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DWARD WOOD DICK,

A ROAD-AGENT !

A DRAMA OF THE GOLD MINES.

BY

EDWARD L. WHEELER.

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AVOCA, N. Y.,

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(1880)

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CHARACTERS:

- DEADWOOD DICK, a road agent and dare-devil.
- CALAMITY JANE, a Girl-sport of the mines.
- COL. YANK YUBA, a Yankee Sharpshooter, who turns out a detective.
- MRS. NANCE YUBA, a Vinegar-tempered woman.
- GOVERNOR CASTLETON, a scheming villain.
- FLETCHER FARLEY, a heavy villain.
- GRAVEYARD GEORGE, a border ruffian.
- ETHEL CASTLETON, the heiress.
- EDWIN BOOTH SNOWBANK, a colored tragedian.
- PATSY MULLIGAN, a bar-keeper.
- PRETZEL PETE, proprietor of the "Bung-hole."
- FRED CASTLETON, a mine owner.
- JUDGE LYNCH, a Sheriff.
- CAP. CUTTHROAT, a robber.
- LIEUT. BREEZE.

AD. LIB.

Jim Masher, Old Buckwheat, Old Avalanche, Sam Stamper, Jack Bangs, Timothy Scraggs and John Hefty.

GENERAL COSTUMES:—FIRST:

For the Opening Scene each man shall be attired in half-mask, slouch plumed hat, plumed up at left side, top brim stretching to or above knee, dark coat, vest and pants, boots in foot legs, belt around waist containing knife and revolvers, large size.

SECOND:

The other scenes to be costumed in character, as follows:

SPECIAL COSTUMES:

DEADWOOD DICK:—Plumed hat top-brim; white duck pants, vest and corduroy jacket; white top-brim slouch open at throat, broad brim slouch hat, plumed up at left side and turned. Hair must be long down on shoulders, Buffalo Bill style; black graying mustache and dip or half goatee. Weapons—two pair of large six-shooters and hunting knife; also a light sporting rifle.

CALAMITY JANE:—Arranged.

COL. YUBA:—

NANCE YUBA:—Tattered calico dress, short in front, showing her "bloomers," long trailing necktie, coarse shoes; old red shawl; "night" or reddish-buff hair; old-fashioned umbrella, minus covering; sky scraper bonnet; cow blue whip.

GOVERNOR CASTLETON:—Dress suit, (white vest) of stylish cut; silk hat; fine, mixed gray hair, heavy gray mustache, connecting across cheek with side whiskers.

FLETCHER FARLEY:—Long-haired wig, black mustache; blue shirt open at throat; belt containing a number of revolvers, dark trousers, thrust in stoga boots.

GRAVEYARD GEO.:—Stoga boots, rough suit with belt and weapons; long haired black wig; heavy, long black mustache and goatee; slouch hat, etc.

PRETZEL PETE:—Dutch comedy suit, with immense belly; wooden shoes; belt with big horse pistol; Dutch wig; false hooked nose with red end; large sized eye-glasses; Dutch cap.

PATSY MULLIGAN:—Irish shikalah; old suit; battered plug hat; whiskers under chin; Irish wig.

E. B. SNOWBANK:—Burlesque song and dance shoes with long boot legs attached; 'tight' striped trousers; yellow vest with belt containing knife; swallow-tail coat buttoned tight round waist; half of a ragged duster divided through back; immense stand-up collar; old plug hat minus the crown. Banjo slung to his back; camp stool hung to his hip.

ETHEL CASTLETON:—Short walking skirt, stockings and slippers, shawl, jaunty hat, etc.

JUDGE LYNCH:—Common suit, top boots, weapons, sandy wig, mustache and goatee; slouch hat; handcuffs.

LIEUT. BREEZE:—(See first gen'l costumes) mustache, black.

FRED CASTLETON:— “ “ “ “ light, and imperial and gray beard.

AD. LIB. CHARACTERS.

In addition to first general costumes, must have rough suits, stoga boots, old hats, full beards, etc.

NOTICE:—Each performer must have a trunk of sufficient size to carry all his own wardrobe and properties, as there will be no property box, owing to great similarity of effects. MANAGER.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

	Performer supposed to be facing the footlights.			
1 R. E.,	First Right Entrance.	1 L. E.,	First Left Entrance.	
2 R. E.,	Second “ “	2 L. E.,	Second “ “	
3 R. E.,	Third “ “	3 L. E.,	Third “ “	
R. C. E.,	Right of Centre “	L. C. E.,	Left of Centre “	
	C. E., . . . Centre Entrance.			

DRAMA OF DEADWOOD DICK.

ACT I.—“Deadwood Gulch.”

SCENE I:—*Curtain Rises, disclosing the gulch; road-agents engaged in dancing. Lieut. Breeze strolling off by I. L. E. looking on; road-agents dance 5 minutes; Breeze throws up left hand.*

BREEZE. Hold! Enough of your revels, till the captain comes. I heard his voice but a moment ago in the mountains, and he will soon be here. Ah! I told you so; listen—his voice—and he is singing, too.

D. DICK (*heard in the distance*)

Dashing along through the valley and vale,
From the early dawn till the day grows pale;
Into the pockets strewn with flowers,
Into the woodland's shady bowers;
Stopping anon by the babbling streams,
Then darting on into rocky seams;
Free as the eagle in its flight,
Cheerful in darkness, happy in light:
Hail to the life of the scout gay and free,
Such is the life that is suiting to me.

Chorus, by the ROAD-AGENTS:

Away! away! o'er the mountains gay,
From the early dawn, till the close of day;
A band of lawless brethren free,
A jolly band of pilgrims, we.

CALAMITY (*heard singing second verse, in distance.*)

Oft in the thickest of the fight,
Racing the gauntlet in the night;
Taming with spur the buckin cayuse,
Profiting well by the storm's abuse;
Paying one's way—taking no slack,
Biting cold lead and sending it back;
Free from care, constraint and woe,
Ever alert to grapple foe;
Hail to the life of the ranger free,
Such is the life that is suiting to me.

Chorus by CO. While singing ROAD-AGENTS form to either side of stage, face each other, folding left arm across breast and raising their hats.

Enter DEADWOOD DICK 3 L. E., and CALAMITY 3 R. E. DICK takes CALAMITY by hand, then doffs hat to his men.

BREEZE (*standing off 1 L. E.*) Now, boys, give him a welcome. Three cheers for our brave and fearless leader—hip! hip! hurrah!

ROAD-AGENTS *join in the cheer.*

D. DICK (*standing back c, with CALAMITY*) Thanks, my gallant followers, for this the same old welcome that greets me, on my every return. You may seek your cavern, now, for two of your companions have returned with as handsome a pair of bucks as the mountains afford. You, too, may go, Lieutenant, to return in a few moments, when I have something to inform you of.

Exit BREEZE and ROAD-AGENTS R. and L. E.

DICK (*leading CALAMITY forward to a rocky scat, near 1 R. E.*) And, now, my pretty Miss Calamity, may I ask what brings you here to my eagle's nest—you, whom the people of Deadwood will miss, as a departed ray of sunshine.

CALAMITY. No danger of that, Deadwood Dick. Ha! ha! ha! I'll bet there's more as tries to miss me than there is what don't. I tell you I'm gettin' to be a bad bill fer fools ter swaller.

DICK (*putting her on the shoulder*) But, nevertheless, a brave girl, Calamity. Indeed, it has always been a matter of wonder to me, how you succeed in living there in that cursed town of Deadwood, and fighting off the swarm of human sharks who ever prey upon the weak and unprotected.

CAL. (*Rising and taking him by the arm*) (*quizzingly*) So it puzzles you does it? It fogs you to know how a little piece of humanity keeps out of a life of disgrace and temptation, 'cause she ain't got no big brother to back her? Well—well—they do talk about me, Dick, and say things that would make a mule blush—them what hain't got any respect fer nobody. But it don't hurt me. Oh! no! I s'pect they talk because when I struck Deadwood it was in breeches I sailed in to become a citizen, an' thar's them'll acknowledge I got thar, too. I hope you don't b'lieve I'm bad, because I dress like a boy, Dick.

DICK (*heartily*) Ah! no, Calamity—far from it. From our first meeting I have always believed you a brave noble girl, pure even in your wild, reckless existence.

CAL. (*intensely*) Because you knew not my past life. Shall I tell you? Aye! I am in a mood for confidence. You, I can trust, who has ever been as a brother to me. It isn't a long story either, but

oh! bitterness rises with its narration. Put it in a few brief chapters. First: A young girl becomes fascinated with a tourist, and is courted and asked to marry. She seeks her parent's consent—they refuse. Second: A secret marriage follows then desertion by the tourist—discovery that the marriage is a sham, both by the victim and her parents. Third: The victim is driven from her home onto the world, followed by a parental curse. She adopts a male costume, and wanders into the wild life of the mines, in search of her betrayer. That is the history of Calamity Jane in a nutshell. I have grown wild and untamed, since then, but God helping me, I have preserved what honor my destroyer left me. You wonder how I protect myself, then. I can easy explain—I first slap the one in the mouth, who insults or slanders me—then, if that don't have the desired effect of mending his ways, I draw a revolver, and pop away at him till he's got enough. One dose is generally enough to effect a cure.

DICK. Yes, my brave girl; especially when the dose is administered by a hand as steady as yours. But you have not told me yet what brings you here—here in this mountain trap, which the Deadwood authorities would pay a handsome sum to discover?

CAL. What should bring me here to be sure, except a desire and a will to warn you of impending danger. Dick (*impressively*) they are growing strong against you, down in the town. Them as purtends to boss the place are swearin' black an' blue at you, because you toll the stages, and yet evade them.

DICK (*laughing hoarsely*) Let 'em swear. They must long ere this have discovered that no fear exists in the heart of Deadwood Dick for them, nor even a shadow of respect. I owe the people of Deadwood nothing Calamity, except a just spirit of enmity. Over two years ago, I came to this country, a peaceful miner. I staked out my claim, but they drove me from it, because I was alone and unprotected. Not despairing, I bought me another claim but they also drove me from that. Then, smarting under the injustice done me, I registered an oath that the golden gulches that had known me as a peaceful weak-handed miner, should know me as a powerful adversary—that the people who reaped the profits from the claims that were legally mine, should pay me a revenue. I rallied around me a few sympathizing fellows as brave as lions and true as steel, and organized the band that subsequently became notorious as Deadwood Dick's road-agents. We made it our business to toll the treasure-box and pocket-books of every stage that left Deadwood Gulch, bearing away my rightful gold. Of course the people rose against us, and hunted us, but to no avail. Capture us they could not. We were invincible, so far as safety was concerned. I finally grew tired of the life, and posted placards throughout the mining country, offering to suspend hostilities if my claims be restored to

me, and my freedom and right be established as a citizen again. You probably have heard the result. They sent out a flag of truce, and accepted my terms, on condition that we march into town, and throw down our arms. We did so, when we were instantly surrounded and an attempt was made to make us prisoners. After a desperate resistance we succeeded in fighting them off, and made our escape—a mere handful only, full half of our lumber having died in defense of their rights. Since then, we have kept pretty closely to our retreat, in defiance of the determined efforts that have been made to secure our capture. We are no longer road-agents, for I have given orders that no stage or stager be molested. In our mountain home, here we have struck paying dirt, and if we are not molested, our notoriety will be a thing of the past. If however they still persist in biting at us, they can but reasonably expect that we shall bite back.

CAL. (*enthusiastically, slipping his arm on shoulder*) Bully for you, Deadwood Dick—bully for you. Oh! that I was a man, so I could sail right in and lick blazes out of every galoot who votes against you. You just bet your ducats I'd make 'em think old Gabriel had arrived. But I haven't told you yet, why I came here, to-day. A new pilgrim has just sailed inter Deadwood—an old galoot, mind you, with white hair and mustache and side whiskers, an' he's dressed up like a nabob, too.

DICK. Ah! some eastern speculator, probably?

CAL. (*shaking her head*) Nixy. Jest you chalk it down he's a shark, an' ye want to look out for him for he's after you.

DICK. (*in surprise*). After me, say you?

CAL. Bet yer nuggets he is. He just waltzed right into the Bung-hole saloon, to-day, an' stuck up a paper offering five hundred dollars for the capture of of Deadwood Dick, dead or alive—that's what he did.

DICK. (*grimly*). Aha! So ther's another foe in the field, eh? Well, well, let 'em come—let 'em come. They'll all keep fooling around, until there'll be a demand for more lots in the Deadwood cemetery. I've about made my mind that it's time for me to turn pedagogue, and teach 'em that even though outlawed and cursed and hunted by my fellowmen, I can yet add to my notoriety by learning my enemies a deadly lesson—a chapter as it were in their existence—printed in blood. Forbearance they say is a virtue, but to be hounded to the death, does not merit forbearance. Tell me Calamity, who is this stranger, who puts a price again upon the head of Deadwood Dick?

CAL. He chalked down his name on the hotel register, as Governor Ira Castleton, of New York?

DICK. (*thoughtfully*). Castleton? Castleton? I do not think I know him. Yet, 'tis strange he should desire my capture! if a total stranger. I must investigate this matter, at once (*calls*) Lieut.

(Enter BREEZE 2 L. E.)

BREEZE. (*doffing hat*) Yes, Captain—at your command.

DICK. Breeze, you may order my horse doubly fed, for I have another ride to make soon. Also, order the men to brush up their weapons, and stand ready for orders at any hour. Go, now, and on your way, order the cook to prepare meals for two. (*Exit BREEZE*) Now, then, (*turning to CALAMITY*) my friend, you must dine with me, ere you return to town: and, by the way, it may be the last time, for I am going down to Deadwood, to teach the dogs a lesson, who would bite at the heels of a hurricane.

CAL. [*anxiously*] Oh! Dick, do not go! They are a whole populace to your one, and they will kill you.

DICK. [*bitterly*] Let them kill. Better to die in battle, than to forever endure the misery of being hunted at every turn. Come.

