

THE DEADWOOD PIONEER

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THE DEADWOOD PIONEER

Independent in Politics, Neutral in Nothing.

A.W. MERRICK, Proprietor
DEADWOOD CITY

THE FIRST ESTABLISHED NEWSPAPER IN DEADWOOD CITY

*Confirms the latest & most reliable information
in regard to the mines & other resources of this
section of the Country.*

*Everything published on our own authority may
be strictly relied upon.*

EVERY MINER

Wants it for himself & to send home to friends.

EVERY EASTERN MAN

Needs it for news from the new El Dorado.

EVERYBODY

Wants it & should subscribe to it once.

PRICE AND TERMS

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\$2.00; single copies, 25 cents. No subscription entered
on list until payment is received.*

Shakespeare Comes to the Frontier

You might call it a Midsummer's Night Dream. But it's true! For the past fifteen years, famed theater impresario Jack Langrishe and his theater troupe have been delighting audiences in mining towns across the country. In 1859, he performed for the good people of Kansas, traveling to Topeka, St. Joseph, and Junction City, playing such favorites as "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," "Toodles," and "Hamlet." After that, it was off to Colorado, where Langrishe ran the Denver Theater Company for several years. But Langrishe had yet to see all of the frontier.

In 1870, Jack took the show on the road to the lucky folks of Montana. He set up the Langrishe Opera House in Helena, and performed to packed houses until the theater met its sad demise at the hands of fire in 1874. Since then, his troupe has been touring the frontier making stops in Lead, Central City. Is Deadwood the next stop on the Trans-continental Langrishe Express?

Having seen many shows myself, I am skeptical if the miners of the frontier can fully appreciate true dramatic performances of the stage. But the songs and retinue of talented actors will certainly be a welcome respite after a hard day of work.

— A.W. Merrick

NATIONAL NEWS

Bell Invents Bizarre Electrical Speech Machine

Scotsman Alexander Graham Bell of Boston, Massachusetts has created a device that transmits vocal and other sounds telegraphically. This new invention is an improvement on one of Bell's previous inventions, such as the harmonic telegraph, which allowed for more than one message to be sent simultaneously over a single telegraph wire. Bell presented his "telephone" to the world at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia just last summer to the wonderment of all present. Bell's dream is to have a "telephone" in every house in the United States through which all citizens could communicate by voice. Though the dreaming Scotsman has high aspirations for his contraption, in actuality, it could never come to replace the Pony Express, for citizens would certainly fear entrusting their messages to a copper wire instead of to the safe and reliable hands of a man on horseback.

LOCAL NEWS

THERMOMETER 85 IN THE SHADE.

YOUNG MAN SHOT IN FACE.

BUCKSHOT FIRED IN MINING DISPUTE.

MURDER RATE FALLING FROM ONE A DAY.

A HERD OF BUFFALO WAS SEEN EIGHT MILES
SOUTH OF CAMP.

GOLD TAKEN EVERYWHERE AT \$20 PER OUNCE.

ITINERANT ARRESTED FOR FURIOUS RIDING
THROUGH MAIN STREET.

THE LITTLE "PHOEBE BIRD" FILLS OUR CANYONS
WITH THE MUSIC OF ITS MOURNFULLY SWEET
MONOTONES.

INCESSANT CRACKING OF RIFLES AND REVOLVERS
DISTURB CHOR RECITAL. SHERIFF URGED BY
CITIZENS TO ISSUE NOISE ORDINANCE.

RASPBERRIES ARE NOW RIPE AND THERE IS AN
ABUNDANCE OF THEM TO BE FOUND ALONG THE
ROAD TO YANKTON.

FIGHT BREAKS OUT AT GEM SALOON. NUMEROUS
CHAIRS AND TABLES DESTROYED IN BRAWL.

GWISS'S SAW-MILL HAS ARRIVED FROM EVANSTON.
ONLY A FEW DAYS WILL ELAPSE BEFORE
DEADWOOD WILL HAVE ALL REQUIREMENTS FOR
FURNISHING LUMBER.

