live with you, as my lawful wife, or—we both die !”

“Oh ! Jim ! that would be foolish ! I will give you some money, and you will forget this.”

“Never ! I am your lawful husband ; you are my lawful wife. I will kill your paramours, and then death shall end all our troubles.”

“Jim ! you are crazy. I am not doing very well, financially, but I can get you some money. . Take it : go away.”

“Kitty ! I love you : we must live together !”

“No, Jim ; I can't.”

“All right. You know my nature. Don't press me. I'm sick.”

(Hattie, Kitty's friend, enters the room, after Kitty has left.)

“Mr. Curley, Kitty is afraid of you. She says she cannot live with you, but she will furnish you some money, and if you will go away, she will send you some more. Please promise me you will not harm her.”

“Kitty ! Kitty ! how I love her. Hattie, I can't see other men enjoying her society, when I, her lawful husband, am pushed aside.”

“Well, Curley, whatever else you do, don't harm her.”

“Hattie ! I am tired of life. Sick ; wearied ; my brain reels.”

(It is evening. The man Curley has agreed to take some money and go away. He is up stairs in the parlor. He calls to the negro waiter ;)

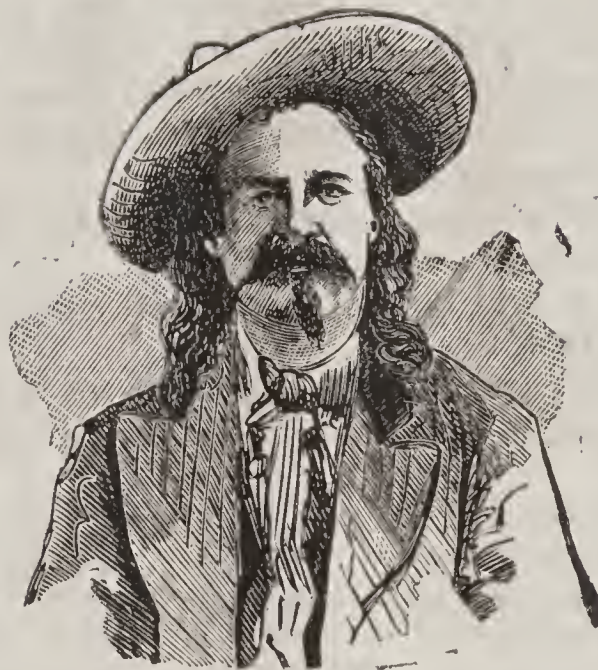
“Ambrose, go get me some cigarettes, and tell Kitty to come up here.”

(Kitty, with bonnet and fur over-garments, runs up stairs with money to give her husband.)

“Kitty ! you don't leave this house to night as you did last night. You my wife and stay here, you shall.”

“I won't.”

“Then—die !”



COLORADO CHARLIE, OR CHARLES UTTER.

(The Scout and friend of Wild Bill.)

[Charles Utter has been a noted scout on the frontier for many years, and possesses all the requisites of a gentleman. He is small in stature, with duck legs, thick-set body, long hair, which falls down over his shoulders; a mustache and goatee, strong features, a mild, pleasant eye, and his head capped by a broad-brimmed hat. There is no braggadocio in Utter. He has murdered no "pard," but has hunted and killed Indians. Never drinks, but smokes constantly. When out of his particular line of business, he deals Twenty-one, and of course has his Jenny with him, who is as mild and pleasant a woman as Charlie is a man. Utter is very modest, hence newspaper correspondents don't write him up:—otherwise he would be, and ought to be, famous among the scouts of the plains. Utter at one time owned a large number of cattle, but lost them through the perfidy of a friend. He is even now a man of property: very affable in manner: honorable in dealing: temperate: and is universally respected by the miners in the Hills.]



“GET OUT OF HERE !”