[*Exit both, 1 L. E. Enter SNOWBANK 1 R. E.*]

SNOWBANK. [*pausing, looking first at audience; then off 1 L. E.*] Well, now, jes' you bress dis yar chile's periuvial systematic daphragin, an' convert 'em into a box of rubber chewin' gum, ef he knows w'ich way he's a gwine. Hello! wonder who's dem ar' people a gwine off yonder. Hope me nebber see de top of dis yar chile's cocconut, if dar aint two humaus—de bery first humaus wid two legs dat dis nigger's seen fo' a hull week, suah! 'Spect dat's some love struck Julio an' Romiet, out a star gazin'. Yas, wonder whar I is? Wonder if I get to nowhar if I'se keep right on trampin' [*walks around and inspects things*]. 'Spect dis yar orphan might as well gib it up as a bad job. Seventeen hull hours hab dis noble disciple of Shakespeare bin wanderin' froo dese yar dismal solitudes, widout food or lager, in quest co de town ob Deadwood, but no such a town appeareth on de equinoxval horizon. All on account of dat Yankee Doodle Yuba, too. But I'se wouldn't be dat Yankee Doodle Yuba, if de hull universe was ter offer me de late presidency. Jes' you orter see [*looking off to audience, from footlights*] dat Nance Yuba electrify dat old better half of her'n, de Cunel. Why bress you chile, dat old Nance, she jest skin de wool all off de Cunel's head till it looks like an Alabamer full moon out seranadin', suah. Den she gib him a dressin' wid de bullwhip, an' told him to go buy himself a caliker dress, an' make a woman ob hisself. Why, bress you, dat all comes ob jiuin' de church. Jes as soon as Yankee Doodle Yuba, ob Yuba Dam, went ajined de church an' got religyum, he jes' calmed right done down, jes' like a clipped tailed hen-turkey. Golly! I'se wouldn't jine de church and be a minister fur nuffin', I wouldn't, no sah! Fust you know you hab all de sisters a huggin' you, an' a squeezin' you hand as if dey was tryin' to squeeze spiritual consolation out ob it, an' bress you, sah, if you jes' done gone squeeze back agin dey call you a Henry Ward Beecher, so' a fact. No, sah! I wouldn't be a minister, like dat yar Yankee Doodle Yuba, fo' nuffin'. Besides, 'tis said dat de people ob de stage can't git to Canaan, no how, so I 'spect dis yar disciple ob de immortal boards of Shakespeare, is done gone shut out. But aha! what's de difference while de clam crop is large. Edwin Booth Snowbank (*strikes an attitude*) am I; de greatest livin' tragedian of de lyric stage—de bossset ob

de Hamlet's—de only original enterpreter ob all ob Shakespeare's sublime successes, eum west on a Pullman handcar, after oberwhelmining metre-opolitan triumphs—in a New York gas-works—to paralyze de denizens ob dis yar picture-sque continental lattytoad. Yas! I'se goin' to catch 'em clar off their base. I'se got one ob de sublimest tragedies ob de age, hyar. (*takes roll of manuscript from pocket*) Its title was suggested by my eminent namesake Edwin Booth, and is "Roarin' Rhinoserious, the Superannuated Molongian Masher of the Calapultian Mounts." Yas! dat's de title. Now, wid de kind permission ob de audience, I will proceed to rehearse dis yar briney tale, but before launching forth, I would respectfully suggest dat dose pussons afflicted wid ninety-nine cent oper-ah glasses, will not level dem dis way, as de inextinguishable brilliancy radiating from dis yar masterpiece of monumental Shakespeare, comin' in contact wid de magnifying power ob de aper-ah glasses, will propogate a conscientious cylindrical 'centration of foureusses, an' de result will be a terrible kersplosion. Now, den, attention, an' youse agwine ter have de powers, fo suah. (*Strikes an attitude, looking skyward, with left hand on breast and right poised a la elocution*) (*speaking tragically*) De shades of evenin' war enwelopin' dis yar hemispherical conglomeration ob sand an' rock, in a mantle ob Stygian eclipsiousness, when precipitously descending de perpendicular pillar ob de Catapultyan range, waltzed de Roarin' Rhinoserious, wid a fishpole on his shoulder. For devil-fishes, white whales an' green elephantiums had dis noble bard been slinging his angle-worms, until de countenances ob de heavenly bodies became double-dyed wid scowls ob displeasure, and claps of electric light and flashes of megatherian thunder illumined de autumnal landscape Den, bethinking himself ob de serioustiness—ness—ness ob his situation, dis yar firey mazepa tempered Roarin' Rhinoserious, perigrinated his pedal promulgaters toward de mansion ob his girl, intent upon dissipating de remaining hours ob de nocturnal period, in feeding her conversation lozengers, an' whispering quotations ob elysium affection into her roseate tinted tympanum. On arriving in de grounds adjacent to de domicile ob his ducky dear, dis noble knight ob de fishpole instantaneously glued his eyes upon a scene dat summarily transformed his blood into de state ob Cincinnati ice cream. (*Enter CAP. CUTTHROAT 2 R. E.; pauses, gazing at SNOWBANK with clenched fists.*) Around the gills ob de Roarin' Rhinoserious there spread a midnight tinge, and from his eyes darted sparks of rage larger than a Syracuse baseball. And whyfore? Simple the answer—aye! simple and yet so strange. For there, anatomically deposited upon chairs in an arbor, where the woodbine twineth, an' de whang doodle mouneth for his first born, were the betrothed of the Roarin' Rhinoserious, and a newspaper reporter by de name of Eurasticus Animosticus, engaged in sipping the effervescenciousness from sundry schooners of *wiciss* beer. Struck dumb with paralytic ness, the Roarin' Rhinoserious gazed for sebbecal hours at the terrible

scene; den drawing a toothpick from de pocket ob his vest—something like this, (*draws immense knife from bootleg, and waves it tragically, while speaking*) he waved it on high, like a Bowery thoroughbred on a fourth o' July hurrah, and gluing his optical organs on de frowning amputheater above, cried, thusly: (*continuing to wave knife*) Oh! Neptune, most mighty ruler ob de sea, cast down thy light on thy injured innocent Behold a noble bard bereft of his damsel, through the malicious machinate ob a simple newspaper reporter. Hear me den oh! Neptune—hear me swear that thy servant shall hab revenge! revenge, I say, ten hundred billion times, *revenge!* Blood, will I hab—blood! gore! coagulated crimson! It shall be spilt! (*CUTTHROAT comes forward and presents a revolver at the darky*) It shall dye these hills and valleys—it shall run in mighty rivers until the world shall be engulfed in an antediluvian deluge. Aye! blood! gore! (*feels pistol pressing ag'inst his cheek, and wheels around*) ouch! de debbil. Oh! oh! oh! I beg—'deed I do! Oh! oh! yes—yes—yes I I beg—'deed I do, Marsar—I beg! nebber do it again—nebber do it again, fo' suah! (*drops on knees in attitude of prayer*)

CUTTHROAT (*laughing hoarsely*) Waal! waal! now you needn't git skeurt, nigger. All I want o' you is to jest turn your nose toward the west, yonder, and slope! D'ye heer? get out as fast as yer legs can carry you.

SNOWBANK (*rising and going off 1 L. E. backwards*) Yes—yes—yes—I'se goin' Marse Robber—I'se goin', right away off jes' as fas' as I can trabble (*looking off audience*) Oh! my golly, jes' s'osin' dat yar canna had vomicked, when it was alongside dis yar nig's head? Whar'd I bin, now—oh! bress you. Jes' s'osin' de case. What a 'oss de Shakesperian stage would hab abstained, had I gone up among de Cherrybums. How Lawrence Barrett an' John McCullough would hab diffused tearlets ob grief, on hearin' ob deir brudder tragedian's demise. Yas, you believe me, honey. Gib a \$ to know whar Marse Yankee Doodle Yuba is. Last dis yar chile seed ob him, he was a skinnin' out o' Sand City, wid old Nance Yuba at his heels, jes' a lamin' it to him wid de ole bullwhip. (*CUTTHROAT strides nearer, SNOW throws up hands and backs off*) Yes—yes—I'se agwine, now, Marse Robber; I'se agwine right straight off—'deed I is, done gwine fo' suah. *Exit SNOWBANK 1 L. E.*

CUTTHROAT (*watching him off 1 L. E.*) There! curse my boots if I didn't scare away the infernal black and tan, which leaves the way open for me to escape. Ha! ha! it is better that I go at once, for 'tis said these quarters are not healthy for christian people after dark, much less for me, once a member of Deadwood Dick's band, who turned traitor for a bag of gold. Curse me, but I wouldn't like to meet the valiant captain of the road-agents, who has sworn to kill me at sight—oh! no, not I. When it comes to slitting the wizzand

or perforating the heart of a pilgrim like the miner whom I just started on his way to the happy hunting grounds, back yonder in the wood, (*pointing over shoulder, off 3 R. E.*) why I am thar! but I scarcely care to test the invincibility of the commander of these reckless mountain outlaws. Back to Deadwood I go, for *now*, will I, Bill Cutthroat, ruffian at large, alias Fletcher Farley, thoroughbred scoundrel, see who owns the pretty piece of femininity at the red shanty—Fred Castleton, the husband, or Fletch Farley, the lover! Ha! ha! admiration for a pretty piece of calico, they say, will battle with an army, an' I reckon it'll *strike in* on them as stands in the way sometimes. Leasthow, Fred Castleton stood in the way of me and that pretty wife o' hisn, to say nothin' about the Red Rock mine, and as a result, his carcass lies over yonder in the gulch, fer the crows to pick, ef some philanthropically disposed cuss don't come along and plant him. While I—why I go back to town, and in due time marry the widder—if not by persuasion, by force—and eventually become a popular citizen, the owner of the Red Rock mine, an' a regular bloated aristocrat. Ha! ha! methinks I almost can touch it even now—the pretty, pretty picture. Ha! ha! ha! (*Laughs villainously and exit. End of scene 1.*)

Act 2.—“Deadwood City.”

SCENE I: *Exterior of cabin, washtub by door—or 3 L. E.—and*
 ETHEL CASTLETON *engaged in washing.*

ETHEL (*looking front*) How lonesome it seems here since my poor husband's death. I have not the energy to do anything but mourn and weep. I am constantly in a state of nervous excitement, as if expecting some dark, lurking evil, yet cannot imagine from what source it will come. Everybody seems very friendly to me, here in Deadwood, and I do not think I have an enemy, unless it is the dark gambler, Fletcher Farley. I have always feared him, as a bold bad man, for on several occasions he has insulted me with an offering of what he called love.

FARLEY (*entering, 2 R. E.*) And what he *meant* love, (*doffing hat*) my pretty Mrs. Ethel. Indeed, he's a poor stick as could fail to pass your shrine without worshipping at it.

ETHEL (*stepping back*) Sir! your intrusion here is unwarrantable.

FARLEY (*mockingly*) Oh, no; not when one comes in the role of a consoler. Be not angry with me, Mrs. Castleton, for on hearing of the late demise of your estimable husband, I hastened hither to tender you my heartfelt sympathy in your affliction.

ETHEL (*coldly*) Your sympathy, sir? I have heard men say your heart was too black to possess even a spark of tender feeling—and certainly your reputation is dark and evil. No, sir, Mr. Fletcher Farley, I do not care to accept even your sympathy.

FARLEY (*grating his teeth, clenching hands and stepping forward*) Oho! so that's your layout is it, my little lady. Well, well! we shall see. But laying aside joking, Ethel Castleton, I have come here on business—and to *talk* on business. In fact, I mean business in every sense of the word.

ETHEL. Begone, sir. I will not listen to you. Take yourself from my presence, or I will call for assistance.

FARLEY (*laughing*) Ha! ha! that's pretty good of you, when it's well known to both of us that there are no miners within earshot. Nor would I go until I had had my say, were there a hundred at your call. Therefore, you will find it your best and only motion to give me an audience.

ETHEL (*sternly; folding her arms*) Go on, sir. I will hear you out—*thel*, if you do not take your departure, I will know the reason why. Do not think I am a coward, Fletcher Farley, because I am a woman, (*shaking fist at him*) for I'm far from it. I was born and bred here in this wild, half-civilized country, and I've a temper, too, that sometimes gets the best of me.

FARLEY (*mockingly—aside*) Ah! yes, and I'll cursed soon break it into submission, when I get you, my dear. (*To* ETHEL) Undoubtedly you have, fair Ethel—a woman without a temper is a literal squash. But what I was going to say, my dear Mrs. Castleton, you have known for some months that I was smitten with your charms, and desirous of possessing so priceless a jewel as you are in your charming self. Of course I could discreetly apprise you of the fact, but while Fred Castleton lived, modesty and personal esteem for him, forbade me making further advances. But, now, since he is dead, I deem it not out of taste to come forward in a manly way, tell you that I love you, and ask you honorably to become my wife. Nay! do not say no, for you little know the kind of a man I am. When humored in my wishes, I am akin to a saint, they say, who know me. But when crossed in a purpose, it is then all the devil in my nature crops out, and I let nothing balk me in my designs. I have set my figures upon marrying you and the Red Rock mine. You will find it to your advantage to wed me and thereby secure a good husband, a staunch defender, and a thorough manager of your business.

ETHEL (*excitedly*) No! no—a thousand times no. I shall never marry again, sir, and were I to marry a hundred times, you would never stand the faintest smell of a show—*never!* There! you have heard me, now begone with you. Go, I say—it is better to have a man of your class, as a foe than as a friend.

FARLEY (*crawling nearer*) It is, eh? You'd rather have me as a foe? Well, my beautiful young widow, you shall have your choice. I will be your foe, and *yet* your husband. Ha! ha! wait till I get you in my power, and then I'll learn you how we break the temper of wild horses down in the Southwest. Ha! ha! I fancy I see you in meek subjection, already, sniveling and crying whenever I walk heavily, for fear I am going to cut your heart out. But I'll postpone the opening ceremonies for the present, letting you off with a kiss—a sweet, soft lingering smooch! Ha! ha! come, now, pony up, and no kicking. (*Approaches her*)

ETHEL (*stepping back*) Back, villain! monster—don't dare to lay a hand on me, or I will scream for help!

FARLEY (*springs forward and catches her in his embrace, she struggling desperately to escape*) Ha! ha! scream my pretty catbird, if it will relieve you, but I'm bound to seal our betrothal here, and at once. (*Kisses her secret times, she calling for help, repeatedly.*)

Enter CALAMITY quickly—seizes FARLEY, hurls him off, and levels a pair of revolvers at him.

CAL. (*coolly—deliberately*) There! you ugly, black son of a sea cook, just you stand off. D'ye hear me? stand off, or by the holy smoke I'll fill your anatomy so full of compressed plumbago, that you'll answer for a sodderin' block—an' that's jest as sure as my name is Calamity Jane, Esquire—a free citizen of Deadwood. Oh! you're a purty specimen of manhood, aint you, a-tryin' ter kiss a wilder who aint got over mournin' fer her husband, yet? You'd do to hang up in a drug store to cut pukes off 'm.