SIoux SUBDUED.

THE NUMERICAL STRENGTH OF THE INDIANS HAS
GENERALLY BEEN OVER-ESTIMATED. THE POET'S
LANGUAGE, LOCAL WHEN PENNED, WILL SOON
HAVE UNIVERSAL APPLICATION:

THEY ARE GONE
WITH THEIR OLD FORESTS WIDE AND DEEP,
AND WE HAVE BUILT THE HOUSES UPON
PRAIRIES WHERE THEIR GENERATIONS SLEEP.

Duel Excites Crowd

One of the most desperate and deliberate duels on record occurred about half-past nine o'clock last Tuesday morning, resulting in the instant death of one of the combatants, and the narrow escape of the other. Matthew Baker and J.W. Moore, lately from the Missouri River, quarreled about some \$50.

Baker assaulted Moore relentlessly without warning. Moore said he "could not fight that way," when Baker asked Moore if he was "heeled." He answered that he was not, but soon could be, when Baker said to him, "Go and heel yourself." Moore returned equipped, asked Baker if he was ready, and Baker asked for time to get his ride, which was granted.

When Baker returned, he again asked Moore if he was ready, but received no answer; he once more asked the question, and received no answer; but Baker brought his rifle into firing position, as also did Moore, and both fired. The shots were almost simultaneous, and Baker dropped dead, shot through the heart. Baker made a good "line shot," but his aim was too high, the bullet passing closely over his antagonist's head. The victim was known to be a bad man, having frequently been engaged in shooting affairs, and it is said he stabbed soldiers to death in Bismarck. Baker and Moore came into the Black Hills together, and had been in the country but a few days.

Hearst Associate Hangs Himself

Wolcott Ends Dark Life

The body of Francis Wolcott was found just outside a room at the livery stable. The cause of the death was suicide, Doctor Cochran concluded, after seeing the body hanging from the balcony. No examination was necessary. Unconcluded yet is the reason why Mr. Wolcott ended his life with his own hand.

The steely-eyed yet shy Mr. Wolcott often would be seen walking Main Street carrying himself with an air of gravitas, but also with a veneer of man who was doomed and damned. He came into town from the East but little else was known besides that when he did converse, he spoke with the tongue of an educated man.

He worked for George Hearst, the wealthy magnate who has an insatiable appetite for acquiring gold mines. Before arriving at Deadwood, Mr. Wolcott traveled through Mexico assisting mine acquisitions, and on the side, involving himself in nefarious activities, it is rumored. Wolcott was known by Cy Tolliver and other prominent businessmen as shrewd and strong-arming when it came to negotiations. Wolcott did anything and everything to see that his boss Mr. Hearst would get what gold claims were in sight. He was loyal to him to the end, even after Hearst dissolved their business association.

Speculation among those close (as one could be) with Wolcott was that he could not see a future for himself without the power that came from handling Hearst's claims. Why their business relationship ended might have been the necessity of Hearst to distance himself from Wolcott's predilection for whorehouses and rumored violence to those who served him.

Saloon proprietors and barkeepers noted that Mr. Wolcott was a loyal customer who would keep to himself. He handled his whiskey drinking with the seriousness with which he conducted his day business.

The fact that he hung himself on the same day as the festive Ellsworth wedding suggests he did not, or could not, shed his dark cast for just a spell.

He was hard but he was also lonesome. His last days included uttered words that offered an ominous premonition to his ultimate act. A prostitute who wished not to be recognized heard him say that he was a sinner who did not expect forgiveness.

It is not known if he was a Christian man but his words suggest he did not seek salvation elsewhere. He ultimately laid judgment upon himself.

He frequented the Chez Ami brothel on Main Street and met with other prostitutes, too, with strange desire. He was accustomed to speaking with them with a curiosity rare for their clientele. The *Pioneer* interviewed a few for this story. "The peculiar man wanted to know where I came from, why I was here in Deadwood, if I liked what I did," said a lady who shared Mr. Wolcott's company on several occasions.

