

A FRONTIER HERO.

THE REMARKABLE CAREER OF BOONE MAY.

He Clears the Black Hills of Stage Robbers—An Extraordinary Battle With 150 Indians—His Career in Chili.

Amos J. Cummings gives in the New York Sun an account of the career of Boone May, a remarkable Western character. May went to the Black Hills from Missouri, and was employed to guard the coaches which ran between Deadwood and Cheyenne, and which were frequently robbed by stage robbers. May became a terror to the stage robbers, and to him more than to any other man is due the credit of clearing the country of stage robbers. This remarkable man remained in the service of the stage company until 1880. In that year the well-known Homestake Company got involved in a dispute concerning a mining property. They required the services of a man of undoubted coolness and courage to protect it. They bid high for Boone and secured him. His reputation was enough. Nobody cared to disturb anything that he was guarding.

That winter Boone May went hunting and trapping with a party in the Moro country. It was along the Little Missouri River, on the border of the Sioux Indian reservation. The party included John Jackson, Tom Porter, Fred Richards and A. M. Richards. They trapped for several weeks without much luck. One morning Boone proposed that they move their traps to the Indian reservation, where beaver and other game were in abundance. The whole party protested. They reminded Boone that the law punished trespassing on such reservations, and warned him of the consequences if he carried out his attempt. Boone was persistent. He threatened to go into the reservation alone if none would go with him. After demurring strongly, three of the party agreed to accompany him. A. M. Richards went back to Deadwood, predicting untoward results. The prediction was verified. What happened would have electrified the nation if the news had reached the world. It parallels the achievement of Napoleon at Lodi and of Leonidas at Thermopylae.

The trappers entered the Indian country, and got lots of furs. They were there a month when the savages discovered them. It was a bright sunny day in spring. They were camped upon a branch of either the Moro or the Little Missouri—probably the latter. Their horses were picketed near by, and feeding upon the high grass bordering the stream. It was about mid-day, and the trappers were cooking dinner.

The camp was near the foot of a conical hill. It was aroused by an exclamation from Boone May. He was looking to the northwest. At least 150 mounted Sioux had broken from behind the hill, a quarter of a mile away. They were coming for the camp like the wind, with a full front. Boone's companions were paralyzed. He stood by the camp fire rifle in hand, advising them what to do. They first rushed for their guns and horses. Three of the steeds were tethered on the bank, and one was below it. Boone remained at the camp fire, facing the Indians, with the river in his rear. Two of his comrades secured shelter under the bank of the stream, where they awaited the onset. The third was leading his horse under cover, when the Sioux burst upon them like a storm cloud. They swept upon them as the Mamelukes swept upon the French at the Pyramids. As they neared the trappers their line broke into a single column, and whirled past the face of the camp like a tornado. Each savage threw himself over the side of his horse, and emptied his gun as he dashed by. They killed Fred Richards's horse as he was trying to lead him to the shelter of the bank. Fred was pulling at the bridle, unaware of the fate of the animal, when Boone shouted, "Your horse is dead. Use him as a breastwork."

Richards did so. Boone May, however, remained at the camp fire like a statue. He took the fire of the Sioux without flinching. He emptied his Winchester at the human whirlwind, and was hurriedly seconded by the two men under the bank. Fred Richards had hardly opened fire when the Indians disappeared around the point of the hill on the right. The trappers hurriedly reloaded their guns, and Boone shoved new cartridges into his six-shooters. In five minutes the Sioux again broke from behind the hill on the left, and made a new and more furious charge. Their war whoop was terrible. Their ponies swept by like race horses at the Derby. Boone moved not a foot, but deliberately emptied both gun and revolver, bringing down an Indian or a pony at every shot.

A second time the savages swept round the hill. They essayed a third charge, with no better results. Boone stood like an avenging deity, and showered them with death. He came out of the fight

unscathed. None of his comrades was injured.

The Sioux never rallied after the third charge. They sped away dismayed and dejected. Sixty-three ponies and thirty-three Indians were left dead on the ground. Fred Richards afterward said that he believed Boone May killed nearly every one of them.