FARLEY (*stumbling at bay—hursely*) Oh! so it's you is it, you young she wildcat. Well, well! this makes another one I owe you. I've already got a big account agin you to settle. But, curse me, you're a puzzle, girl. One would scarcely expect that the passionate Calamity, whose heart is in the keeping of Deadwood Dick, the famous outlaw, would care to defend her rival in the aforesaid outlaw's affections. Ha! ha!—but I suppose it is none of my business, all the same. With your permission, I will retire—ha! ha! yes; you will of course excuse me, ladies. Au revoir. (*Bows mockingly with lifted hat, and exit 2 R. E.*)

CAL. (*turning to ETHEL*) There! I do not think he will return to bother you at present, but you had best go at once to your cabin and keep on your guard. He is a hard cuss, is that 'ar Fletcher Farley, but he knows better than to come foolin' around me. Go, now, and look out for yourself.

ETHEL. (*warmly*) Oh! Miss Calamity, how can I ever repay you for your brave interference in my behalf (*steps forward, but CALAMITY motions her back.*)

CAL. Don't mention it ma'am. I crave neither thanks, gold or gratitude for such little thngs. Take my advice, and seek your shanty at once.

ETHEL. I will do as you say, ever kindly remembering your bravery and unselfishness. Though a stranger to me, I have often heard of you and now believe the reports that you are dauntless.

CAL. (*pacing off toward 1. R. E. with bowed head.*) Ah! then it is true these stories that I have a rival in her who has just left me—it must be true when even the ruffian Farley twitted me of the fact. Even old Pretzel's told me that Deadwood Dick used to be a regular visitor at Castleton's shanty, ere Fred Castleton was murdered—and of course it was the pretty faced woman that was the lodestone. Oh! God, why is it I must love one who cares naught for me, to be jeered at by the roushs who seem to comprehend my passion. But I will not believe it no—no! I will not believe Dick is unfaithful to his betrothal vows, until I have further proof—then—then God help me, and him. (*Exit 1. R. E.*)

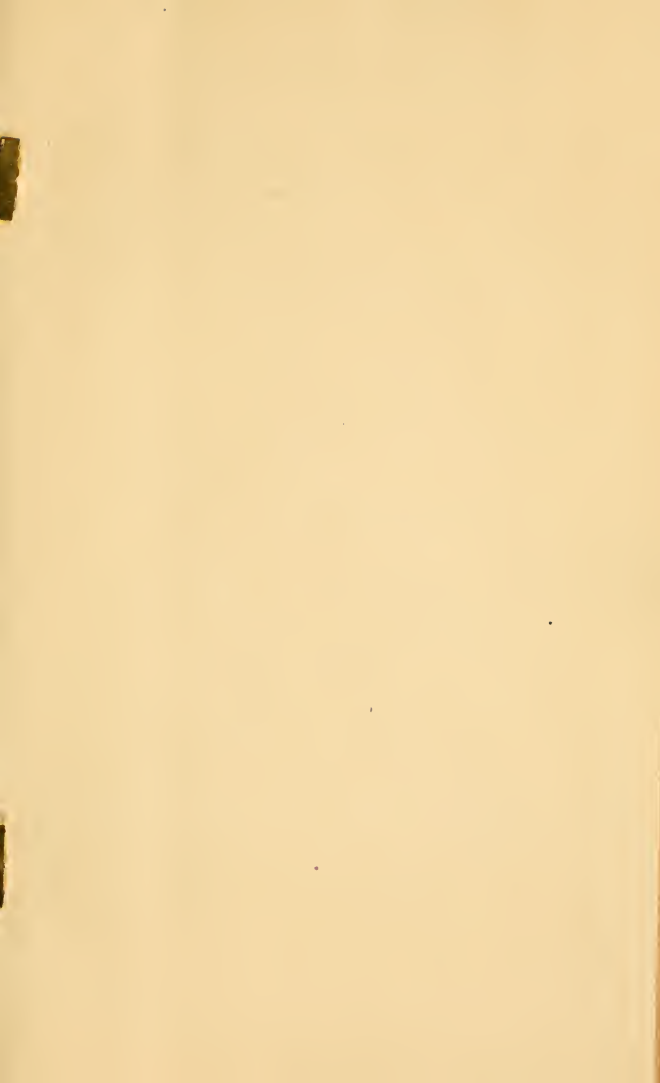
(*Enter NANCE YUBA, cracking her whip; peers about; goes front and gazes at audience, grimly, several seconds.*)

NANCE. (*cracking whip, spitefully.*) Seen anything of him, around here? (*pause—then sharper.*) D'ye heer me? I ax ye have you seen anything o' him around heer? (*pause*) By him, I mean that infernal old blister piaster, Yank Yuba, of Yuba Dam. Hev ye seen him? (*pause—in a louder tone after each pause*) Oh! (*cracking whip*) I say, have ye seen him? Why don't some o' ye answer? Hev ye lost yer speakin' facility? Ef ye have, I ain't, no sir-ee, bob-tail hoss—not I, my lungs is jest as as sound as they war, when I war ten year old, every bit. So's my grip, an' don't ye fergit it. Oh! holy smoke o' St. Christopher, jes' wait till I get my claws on that desateful old better half o' mine, Yank Yuba—wou't I reef it to him? wou't I snatch him bald headed in a holy second? Waal now, you bet yer pile, I will. The miserable, ungainly, desateful, slab-sided, big-eared, knock-kneed, long-nosed, five-toed old yagabond! Jest wait till I clap my peepers on him, an' I'll skin him so quick he'll thiuk a blizzard has struck him. (*shaking her fist and cracking whip constantly*) Oh! but I will though sure's I'm old Nance Yuba, the "screecher" from Yuba Dam. I'll screech to him, when I catch him—I'll make him think school's let out fer all day—yes I will. Ye needn't laff, nuther—I'm business, I am—bizness clean to the marrer. If ye don't b'lieve, I'm on the

warpath, jes' come up here an' feel of my muscle. [*takes a stride about stage, cracking whip*] I'd jest like to know where he's sneakin', I would. It's a shame an' disgrace, that's what's the matter. Heer I, Nancy Marie Yuba, a respectable an' fashionable leader of society in Yuba Dam, an' President o' ther Woman's Rights Society, hav' tramped all the way from Yuba Dam to this counsairn country in search of that infernal old blister plaster o' mine, who deserted my bed an' board, an' sloped off, ter get from under my power. That's the case, prezaactly. Oh! the deserter, the base unfaithful wretch—oh! the son-of-a-gun. Jest wait—my times comin' afore long, an' ef I don't make him dance ye can call me a liar. I ain't a very perlite old gal, but I'm hefty on my muscle, an' don' ye fergit it. I've got a record too, fer layin' out sixteen men, in one day, includin' the parson, all fer sympathizin' wi' Yank Yuba, when I was givin' him a dressin' out. That's the kind of a hair-pin I am, and the sort o' folk they have down tew Yuba Dam. But, ef Yuba ain't heer, why, I've got to search for him, elsewhere, for find that old reprobate I will, ef it takes til Mary comes hom, an' when I do find him—oh! Zaniel! how I will blister him. Not a reason on 'arth hed that confounded skunk fer skinnin' an' desertin' me, his true an' faithful wife. To be sure I useter tan his jekket reg'lar, Tuesday an' Saturday with a bullwhip, but I had ter do it in order to keep him submissive to my will—I had ter do it, I tell ye. If ye wanter keep yer husbands under yer thumb, ladies, *I tell ye* thar's no way o' doin' it 'cep' ye stamp on 'em, hosswhip 'em, an' let 'em know yure boss o' the shebang! That's what's the matter with Hauner. I've allus ruled my roost, an' lived in peace an' happiness, until Yank Yuba, consarn his pieter, tuk it inter his head that he'd got religion, an' up an' desarts me, the deserteeril wretch. Oh! jest wait till I ketch him—jest wait! I'll make him think he's in a kingdom of saints, or somethin' else. I'm after him, hot an' heavy, on a reg'lar old Buffalo Bill warpath. I trailed him over ter Sand City, but he slipped away because his legs war the longest. But I'll ketch him yet, yes I will, an' then yeow jest bet all your spure cash thar's goin' ter be a funeral. I'll annihilate—I'll smash him. He needn't putend religion ter me. No-sir-ee, bobtail hoss. It won't go down. I can see thru it jest as easy as I can manage a mash. It's a reg'lar old Beecher dodge ter git among ther female sex—that's what's the rip! He never durst cast a peeper at another woman, while he sailed under my flag, an' jest let me ketch him lookin' cross-eyed at one on em, an' I'll bet he'll never look at anuther. I'll skin him! I'll massacre him! I'll dislocate every joint in his carcass. Oh! Yank! Yank! you infernal old blister plaster, I'm a-comin' fer you, with blood in my eye! (*Crucks whip and exits, 1 L. E.—Immediately enter SNOWBANK, 1 R. E.*)

SNOWBANK (*tragedy attitude*) Ah! blood! gore! coagulated crimson! To be or not to be—that's de question afore dis yar tribunal. Blood is agwine ter be spilt in a reg'lar ole antediluve. Yas! for de benefit of consumptives will rivers ob de prime ole article flo thru dese yar weary vale ob tears. Oh! Hamlet whar art thou? Blood! gore! coagulated crimson.

Exit with tragic step, 2. L. E. Close of scene.





ACT III.

SCENE II—THE STREET OF DEADWOOD. (*Enter Farley and Gov. Castleton, 1 R. E. and 1 L. E.*)

FARLEY (*pausing*), Well, cuss my boots!

CASTLETON (*pausing and poising eyeglass*) Well! well! can this be possible *you* here, Farley?

FARLEY. I'll allow I'm here, exactly, an' be blamed ef you ain't here, too, old man. Shoot me fer a coyote ef I wouldn't as soon expected to meet you in Halifax. Give us yer flipper!

CASTLETON (*stepping back*) Thank you; it's quite unnecessary. I have just washed my hands. 'Sh! Mums' the word! Not a lisp of my name, for I'm now under an alias—Governor Castleton, at your service. Tell me, are there any new arrivals in town who *who might be detectives!*

FARLEY (*whistling*) Waal, now, old man, that's rather a hard problem to solve, fer the moral city of Deadwood is a queer place fer queer people. What's the lay? Tracked, are ye?

CASTLETON (*in low tone*) Yes! There are detectives searching the country for me, but I think I have eluded them, and at the same time hit a bonanza in coming to this rough place. Tell me, what are you doing here?

FARLEY (*with hoarse laugh*) Well, I put in my time somewhat variously, as of old--turning my hand over to whatever job offers the biggest installments of cash and whisky. Ha! ha! Scruples, you remember, never prevented my getting rich, but luck went tother way, curse it.

CASTLETON (*walking off 1 R. E.*) Then, come with me, and we will compare notes. I have money—you have a disposition for villainous work. Perhaps we can make a bargain.

FARLEY (*hoarse laugh*) Well, now, old man, I'll guarantee that, if you've got enough gold to balance the heft of my morality.—(*Exit both, 1 R. E., CASTLETON leading.*)

(*Scene changes to chamber in hotel. Enter Castleton and Farley, and become seated on either side of a table.*)

CASTLETON—Now, then, we are alone, and can talk freely, I allow. First, tell me, what have you been boing, of late—by the way, since you had to slope from Boston, on account of a little stabbing affray?

FARLEY [*drumming on table*] Well, my dutiful dad, since you put it to me so pointedly, I'll give you a square answer. I have monopolized the greater share of my time in playing five cent poker, drinking bad whisky, robbing lone mountain wayfarers, and occasionally mining a little. As a result, I have accumulated, and now carry in my pocket, the enormous fortune of—three old coppers. Spent my last five bits for old benzeen, an hour since, and was meditating just before I met you, where the next drink was to come from.

CASTLETON—Outrageous, sir, outrageous—but no worse a con-

dition than I expected to see you in. But I scarcely need brag, for I've seen rough times myself, and have not as clear a conscience as once I had. I got into a quarrel over cards in the east, recently, and had to skip out, for killing my opponent. Curse it. I should now be the President of a street railway, but for that. There was reward immediately offered for my arrest, and nothing was left for me to do but pack my valise, and pull for this devilish country, to be a hunted villain among villains. But how long I will escape the law is a matter of uncertainty to me, for I understand the detectives reached 'Shian just after I left.

FARLEY—Pshaw! you've nothin' to fear. You have money you say, and mark you, money is what makes the mare go, here in the mines. What's the reward on your top-not?

CASTLETON—A thousand dollars—enough to set all the sleuths in Christendom on my trail. But perhaps I am safe here, in my disguise. If so, 'tis a lucky wind that blew me hitler, for two fortunes stare me most temptingly in the face.

FARLEY (*with hoarse chuckle*) Two devils you mean.

CASTLETON—No, two fortunes; neither of which are to be dispised. And the best of it is I am going promptly to work to secure them. But, first, I want to take in a partner to do the dirty work. *You* will answer the purpose. If I am successful, you get a thousand dollars. If I am not successful, you don't get a copper. How like you the picture?

FARLEY—Your munificence threatens to bankrupt you, eventually. I ain't so hard up as to work, even for you, my beloved pap, for nothing and board myself --oh! no. If you want to do the planning, and have me do the execution of your plans, just one half will tickle me. Otherwise, when the detectives arrive in search of you, it *may* not be difficult for them to find you.

CASTLETON (*smiting the table*) Curse you! so that's your game, is it. Well, I suppose it's better to humor a balky horse than to try to force him. Consequently, if you will swear to work for and under me, and me alone, I'll give you half of the net profits accruing from our little plans.

FARLEY (*rising and extending hand*) Kareet, old man; it's a go. I swear to do it, by the Eternal. So grasp my paw on it.

CASTLETON (*shrinking away*) No! I do not care to shake the hand of a greater rascal than myself. Be seated.

FARLEY (*obeying*) Waal, now, you needn't be afeared of my slipper. It hasn't been stained so many times as your'n, I'll wager. Go ahead--it's a bargain. Give me your schemes, and I'll enter into 'em fer half. If the half fails to come, I'll take my hunting knife and slit your windpipe; and that's the sort of a hairpin I am.

CASTLETON—All right. If I fail in my part, you can do as you have threatened. Now, then, open your ears and I'll unfold some revelations (*enter Deadwood Dick, stealthily 3 L. E.; pauses with hands in pockets*). To begin with, you will remember that for my

second wife I married one Mary Castletown, a Chicago seamstress who had a son out here in the mines. Of course my second wife died, shortly after my marriage, leaving me again a widower. What she died of it does not matter. Suffice it to say, she is under the sod. Now, her son, Fred Castleton, is, or was, yet a minor, in regard to age, and on arriving here I found him married, and the owner of one of the richest mines in this section. Quickly foreseeing a chance for speculation, I figured around, and finally lured Fred Castleton into the mountains, and (*lowest tone*) murdered him. 'Sh! breathe not a word of this, outside, at your peril! It was a ghastly crime, but I was forced to do it, for sake of gain. And now, the Red Rock Mine is our—do you see?—ours! I will wait upon Mrs. Ethel Castleton, and explain that I being Fred's appointed guardian, have come to take charge of his affairs. I will also propose to marry her, and thereby get full control. See? Then perhaps she will refuse, and try to gainsay my right to control the mine. I will then adopt harsher measures. I will have a story that she was married before she married Fred, and warn her that I am ready to produce her first husband—this makes a bigamist of her, and entitles her to no share of the property, which then falls to me, the next nearest of kin. That will settle that. If she requires, I will produce some rough to swear that he is her husband, and enough witnesses to prove it; all of which, money will secure. I will then warn her that she is under suspicion of murdering Fred Castleton, and that if she does not marry me, I will have her arrested and hung for the crime. Ha! ha! that will fetch her, and the game is ours. How do you like it?

