

DEADWOOD'S DOWN-FALL IS COMPLETE

The Former Toughest Town on Earth Closed as Tight as a Drum

DONE BY "GANG" OF PARSONS

The One-Time Terror of the Mining Country Has "Degenerated" Into the Prosaic Quiet of a New England Village—Bad Men Tamed.

Deadwood, South Dakota.—Deadwood, once the toughest town on earth, has been shorn of the name which it boasted for almost a quarter of a century, and the one-time terror of the mining country has degenerated into the prosaic quiet of a New England village. The last step in the "degradation" of the city came when all saloons in the town were forced to close at 11 o'clock, and the proprietors were notified that no more should their places of business be opened on Sunday. At the same time the side doors were nailed up, and hereafter the thirsty Deadwood man must use the front door in reaching a bar.

To be sure Deadwood's citizens never have been accused of being backward in their quest for "booze," and side doors never were considered necessary to a saloon location, but the fact that these doors have been nailed up only shows the depth to which the one-time "Toughest Town on Earth" has fallen. And while the nails were being driven into the doors, the roulette wheels, which for more than twenty-five years have sung their song to the accompaniment of the little white ball, were forced to cease turning. Even the time-honored games of stud poker were ordered stopped and the cards and chips confiscated and the players dispersed. Faro boxes were taken possession of by the officers and the faro dealers ordered out of business.

And all by a "gang" of preachers. The Deadwood Ministerial Union got in the game some time ago. It took six months for the clergymen to force matters, but this week's action of the officers is the result.

Heretofore Deadwood has looked almost with contempt at the laws which have been passed by the State Legislature looking to the government of gambling and saloons. And such legislation was all right for the eastern portion of the State, but not for Deadwood and the Black Hills. That country was a law unto itself, and the "personal liberty" loving citizens of the "Hills" decided that no saloon nor gambling laws passed by the Legislature should interfere with the sweet will of Deadwood. Consequently the greatest surprise that Deadwood ever was up against came when the saloons and gambling dens were closed by the officers.

"And all by a gang of preachers," say the regulars, with supreme disgust.

Time was when Deadwood boasted that no preacher did, could or would live within the limits of the two or three gulches along whose narrow bottoms or steep sides the town was built. It was the boast that no disease ever invaded Deadwood, and, as preachers were only of use to the sick and dying, they were not necessary in Deadwood. Those dying in Deadwood passed away so quickly that a clergyman never would have a chance to say a word or utter a prayer. There were some mighty good gun men in Deadwood in those days.

But one day an odd kind of preacher came into the gulch. He carried two guns and he could use them. He showed that he could drink with any of the citizens, but he wouldn't drink except on special occasions. And when he sat in at a game it always was on the square. He stayed.

When the saloons were closed, there were only twenty-four booze shops in the town. And Deadwood has nearly 4,000 inhabitants, too. When the city was far smaller every other building was either a saloon or gambling den. In fact, the proportion of saloons to other business houses was far greater than an even break. But civilization caused many of these to go out of

business. When the time came that "Deadwood the Tough" boasted of only twenty-four such places the old timers began to look upon the town as a stronghold of prohibition. Yet the ministerial union (think of such an organization in Deadwood) thought the liquor laws should be enforced and the State Attorney General was called upon. In turn this official notified Sheriff Plunkett to "get busy." But Sheriff Plunkett's round-up was nothing to a round-up pulled off by the first sheriff Deadwood ever had. This took place in the early days of the mining camp and was engineered by Captain Seth Bullock, at present United States Marshal of South Dakota, and a great personal friend of ex-President Roosevelt. Bullock came down from Montana somewhere and was elected Sheriff of Deadwood, not because he asked for the job, but because he looked like a man who would not interfere with the game. So hot a war did he wage against the "tin horns" and the criminals that soon Deadwood was "purified." To be sure, Bullock did not interfere with the legitimate saloons and gambling joints, but he cleaned out the really "bad" men.

TAR'S PET JET DUCK

John Diebold's Wonderful Yarn About Why a Fowl Lit on His Neck in a Storm.

New York City.—Just what a jet black duck was doing thirty miles at sea in the middle of the night, with a storm raging, was a puzzle to most of the passengers of the Old Dominion steamship Jefferson until John Diebold, upon whose shoulder the fowl landed, came forward with an explanation which, if unusual, is at least interesting.