[The expression of the man's face in the Engraving, with one hand upon the knob of the door, and his clenched fist ready to strike, clearly indicate that he “means business.” Nothing in the world brings out the pugnacious elements in human nature so quickly, as part possessor of a gold mill, and no where in the world is this peculiarity more strikingly seen, than in a mining camp : and that which is applicable to a mill, is equally applicable to a mineral claim. The nasty, red, muddy, worthless looking rock of the best veins, passes into the mill, and the eternal click, clack of the machinery is music to the proprietors. Then the quicksilver and the gold form the amalgam. Then it is gathered, strained, re-torted, and out comes a beautiful cone-shaped button, as big as

your head ; all a golden color ; and it is then passed from the dirty surroundings to the counter of the bank, and with the simple scratch of a pen, puts to the credit of the partners, \$8,000. \$10,000, and sometimes \$15,000—in only ten days run. This intoxicating sight maddens the selfish heart of one of the partners, and he seeks every conceivable technicality to grasp the whole business, and leave his comrade out in the cold ; and if the meshes of the law fail, he then resorts to brute force. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but in a general sense, the statement is correct. There is hardly a claim in the Hills to-day that is not in litigation, and the universal chorus of the music is—“Get out of here”—or, pistols and coffee for two, and this usually winds up the Drama with the death of one, and quite often that of both. Society, however, is on the improve, and such scenes will soon be known only in history.]

(Curley draws a pistol—points it at Kitty, who puts up her hand, to avoid the shot. He fires. The ball passes into her heart, through her body, out of the window pane, and lodges on the other side of the street. Kitty falls ; moans twice. Curley puts the same pistol to his own ear—fires, and dies instantly. A policeman soon after enters, and the two, who in life could not agree, lay peacefully in death. “Life’s fitful fever o’er, they sleep well,” illustrating the lights and shades of—Life in the Hills. With the dead bodies lying upon the floor, and six or eight persons gazing upon the scene, the curtain falls.”

SCENE XII. ACT III.

(Stage provided with chairs arranged in a circle. Enters a well dressed man, who laughs as he enters, and after he enters. Looks about, rubs his hands deliberately, and soliloquizes :)

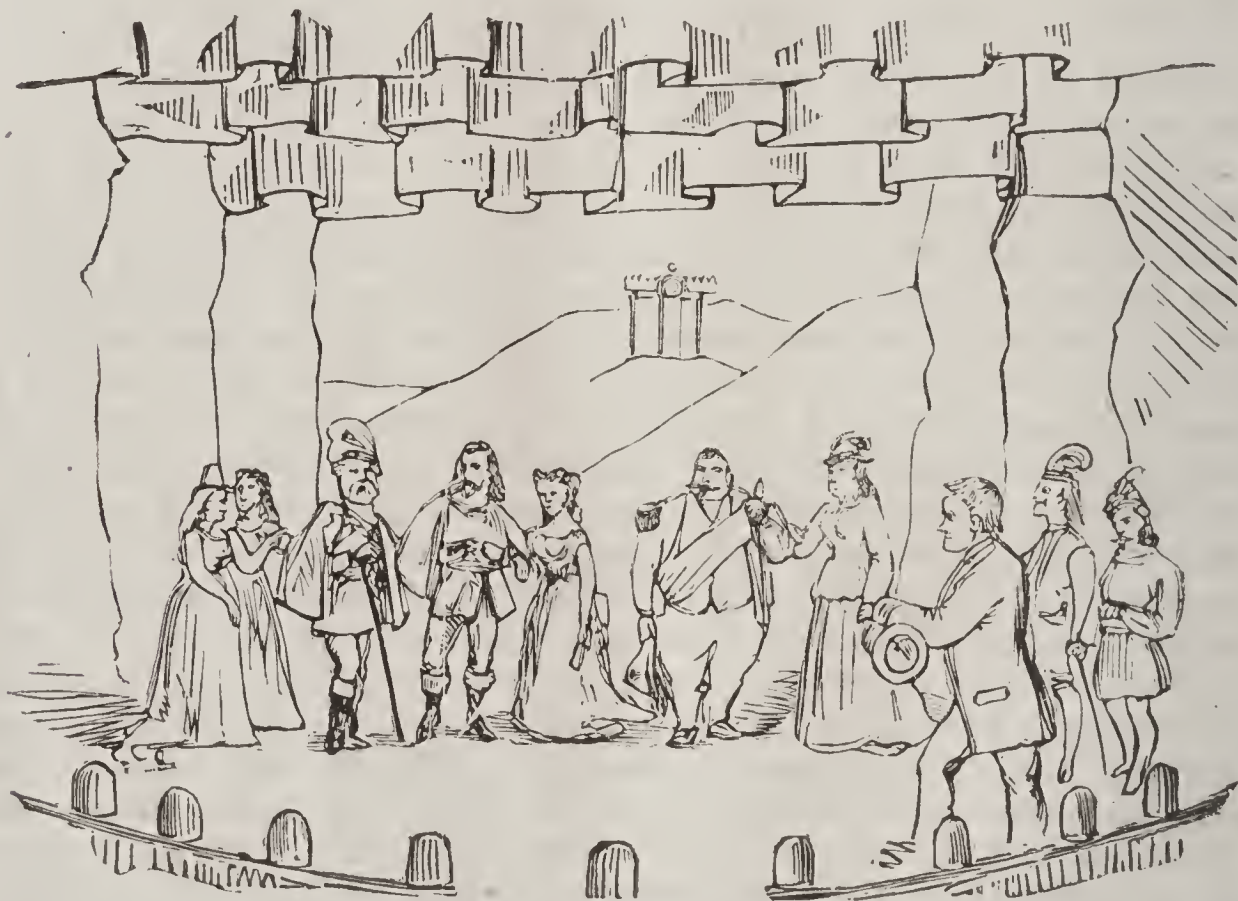
“What a change ! Deadwood has grown from a solitary cabin, in two years, to a bustling city. Gaysville has grown inside of one year. Burnt down and rebuilt. Central, inside of six months. Golden Gate, Anchor, all inside of one year ! Lead, Galena, and Crook, inside of a year ! Whew ! these changes make my head dizzy ! Two years ago, Deadwood Gulch had a few straggling miners. Now the population in this section must reach 15,000. Then there were no gold mills ; now there are thirty in and about Central—nine at Lead City, and several outside, making not far from one thousand stamps, and not less than fifty mills, running