(*Deadwood Dick steals forward, and seats himself in their rear, with heels on another chair; lights a cigar.*)

FARLEY, (*with a grim laugh*) A very good plot; fit for a yellow covered novel, any day. But there are a few points a little off—one in particular, concerning marrying the widow. She's emphatically my meat.

CASTLETON, (*striking table*), Emphatically she is not, sir. Don't dare to argue—I won't have it. I'm the mastiff, you're the puppy, and must take a back seat. I'm going to marry the girl, and you are not. If I tire of her, you may have her.

FARLEY—Well, cuss my boots if you ain't got gall enough for a patent medicine shop. But go ahead with your ark. I guess I can content myself on half of the proceeds of the Red Rock mine. By the way, don't you think you have made a little mistake in one thing?

CASTLETON—Certainly not, sir. I never made mistakes.

FARLEY—You don't? Well, I rather opine ye do.

CASTLETON, (*excitedly*), But, see here—I know better. What mistake have I made?

FARLEY—Oh! a very trifling one. I believe you stated that you were the author of Fred Castleton's sudden demise.

CASTLETON—Exactly, sir.

FARLEY—Well, then, there's where you got a little off your elevated rail road, for I had the individual honor of causing the chap to pass in his chips, myself. Ha! ha! ha! Pretty good joke on you, old man; but I'll forgive you for stealing my thunder, since your'e such a royal old dad. Ha! ha! ha!

CASTLETON, (*in confusion*), Well, well, you've caught me fairly; but I care not. Lies are cheap, now-a-days, you know. But laying aside joking, what do you think of the scheme?

FARLEY—It is good. Now, what about the other?

CASTLETON—Ah! That, too, is a matter of inheritance. Do you remember that I once told you of a fortune in the east, that was pending a death?

FARLEY—I have some faint recollection of something of the kind, but cannot recall the exact substance of what you told me, just now.

CASTLETON—Well, you see there was an old relative who died rich. His only living heirs were myself and a third cousin of mine, whose name is Edward Harris. Not wishing to split the fortune, he made a request that the fortune should go to whichever lived the longest. Harris, at the time, was and at the present is an outlaw, under the notorious title of Deadwood Dick. Of course, I have a natural desire that he may peg out before I, so I can get hold of the fortune; teerefore, on arriving here, I put out a poster, offering a reward for his capture. If captured, his fate will be lynch-law, as he has no friends, but many foes. If he is not captured, we must contrive to put him out of the way.

D. DICK, (*leveling a pair of revolvers at them, speaking coolly*), And if I were allowed to remark, I should say there is no time like the present to balance the account, while we are all here.

(*Farley and Castleton spring to their feet in consternation*).

CASTLETON, (*reaching towards his inner pocket*), The devil! it's him!

D. DICK, (*coolly, keeping them covered*), Oh! no—not quite the devil, for you see I lack the tail and horns. I am Deadwood Dick, at your service—the road-agent you offer \$500 reward for. I just dropped in to learn if any one had yet earned the price of my valuable head? Take care! don't pull out any tools on me, or I shall have to doctor your eye for you, a trick I am quite handy at. Be seated, pray. I would not disturb your little chat, if you are not through.

CASTLETON—Curse you, man—we are through. What would you have here.

D. DICK—Oh! nothing particularly, only I just called in to learn of what value I was to you, that I should be advertised for. But while enjoying a cigar, you have, unconscious of my presence, given me a very clear explanation, for which I am greatly obliged. But I'd advise you not to attempt any of your meditated schemes, Mr. Castleton. If you are long in the hills, you will probably have heard that I am not a person of the most lamb-like persuasion, and those who buck against me generally get a full

hand, if not a prize chance in the local cemetery. And as for your companion, here, who was once a member of my band, he'd better keep quiet, as his day of doom is decided on, and when that day arrives he will be taken into the mountains and shot—at least I hear that such is the word among my agents. His crime of betraying a portion of his comrades into the hands of the regulators shall receive its reward.

FARLEY (*fiercely*), Bah! I defy you all!

D. DICK—Brave words, when you think your enemies are not present; but you will take them all back, in due time. And as for you, Mr. Castleton, if you wait to get possession of this property you have been telling about, 'til I am planted, in all probability you'll have a good long wait. Take my advice, and go back east; or, at least, if you remain here, it will be to your advantage to behave yourself, for if you do not, I'll venture to agree that you'll find the climate most detrimental to your personal health. Don't mistake me, for I mean business. If you do not crowd upon me, or upon those who are doing you no harm, I shall offer you no molestation; but if you do try any of your villainous schemes, I shall make it my business to baffle you at every point, and bring you to the gallows you so justly merit. (*Rising, backing towards 2 L. E.*) I am going now, temporarily. 'Ta! ta! I shall not be far off, however, and ready to take a trump hand in any game you may originate. Bye-bye, my dear cousin three times; take care of yourself and that precious offspring of yours. (*Exit 2 L. E.*)

CASTLETON, (*springing forward*) Stop him! stop him! Curse the fellow! (*Farley steps before him*).

FARLEY—Hold up! don't attempt that, for that chap is a dead shot, and you'd be a dead man were you to try to stop him. I've seen him drop five pilgrims in succession, and then escape!

CASTLETON—But are we to let the bold devil have his own way, and be defeated? By no means, sir. He already knows what I told you, and will use every effort to baffle us. He must die, sir; he must die, I tell you! (*Stamps cane on floor*).

FARLEY—Exactly, but if we hope to accomplish that result we must work a surprise on him, or take him at a big odds. No two mortals ever yet lived on these hills who cared so little for their lives that they would stand up and face Deadwood Dick and attempt to take him, alive. Come! we will go to the Casino, and play a social game of poker, while we discuss plans, you putting up a five dollar note against my reputation, just to make the game entertaining. Ha! ha! come along!

(*Exit both. 1 R. E., Farley leaping. Close of Scene.*)

SCENE III.—THE STREET OF DEADWOOD AGAIN. (*Enter Deadwood Dick, hurriedly; wrapt in cloak; 1 L. E. Same time enter Calamity, 1 R. E.*)

D. DICK, (*starting back on discovering her*) Ha! is it you, Calamity? I first thought it was—

CALAMITY, (*interrupting him, sarcastically*), Ethel Castleton, eh? But you see it isn't.

D. DICK—What do you mean, Calamity? Why do you speak of Mrs. Castleton so bitterly? Has she ever injured you?

CALAMITY, (*frigidly*), Oh! no—of course not. I should have scratched her eyes out, if she had, you bet. I didn't know but coming from her presence in a sort of dreamy state, you mistook me for her—or her gold mine. Ha! ha! ha! (*laughs sarcastically*). Good day! (*Attempts to pass, but he puts out his hand and she stops*).

D. DICK.—Hold on, Calamity; hold on; not so fast, my pretty. I must have a little explanation of this. You are mad at me. Calamity; your words are sarcastic, stinging! Tell me why it is so, my little promised wife (*puts arm about her waist*).

CALAMITY, (*breaking loose*) Stop! you forget we are on the street, and you are in most eminent peril. Go! escape, before we are discovered together, and while there is time for you to escape.

D. DICK—Ha! ha! you cannot get rid of me so easily, Calamity. I'm bound to have an explanation, you see. There is no one coming this way at present; and even were there a round dozen, I'd not run. I've ceased running, Calamity. I've quit dodging, to escape those who would hunt and hang me. Hereafter, will I boldly stand my grounds, here, a citizen among citizens, and meet them as they choose. If they crave my enmity, my weapons never fail me. If they crave my friendship, they shall have a full measure of it. I can be a powerful and faithful friend, or I can be a deadly foe. But I will not burden you with my troubles, for I want to know what's troubling you, Calamity. Come, now (*puts arm about her*), that's a dear! Tell me what you're mad at.

CALAMITY, (*poutingly*), I didn't say I was mad.

D. DICK—But your words betrayed that much. There was in them bitterness, jealousy. You cannot deny that?

CALAMITY, (*poutingly, toying with his cloak, face averted*) Well—well—well—

D. DICK—Well! how many wells make a river? I am a little ashamed of you. I thought you loved me, Calamity; loved me with all the passionate fervor of your wild happy nature. Instead of that, I find you laboring in jealousy—without cause.

CALAMITY, (*gazing at floor*), I do love you, Deadwood Dick; always have loved you, since I first met you, with all the love a woman can bear—for you were a friend to me, the only friend I had, after I was cruelly driven forth on the world, to redeem myself or go headlong down to destruction, as I chose. But for your brotherly kindness, Deadwood Dick (*speaks affectingly*), and a faint hope that—that some day there might be peace and comfort to me, I should long ago have killed myself, instead of pursuing the wild, reckless tenor of my existence as a harum-scarum dare-devil

of the mines. In time you told me you loved me, and God sent a ray of sunshine down to gladden my life—for a time—

D. DICK, (*stroking her hair*), For a time, eh?—for only a time. Then came over you a cloud of jealousy; and without cause. I think I can see through it all, Calamity, without your telling me. You became aware of my visits to Fred Castleton's shanty, up the gulch; you lurked around, in growing wonderment why I went. Once or twice you saw me there when Castleton was in the mines, and this fired you with suspicion. Suspicion has generated jealousy; jealousy has made you utterly miserable! Ah! Calamity, dismiss the disease from your mind, and be once more your blithe, gay self. Look into my face, and tell me you do not for a moment doubt my loyalty to you.

CALAMITY, (*still with downcast eyes*), Can you ask me to do this, Dick? Can you believe me a woman, true and loving, and ask of me this, when you have not given even an explanation to satisfy my suspicion—my jealousy, as you call it?

D. DICK.—If you love me truly, you will not believe ill of me, until you can get proof to confirm your suspicions. As to the why and wherefore of my visits to the Castleton shanty before and since Fred Castleton's death, I cannot enlighten you at present, but know I can satisfy you after we are married; three little short months yet, Calamity. Come, now, pet, you will believe me loyal and true until I can explain all to you, won't you? (*chucking her under the chin*). Say yes; then I'm off!

CALAMITY, (*looking up*), Until I have substantial and strong proof to confirm past suspicions, *yes*. But mind you, Deadwood Dick, you had best not trifle with me, if you don't mean business and honesty in dealing, for if I find you have been deceiving me, waif tho' I am, and friendless and unprotected, I swear before the God I have never in all my wild life ceased to love and pray to, that woe shall be unto you. But, there! there! let that suffice. Here's my hand (*smilingly extending it*), and I am not a bit mad. I had to speak business, for that man don't live that can ever play wrong on me, and escape my vengeance, you bet. But, say, now, don't go there to the red shanty any more, and it will be all right.

D. DICK, (*kissing her hair*), Well, to please you, my little nugget of the mines, I will not go there any oftener than is absolutely necessary. There! Now be happy again, and I will bid you good-bye (*shaking hands*), for I have some business to attend to in the hills.

CALAMITY, (*pointing off 1 R. E.*) But look! yonder comes a man up the street. Quick! turn back—you must escape the other way.

D. DICK, (*coolly*), Be cool. It is a stranger, and I am not afraid of recognition. See! I will take off my mask, and there are few in all Deadwood who ever looked upon the unmasked face of Deadwood Dick. (*Takes off the mask; drawing Calamity to his side*).

Well! well! (*looking off 1 R. E.*) he is a queer looking codger, for a fact. Looks like a California school-master, too. Wonder what he's so cautious about.

(*Col. Yuba cautiously thrusts head in 1 R. E.—then jerks it back. Repeats the act several times, entering and retreating. Finally comes forward.*)

COL. YUBA, (*peering about*) Gosh! I guess she ain't hyar, arter all, and I'm all-fired glad on't. Hain't seen anything of her, hev yeou, stranger?

D. DICK—Well, my friend, I could scarcely venture a correct reply, until I know to whom you refer.

COL. YUBA, (*chewing and spitting and peering about*), Couldn't eh? 'Spose not. Nance Yuba's who I meant—Nance Yuba, o' Yuba Dam. Humph! (*spitting*) spect I've give ther tarnal critter the slip, agin. Ain't much sorry, nuther. Sure ye ain't seen an old gal a perrigrinatin' around heer, like a mad buffler bull, a pawin' an' tearin' o' the 'arth, an' snappin' a whip like's ef she war anxious to tair sum one's jacket?

D. DICK, (*laughing*), Well, no, I haven't seen anyone to answer that description, uncle.

YUBA, (*with a great sigh of relief*), Waal, cuss my boots ef I ain't tarnel glad of it. 'Spect she ain't arriv yet. You'll heer from her, tho, when she gits within forty miles, fer she's got a voice like a lokermotive whistle, and a step like an elerfant's. Hain't seen anythin' ov a nigger about, nuther, I s'pose?

D. DICK—Indeed, no. That's a type of character hard to find in the hills. By the way, old man, who is the female you appear so much concerned about?

YUBA, (*constantly peering and fulgetting about and chewing and spitting*) She? Waal, neou, stranger, ef ye'd ever been down nigh onter Yuba Dam, yeou needn't ask. Every leetle dorg an' dorgess, from ther long tailed ter ther short tailed, knows Nance Yuba. Cuss my boots, yes, an' you would, tew, stranger, ef she'd 'a raked yer hide over as many times as she has mine. Stranger, behold in me, Colonel Yankee Doodle Yuba, of Yuba Dam, an average specimen uv ther henpecked husband of tew day. Gaze at me--- am I not enough tew bring tearlets tew they perceivers uv an ed-dicated jack mule? Noteth thou the fact that my raiment no longer fitteth mine anatomy, and that the expression of mine mouth is no longer of dazzling sweetness! Ah! such is fate. I am the husband, kind stranger, of that tarnel old porkupineal targer, Nancy Lida Marier Yuba. For five an' forty years I stood it like a lamb, sir; I never flinched, tho' she pounded, jammed, scratched an' bit me, an' subjected me tew every misery the flesh is heir tew. First along, I had some spirit, but she smashed it tew flinders, an' uster lam it tew me reg'larly from once tew fifty times a day. She broke me, stranger; thar's no tarnel use o' edgin' around that. But, a few weeks since, I 'came inspired with divine thought, and burst forth upon the world a minister. I

grew happy. Flesh begun tew sprout out once more upon my shins, and I gained three pounds a day, cussed ef I didn't Religion had I got, stranger, and I got it strong. No longer did I mind being cuffed about by Nance, my worser half, fer my spirit was roamin' in infinity. She could tan my jacket fer an hour, but I never know'd it, sir; my thoughts divine ameliorated what pain she produced. Oh! stranger, its a cussed fine thing tew be a preacher. Its such a consolation tew inform ther purty sistern thet ther golden gate is open fer 'em, an' receive their thankful smiles and hugs, tew say nothin' about sponge cake an' terbaccer. Verily, I wouldn't turn from the golden trail now, ef ye was ter offer me ther best farm at Yuba Dam.