Diebold, who was returning to New York from Norfolk after serving four years on the Kearsarge, was walking along the quarter deck about eleven o'clock at night when the duck came. The wind was blowing something like fifty miles an hour and the steamship was swinging along through a heavy sea. The darkness was impenetrable. Suddenly there was a fluttering about Diebold's head. Wings flapped in his face. He put up his hands and clasped what turned out to be a duck as black as coal and about the size of a canvasback. The duck seemed satisfied and Diebold took it first to the smoking room, where he exhibited it to a score of passengers, and later to his berth, where he kept it over night.

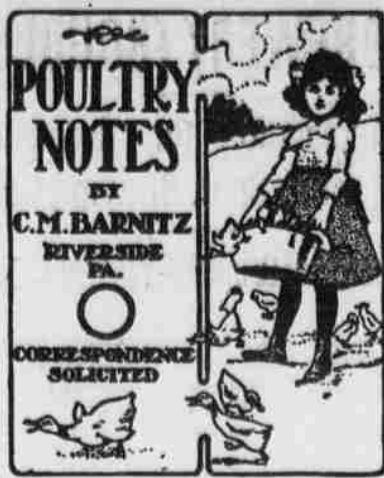
All day the duck perched upon Diebold's shoulder, refusing to let any one else touch it and accepting attention from Diebold with all the graciousness of a poll parrot. "There's no mystery to it whatever," said Diebold. "This duck is a friend of mine. I saw it once before in different circumstances. It flew aboard the ship one afternoon down in the Chesapeake and stuck to me for three days. I fed it and treated it with all the kindness due to a self-respecting, jet black duck, and when we steamed out of the Chesapeake I tossed it off the side of the ship. That's all. I don't pretend to be an authority on ducks, but this bird remembered me and probably knew I was on the Jefferson. Anyhow, what in the world would it have been doing out at sea on a night like last night if it didn't want to see some one badly?"

Diebold carried the duck on his shoulder till the Jefferson reached its pier. Then he turned it over to the steward with instructions to release it off Cape Charles.

In Time for the Train.
"Am I in time for the overland limited?" gasped the man with the valise, hurrying up to the ticket-seller's window in the railway station at Drearyhurst.

"Yes, sir."
"When is it due?"
"In five minutes."
"I want a ticket to Kansas City."
"All right, sir."

The stranger bought his ticket and sat down to wait.
Presently a train whizzed by at the rate of fifty miles an hour.
"What train was that?" he asked.
"The overland limited."
"Doesn't it stop here?"
"No, sir."
"Great Scott! Why didn't you tell me?"
"Great Scott! Why didn't you ask me, sir?" said the ticket seller.



POULTRY NOTES BY C.M. BARNITZ RIVERSIDE, PA. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

HATCHING, BROODING AND FEEDING GOSSLINGS.

You may be correct in thinking that an ambitious cluck draws no distinction between a doorknob and a tin can, but it's often what hatches out bothers the hen, so you better "look a little odder" if you set goose eggs, for sometimes the mammy hen, horrified at the little scoop shovelers, will just proceed to wring their rubbernecks.

People who have only a few geese and plenty of sitting hens often play a shell game on the laying geese by putting a nest egg in and taking out the goose egg. The goose, thus thinking she has missed laying, keeps at it and often lays from twenty to sixty eggs a season.

Six eggs weigh two pounds and are enough for a large hen, Brahmans, Cochins and Langshans preferred. Set hens in sheltered place on the ground and sprinkle the eggs every day when it is warm and see that hen covers them at once, but mother geese will wet her own eggs after her dip in the creek.

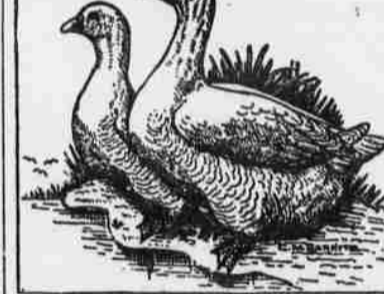
Set a storm shelter over your sitting geese and give her cut straw with which to line her nest. She will cover the eggs with this when she leaves to fool Skunk, Weasel & Co., who are especially fond of goose eggs.

If hatching with incubators, keep temperature at 101 at center of egg, as this makes the heat about 103 at top, as a goose egg is higher than a hen's egg.

Test on the eighth day. Sprinkle every day, turn and cool like hen's eggs.

If using brooder have the high drumless hover style with top heat. Start at 85 and taper down according to needs of goslings.

Use dry deep sand on brooder floor and have water vessels arranged so



that water cannot be sipped and carried into nursery.