"The man sometimes never took off his pants or couldn't finish what he started. Strange fellow, but I'm glad he's gone from this world. And to Hell, I say! I think it was that [unprintable] bastard that took the knife to Carrie, another girl I worked with before her neck was cut ear to ear."

Sheriff Bullock could not be reached for comment at the time of printing concerning Mr. Wolcott's association with the murders of three bloodied prostitutes earlier this year. But others could be suspect of all violence to adventures. "It's alright to thump a woman but not a Chinaman," suggested Judge Worther's rulings recently in Yankton. Two weeks ago yesterday a man rapped Lucy on the head and received a fine of \$20 plus exemption of a jail stay. Compare to a man that cut a Chinaman across the face who received a prison sentence of 30 days and a penalty of \$100.

Like many, he came to Deadwood to start life anew, yet he left Deadwood with little more than he arrived. Mr. Wolcott had no family that was known.

Smallpox Contained in Deadwood City

Thanks to the efforts of Doctor Cochran and others the smallpox epidemic of Deadwood – not to mention Africa, Europe and the Western World – was successfully contained. Local distribution of the Vaccination is nearly complete. We caught up with the Doc recently and he was quick to confirm the information but also hastened to warn that many diseases are airborne. "This environment, in its dampness, is a breeding ground for all sorts of bacteria," he stated while in line at Utter Freight and Mail. Deadwood tolls a murder per day, but smallpox a year ago was taking lives at twice that rate. "It was the only killer swifter than the pistol." If you have not yet gotten your Vaccination, beware of the symptoms and progression of the plague: Blistering pimples on the face, hands, neck, mouth and inside the mouth; the skin obtains a charcoal veneer, the eyes cry blood and organs fail the body. It will be lucky whereupon death arrives. Religious leaders in town find the illness a moral plague, an effective tool used by God's hand to pound the heathen who denounce His law.

Doctor Cochran was checking the status of medical periodicals sent from New York City. He neglected to comment on the length of the line and the slowness of service at the freight office. Perhaps the magnitude of running for office and also running a business was catching up with Deputy Sheriff Charlie Utter.

Gold Miners Dig Own Graves

Hearst Commends Fortitude

We are saddened to report a recent spate of fatalities in and around Mr. George Hearst's gold mines. These events have revealed Mr. Hearst's streak of stoicism in the face of such grave matters. Following these "mishaps," Mr. Hearst has expressed deep regret and acknowledged that, although tragic, these incidents are "an unavoidable occupational hazard." The mogul has commended the subsequent diligence and spiritual resilience of those miners still blasting and digging away.

Mr. Hearst has a great stake in the mining claims in Deadwood City and the surrounding towns towards Yankton. Among Deadwood's ranks he is a celebrated addition to the camp as he plans to transition our city from our rough origin to a vibrant and stable community.

This shift may attract a citizen more prone to sinking roots in our soil. While we decry the worse-than-ridiculous reports coming from the lovely, whiskey-heated imagination of certain correspondents of Eastern papers concerning the lack of law and morals in this isolated territory, still we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that society is comprised of many different types of people and that a proper sense of right and wrong is not fully impressed upon the minds of all.

Mr. Hearst's appetite for gold, silver and a refined Deadwood does not stop there - he also likes simpler pleasures.

Rumors are swirling that Mr. Hearst travels far and wide with his beloved cook Lucretia "Aunt Lou" Marchbanks. (Look out Mister Farnum, Aunt Lou may turn us all into culinary snobs!)