KITTY LEROY, OR MRS. CURLEY.

[Kitty Le Roy, who was killed in Deadwood, by her husband, December, 1877, and then killed himself, was of small figure, and had previously been noted as a jig dancer. She had a large Roman nose, cold gray eyes, a low, cunning forehead, and was inordinately fond of money. I saw her often in her "Mint," which was opposite my office, where men congregated to squander their wealth, and as Kitty was a good player, like the old grave-digger, she "gathered them in!"—that is, their money. Men are, in a general sense, fools. A small tress of golden hair, or a bright eye, or a soft voice, will precipitate them into the ocean of folly, and women of the world, (and some out of the world,) know this fact, and play upon the weak strings of men's hearts; until all is gone, money, character, and then life. Kitty had seen much of human nature. Entering upon her wild career at the age of ten, she was married three times, and died at twenty-eight. A polite German met her. He was doing well with his gold claim; she knew it. Like the spider she spun her delicate web about him until he poured into her lap \$8,000 in gold, and then, when his claim would yield no more, she beat him over the head with a bottle, and drove him from her door. One and another she married, and then when their money was gone, discarded them in rapid succession. Yet there was something peculiarly magnetic about Kitty. Men DID love her, and there are men living to-day who revere her memory. Well, she's gone. I saw her only a short time since, lying dead by the body of her inanimate husband, with whom she would not live, but with whom she was obliged to pass quietly to the grave. Kitty left a boy about seven years old, in Denver, to whom all her property was given. The body of herself and her husband, (who killed her, and then killed himself,) lay side by side, and just twelve men and thirteen women attended the funeral, showing, that even in Deadwood, the great public pay but little regard to those who die with their boots on.]

night and day. Whew! but don't things whiz in a mining camp! I can't believe my sense! The amount of gold taken out of the Hills, thus far, must reach as high as from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000! Two years ago, I was a poor, forlorn, almost disheartened pilgrim, pecking away at this rock and then at that. but I finally "struck it big!"—made—\$50,000—put on soft clothes and a stand-up collar, and I must confess I feel a little better than I did. Ha! ha! ha! I've been down to the Play—I like it. It is just clean life through; but didn't I laugh—ha! ha! ha! Capital! But, what's coming here? (Peeps out through the scenes.) Upon my soul, it is the actors themselves." (The actors all enter, and take chairs. The Professor occupies the middle seat. The old Miner addressing them, says, "Actors, I believe," bowing.



“ACTORS! I BELIEVE?”

“Allow me, then, on the part of all the old miners and the new, the rich and the poor, the lucky and the unlucky, to return you their sincere thanks for your admirable portrayal of—“Life in the Hills,” and, in your future journey, may you each, one and all—“Strike it big!” The music commences, a spirited dance follows, at the conclusion of which the entire company sing—

“HOME! SWEET HOME!”