A hen does not stay long with young geese, perhaps because acting step-mother to such rubbernecks is a mortifying business.

Unlike chicken society, she must trail along behind the grass grazing little ganders and is only a two legged radiator to be honked for when their little gizzards get chilly. So you must be Mother Goose and furnish the goose grub.

HOW TO FEED.

Don't feed for twenty-four hours and give no grain until they can swallow easily.

Feed four times a day first week, three second and turn out to pasture on entire grass ration when a month old.

First feed sweet, dry breadcrumbs.

Next day add a sprinkle of moist bran and cornmeal.

Then feed crumbly mash of one-third cornmeal, two-thirds bran and 10 per cent beef scrap with fine grit.

To fatten two weeks before market place in small pen and feed mash of three-fourths cornmeal and one-fourth beef scrap.

Keep market geese from swimming and don't allow goslings to get wet

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

When four birds are sick and you find lice on them, don't jump to the conclusion that lice did it all. Lice do not suck blood. They simply eat feathers and skin scurf and crawl. A good dust bath is their finish.

A fancier who exhibits borrowed birds is a trickster. Lending birds to a fancier to increase his entry to win a cup this year on condition that he lend you his birds to win next year is simply a conspiracy to defraud. The rule is, "Every exhibitor must own his birds." Better, every exhibitor must breed and own his birds.

If you plaster your poultry house be sure to supply your chickens with oyster shell; otherwise they eat the plaster off the wall. Leghorns are experts at it.

A thief in New York stole 18,360 eggs, valued at 3 cents apiece, and was sent up for five years. Pretty heavy sentence for stealing storage eggs. How about those merchants who sell them for "strictly fresh?"

Government tests on thirty-seven coals of the Rocky mountain region succeeded in producing good coke from all but three. No excuse now for letting the thirty-four kinds go to waste.

Thirty forged "old masters" intended for American buyers were recently seized by the Paris police, which simply means some more fool money to spend in some other fool way.

Time to End the Courtship.

"Mandy," said the lovesick Hiram as he twitched the wax flowers nervously, "won't you be mine?" I swan, it feels like my heart is coming through."

"Gracious," exclaimed Mandy apprehensively, "I reckon I'll have to. Not only your heart is coming through, but we have been courting so long two of the sofa springs are coming through."

Found He Had Sons.

A schoolmaster was one day greatly annoyed by not getting satisfactory answers to the questions he put to one of the schoolboys. At last he called the dunce to the front and, handing him twopence, said: "Here's some money. Go and buy some brains."

The master felt rather small when the boy turned round with the query, "And will I tell the shopkeeper they're for you?"—London Telegraph.

After the Encore.

The bright red phonograph sang loud and loud at an east side cafe. When it finished the people clapped. It repeated with an encore, and the people clapped again.

"What makes you look at it so hard?" asked the woman's companion, for her eyes were fixed on the phonograph.

"I am just waiting," she said, "to see it get up and bow."—New York Press.

"Mildred," murmured a fashionable young man, sinking gracefully on one knee, "for your birthday gift I offer myself."

"Thank you," was Mildred's cold and calculating reply, "but I only accept useful presents."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"What would you say," said the prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a very short space of time all the rivers in this country would dry up?"

"I would say," replied the patient man, "go and do thou likewise."—Stray Stories.

Few New Yorkers know that the great Broadway was once called Great George street, in honor of the English king. It was afterward known as the Bloomingdale road before it acquired the name of "the Broadway," which was subsequently changed to Broadway.

"Now that you are rich, Mrs. Mudger, do you feel any happier than when you had to pack your husband's lunch in a little tin box every morning?"

"Oh, yes—much. I know that he will not blame me for it if his lunch doesn't happen to appeal to his appetite."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The mill occupying the most northern location in America is at Vermillion, 700 miles north of the United States boundary and within 400 miles of the arctic circle. Hudson Bay company posts in Mackenzie and Peace river regions obtain their flour from this mill.

scott—What is your idea of a good joke? Mott—Any joke that makes you mad because you didn't think of it yourself.—Boston Transcript.