ELECTION SPEECHES SUNDAY 9PM

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To Whom It May Concern:
I am not accustomed to writing letters for publication, or loved ones who have cut connection with me. I announce misgivings concerning this place and what the near future holds in store. I will apologize in advance. All signs point to what's coming. It hangs in the air. It's sickening thick. Say hello to someone. Look in their eyes. Everyone knows we're screwed. I will tell you this: George Hearst can screw himself. The Mayor can screw himself. Screw the Sheriff. Did the Indians curse us? If so screw them. Screw Noah and his [unprintable] rainbow sign. Screw the Chinese who will soon overrun us. Did we do something? I don't argue the point, one way or the other. Thank you for the opportunity.
A Citizen

Editor Pioneer:
In reading your account of the killing of Tim Stettner in Bayerville on the 10th, I notice you use my name, saying I was gambling in the house at the time the disturbance occurred which ended in the fatal difficulty. I take this opportunity of denying the former statement. You have been misinformed. I was not present at the time, nor was I for over half an hour after the disturbance was over.
Respectfully,
W.M. Trainor

RETRACTION

We were misinformed in regard to Mr. Trainor's connection with the late homicide at Bayerville. The preceding letter from Mr. Trainor we published cheerfully!

Expansion in Town

It takes a quick creature to stay apprised of the town's expansion. News reached us that the Ellsworth house is nearly completed, their investment opposite "The Common Area" in our suburbs has elevated the value of neighboring property and brought a note of credibility to what was a lesser-developed part of town. New buildings are popping up all over and fresh faces enter town every morning.
At the rate Deadwood is expanding, we may just have a bustling metropolis within the next half decade. Just this month alone, we have seen ground broken on five new buildings on Main Street, including two new banks, a law office, and a new house of ill repute.

See map below

WILD BILL KILLER HANGS

Jack McCall, after four years of eluding justice for the unprovoked killing of "Wild" Bill Hickok in a tavern, was hanged in Yankton. McCall traveled under the name Bill Sutherland as well, was known to be born in Jefferson Town, Kentucky or New Orleans, Louisiana, local residents offered. McCall was accomplished in little other than the murder of the beloved Deadwood resident and quick-pistol legend.
On August 1, Jack McCall joined Wild Bill at Nuttall's Number Ten Saloon for cards and gambling. Though he lost his stakes, Jack was offered supper money by a gracious Wild Bill. It was later understood McCall took this as an insult. On August 2, Hickok joined a new game of cards at the saloon; it would be the last hand he was ever dealt. Jack entered, stopped a few paces behind Bill, whereupon he removed a .45 caliber revolver and shouted "Take that!" and shot Bill in the back of his head, killing him instantly.
It was a rare position for Bill to sit with his back to the door. He was accustomed to facing it to see if any foe entered. During the trial held in the McDaniel's Theater, McCall plead innocent, claiming he killed defending the honor of his brother, who McCall claimed Hickok killed in Abilene. A jury deliberated just hours before finding McCall innocent.
The law, however, caught up with him. McCall fled Deadwood to Wyoming for fear that Bill's friends would seek their own justice. It was here the braggart spread word about his slaying of the notorious Wild Bill in a fair gunfight. It turned out that Wyoming was a bad place to run his mouth.
Deadwood is not part of the Union; therefore McCall's trial and innocent verdict was declared an unlawful decision. A new trial stood in Yankton where in attendance was Bill's brother Lorenzo Butler Hickok, who traversed from Illinois to attend. McCall was found guilty and hanged. It should be also noted that McCall never had a brother.

Health News

If you're experiencing loss of appetite, pain in the head and back, irritability, gloomy disposition, and the nagging sensation that you may have neglected some important task you could be suffering from "torpid liver." Fortunately Tutt's Pills can ease the discomfort. Unfortunately, you'll have to travel to Spearfish for the remedy; Tutt's hasn't reached Deadwood yet.
As well it's noted that a cause for promiscuity might be at your supper table. Everything from pepper, ketchup, mustards, Worcestershire sauce and even salt that enhances appetite, lead to arousing other appetites.
A habit of two-bit rot-gut whiskey after a hard day at the mines can lead to more than a pounding head the next morning. Daily imbibing of alcohol has seen to encourage libertine behaviour that often lead to duels. And death.