(After the singing, a woman in black makes her appearance on the stage and in a clear yet plaintive tone, says:

“ Sir,--excuse me ; but I called to inquire if you knew a man by the name of Fullington, George Fullington. I received a letter from a dear friend in the Hills, who writes me, that George Fullerton died of mountain fever, but I have a faint hope that this is not my husband, and that he may yet be alive. If alive, he no doubt, has greatly changed, so I would not recognize him : but, confounding the name of Fullington with Fullerton, leaves me to hope that he is still in existence.”

(The old Miner gets off to one side of the Stage and looks and listens. One of the ladies asks :—

“ Madame !—What kind of a looking man was your husband ?”

“ Well, when George left home he was a man in the prime of life, but hardships, no doubt, make him look now a great deal older.”

“ Why, if alive, has he not written you ?”

“ Oh ! I cannot tell you that ; but this suspense is killing me.”

(The old Miner draws near to the woman, whose head is bent towards the floor, and scanning her very keenly, remarks :—

“ You had a child ?”

“ Yes :” (woman still gazing upon the floor,) “ but,—she is dead !”

“ Her name was” —(lifting his finger and answering his own question)—“ Effie !” The woman looks up—George opens his arms and exclaims—“ Mary !” Mary simply says—“ George !” —and falls on his bosom, fainting. There is considerable confusion on the stage for a minute or two, when Mary recovers from her swoon, looks at her husband a moment, and then throws her arms about his neck, sobbing—“ My George ! my long, lost George !” The company start back in astonishment when Mary is recognized. Tranquility is soon restored, when Mary says ;

“ George ! do tell me, why did you not write me ?”

“ Mary ! having taken from my claim \$50,000, I buried it, in the hope that in a few days I would be on my way home, when, one evening I was seized by two stalwart Indians ; gagged, and carried into captivity. No human being can picture the torments I endured, but my life was spared, because, some years ago I befriended one of the sons of the Chief. I watched my opportunity—made my escape—secured my treasure, and was about to leave for home, when, hearing of this Play, I thought I would come and see it, and oh ! God ! what a fortunate circumstance. But, why are you here ?”

“ Being determined to satisfy myself whether you were dead or alive, I left the States—made for the Hills, and this is my first effort in search of my long, lost treasure.”

“ Well, Mary ! this is no time for sadness. Here is my reward of years of toil.” (Hands her a bag of gold from every pocket, which nearly fills her apron, and while sitting upon the stage hand in hand, the whole company sing :)



"THIS IS NO TIME FOR SADNESS!"

GOLDEN NUGGETS!

Golden Nuggets! Golden Nuggets!
Sparkling in their quiet bed;
Golden Nuggets! Golden Nuggets!
O'er life's pathway joy will shed.

See the stalwart miner digging,—
Bending o'er the rippling stream;
Hear the dancing water, splashing;
Watch the golden, glittering gleam
Of the Nugget, as it smoothly
Glides in wonder to its bed;
Golden Nuggets! Golden Nuggets!
O'er life's pathway joy will shed.

Home is gone and with it pleasure;
Down the shaft the delver goes:
Work to do with no more leisure,
Life's hard lot in misery's woes;
But, there comes a ray of sunshine,
See the golden Nuggets gleam—
Catch the trinkets e're they vanish:
Say not this is all a dream—
For, the little sparkling Nugget,
Glides in wonder to its bed!
Golden Nuggets! Golden Nuggets!
O'er life's pathway joy will shed.

Then let us give a loud hurrah!
Happy voices fill the room;
With golden Nuggets from afar,
Comes the lost one out of gloom.
Home, and wife, and dear ones wed—
In life's sweet dream to part no more;—
The golden Nugget in its bed
Tells truly that the search is o'er.
Golden Nuggets! Golden Nuggets!
How they glisten! How they gleam!
Golden Nuggets! Golden Nuggets!
Are not bubbles, but all they seem.

COL. C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

A sketch of the Hills would hardly be complete without a portrait and brief notice of Col. C. A. Lounsberry, editor of the Bismarck Tribune, and Postmaster at Bismarck, known in the Hills as



“THE BEAUTIFUL BOHEMIAN.”