D. DICK—Well, uncle, you seem to be very pious, for a fact. I suppose you have converted hosts to the holy cause?

YUBA—Verily, stranger, I have; full three score and ten of the Yuba Dam-ed did my eloquence bring in penitence tew their knees—regardless o' Sunday-go-tew-meetin' frocks an' bricheloons, mind yeu—an' I should hev peppered ther hull town, likely, only, jest then Nancy Marier Yuba hove in sight on the horizon, carryin' a short gun, an' I hed tew *git*. Twasn't no use, stranger—I hed tew *git*, you bet, or she'd a cleaned me out. So I meandered off at a speed o' ten laps tew the mile. An' heer I am, tew do the heathen of this country good. Truly, stranger, thou art a pert looking man, and thy companion will soon be, when hirsute vegetation sprouts upon his mug. Before thee both lies a long life, with a path strewn with temptation an' allurements, an' I'll swar et ain't one out o' every hundred kin squeeze thru, safe an' sound, 'thout he jines the church o' Israel. Therefore, my young stranger, let me indooce ye ter jine, at once, an' ferever hev yer salvation assured. I have heer (*takes book and pencil from pocket*) a leetle register fer names of them as jines. Neow it don't cost much, stranger—cussed little, I'll swar, compared w' ther benefit derived. Fer one little ten dollar bill I will inscribe yer name in this holy register—fer another X I will annoint yer as a member of the church, which gives yer all the privileges, and so-forth and so-forth. Jest think uv it—only twenty dollars. Your name is—

D. DICK.—Is Deadwood Dick, but you needn't put it down. I am not a very pious fellow, and besides, it's not improbable I shall have a hand in a funeral before I get through with these people of Deadwood.

YUBA, (*quickly*) Ha! a funeral—a funeral, sir? Where?—when?—which?—why?—tell us?

D. DICK, (*laughing*) Oh! I don't know of any, at present, but twixt you and me, there's liable to be several, if I'm not let alone.

YUBA.—Good! excellent! bully! I must be around an' have the job of the sermon! Yes! yes!—only ten dollars for a half hour's sermon; only ten. Yes! yes! dog cheap! Just think of it, (*Dick and Calamity turn to go*) But, hold on, hold on! don't be

in a hurry, pardner. Ef ye don't want religion, why, I've got sunthin' else. Look ee heer. (*takes bottle from pocket.*) I have a wonderful preparation, composed of roots an' yarbs, for the cure of corns, bunions, colds, coughs, hardening of the cheek, softening of the brain, mumps, quinzey, applepexy, heart disease, small pox, red nose, liver complaint, eyerisyplas, stiff neck, enlarged gall, watermelancholly, fits, fever, ague, chicken pox, cancers, voracious appetite, bites, burns, scalds, salt rheumatism, itch, and bad temper. Cures in fifteen minutes by the sun, I'll warrant. The reg'lar price is ten dollars; but business is dull, an' I'll make it nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one dollar only---just think of it---a paltry dollar for a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to? (*Dick shakes head.*) What! won't give me a dollar for the elixir of life? Then make an offer---seventy-five, sixty cents, four shillings, now!--a quarter, a dime, five cents---a penny---for heavings sake, will you give me a penny?

CALAMITY, (*laughing*) Yes, old chap, I'll give you a penny, if ye'll take my note for a year--ha! ha! ha!

YUBA (*putting bottle back in pocket, grimly*) You're evidently not sick, my son, But, now I have something to tickle you (*takes a wire from his pocket*). The lightning strikes in these wild regions frequently, endangering human life. I have here a patent, double-twisted, complex action, lightning conductor, warranted sure protection against accidents. Let me illustrate to you its wonderful efficacy (*sticks wire down through hat so that one end protrudes above, and the other touches his cheek*). There! see? That's the way we wear them. Very simple, and warranted a sure preventative for lightning or sunstroke. The fluid electricity as a matter of course is attracted to the highest point of the wire, and following the wire slips off at the end, the cheek being hard enough to counteract the stroke and throw it off upon the ground. Let me sell you one, stranger---price ten dollars, only, and if the cash is paid on delivery, I'll make nine hundred and seventy-five per cent. discount!

D. DICK.--Well, not at present, I guess; I'll see you again, if I desire to purchase. (*Exit Calamity and Dick, 1 R. E.*)

YUBA (*gazing after them*) Wa'll, cuss my clerical boots ef I even made a sale. Wonder ef I couldn't sell 'em a hymn book, or primer, a hay fork or a Herrings safe, or a liver pad. Guess not. Don't seem to have any sand. Mebbe I might touch 'em with a set o' patent clothes-pins, or a stick of spruce gum. 'Spect I hadn't better waist precious time, tho'. Nance Yuba is liable to arrive at any moment, so I'll waltz off. Yes, sir-ee, you bet. Oh! I've a tarnel heap of respect fer feminine attractions, but I'll take no more henpeekin', ef ther old church o' Israel knows herself. I've been whipped; I've been pounded; I've been scalped an' I've been crucified, an' I've had enuff---enuff---e-n-u-ff---enuff---you bet (*war-whoop heard off*) 1 R. E.) Thar! didn't I tell ye? That's her, Nance Yuba. I told ye she'd be along. She's a comin';

I'm a goin'! 'Ta! ta! old gal; sorry tew tear myself off in sech short breadths, but dire necessity'll make a feller think castor ile is champagne any day. By-by, old screecher—ye'll excuse me; I ain't tew home. (*Exit, 1 L. E.*)

(*Enter Nance; gazes about through big opera glass.*)

NANCE, (*grimly*) Hev ye seen enything of that skunk yet—that infernal old blister-plaster, Yank Yuba? Could hev swore I heerd his laff, heerabouts, less than a holy second ago. Oh! wait 'til I catch him! won't I skin him, tho'? won't I make his heels break his neck? won't I snatch 'im bald headed in the jerk uv a lamb's narrative, tho'? Oh! you bet I will. I'll have his blood! Oh! oh! oh-o-o-o! (*Exit 1 L. E. Enter 1 R. E., Snowbank, with right hand and eyes upraised, left hand across breast; walks with Hamlet stride.*)

SNOWBANK, (*tragically*) And exclaim-ed this noble Roaring Rhinoserious, in thundersome tones: "Aha! revenge! revenge, I say—bloody triple distilled essence ob revenge will I hab—a bloody revenge. Blood will I spill 'til dar be a second antedilure—aye! echoeth the sweet voice ob de Calapultan range blood! GORE!! C-C-C-COAGULATED CRIMSON!!!

(*Exit 1 L. E. Close af scene.*)

SCENE IV.—KITCHEN OF ETHEL CASTLETON'S HOME.—(*Ethel seen engaged at rolling out biscutts on table near center. Stage darkened; low symphony music.*)

ETHEL—I wonder what is the matter down yonder (*looking off through window*). The street is full of men and boys; some collected in groups, others hurrying to and fro. Something of importance must have happened. See! lights are flashing everywhere! What can it mean? It must be that they are looking for somebody—perhaps, Deadwood Dick! Oh! heaven forbid! (*still gazes through window*). If they should catch him, I could never forgive him for not staying here, as I begged him to do. Dear, noble Dick, how I love him, and yet every one else hates and hunts him. Ah! a footstep! who can it be coming here, at night? Perhaps they come to search for him, but thank Heaven they cannot find him here! (*Clasps hands and looks off 3 L. E. Hurriedly enter Deadwood Dick, wrapped in cloak. Ethel with cry of joy, springs forward and throws arms around his neck. He bows his face upon her hair; tableau. Enter Calamity, quickly. Pauses, clasps hand to bosom and staggers.*)

CALAMITY—Ah! *She*—him! Oh! God spare me the sight! (*faces partly about.*) I came not to spy, but I have got the bitter proof of his lie. Oh! Dick! Dick! I did not think this of you, who were outwardly so noble. But I have bided my time, earned my evidence, and now I shall have my revenge. (*Exit, faltering, with bowed head, 3 K. E.*)

ETHEL (*looking up*) Dick! tell me the truth—oh! do not deceive me! They are after you?

D. DICK, (*slowly*) Yes, they are after me. The town is thoroughly aroused, and not without reason. I surprised a half-dozen ruffians, including the accursed brute Graveyard George, in the act of assaulting a respectable lady, who was riding through the gulch. I drew my weapons and dropped a pair of 'em, and then seeing that they were bent on capturing me, I ambled off, perforce coming into town. They pursued me, and gave the alarm that has called the people out *en masse*. They have guarded every avenue of escape, and I must hide until the excitement dies down.

ETHEL, (*excitedly*) Then, quick! Go in there! (*pushing him off toward 2 R. E.*) It is my bed chamber, and you will be safe. If you are hunted for, lift up a trap in the floor, and drop into the cellar. Come, I will show you. (*Exit both, 2 R. E.*)

(*Enter Castleton, Farley and G. George, latter in advance 2 L. E. G. George with drawn revolvers.*)

G. GEORGE, (*blusteringly, kicking chairs out of way*) Come erlong, ye durned galoots! I ain't afeared ter enter any ranche in this hayr town, not I. Everybody's afeard o' me, ye know, because I'm ther boss—ther Mayor, ye see, as it were, an then, too, et was I who produced the first corpuss fer the cemetary on the bluff down yonder. Ho! ho! thar ain't know body 'round, eh? Waal we may's well be seated, til ther mineress and proprietress o' the shebang arrives. Take some chairs, thar, an' I'll jest squat on the table. (*Sits on table, on tap of Ethel's biscuits, Farley and Castleton take chairs by 2 L. E.*) That's it. Neow, we'll jest linger heer, an' I speet we'll catch our leetle game.

ETHEL, (*Enter 2 R. E., spies, intruders; pauses; Farley, Castleton and G. George tip their hats. Ethel address G. George*) Sir! what means this intrusion in my house?

G. GEORGE.—Weel, neow, mum, since ye've asked an honest question, I'll give an honest answer. We mean bizness—b-i-z-biz, n-e-s-ness, bizness!

ETHEL, (*angrily*) Business, you miserable loafer—I'll give you business, sir, (*gives him a push and he falls on the floor*) There! get off of my table; don't you see you've been sitting on my biscuits? Now, then, clear out of my house, every one of you—go!--clear out! (*points off 2 L. E.*)

G. GEORGE, (*squatting on the floor, with evil grin*) Won't do it, mum!

ETHEL, (*sternly*) Sir! how dare you.

GEORGE, (*with a leer*) Because, my beauty, we dare, that's how. Ye see we're three duces ter yer lone ace, an' we're high. Oh! ye needn't be offish, fer we're after that devilish road-agent, Deadwood Dick, an' we're goin' tew find him, tew, or raise thunder with your shebang.

ETHEL---Deadwood Dick is not here, sir.

ETHEL---Yure a gol darned liar, gal, an' ef ye give me eny more of 'em, I'll cut yer throat fer a buzzard.

CASTLETON, (*rising*) There, pardner, that'll do. I'll thank you

not to be so rough, and let me do the talking. Young lady, it is quite useless for you to deny the charge Graveyard George prefers against you, for a hundred pairs of eyes saw Deadwood Dick come this way, and *our* eyes saw him enter here. So, you see, we are sure of our point. And now, I have come here to compromise.

ETHEL, (*sternly*) You, sir ; you ?

CASTLETON.—Aye, madam, I. You speak slightingly, but probably its because I am a stranger to you. Allow me to introduce myself to you—Honorable Ira Castleton, of New York—the step-father of your late husband, whom I unfortunately arrived too late to see.

ETHEL, (*coldly*) There is surely some mistake, sir. My husband never told me that he had a step-father living.

CASTLETON, (*blantly*) Oh ! very likely. You know Fred was a queer, retentive fellow, and rarely spoke of his private affairs, even to his best friends. And therefore, I am his step-father, and he being, as you probably know, under age, I am also his guardian and executor, by which fact I step into immediate control of the Red Rock mine, and whatever property he may have left behind him in addition to the mine.

ETHEL—You come into my house, sir, and tell me that you propose to take charge of something that does not belong to you. Indeed, I never heard the equal of it. Permit me to inform you that I, sir, am Fred Castleton's wife, and only heir, and have taken no third party into partnership. Again, I request you to go, sir. (*points off, 2 L. E.*)

CASTLETON, (*laughing*) Don't be in a hurry, Mrs. Imperious. We shall consult our own inclination about going. In the meantime, I am going to give you an outline of some little plans I have arranged. Of course you wouldn't care to yield up so nice a fortune as the Red Rock mine, and I'll tell you how to arrange it. I have it in my power, understand you, to control that mine, and own it, and turn you out into the street, disgraced, and at the mercy of an unsympathizing public. But this I shall not do, if you accept my terms.

ETHEL, (*scornfully*) Your terms ?

CASTLETON.—Exactly—my terms, and they are easy and attractive. I am a wealthy eastern gentleman of popularity and influence. I have already been a candidate for Governor, and expect to be run for President. My wife subsided from active existence, some time ago, leaving me to find another. I am favorably impressed with your appearance, and offer to make you my wife, and a joint partner in my joys and sorrows ; a sharer of my fortunes, and above all, the very queen among women. Oh ! fairest lady (*drops upon his knees*) do not say nay ; I pray thee do not say nay.

FARLEY, (*laughing hoarsely, turning to George*) Waal, neow, the old man acts as if he'd bin thar before; don't he?

GEORGE—I should remark—a grizzly courting up a rabbit.

ETHEL, (*contemptuously*) You can trouble yourself to get up from your knees, sir, as not having swept since morning I cannot guarantee that you will not get the knees of your pantaloons dirty. As to your offer, I am not at all obliged. When I wish to marry a puppy, there are plenty running in the street to choose from.

CASTLETON, (*in a passion*) What? what? How dare you, woman, call me a puppy?

ETHEL, (*sarcastically*) In the words of your bull-dog companion, here, sir, (*indicating George*) *because I dare*; because you can't come it; because you are a trio of scheming villains, a gang of sneaks, whom I loathe, despise, abhor, and *defy!* There! put that in your pipe and smoke it; if you don't happen to have a pipe, use a cigar-holder!