Abused Miners Threaten to Unionize

During a recent visit to The Gem Saloon (purely on business), our paper spoke with several local Cornishmen about the current state of affairs in the mines. The Gem Saloon's owner, Al Swearengen, was on hand to verify that there have been Cornish miners gathering at his bar, but he owes their visits to the potency of spirits and the quality of "Gem" girls he consistently provides for the camp. Although this reporter observed from a distance, it looked as if more than carnal appetites were being discussed as several Cornish huddled near a back table. Speaking with an unnamed source, he gave an insight into this world. The following is a transcript of our discussion:
PIONEER: What brought you, Sir, to this unsettled part of the country?
MINER: I come by the Black Hills to pursue a different future. I sit here a broken man. Each morning I go to the mines thinking "this day will be different." I try to fill up on hope.
PIONEER: Is your health compromised by the working conditions?
MINER: (laughs a little) In private, in my own tent, blood comes up in the cough. Clean inches of soot out my ears. The blasts from dynamite have left me kind of deaf in one ear.
PIONEER: With all due respect, Sir, you knew the danger going into this occupation. And, clearly, you were willing to risk it.

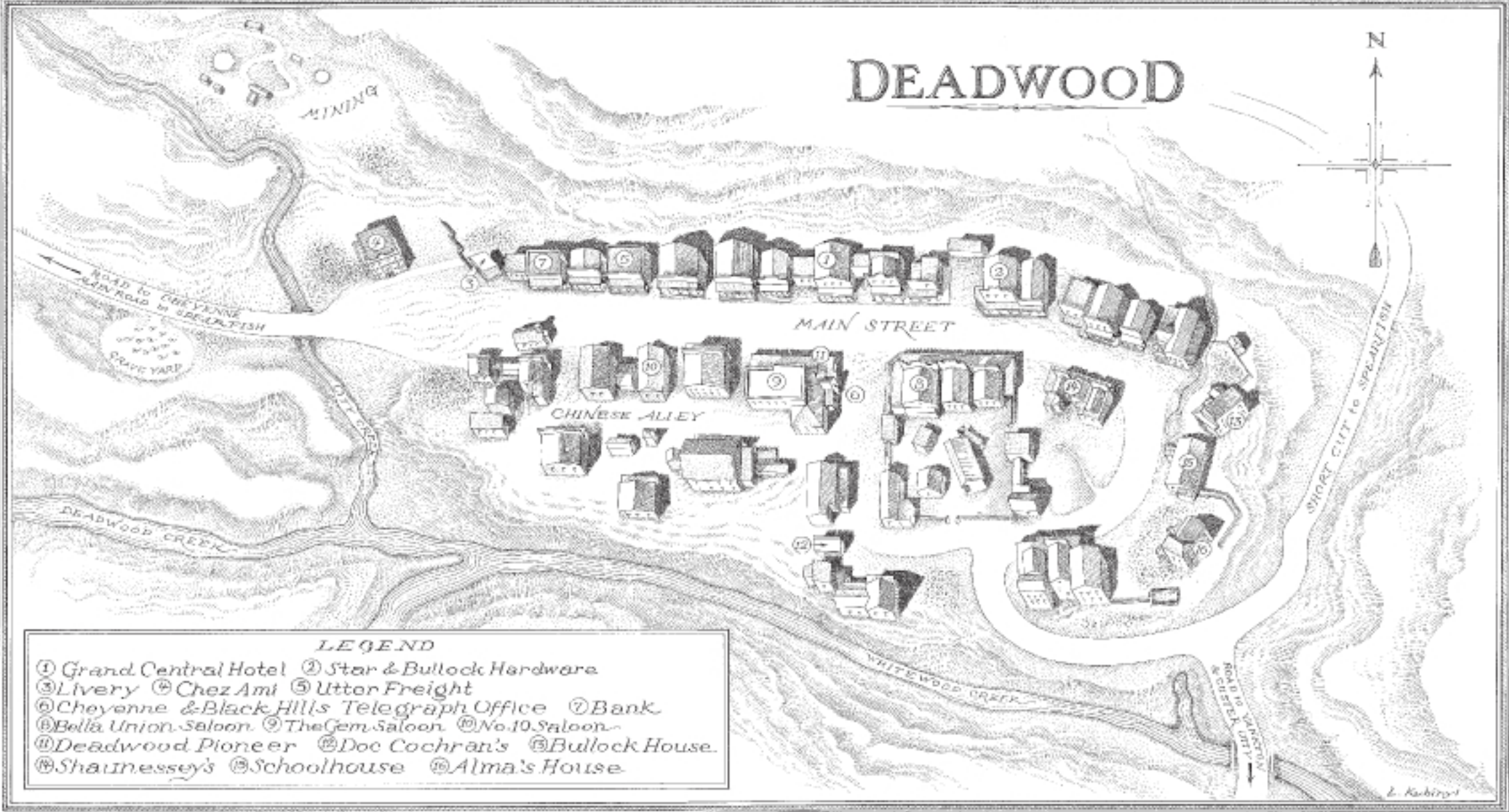
MINER: Meaning what? It ain't the mines cause me grief. It's the bosses squeezing me when I try to converse with other men. About improving our wages because the work is hard, you see? We're pulling gold by the fistful out those holes and I can't make enough an hour to send a dress to my daughter. Waiting for me to come home with something to show. They don't give a god damn about us. Then the biggest boss of all comes to town and we think money money - we'll get a piece of this pie. Plenty to go round. Belly up to the placer cradle boys. Nah. It's nothing. All over again. They don't give a god damn about us.
PIONEER: The bosses.
MINER: Yes, the bosses! The fat cats who sit by and scratch their bellies licking gold dust off their whiskers. "Gutless," that's what we call the bigger of the guys. Point shotguns at my head. Feel this. (He takes my hand and places it on the side of his skull where a large dent can be felt.) That's from speaking out of turn. They was looking at the gold come up. Eyes crazy-like. And I had to go to the privy. Captain practically knocked me to Gayville. Gold'll do that to a man. If only looking at it. You learn when not to interrupt a man when communing with that god.