Woman

Features in this Column: Medal For Saving Lives Suffrage In Washington War on the House Fly Pest

Miss Mary McCann of New York city was presented by Speaker Cannon March 18 on behalf of the government life saving service with a gold medal. The presentation took place in the room of the speaker of the house of representatives. The medal was in



MISS MARY McCANN.

recognition of Miss McCann's bravery at the time of the accident to the steamer General Slocum, in which a number of lives were lost. The young heroine was recuperating at a health resort near New York and was on the beach at the time the steamer was discovered to be on fire. She saw children jumping overboard from the ill-fated boat and went into the water. She caught up two of the little ones and returned to the shore. She waded in again and brought others to safety. She repeated this act until she had rescued nine in all. Miss McCann is soon to be graduated from the Florence Crittenton Training school, in New York city.

During the campaign for the woman suffrage bill in Washington a camp was established on the summit of Mount Rainier, and the banner was carried to the camp by four beautiful young women, who placed it over the entrance to the tent. Women in Washington were enfranchised by act of the territorial legislature in 1883. They were disfranchised by the courts in 1888. Ever since then the women of the state have been active in their efforts to have a full suffrage bill passed and succeeded in February of this year. The vote in the senate was 30 to 9, the bill having previously passed the house by a vote of 70 to 18. It was signed by the governor.

Miss Anna Murphy of Des Moines, Ia., saved enough from her salary as a stenographer in a law office to buy a hotel, which she is conducting with success. She has hours which she devotes to her stenography and typewriting. She employs her help, buys the provisions for her table, keeps the books and looks after the management of the entire house, which contains fifty rooms. Her years of experience in the law office enabled her to draw up her own legal papers.

Miss Americus Independence Bell, a Philadelphia girl who was born July 4, 1802, recently applied to the secretary of the navy for permission to enlist in that branch of the government's service. She was advised that it was impossible unless she wished to do so as a nurse. The young woman's father formerly served in the navy.

Lady Laurier, wife of the premier of Canada, says that the 15,000 women farmers of that country are even more successful in their work than men.

Miss Estelle French is the first woman to be naturalized by the Japanese home department. She was born and reared in the United States, but has been connected with the seamen's missions in Yokosuka.

MARY DALE.

We have no insurance against panics, BUT—

We want to sell— Every business man in Wayne county a good sized life or endowment policy that he may use as collateral security for borrowed money—till you over tight places—when sales are poor and collections slow—possibly head off insolvency.

We want to sell— Every farmer a policy that will absolutely protect his family and home.

We want to sell— Every laborer and mechanic a saving policy that will be impossible for him to lapse or lose.

If not Life Insurance— Let us write some of your FIRE INSURANCE. Standard, reliable companies only.

IT IS BETTER TO DO IT NOW, THAN TO WAIT AND SAY "IF"

HITTINGER & HAM, General Agents. WHITE MILLS, PA.

NOTICE OF UNIFORM PRIMARIES

In compliance with Section 3 of the Uniform Primary Act, page 37, P. L. 1906, notice is hereby given to the electors of Wayne county of the number of delegates to the State convention each party is entitled to elect, the names of party officers to be filled, and for what county offices nominations are to be made at the Spring Primaries to be held on Saturday, June 5th, 1909.

REPUBLICAN.

- 1 One person for Jury Commissioner.
- 2 Two persons for Delegates to State Convention.
- 3 One person in each election district for member of County Committee.

DEMOCRATIC.

- 1 One person for Jury Commissioner.
- 2 Two persons for Delegates to State Convention.
- 3 One person in each election district for member of County Committee.

PROHIBITION.

- 1 One person for Jury Commissioner.
- 2 Four Delegates to State Convention.
- 3 Four persons for alternate delegates to State Convention.
- 4 One person for Party Chairman.
- 5 One person for Party Secretary.
- 6 One person for Party Treasurer.

For Jury Commissioner, a petitioner must have no less than fifty signatures of members of his party who are voters; for Delegates to State Convention, Committeemen and party officers, no less than ten signatures.

All of these petitions must be filed in the Commissioners' office on or before Saturday, May 15, 1909.

J. E. MANDEVILLE, } Com'rs.
J. K. HORNBECK, }
T. C. MADEN, }

Attorney: GEO. F. ROSS, Clerk, Commissioners' Office, Honesdale, Pa. April 5, 1909. 28w4

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—IN—

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SILVERWARE

WATCHES

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SPENCER, The Jeweler

"Guaranteed articles only sold."

Tooth Savers

We have the sort of tooth brushes that are made to thoroughly cleanse and save the teeth.

They are the kind that clean teeth without leaving your mouth full of bristles.

We recommend those costing 25 cents or more, as we can guarantee them and will replace free any that show defects, of manufacture within three months.

O. T. CHAMBERS, PHARMACIST,

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"BOB" HAMILTON

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