CASTLETON, (*grimly*) So you defy me, eh? Well, I am prepared for that. I expected you would, and came armed. Listen. You refuse to marry me, let me tell you that you are not even an heir to this property. I am prepared to prove that you had a husband before you married Fred Castleton, and consequently, as the first husband is yet living, you are a bigamist, and *not* the heiress to any of Fred Castleton's money, which reverts to me, the next nearest of kin. Look! there is your dutiful husband, (*points mockingly at George.*)

ETHEL, (*starting back and putting up her hands in horror; speaking tragically*) What? Are you mad—that man my husband—that monster!

CASTLETON, (*triumphantly*) That man is your husband; your own legal husband.

ETHEL, (*raising hand on high*) Before Almighty God, I say it is a base, an infamous lie you utter. Oh! heaven help me! (*puts handkerchief to face and weeps, right resting on chair back.*)

GEORGE, (*hoarsely*) No, et ain't no lie, woman, an' ye know it. Because I'm pretty, an' high toned, an' all that sort o' thing, ye ain't a goin' ter shake me off no longer, by a long shot. I'm yourn, an' you're mine, an' whom Jim Shakes, o' Porkespine Flats, jined tergether, let no cuss put asunder, ef he don't want me ter plant him—you bet yer boots on't, too.

CASTLETON, (*mockingly*) My dear lady, you see how matters stand. Proof of the wedding will be volunteered by Farley, here, which completes the case. You a bigamist go forth in disgrace to be pointed and scoffed at by the people, and under suspicion of being the murderer of Fred Castleton. This suspicion I will augment with a triple testimony of parties who saw you commit the crime, and so as a summary of the matter, the gallows stare you in the face. How like you the prospectus?

ETHEL, (*gaspingly, horrified*) Villain! monster! Your evil scheming is without parallel.

CASTLETON.—(Of course. As long as one is going to plot, he may as well make a speciality of the business. Come, now, you have heard me. It is salvation the one way; death the other. Take your choice. Marry me, now, with your husband's consent, here, and all will be well, and your lover, the frisky road-agent, shall be aided to escape. Refuse, and I will advertise you as a bigamist and a murderer, and promise you you shall hang ere another sunset. What is your answer, yes, or no?

ETHEL, (*screaming*) No! God help me--a hundred times No!

CASTLETON—Then, curse you, your doom is sealed. Before another sunset I swear that your neck shall wear Judge Lynch's collar!

(*Enter Dick, quickly, taking stand beside Ethel, and leveling revolvers at Castleton.*)

DICK—And why not add another trick, you devils, to make the game entertaining? A double neck-tie party would be quite a novelty. (*the three villains spring to their feet, and stand at bay.*) Take care; don't try so pull any pop-guns, my hearties, for I've got the drop on you, and the first one who goes to hostilities is a-going to shuffle off his earthly anchorage, in less time than it takes a lamb to wriggle his caudle appendage; and don't you forget it.

CASTLETON—Curses on you. Lower those weapons and surrender, for we have come to arrest you in the name of the law.

DICK, (*coolly*) I presume so, and when you spill yourself upon me, a half a dozen at a time, I'll endeavor to illustrate to you what regard I have for that august body. Come along, I say, if you want me to bore Suez tunnels through your systems in a holy second.

FARLEY, (*grimly*) You'd better give up, Cap--we're three to your one, and bound to have you.

DICK--Then, come right up and get me; I'm right here; see, I fold my arms. Now, then, if you want to win a prize, just walk in. I'm open for business. Ha! ha! ha! afraid, eh? (*enter Calamity, 1 R. E., and glide behind Dick, holding a pistol leveled at his head*) Well, I dare say. (*laughs grimly*). I believe it has been said by prophets that no single pilgrim ever walked the streets of the town who could take Deadwood Dick alive!

CALAMITY, (*sarcastically*) But those prophets failed to mention women, did they not. Ha! ha! Deadwood Dick, you are my prisoner now.

DICK, (*looking around in surprise, Ethel clinging to his arm*) What! you, Calamity?

CALAMITY, (*with a wink and a nod*) Yeou just bet your boots--I, Calamity.

DICK, (*laughing*) Ha! ha! I see, you are fooling.

CALAMITY, (*coolly*) Not worth a cent. You are my game, and

if you budge a hair's breadth I'll put your light out in a jiffy. That's the kind of an eyester I am!

DICK, (*still in surprise*) But Calamity, I can hardly account for this. You are the last one I would have supposed would betray me to death.

CALAMITY—And you, sir, apparently noble and true, were the last one I would have believed unfaithful, until—until I saw with my own eyes the damning proof. You remember I told you I would have revenge, when I found you faithless; behold! This is my revenge! Men, (*to Castleton, &c.*) while I keep his ribs covered you can secure him, (*Farley and George spring forward to secure him.*)

ETHEL, (*clinging to him, piteously*) Oh! spare him—do not take him. Oh! Dick! what shall I do to save you?

DICK—Nothing, my dear, be brave, and all will yet be well. You know Deadwood Dick well enough to know he has faced death a hundred times before, and always escaped. Such shall be the present result. Calamity, (*turning to her*) you have done right. Had I explained and proven my faith with you, as I had the power to do, you would not have done this. Behold! the the woman whom you have been jealous of, and whom everyone has known as Mrs. Castleton, is my own sister (*Calamity staggers back*). Go ahead, you ruffians; I am ready to go.

(*Calamity drops on her knees, and faces Dick, her hands clasped in mute supplication and face piteous. Speaking pathetically:*)

CALAMITY—Oh! Dick! Dick! forgive me—pray God to forgive me for what I have done to you.

DICK, (*bending on one knee and kissing her forehead*) You are fully and freely forgiven, Calamity, for yours was a move in the dark. Cheer up, now, and help my sister to be brave. (*Turns to Farley.*) Lead on, sir traitor, I am ready. (*Exit Farley and Garceyard George 2 L. E., leading Dick between them. Calamity rises and goes over to Ethel.*)

CALAMITY.—And will you, too, forgive me, lady, for my rash act—my jealous deed?—and in our love for the brave man who has gone out to his death, shall we join hands as sisters working for his salvation?

ETHEL—Yes, my friend; it shall be as you say (*puts her arm around Calamity*) You are so brave, that I almost know you can help my brother to escape.

CALAMITY, (*slapping her thigh enthusiastically*) You bet your pile I can and will, sister. Ef I don't free Deadwood Dick, you just take a poker and knock me on the head, that's all. I'll show ye what fer gal Calamity Jane is, directly. Oh! I'm a reg'ler ourang-outang, when I get agoin'; but ye see I've been kinder cloudy lately; but the storm's blown over, now, an' I'm all hunk agin'. (*to Castleton*) Well, what you waitin' fer, you ugly son of a cayote? Git up an' git, now, ter oncet, or I'll fire you out.

CASTLETON.—Ha! ha! plucky talk for a small chipmunk;

but you see I'm not in the least alarmed. Mrs. Castleton, beloved creature, I await your decision.

CALAMITY.—Mrs. Castleton says, nix-cum-a-rous! When she wants to marry a gorrilla, she'll select a better looking one than you. Cum! I say, you paddle right away out, if you don't want me to doctor your lungs with plumbago pills (*draws a revolver and covers Castleton*) *Git, I say!* I'll count three, then if your coat tails ain't seen disappearin' through yonder doorway, off goes the top of your skull, like a flash of electric light. *One! two!—*

CASTLETON.—Hold on, I'll go. I don't care to pass in my checks yet. To you, Ethel Castleton, I tender my respects, and give you a standing offer to come forward and marry me within the next twenty-four hours. Should you fail to do so, you know the penalty. I am going now. Ta! ta! (*waves his hand and exit* 2 L. E.)

ETHEL. (*in relief*) Thank heaven, he is gone.

CALAMITY—Pooh! I ain't afeard of a dozen like *him!* But come; let's seek the inner rooms, where we will not be overheard, and arrange our plans together. (*Exit both, 2 R. E. Close of scene and act.*)

ACT III.

[SCENE I.—COURT ROOM. Judge's stand back C. Judge in his Seat. Deadwood Dick, in charge of Farley and G. George, R. C., also, Castleton, miners, citizens, &c., scattered about.]

PETE—Judge, (*rising in his stand and opening book*) Shendlemons and vimmins off dis grandt shury: Dish pe von solemncholly occasions, ven id peecoomes our duty to try von prisoner called Deadwood Dick vor der crimes off murder (*takes a swig from bottle on table*). In der capacity off Shudge I ish asked to conduct der trial, und I dond vos like dot much. Id calls me away from mine saloon, vere der pe von big profits on der sale off lager bier, und I don't much like dot, eider, any more ash der odder. It keeps me away from mine vimmins, und neider vas I bleased mit dot. (*strikes desk with ruler.*) Py shimminy gracious, und my vife Katrina! I dond vas care swi nickles apoud pein Shudge, anyhow. (*takes another drink*).

CASTLETON.—Proceed, sir, to examine and condemn the noted outlaw. We don't care what *you* like; we simply want to see Deadwood Dick pay the penalty of his many crimes; want to watch him perform some specialties in mid-air, upon the tight-rope.

PETE—Vel, you needn't pe so mad apoud it. Uff I haff to condemn dis prisoner mit der bar, I do id yoost so quicker as tunder. Go ahead mit your testimony; I vil lisen vid rapt attentions; yaw, dot ish so! (*takes a long drink from bottle.*)

CASTLETON—No particular testimony is needed. This Deadwood Dick has long been known throughout the Black Hills

country, as a desperado, ruffian and human terror, without parallel, and has been known to be the author of a hundred crimes, last among which was the shooting of some miners, yesterday, without provocation. Is this not a truthful statement of the case, gentlemen?

CROWD, (*in a chorus*) Aye! aye! that's it, you bet.

CASTLETON, (*turning to Judge*) You see, don't you? The verdict is unadvisedly against the prisoner, and that no further evidence of his guilt is necessary.

PETE.—Yaw! yaw! you mage 'im oud shuste like vot you vant 'im, eh? Vel. dot ish goodt! But maybe der brisoner he half somedings der say apoud it, himself; vot you dink apoud dot, eh? Dond you vos got anydings der say, Misder Deadwood Dicks?

DICK, (*coolly*) Were I inclined to defend myself, sir, I hardly imagine any explanation I could offer would bear weight in this crowd. Therefore, I have nothing to say. Go ahead with your little game, as suits your notion. I am your prisoner; take advantage of this fact, and put me out of the way, lest I get free and put you in the same condition.

PETE—Vel, py shiminy gracious, (*smites the desk*) unt my wife Katrina! I hopes I may neffer drink anodder lager bier off I ever seed der peet off dot. (*takes a drink.*) Shentlemens und vimmins off dish grand shury, dot veller vos von hero. I like 'im shoost so mooch vot I like mine lager, (*takes another drink.*) Ven a feller stood up mit himself und dells you he vos your brisoner, und it vos your privilege do ash you blease, it shows dot *he* vos a hero—von prave noble son off a gun vot would liek dunder und plitzen right oud off you ven you put him on equal footing.

CASTLETON, (*angrily*) Look here, you Dutch blunderbuss, d'ye suppose we're going to take your views? Not by a devilish sight. Go ahead and condemn that prisoner, sir, or I'll borrow a revolver and send a bullet through your thick craninum.

PETE—Vas? You vil put von pullet through mine sgranicum, you say? (*produces a shot-gun and aims it at Castleton.*) Vel, now, I pet you yoost fife dollars und a three cent bostage stamper dot you vos shoking, eh? vot you say!

CASTLETON, (*to the crowd*) Curse it, gentlemen, will you see such work as this? Draw your weapons and blow that idiot's brains out (*all draw revolvers.*)

PETE, (*in alarm, putting back gun*) Shtop! shtop! I sey! I takes it all pack. I vos yoost fooling, dots all. I vill do der square dings mit you—yaw, dot ish so. I herepy sentence dot criminal at der bar to pe hanged py der neck undil he vas deader ash a door nail, at ten o'clock ter-morrow noon; and may der duyfel half mercy on my soul and poddy, und increase der sales off mine saloon. Dot's all; der court ish done; adjourn to der bung-hole saloon for ice cold lager! (*leaps down in front of desk and exit 2 L. E.*)

CASTLETON—Ha! ha! that's the ticket, boys. Three cheers

now---then off goes our famous outlaw to his prison cell. Hip! hip---hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! (*all join in, then all exit, with hoots, yells, &c. Close of scene.*)

ACT IV.

THE DEADWOOD JAIL. [Deadwood Dick half reclining on floor near stool on which a candle burns, gazing at the floor.]

DICK, (*slowly and grimly*) Well, I am here at last, in a prison cell, with the death of a dog staring me in the face. My poor sister has been to bid me a last good-bye; no one else will come. My comrades, away in their mountain aerie, probably will hear nothing of my capture until it is too late to save me; and Calamity—Calamity, she will not come. Something tells me that she will not come. My brave little heroine of the Hills, the only one of her sex who ever looked kindly upon my outlawed head, except my darling, faithful sister. And she, too, in peril—may God in heaven watch over and protect her. (*bows his head in hands and is silent a few seconds.*) I would that I could gain my liberty but a single hour, that I might battle with the devilish schemer Castleton. Then I would be content to die. A fellow cannot live forever---the grim hand touches every pilgrim, sooner or later, and he is a coward who whines when it hovers over him. Ha! ha! they think to see me tremble when I meet face to face the merciless noose that is to hang me. Let them wait, and learn that Deadwood Dick has too long faced death to fear to meet it. True, there are stains upon my soul, but God helping me, not a villainous nor a cowardly stain. True it is, that men have met me and fallen, but they were wretches and ruffians who held no love or even respect for man, woman, babe---or God. Perhaps I shall have to answer for their deaths, but it shall be bravely, in the reflection that I have done humanity an everlasting service. Ha! (*Enter George bearing a loaf of bread, which he tosses upon floor in front of Dick.*)

GEORGE, (*hoarsely*) Thar's a present fer ye, ye infernal road-agent, ef ye're hungry. I opine ye'd better chaw on it, fer ye won't git no better in this howtel while I'm landlord.

DICK, (*gazing at floor*) Very well; if I grow hungry, I will eat it. Do you feel disposed to name the giver?

GEORGE, (*thrusts chew of tobacco into mouth*) Waal, I don't know's it's any harm tellin' ye. It was thet cussed gal who calls herself Calamity Jane. Ef I don't mistake, she'll pass in her chips, before long, onless she shuffles off less of her slack. Why, curse my boots if she didn't step up to the Gov'ner, a bit ago, down at the saloon, an' hit him a slap in the smeller wot nigh upset him; an' then she up an' dared any pilgrim present to come and knock her hat off.