PIONEER: Arthur Mahon.
MINER: (Pausing for a bit) Nah. Nah. No reason to drag his name down from heaven. Further a cause that's got no legs. I'll tell you what, though, beautiful man. I'm not embarrassed to say. A leader. But in the way you wouldn't expect for someone capable of moving hundreds of pounds of soil. Breaking no sweat. This guy could name your fear before you even understood what it was you was feeling. Could take the lousiest sourest worker and turn him inside out until he was offering to care for your family God forbid things got ugly in a hole. He liked that corner over there of the bar. Stood there, tall like, but not a bastard to intimidate. Important thing you don't even realize is how to keep the spirit up. Some do that without even trying. You don't understand why it is you want to take your lunch next to him. There's a light there. You want to warm by it. You think maybe this guy's that good and he likes me must mean I ain't the worthless piece of garbage I always thought I was. And that's what you need. In a mine. In the world. The guy who makes you feel right.
PIONEER: A friend.
(Tears, unchecked, ran down his face.)

MINER: Arthur worked other mines long time. Knew how to organize. The boss don't like that. Knew what he'd done in other places. Found my man face down in the creek. Would have taken at least three to hold him. Makes me proud to imagine the way he'd've fought. Warning was there, you know, but Arthur don't let that influence him. They would take him aside and say but not say stop the chatter. What they don't know they're missing they don't ask for. Making waves, you'll drown us all.
PIONEER: You are aware, Sir, that you are intimating that a murder took place.
MINER: A murder took place. That is what I'm saying.
That was the final word that dark day. A man of principle and kindness felled by the murderous axe of economics. Arthur Mahon.

