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 road agents. May became a terror to the road agents, 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 Homestage 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 Thermopylæ.

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 outset. 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 revolvers, 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 capturned one Curley, a noted road agent. 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 Janiero. 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.

CURIOUS 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's-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-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 he jail.—*The Journalist.*

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

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

ALL the ice imported into England comes from Norway.

THE Texas cotton crop is estimated to be worth $84,000,000 this year.