Such was an actual occurrence in the life of this extraordinary man. It is no chapter from one of Emerson Bennett's Indian stories. For obvious reasons I have given Boone's companions fictitious names. One is dead, and the others are living. There are many army officers and Indian agents who have heard the bitter complaints of the Sioux. They had bearded the lion in his den, and had suffered the consequences. A hundred mountain lions could not have created so great consternation and havoc. The trappers swore each other to secrecy, and returned to Deadwood. The Sioux urged the Government to take steps toward their punishment. Detectives were detailed to secure evidence. The men were suspected, but proof of the occurrence was lacking.

A month afterward Boone and U. S. Marshall Lewellen captured one Curley, a noted stage robber. He was wanted for robbing the mails. The two men captured him alive and brought his dead body into Deadwood. They said that he tried to escape a few miles south of Fort Weed and that they shot him. Curley's friends and others asserted that a wanton crime had been committed. The two men were indicted, tried, and acquitted.

By this time United States detectives were hot upon the trail of the trespassers upon the Sioux Indian reservation. For once Boone May recognized that discretion was the better part of valor. He fled to Mexico. The Mexicans marveled at his proficiency with the rifle and revolver. Life there, however, was distasteful to him. He returned to the United States and settled in the Gunnison country in Colorado. Not long afterward he heard that Government officers were again upon his trail. The information came from friends at Deadwood. In his dilemma he learned that an old Black Hills partner of the name of Pettijohn had married a rich belle in Chili, and was engaged there in mining operations. Boone went to Chili. He was warmly welcomed by Pettijohn. He remained in Chili for a year or more, when he heard of rich silver discoveries in Bolivia. Pettijohn accompanied him over the range, but soon afterward returned to Santiago. Boone remained in Bolivia with a cowboy, who had fled from the Black Hills under the charge of murdering a man at Spearfish.

His exile had made Boone a changed man. He lost his quiet spirit, and took to drinking and roystering. While at a dance one night his attentions to a beautiful girl aroused the jealousy of a Brazilian officer. He ordered the soldier to arrest the American. Boone knew that an arrest involved a long imprisonment without a trial. He was too much of a man to quarrel with a soldier obeying orders. Turning to the officer, he said: "Be so kind as to revoke your order. I have done nothing that should put me under arrest."

The officer remained obstinate. "Arrest him," he shouted to the soldier. Boone drew his revolver. "Revoke the order or I'll kill you," he exclaimed. The officer again refused. A shot was heard. He fell dead. Boone May had been as good as his word. The companions fled among the Indians near the head of the Amazon. After many exciting adventures they made their way over the pampas to Rio Janeiro. A letter was received at Deadwood from Boone after his arrival there. Yellow fever was raging in the city. This was years ago. As nothing has since been heard of him, it is supposed that he died in Rio of that epidemic.

A Dog That Prints a Paper.
Printing presses are usually run in this country by steam power, by water power, electric motors, and by main strength and awkwardness; but the machine that grinds out the *Plain City Dealer* is run by dog power. A large wheel about ten feet in diameter and about two feet in width is connected with the drive wheel of the press by means of a belt. Cleats are placed about a foot apart on the inside of the wheel, where "Joe," the journalistic dog, walks his weary round and thus causes the wheel to revolve. Joe has run the press for about five years, and has faithfully earned his hash every week. It is now about time for him to die and go where good dogs always go, and the proprietor of the *Dealer* is casting around for another canine. Part of Joe is shepherd and the rest is common, every-day dog. *Columbus (Ohio) Post.*

When Washington became President, in 1789, the country contained less than four millions of people. The single State of New York has a larger population to-day than the whole country in Washington's time.

CURIOS FACTS.

Good divers get from \$10 to \$20 a day.

Ten cents was the reward given a Pottstown (Penn.) man who found a stray \$3000 team and spent an hour in finding the owner.

Somebody who believes in old-fashioned methods of discipline recently sent a young lady teacher in Maine a bundle of shingles.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has in the Nebraska Deanery 1650 Indian communicants, with nine Dakota Indians in holy orders.

A dog at Greenwood Lake, Ga., is twenty-one years old, and has killed in his life over sixty rattlesnakes. He has been bitten by them four times, and still lives.

B. F. Parker, of Laurens County, Ga., has a boy five months old. At four months and ten days he had two teeth and weighed twenty-seven pounds and could sit alone.