Ellsworth: Mine Not For Sale

Anyone who follows the news in The Black Hills knows Mister Hearst has acquired most of the area's gold claims, save the richest, still owned by Mister and Mrs. Whitney Ellsworth. Many of our citizens may remember Mrs. Ellsworth inherited the claim after the untimely death of her husband Brom Garrett. Mrs. Ellsworth is due to open a bank in camp, which leads us to believe that the prospect of her selling the claim to Hearst is unlikely, but he has been known to work other forms of magic to attain his goals.



ELECTIONS

With the elections approaching, we will soon be hearing speeches from candidates running for Sheriff and Mayor. Citizens of this camp will bear witness as we plant the seeds of Democracy! What we do in the coming days will set an example for generations to come. Among the contested positions are Mayor and Sheriff. The race for Sheriff is down to Bullock and Harry Manning. Some may recognize Manning from his current position tending bar at Tom Nuttall's Number Ten Saloon. These two candidates



for the office of Sheriff are two men who, socially considered, stand upon an equality; men whose warm-hearted generosity, genial qualities and past record show no error. Harry Manning is a friend to the poor as well as the rich; a hard-working, whole-souled gentleman whose acquaintance is a pleasure and an honor to anyone. On a recent visit to The Number Ten, Harry's patience was on display as he gently chided "the regulars" about the nightly spilling of the spittoon. "Seems like every time I get it cleaned up, Steve trips over it," Harry said with a sad smile. Manning also mentioned that, if elected, he'd lobby to purchase a camp fire-wagon. Bullock's focus may prove to be more on education and less on fires. Sheriff Bullock's wife, Martha, will teach the camp's children in what was formerly "The Chez Ami" located at the end of town. Central to the success of the winning candidate will be his policy on the quality of the water supply in town. Doc Cochran has been regularly treating citizens sickened by toxins and malnutrients in the water, and you can be certain that those voters will keep the issue of water quality at the fore of the campaign. As ever, we must be particularly watchful for interference and fancy footwork from our neighbors in Yankton as the time approaches to endorse a candidate.

Our Mining Review

BLANCH GULCH

The claims opened on Blanch Gulch, a tributary of Lions, about 15 miles northwest of Deadwood, continue to reap bounty yielding very largely. A company of four or five men took out \$1200 dollars in half a day's sluicing. There is but little in the gulch, most of the work being done by the rocker method. The water for the half a day's sluicing referred to above was accumulated in a plentiful reservoir. The gold of this gulch is all coarse, and the prospects run from 60 cents to many dollars to the pan of dirt. Blanch Gulch is of small extent, but wonderfully rich.

Some encouraging quartz indications have been found about the head of Blanch Gulch, but we have not heard that any regular veins have yet been found. Experienced quartz prospectors are in that section, and we expect to soon hear of important discoveries. Until then, claims are selling at healthy prices.

GREEN MOUNTAIN

This camp is about five miles southwest of Deadwood, and engages not less than 150 men. Most of the claims are owned and many are yielding largely, averaging 14 ounces a day. A 3/4 interest in No. 6, in the main fork, sold last week for \$4700 cash down. There is rumor that another claim in the main fork was recently purchased for upwards of \$8000.

SUMNER QUARTZ DISTRICT

The discovery of the Sumner lode and other rich veins in this district has induced a great many quartz prospectors to go thither. It is the first regularly organized quartz district of the country, the district laws having been published by us last week. Work continues on the Sumner, with improving prospects, the vein now exposed being 12 feet wide, with one wall well defined; but as this ledge can be traced from end to end by the croppings, walls are not necessary to prove its permanency. The Sumner Company has taken up a profitable mill-site, and will soon start a tunnel to get the ledge several hundred feet down. Though taken up as a gold load, the Sumner ore is said to carry silver.

SILVER CREEK

A clean-up of a two-day's run on No. 4, last week, five men working, returned over a hundred dollars. Other claims are doing even better. These diggings are quite extensive, and new discoveries will be likely to greatly extend the paying ground.