Col. Lounsberry entered the army in 1861, a boy of eighteen, serving eighteen months as an enlisted man, being several times wounded and twice captured. He rapidly rose to the rank of Colonel, and was mustered out with his regiment in 1865. Coming west he drifted into journalism, where he has made a name for himself of which he may well be proud. Occupying a leading editorial position on the Minneapolis Daily Tribune, when the Northern Pacific was extended to Bismarck, on the Missouri River, he went into that then embryo city, on the first train, with a printing office, fully prepared to publish a daily paper when such a publication should be justified. And then when Custer's expedition was sent to the Black Hills, he equipped and forwarded

with it a member of his editorial staff, whom he instructed to mess and sleep with the miners accompanying that expedition, and to ship back to him, (Lounsberry,) by trusty hands, specimens of gold taken out of the stream, if gold should be discovered, and also rock containing gold; and any and all information that he could rely upon, no matter what stories were told in the newspapers respecting the auriferous country to which his agent was going.— His instructions were fully carried out, and the reports, therefore, which were sent from Bismarck in relation to the gold discoveries in the Hills, in every case proved to be true. Being correspondent of the leading New York, Chicago, St. Louis and St. Paul papers, Col. Lounsberry was able to reach the public ear in a manner which proved effective, and it is not too much to say, that the opening of the Black Hills country was due more to his efforts, than to the work of any other man. Not only that, but the first assay of rock from the Black Hills, was made for Col. Lounsberry, at the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and the first assay of rock made in Minnesota, was by Maj. T. M. Newson, from rock caused to be brought from the Hills, by Col. Lounsberry.— Being rich in Gold and Silver, these assays proved to all who saw the specimens and learned the result, that there were “millions in it.” When he saw that good could be accomplished by doing so, he induced Mayor McLean, of Bismarck, to accompany him, and together they went to Saint Paul, Milwaukee, Chicago and Washington, in behalf of the Black Hills, and also interested the Minnesota Legislature then in session, which body passed a memorial to Congress for the opening of the Hills. Beside all this, they interested capitalists who have since put on the Bismarck stage route; the several Railroad companies, who, on their representations, placed through tickets upon the market. They then made personal appeals to the President and Secretary of War, showing them fine specimens of gold from the Spring Creek region, (this being before the existence of Deadwood,) and enlisted a large number of Senators and members of the House in behalf of the Hills. Returning, Col. Lounsberry purchased a newspaper outfit, which, in April, 1876, he sent to the Hills, and it has always been a question whether his paper, (the Crook City Tribune,) or the Deadwood Pioneer, was the first paper in the Hills. His representative was unfortunate in his selection of a location, and the enterprise proved a financial failure, but, the work done by the Colonel through the means at his command, has told for the Black Hills, and the people of that region appreciate his labors and will reward his services when an opportunity is presented. It was he who first interested the author of this book in the Black Hills, and together they have tramped all over the gold region, visiting all of the principal mines and making the acquaintance of the live men

there who are building up a great State where only three years ago roamed, in undisputed possession, the savage of the plains.

Col. Lounsberry is about 35 years old, and the portrait we give, is true to life. He is a large man, speaks slowly and in a low tone of voice, but becomes enthusiastically animated when deeply interested. He is not outwardly demonstrative, but his quiet manner indicates great reserve force. He is a plain, unostentatious man, and very much resembles in two points, a huge locomotive—first, he pushes ahead of public sentiment, and second—he draws after him a heavy train of conservatives, who generally sit upon the nether garment of progress and cry—"whoa!" But they can't stop the train, for the engineer has steam enough to beat them all, and if he don't go to Congress and make his mark, then Bismarck will be no where, and Saint Paul a myth. He is yet a young man and has before him a long life of usefulness.

The Northern Belt across the Continent.

The Northern Pacific Railroad---Best Route to Black Hills.