An eagle that measured eight feet with its wings spread out was shot the other day at Rutledge, Ga. The bird was sitting on a pine tree looking at a six-month-old baby.

While out walking with his mother at Canton, Mass., a little son of Charles Summer was attacked by a large gray squirrel, which ran up his clothes and severely bit and scratched his face.

A census of farm animals has recently been taken by the Italian Government, and it appears that there is a very large increase in all kinds excepting pigs, which have diminished considerably in numbers.

The vein of ore in the Treadwell mine, Alaska, is 464 feet wide, and extends along the mountain three-quarters of a mile. The mine produces \$100,000 in gold bullion monthly, about forty per cent. of which is profit.

Farmers in the vicinity of Anderson, Ind., are excited over the appearance of a gang of young wolves in their wood lots. A number of sheep and chickens have been killed. A big hunting party has been organized to kill off the growlers.

Dr. Alonzo Garcelon, of Lewiston, Me., recently remarked that he was treating a member of a family in that city which he has professionally attended for five generations—great-grandfather, great-grandfather, grandfather, father and children.

Newspaper Enterprise.

It is discouraging, to newspaper men at least, to read that in a vain attempt to get a better account of the Brown hanging at Minneapolis than his contemporaries, Major Edwards, of the *Fargo Argus*, had one of his reporters arrested and lodged in jail, and the unfortunate wight was made to scrub floors and perform other menial services during his incarceration and when the hour of execution came was removed to a distant part of the jail.—*The Journalist.*

A Great Surprise
Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that any druggist is authorized by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy to give you a sample bottle free? It never fails to cure acute or chronic coughs. All druggists sell Kemp's Balsam. Large bottles 50c and \$1.

While in Russia the Shah ordered 11,000 repeating rifles for his troops.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says: TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887. Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co., Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, made and prepared by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours Truly,
L. L. GORRICH, M. D., Office, 215 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.
We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure, taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The sole panacea for every ailment in China is a plaster.

You wear out clothes on a wash board ten times as much as on the body. How foolish, buy Dobbin's Electric Soap of your grocer and save this useless wear. Make ever since 1864. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

ALL the ice imported into England comes from Norway.

A Wonderful Food and Medicine.
Known and used by Physicians all over the world. SCOTT'S EMULSION not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food that builds up the wasted body. "I have been using Scott's Emulsion for several years, and am pleased with its action. My patients say it is pleasant and palatable, and all grow strong and gain flesh from the use of it. I use it in all cases of Wasting Diseases, and it is especially useful for children when nutrient medicine is needed, as in Marasmus."—F. W. PIERCE, M.D., Knoxville, Ala.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

Danger from Catarrh

Catarrh is an exceedingly disagreeable disease, its varied symptoms—discharge at the nose, bad breath, pain between the eyes, coughing, choking sensation, ringing noises in the ears, etc.—being not only troublesome to the sufferer, but offensive to others. Catarrh is also dangerous, because it may lead to bronchitis or consumption. Being a blood disease, the true method of cure is to purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For several years I had been troubled with a kind of asthma or catarrh in my throat. My wife wanted me to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I must say it was very much benefited by using it and would recommend it very highly."—ELIAS P. DEVER, Omaha, Neb.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. 41c; six for \$2.50; prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

It Don't Pay
To experiment with uncertain remedies, when afflicted with any of the ailments for which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is recommended, as it is so positively certain in its curative effects as to warrant its manufacturer in guaranteeing it to benefit or cure, or money paid for it is returned. It is warranted to cure all blood, skin and scalp diseases, salt-rheum, tetter, and all scrofulous sores and swellings, as well as consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs) if taken in time and given a fair trial.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

The Texas cotton crop is estimated to be worth \$54,000,000 this year.

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Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Ore.

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Swift's Specific cured me of terrible Tetters, from which I had suffered for twenty long years. I have now been entirely well for five years, and no sign of any return of the disease.
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One bottle of S. S. S. cured my son of boils and risings, which resulted from malarial poison, and affected him all the summer. He had treatment from five doctors, who failed to benefit him.
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I have taken Swift's Specific for secondary blood poison, and derived great benefit. It acts much better than potash, or any other remedy that I have ever used.
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