DICK, (*bowing his head*) Brave, fearless calamity. She never

seemed to know what it was to be afraid. Tell me, sir rufflan, how long it is I have yet to live?

GEORGE, *walking off*. 2 L. E.) Waal, I reckon about four hours; its gittin' six in the morning, now. How dy'e feel, ready ter slip yer atmosphere?

DICK, *coolly*) When the hour comes for Deadwood Dick to die, you will find him ready.

GEORGE--Waal, ye're mighty cool about it. Guess you'll change yer tune, tho', when it comes to the tug o' war. Ha! ha! ha! *(laughs hoarsely and exit.)*

DICK, *(looking after him)* Curse the fellow; I would I could be free to show him the fear I have for such as he. Ah! *(turns and picks up the bread)* I wonder what prompted Calamity to send me this loaf. Can it be that she feels kindly disposed toward me, and wishes to add to my comfort in the few hours I have yet to live? It would seem so. And yet, I suspect that this loaf has a meaning; what it be I do not know, unless--unless--*(pauses and hefts the loaf)* unless there is more than bread in its composition. Ha! the thought has reason. Perhaps the bread is loaded, and for a good purpose. Anyhow, 'twill take but a moment to find out. *(crawls to stool, places candle on floor, sits on stool, then breaks the loaf in twain, and finds package in side.)* Ha! I was not wrong in my suspicion. *(pulls package out of loaf, and unwraps it discovering a revolver.)* And here is the contents. A weapon with which to shoot my jailor and then make my escape. Ah! I can no longer doubt that Calamity still believes in me, and is keeping away for a purpose. But, alas, her pains are of no avail. I have been taken, tried, and condemned to die, and I shall pay the forfeit. Were a hundred chances open for escape, I would not take advantage of them. I will hang and pay the debt I owe justice; then, God helping me, I will arise, Phenix like, a free, unfettered man, whom no law in this land can molest. Something tells me I will win. If I fail--then, may God have mercy upon me--and that one who holds the knowledge that will save me! *(rises, folds arms and gazes heavenward, as if in prayer. Close of scene.)*

SCENE III.—THE PLAZA OR PARK. [Enter Col. Yuba, peering about, 1 R. E; with prolonged whistle, looking off audience, hands in breeches pockets.]

COL. YUBA—Waal, cuss my clerical boots ef I ain't eluded her agin. Gosh! but its bin nip and tuck atween us, whether she ordered or I passed, an' as fate would hev it, I got in the most laps to the mile, and heer I am, still alive, *(laughs)* 'Spect her along every minnit. *(peers around nervously while speaking.)* She's on a reg'lar war-path, after scallaps, an' don't yer fergit it. But she can't git much more wool from my plantation *(raises hat and reveals bald head)* no sir-ee bob-tail hoss. She's harvested my crop sevarial times already, an' owing to phrenological reasons, thar

ain't no more left. Verily, young men, ye behold in me an average specimen uv ther henpecked husband! My constertoochin is shattered, my speerit kerlapsed, an' my hair gone! Nothin's left but skin an' bones. Don't take me for a lone comparison, but gaze around ye at the bald headed Congressmen present, who hev bin thru ther masheen. Take my advice, don't git married—*don't*. It's all nice enuff first along, while yer pocket book an' ther candy shop holds out, an sarcuses dispense wash-tub lemon-aid—but arter that look out fer squalls—especially arter the first year. How Nancy Lida Marier Yuba would larrup 'im ef she was ter sail in jest now. (*looks around and discovers rope hanging down from flies.*) Hello! what's this? (*goes and peers around it, curiously.*) Bet a chaw of Christyun terbacker that's whar they're goin' ter lynch ther road-agent, Deadwood Dick. Phew! ef I ain't struck a gold mine, jest kick me fer a mule. I'll jest stay erround hyar, an' git the job of preechin' ther funeral sermon. Ther galoot as combines bizness with pleasure is ther one who eventually gits ther presidency—of an assylum. (*procures a high box out of 2 L. E., and perches himself on it, R. C.*) Thar! patience on a dry goods box will answer as well as patience on a monument. Now, let me cogitate. What fer sermon will be appropriate fer this solemn-cholly occasion. Ah! I have it—Reverlations, an' a verse from the fifty-oneth slam. Hello! here they come now. (*Clamor of voices heard approaching. Enter Sheriff, George and Farley, leading Dick; Castleton, Snowbank, Miners, Regulators, &c. G. and F. lead Dick beneath noose and stand off several paces; Sheriff stands near him; others distributed R. and L. C.*)

SHERIFF, (*glancing at watch*) Edward Harris, alias Deadwood Dick, the hour set for your execution is at hand, and the unpleasant job of hanging you has been left to me, the Sheriff of this district. I am sorry, therefore, because it is a duty I hate and despise, yet cannot shirk. It is not for me to say whether you deserve hanging, or not; it is only for me to accept the verdict of the people, and perform the distasteful task imposed upon me. If you have any prayers to offer or any requests to make, I will give you a few moments respite.

YUBA, (*rising on his perch and waving hat*) Hold on! hold on! I want that job! I want that job! Ef ye want a fust class, reg'ler old snortin' prayer what'll do ye more good'n a dose o' salts, I'm ther man fer yer bizness—ther Reverend Colonel Yankee Doodle Yuba, at yer service, an' ther hossiest old preecher in these hills, you bet. Jest give me the cue, now, how ye want it did, young feller, an' at ther same time modestly slip a ten dollar William inter my reverend hand, an' cuss my boots ef I don't give ye one offerin' that'll send ye inter Caanan like slippin' off'n a greased log. (*loud war-whoop outside; Yuba looks wild*) Oh! gosh! all fish hooks, ef thar don't cum Nancy Lida Marier Yuba, now, like a roarin' buffler bull! I must vamoose agin'. (*hastily leaps from box,*

falls, rises, stumbles, falls, rises, runs against Snowbank, both fall; enter Nance Yuba, slashing her whip and giving vent to war whoops; sees Yank, rushes at him hissing "blood;" he rises and exit 2 L. E., she follows, falls over Snowbank, exit 2 L. E.)

SNOWBANK, (*rising and limping about, climbs upon box, strikes attitude*) Blood! Gore! Coagulated crimson!

DICK, (*after pause*) I have no prayers to offer, more than I have previously offered—no requests to make, sir Sheriff; nor do I blame you, whose duty I full well understand. Go ahead, sir, and do your duty. I fear and love my Master, but I do not fear to die.

CASTLETON, (*aside*) Curse me, but he is calm. I expected to see him on his knees. (*to Judge Lynch*) Go ahead, Sheriff; don't stand on ceremony, but string the ruffian up!

DICK, (*to Castleton, sternly*) You need not be unduly fast, my friend, you will soon have the pleasure of seeing Deadwood Dick dangling by the neck in mid-air, and knowing that your rival in fortune is forever stilled. But mind you, Ira Castleton, and hear me swear it, that even after death shall have silenced my struggles, and I shall have canceled my account with justice—then will I come back to hound you down to your grave. Sheriff, I am ready! Proceed with the pic-nic!

CALAMITY, (*quickly entering, 2 R. E., sternly*) Stop! in the name of the law, stop!

LYNCH—Well, girl, what's wrong? What do you want?

CALAMITY—I'll tell ye what I want, old neck-stretcher; I'll tell ye what I want! I want the privilege o' puttin' the noose about Deadwood Dick's throat, so it'll do the job, an' not have no half way business about it.

CROWD, (*all stepping a pace toward her*) What, you hang Deadwood Dick?

CALAMITY, (*grimly*) Aye! I want to hang Deadwood Dick. Is there anything surprising in that? I caused his arrest, didn't I? but that ain't enough. He deceived me, lied to me, and I told him I would have revenge. I want it now; I want to fix that rope so well around his gullet that he'll never open his eyes after I say he! oh! heaven! And that's the kind of a hair-pin I am.

CROWD, (*in chorus*) Hurrah! hip! hip! hurrah!

FARLEY, (*stepping forward*) Kick me fer a mule, boyees, ef the gal ain't right, and I say let her do the biz. The cursed road-agent fooled around with her until she lost several good chances to marry, includin' myself, fer instance, an' I'm uv ther opinyun that she order hev revenge.

SNOWBANK, (*waving his big knife and cleaver excitedly*) Aye! revenge, cried the noble Roarin' Rhinoserious, in a voice of thunder-claps—*revenge!* BLOOD! GORE! COAGULATED CRIMSON!

CALAMITY—Come! ye galoots—what's the word! Am I to have the pleasure of giving the prisoner a starter, or am I not?

CASTLETON—Well, if you are particularly desirous of the job, go ahead, eh, boys? All in favor of standing off an' lettin' Calamity Jane hang the road-agent, please make it manifest by saying I.

CROWD—I! I! I! I! I!

SNOWBANK, (*speaking through hands*) We! us! heer, fo' suah!

LYNCH—Very well, young woman, the job is yours. I having no hand in it, will retire, as I have no desire to witness the scene. (*Exit 2 L. E. Calamity approaches Dick. Symphony music by orchestra.*)

CALAMITY, (*slow, measured tones*) Deadwood Dick, your time has come to die. Have you anything to say, before I send you to that haven of departed spirits, where there is no death, no treachery and deceit, no sinfulness and sorrow?

DICK—I have nothing to say.

CALAMITY, (*turning to Farley and George*) Then several of you be ready to pull, after I noose him, and give the word.—[Seizes noose end of rope and proceeds to fasten it around Dick's neck. George, Farley and others seize loose end of rope, walk back c., ready to pull. Calamity finishes noosing, and wraps a shawl around Dick's head, face and shoulders; then kneels in front of him, with head bowed on knees, pause as in prayer, low symphony music. Finally raises face and eyes aloft, with clasped hand; speaks in pathetic, choked voice]—Dick, I have prayed for you as woman never prayed before; I have plead for you, and now—now good-bye, and may God in heaven have mercy on your soul. Are you ready, Dick?

DICK, (*slowly*) Calamity, I am ready to die.

CALAMITY, (*rising and reeling off, 2 R. E.*) Then, when the negro courts one, two, three, let the rope be pulled, and fastened, and this spot left in sacred silence to the dead. Oh! Dick! Dick! Dick! (*exit 2 R. E., sobbing*)

FARLEY, (*grimly*) Give us the word, nigger; we're ready to give him the boost.

SNOWBANK, (*wildly*) Oh! lordy massy sabe dis yar chile! One, two, free times! Whoop 'em up!

(*Men pull Dick into mid-air. Snowbank sings, others joining. Dick struggles, finally ceases. Men, all but Snowbank, file off of stage at finish of first chorus.*)

SONG:

AIR—"JOHN BROWN'S BODY."—(*Snowbank.*)

Oh! we'll hang Dick Deadwood to a black walnut tree,
To a black walnut tree, to a black walnut tree,
Oh! we'll hang Dick Deadwood to a black walnut tree,
As his soul goes marching along.

(*Chorus, by crowd, Snowbank leading, using knife for baton*)

Glory ! glory hallelujer-am !

Glory ! glory hallelujer-am !

Glory ! glory hallelujer-am !

As his soul goes marching on.

(*Crowd file out while singing. Snowbank continues, not noticing their exit, his eyes upraised.*)

Oh ! he was a scaly customer when he roamed upon de earf,
When he roamed upon de earf, when he roamed upon de earf;
So we had to noose his neck, you see, an' boost him from de turf,
And his soul goes marchin' on !

Glory ! glory ! hallelujer-am !

Glory ! glory ! hallelujer-am !

Glory ! glory ! hallelujer—

(*Looks around and discovers himself alone with the corpse*) de debbil !
Oh ! de Lor' hab mercy on dis yar chile. (*leaps from box, falls down, scrambles about desperately—chance for "business," and exit 2 L. E. Close of Act.*)

ACT V.—THE BUNG-HOLE SALOON.

SCENE I—*The Bar-room of the "Bung-hole"—Bar across corner L. C. Barkeeper engaged in mopping off bar. Chair and tables on other side. Pretzel Pete seated in arm chair front centre, smoking long pipe.*

PETE, (*looking up*) Vel, py shimminy gracious, unt my wif Katrina. I don't know vas ish der matter mit me, so heb me. Furst I vas dry shust like a lobster ; den I vas get thursdy ash der duyfl, yust like as if dar vas fife salt parrel mit der inside of my pelly oud. (*rubs his paunch.*) Den I vas drink six lagers find feel petter ash I vas pefore, und swi dimes pigger. I dond know vas ish der matter. Der docter he look droubles mit his face, und say ash vat I vas changeable, und he vil sit him down und dink vat vas der matter, und ven I look around, he und my wif Katrina dey pe visperin' mit each odder's ears—dey den point mit der docter pooks, und puts deir mouths togedder yust like a ham sandwiches. Den der docter he come und dells me if I drinks swi kegs of lager, effery day, I vas get petter ash good. I do youst vat he say, und I vas vorser as goot. I vas uneasy mit mine pelly. I dink somedings vas in dere, und pime pi I explode youst like a firecracker. Mein Gott in Heime!, vot a muss dere pe den for Patsy to mop up !

PATSY, (*shaking fist*) Ah ! bad cess to the loikes av yes. If yez burst yer biler here, I hope I may niver see me own wake if I tich a divil a wan av the contents.

(*Enter stranger, 1 L. E., looks about, speaks aside*) Ah ! the place is deserted of its usual crowd, and I can rest here in peace. (*to Pete*) My good friend, have you any objections to my resting here a short time ? I am foot-sore and weary and would like to sit down.

PETE, (*gruffly*) Den vy dond you do it. Vos ye want me to git up und carry you mit a shair, ven I vas so frail und shlender?

STRANGER, (*laughing*) Well, no, I guess I can get to a seat, (*draws chair front 2 L. E., and seated*) although it is five days since I tasted a mouthful of food, mind you.

PETE, (*excitedly*) Vos? Vot you dells me, dot? Fife days since you vas haif somedings to eat?

STRANGER—Exactly, sir. For that length of time I have lain in the mountains, unable to walk or even crawl about, until today, when I made a determined effort to reach this town.

PETE, (*hitting hand with fist*) Shimminy gracious, und mine vife Katrina! vot a duyfel of a spell you must haif all de wile. Deadt droonker as a door-nail, I s'bose, eh?