Across the continent in the Northern belt, is the inevitable destiny of the American people. And, why not? The theory that it is too far north to raise wheat; that the soil is too cold and barren; that it is too far removed from transportation, is all exploded. The bug-a-boo of marshes and swamps, is lost amid thousands of acres of waving grain and prolific crops. Marching on in its grand triumph, the Northern Pacific starts from an inland sea at Lake Superior, cleaves its way five hundred miles over an excellent agricultural region, and doffs its hat at Bismarck, where rolls the peaceful Missouri. Only about one-third of the distance of its ultimate completed journey has been accomplished, but mark its track. Here, are Crow Wing, and Brainerd, and Perham, and Detroit, and Morehead, and Fargo, and Bismarck, with hundreds of smaller towns, and grand farms of thousands of acres under cultivation, one of which alone this year produced the amount of one hundred and forty seven thousand bushels of wheat, which, with millions of other bushels, were garnered into the elevators to be shipped back to the sea-board to feed the thousands who are crying for bread! bread!--even bread without butter. The overpopulated East, with its terrible financial depression, its silent factories, its marine commerce stagnant, its commercial sky darkened by a dense fog, must live. This is emphatically the age of--"bread and butter." Where is this to come from? If the demand is greater than the supply, flour will reach a fabulous price--starvation must follow. If the crops of Europe fail, America must come to the rescue, and how is this to be met? I answer, from along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Here is the storehouse of the world! Go, gaze upon that farm of six thousand acres! See the beautiful, dark, mellow soil turned over by fifty plows! Watch the seed as it enters the hungry mouth of mother earth. God has smoothed the land over with his hand; not a stump mars the view, but man applies artificial means, and the little kernels of wheat are covered up in their warm beds, and the sun comes, and the dews come, and the rains come, and under a law of germination the kernels spring into life, and one vast, grand scene of green marks the spot where, years ago, in our ignorance, we

located marshes, and lizzards, and alkali, and bad lands! Under the effects of a climate more genial than northern New York, this green field grows into mellow age, it buds, and blooms and bears. Like a sea of gold, it waves under the gentle winds of summer. It has fulfilled its mission: and then how the many reapers come forth and laugh as they sing, "We gather it in! we gather it in!" Horses and men, and machinery save these little golden heads, and as they are safely stored away, the world gives a long breath and exclaims: "This is money! this is bread! this is life!"

Away beyond Bismarck, in the valley of the Yellowstone, and even beyond that a thousand miles, most excellent land awaits the forward march of the pioneer. But—he pauses! he hesitates!—why? He is waiting for the Northern Pacific! Let this great thoroughfare be built half-way across the continent, and in ten years it will add \$100,000 000 to the wealth of the country; Minnesota will produce 60,000,000 bushels of wheat instead of 40,000,000; fifty towns will spring up where there are none to-day, and the great trade of this vast region, including that from the Black Hills, will gravitate to St. Paul and Minneapolis, even still onward to Chicago, thence to the seaboard, and thence to all parts of the world. And so years will move on, and the Railroad will move on, and emigration will move on; and amid all this excitement, all this struggle, all this rapid developement of a nation's resources, all this industry and activity, the Northern Pacific, with its thousands of cars, and hundreds of engines and army of employees, will continue to add to the wealth of the country by opening up land to settlement, inducing population westward, breaking down monopolies, bringing silks and teas from Oriental regions, preventing Indian wars, advancing civilization, and adding to the strength and greatness and glory and prosperity of the American Republic.

The Northern Pacific is, emphatically, the best route to the Black Hills. It makes connections at Bismarck with the Stages of the W. N. Express and Transportation Company; and parties leaving Chicago, take the West Wisconsin Road direct to St. Paul; thence on the elegant cars of the Northern Pacific: thence on comfortable coaches, reach the Hills in three days after leaving Bismarck. The U. S. Government have detailed a company of cavalry to protect the route, and the Company have two outriders, to accompany each coach. The road over the Custer route is good; the coaches are good: the accommodations are good; and parties going to the Black Hills, the Big Horn Mountains, or the Yellowstone, will find, that of all the routes, the one by the way of the Northern Pacific, is by far the best.

—THE—

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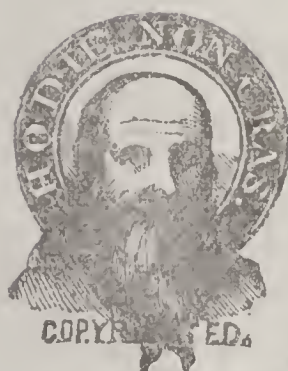
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and a warning and guide for youth.

Hundreds who have read this book, including Ministers of the Gospel, Professors of Colleges, teachers and scholars, have declared to me that if they had met with such a work in their younger days, it would have been worth *thousands of dollars* to them, in saving them years of ill health, mental anxiety and suffering.

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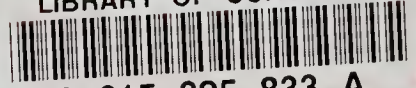








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