STRANGER—Far from that, my friend. A knife thrust here in my side was the difficulty; something that came nearly finishing me. (*confusion of voices*) Ah! what's the matter, now? (*party rises.*)

PETE, (*calmly*) Oh! sit sdill und dond pe foolishness. Dot vas only some peeples vot coom down mit mine saloon und sing und dance, yust to make dings lifely. Der pe Calamity Shaney, she sing von song, und dar pe myself who dance von valse, und py shimminy gracious, der pe mine parkeeber, Patsy Mulligan, he dance a shigger. An' I dell you ve haif von goot time. Yaw, dot ish dem. (*rises, enter Calamity, Snowbank, miners, &c.*)

CALAMITY, (*shaking hands with Pete*) Hello! old hogshead, how you wasn't all de vile? Where's yer audience, an' who's goin' to sing to-night?

PETE, (*taking her arm, both facing front*) Vel, Shaney, ole gal, you vas one, don' id? Dot ish von. Den I vos large enough vor two ---dot makes id three dimes, eh? Den dar pe Patsy Mulligan, he make four, und we haif a quarterette, dond you vas see?

CALAMITY—Yes, that is so. Then, here's the coon, too. Say, Pompey, can you sing?

SNOWBANK, (*putting up hands*) Gwaffm me, chile. Don't go asperse dis yar noble tragedian's character by callin' me Pompey. I'se no Pompey; I'se Edwin Booth John McCullough Snowbank from Henry Ward Beecher's Brooklyn Theatre. I'se a cousin to Bill Shakespeare, I is, fo' suah, an' half brudder to Scarf Pin Harry Sargent, an' you better not go to busin me, sah, or Ill cut you deep, cut you with a tooth-pick. (*draws big knife*) I'se a bad chile—I'se a noble tragedian. When I gets mad, I make things smoke, lz you want me to read you a tragedy of thrilling six per cent. interest, I'se yer pic-nic, ebery time. Just listen (*strikes an attitude*) and I'll rehearse my sublime tragedy, entitled "De Roarin' Rhinoserious of de Catapultan Range." De posphorescent shades op de nocturnal periodical war perigrinatin' down ober de antediluvian landscape, an' de smoulderous claps of electric lightning was playin' froo de seams an' wrinkles ob de physognomy ob antiquated nature, and pictursquee flashes ob jarring thunder were—

CALAMITY, (*interrupting him*) There! that'll do; you needn't give us no more. That's sufficient.

PETE—Yaw! dot vas enuffs. Ve dond vos any pody sick around here, und dond need sum physie like dot. So youst you please to go oud mit der sdable and rehearse mit der shackasses.

SNOWBANK, (*looking heavenward*) Alas! such is fate. De true essence ob megatherian genius nebber is appreciated among de common trash! Oh! Shakespeare, look down on dis yar chile, an' behold de state ob unappreciated eloquentousness-ness-ness.

PETE, (*to crowd*) Vel, shendlemens, pizness is pizness, so be seated und treat von mit der odder mit lager beer, und Miss Shane (Galamity she vil treat you mit a song. *men become seated*) Eh? Galamity, dond you vas giff us one?

CALAMITY—Well, Peter, if you'll go a song and dance. I'll sing. (*motions for music*) What d'ye say?

PETE—Vel, so helb me gracious, I vil try id. (*Calamity advances front, symphony; then Calamity sings song. After she finishes song*) Shimminy gracious, und mine vife Katerina! Dot vos der burtiest song vot I neffer heard before. Id yoost dakes der rag right mit-oud der bush off.

CALAMITY—Well, now, wasn't it, tho'? Spect it would make a mule smile. I saß, s'posin' some o' you pilgrims take up a collection for the widders and orphans, while Peter the Great warbles. (*Snowbank obeys, putting money in pocket.*) Go ahead, Peter, give us a lager beer operah!

PETE, (*idolefully*) You von't snicker at me, Galamity?

CALAMITY—Oh! no—I won't even pucker my mouth, Pete—so go on.

PETE—Vell den I sings; put off you sees mine frou Katerina coomin' yoost dells apoud it, for she giff me der duyfel ven she cosches me singin' operah!

(*Symphony; then Pretzel sings, all joining in chorus.*)

COME TICKLE ME.

I ish von jolly Deitcher mans,
 Und Peter vos mine name,
 I keeps dot heer Bung-Hole saloons,
 Und fast vas gainin' fame.
 But sdill I vas in droubles, mooch,
 All on der 'countd, you see,
 Apoud dem leedle purdty gals
 Who say, "Coomme tickle me."

(*Spoken*) Yaw, dot vas vot dey dells me, effery dimes dey meed me mit der street oud, und ven mine vife she hears apoud it, she proomsticker 'em oud mit der vront door oud; und yoost den von off dem mashers she stuek her headt in der perhindt der door und speaks to me like dis:

CHORUS—Come dickle me, come dickle me,
 Vy dond you coom und dickle me?
 I like id very mooch, you see,
 So yoost coome along und dickle me.

(*Laughs and holds his sides while orchestra plays symphony.*)

I dond know vot to dinks of id,
 Id seems so verry strange,
 Vor all der beepke vink ad me
 Like uff I haff no prains.
 Und den der pe der sausage mans
 Who keeps der catter-ee,
 He say ven he presents his pill,
 "Yoost coome und dickle me."

(*Spoken*) An' dot's yoost how id goes. Firsdt id vas der vimmins, dey wants me to dickle 'em, den id vas der men, und efen der leedle dogs mit der street dey viggke der tails yoost like as if dey vant me der dickle 'em, too. But der vorses off all dish pizness, I vas goin' up der sdreet der odder night, und I spied a drim graceful vimmins cummin' along mit a face wid a veil ofer, und says I, I haff foon mit her all de vile. So I yust steps up mit her, und bunches her mit my finger in der rib to spare, und says "Coonie dickle me, coome dickle me," ven, mein Gott in Heime! she hauled off und knocked me down dot flatter ash a pancokie—so help me gracious! Und ven I got up she knock me down agin'—und ven I get up swi dines, I find id pe mine vife Katerina! Shimminy gracious how she did dickle me den mit der toe off her stocking. I neffer vas so dickled in all my life. Und ven I go oud on der bromenade now, you pet your sweed life I dond vas visper any more:

CHORUS---Coomme dickle me, coome dickle me,
 Vy dond you vas coome und dickle me?
 I like id very much, you see,
 So yoost cooms along und dickle me.

CALAMITY, (*when he finishes*) Bully fer you, Peter. You'll make a good Singer if the world lasts long enough (even if you don't make a Wheeler). Now, then, (*turning to Snowbank*) most noble colored Congressman, we should be pleased to hear you agitate the aged instrument you carry upon your shoulder blade.

SNOWBANK, (*coming forward with chair and banjo*) Want dis yar chile to heab out a few bars? Guess so---yes, yes; I'll sing you a little psalm tew eddifycate yer intoolectooal systematic anatom-nyies.

(*Tunes banjo and sings comic song. Enter Col. Yuba while he is singing, in a dilapidated condition--torn clothes, one eye blacked, and other bandaged, leg bandaged, left arm in sling, hat all gone but rim; walking with horrible limps. &c.*)

YUBA, (*looking at audience*) Alas! she found me. (*limps about.*)
 (*Snobbank finishes his song.*)

CALAMITY---Hurrah! Now, then, let me take up a collection, again---this for the news-boys, bully boot-blacks and Half Dime novel readers of the town. (*passes around hat and receives a few pennies.*) Well, (*counting them*) I got ten cents fat, by golly. Oh! Jerusalem! what a flush crowd. (*hubbub outside, woman's scream, &c.*) But, say---hold on! what's the rip? (*all rise and look off, 3 L. E.*) Something ain't right, or my guess is wrong, Ha! look at that, will you?

(*Enter Farley and Grueyard George, dragging Ethel between them, followed by Castleton. They release Ethel and hurl her off toward Calamity.*)

CASTLETON---There, madam, you see resistance is quite useless, don't you, when you have me to deal with? Ha! ha! ha!

ETHEL, (*out of breath*) Villain! monster!

CALAMITY, (*walking up and thrusting fist under Castleton's nose*) Oh! you cuss, you billy-goat. Just step out here and let me flatten yer mug. I kin do it in jist one holy second, and don't yer fergit it. I've smashed a dozen fellers better'n you in a single minit, afore now.

STRANGER, (*rising and stepping forward*) Sir, (*to Castleton*) I demand an explanation of your treatment of this lady, who is nothing to you. What right have you to molest her?

CASTLETON---The right, sir stranger, of a citizen of these United States and Territories. *That woman, sir, is a murderess!*

ETHEL, (*pleadingly*) Oh! no! no! no! no! It is not true, gentlemen---it is not true. Yonder villain, who claims to be the stepfather of my late husband, has made this terrible charge against me partly because I refused to marry him, and partly to get me out of the way, in order to get possession of the Red Rock mine and my late husband's wealth. Oh! do not believe him; do not, I pray and beg of you, for I am innocent, as God is my judge.

STRANGER---Who has this woman murdered, sir, that you prefer such a terrible charge?

CASTLETON---First may I inquire what business it is to you, sir?

STRANGER, (*folding arms*) The business of one who always takes up arms in behalf of the weaker side!

CASTLETON, (*laughs*) Ha! ha! So you're a defender of the woman's rights question, eh? Well, sir, if you desire to know, I have to inform you that yonder woman is the murderess of her husband, Fred Castleton. She was seen to commit the crime by two companions and myself, and we have brought her here to stand a hasty trial before being lynched. Moreover, she is a sister of the late outlaw, Deadwood Dick, and deserves hanging for that alone. Are you satisfied, sir?

STRANGER---By no means. You, sir, are a consummate rascal and a liar, and have run about to the end of your rope. I, sir,

am Fred Castleton, alive and well! (*Removes beard and hat and stands with folded arms. Ethel with a cry of joy rushes to his embrace.*)

CASTLETON, (*leaping back aghast*) Ten thousand devils! You alive and here!

STRANGER—As you perceive, sir. Your devilish schemes have failed you and your companions in crime.

YUBA, (*stepping forward with leveled pistols, ditto Snowbank*) I the name of the law, I. Colonel Yank Yuba, Government spy and detective, arrest you, and also your comrades, for a string of bloody-handed crimes as long as you arm. Resistance is useless, and the quicker you surrender, the longer you'll have to pray before you dance on the tight-rope. (*all draw weapons and cover the three villains.*)

SNOWBANK—Yas, dem's de solid facts ob de sittywation, fo' suah, sah. We's de law—me an' Marse Yuba—an' we's goin' tew boot ebbery sinner cl'ar out ob Jerusalem, sure's dar's har on a pole-possum's eye teeth. (*waves knife.*) Blood! Gore!! Coagulated Crimson!!!

CASTLETON—This is infamous. It is a gross outrage upon honorable citizens. I shall demand redress—satisfaction for the insult.

CALAMITY, (*taking Pete aside*) Now, Dutchy, look out for a time. I'll show you a trick with a hole in it. (*goes up to Castleton and shakes fist at him*) And so you want redress, do you—you, a coward and a craven. Ha! ha! ha! Why, you miserable low-lived skunk, if you was offered a chance to fight for your liberty you wouldn't durst accept.

CASTLETON, (*fiercely*) You lie, girl, you lie! I fear to fight no man. Were even the famous tiger, Deadwood Dick to come down from his eternal lair, I'd be only to glad to meet him in a duel to the death.

(*Enter Dick back centre E., with folded arms.*)

DICK, (*coolly*) Then, sir, you can be very happy if you choose, for Deadwood Dick's on deck!

CROWD, (*all starting back and pointing at him, in chorus*) Deadwood Dick, the outlaw!

YUBA, (*stepping forward*) No! not Deadwood Dick the outlaw. A man who comes to life after hanging, has paid the penalty of his crimes, and is a free man whom no law of the continent can molest. Deadwood Dick was hanged, cut down, and thrust into a rough box for burial. I chanced along, found he was still alive, and carrying him from the portals of death, with the aid of Calamity Jane, brought him back to life, a free man!

DICK—For which I owe a deeper debt of gratitude to you, Colonel Yuba, and you, Calamity, than the debt of hatred the law ever owed me. (*Goes forward and shakes hands with Calamity and Yuba, also with Ethel, Fred, Pete, Snowbank, &c.*) And as for you, "Governor" Castleton, as you call yourself, my debt to you is not cancelled. You said you were not afraid to meet me, and you shall

have the chance. You have been a life-long villain and foe to my family, and I am a man as square with foes as I am true to friends. If you wish to settle a mutual grudge, I am ready to do it in a fair way. (*symphony music by orchestra*) Get the dice cup from yonder barkeeper, and come to this table. (*steps to table 1 R. E.*) Shake them well, and lead off. If you win, I will fold my arms and you can draw your revolver and shoot me through the heart. If I win, I am to have the same privilege. Mark you, I never had a dice cup in my hand in my life, while you are an old professional gambler. Still, I am ready to accept the chances, to pay a debt.

CASTLETON, (*going to bar*) I will take you on that. If I win?—

YUBA—I, on my own responsibility, will give you two hours to get out of the town and escape.

CASTLETON, (*coming forward with cup*) That suits me. Revenge and escape now lie before me. (*goes to table, Dick on right side, he on left, crowd back.*) Here, my foe, take the cup, and lead—if you dare.

DICK, (*shaking dice*) I never accept a dare. There, sir, (*spilling dice*) count them!

CASTLETON, (*stepping back*) Curses on your luck!

PETE—Py shimminy gracious, und mine wife Katerina! Fife aces vid von flop, yoost so quicker ash dunder!

CASTLETON—Your luck is good, and I will give you one horse; but not the next. (*shakes cup savagely, throws dice three times.*) Ha! ha! five sixes there are, you see!

DICK, (*shaking*) And five aces there'll have to be to beat them. (*throws*) And there they are!

CASTLETON, (*staggering back*) Curses on my soul—I have lost! Go on, man, go on. Do your worst (*covers face with his hands*) at once.

DICK—Not so, Ira Castleton. Although I won, I do not care to loose my citizen's rights again, by killing you. Instead, I surrender you to Col. Yuba, who will act as your escort to Yankton, where sentence will be passed upon you. Surrender, sir, to the Colonel. (*Yuba binds their hands and pushes them out 2 L. E., then returns.*)

YUBA—And, now, pilgrims, in celebration of the down fall of villainy, and the conversion by hanging, of a road-agent to a free and loyal brother, whose honor never shone brighter than now, I propose that we all indulge in flinging our heel.

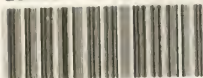
CALAMITY—Hurrah! a dance. Come, Pretzels.

(*Music, all dance but Dick, who stands leaning against 1 L. E., with doffed hat. Enter Nance with war-whoops; spies Yuba; floors him; curtain goes down with her standing on top of him cracking whip and whooping. Snowbank waving knife and yelling "Gore!" Crowd in chorus singing--- and at same time dancing---"We won't go home till morning."*)





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