ECHO GULCH

This is the gulch which produced the \$147-nugget. The ditch to supply water will soon be completed. Some of the claims are held at high figures.

BLACKHEAD GULCH

Continues to clean up an average \$1000 a day, running two ten hour shifts, with eight men engaged. There are still claims available, although they are fetching a hefty price.

HELP WANTED

Deadwood needs a man of the cloth. The reappearance of the newly converted Reverend Cramed was short-lived. The Reverend has been spotted in camp but apparently he's practicing his preaching elsewhere.

Experienced Horse Hands Needed
Branding experience a plus.
Competitive Pay.
Explore the beatific Black Hills country and get paid for it. - J. Silver, Main Street

A first-class butcher can find steady employment by applying immediately at the Black Hills Meat Market. Lodging available in back room of shop. None but those thoroughly competent need apply.

Carpenter's assistant. No experience necessary, but be prepared to work hard. Lots of money to be made in the present expansion of camp. - Howard Brod, Mine Street

Kellmer's Funeral House requires the assistance of an additional undertaker.
Applicant must be literate and be in the possession of his own black suit.
Serious inquiries only. Sobriety a must. Ask for Jacob.

FOR SALE

Genuine Nez Perce Appaloosa mare
Inquire at Number Ten Saloon.

Mining Supplies
Pickaxe, shovels, lumber
Hardly Used
Ask for Carl at the Brewery.

Gold Pocket Watch with Chain
Keeps perfect time
E.B. Farnum, Grand Central Hotel.

LOST

A small box with four teeth was left in one of the rooms at The Grand Central Hotel. Mister Farnum will hold them for two weeks. He can be found behind the front desk in the lobby of the Grand Central. If Mister Farnum is on a Mayoral errand please ask for Richardson.

2 Horses. Branded T.J. McKinney. Finder will be rewarded. - C. Pallor

Brown leather jacket bearing the letters A and G on the right lapel. Lost near Chalmers-Gulch. If found, please return to Mr. A. F. Grant at the Grand Central Hotel.

A box containing written personal correspondences and clerical papers. No value to anyone but their owner. Left beneath table at Gem Saloon on Wednesday. Reward if returned. - G. Hutton, Main Street.

Brown boots, size 8. Left beside stream while bathing. My only pair. Please return to Wally Binche, Grand Central Hotel.

FOUND

Left, in one of the stores in Deadwood City, on Wednesday last, one common gunny sack with holes in the sides. Said sack containing valuable papers, shirts, etc. Please leave information at this office. - M.S. Charles.

Saddle. Branded with initials M.J.S. on right flank. Saddle bags contained a pair of leather gloves and a container of water. Contact P. Walker, Gold Street.

ADVERTISE IN THE PIONEER

Outside readers of the Pioneer would imagine by glancing over our columns that there are but few mercantile houses in Deadwood. It is not altogether the fault of our businessmen that they do not advertise more - many of them are not yet permanently located, as to business sites, and then we have not canvassed very thoroughly for advertisements. They may all expect a call from our solicitor.

Benson & Co. Denver Grocery STORE,

DEADWOOD CITY, D.T.,
Keep constantly on hand a large stock of
GROCERIES,
MINERS SUPPLIES, ETC.
At Bed-rock Prices

"P. J. S."

BREWERY,

SOUTH DEADWOOD CITY,
Keeps constantly on hand the best of

LAGER BEER,
by the keg or quart.

P.J. MARLEY, PROP.

GENERAL STORE



Parasols. Immediate imports
of Paris. Sun Relief in fash-
ionable colors, variety of
styles.

Incomparable prices.

On Sale: Hair Dye. Gray be-
gone! Saddle brown or
leather black. 3 minute daily
applications.

ED F. HEINZE



Watchmaker and Jeweler

TUTT'S PILLS

IMPROVES VIGOR, VITALITY AND MALE POTENCY.

Relieves muscle pain, headache,
weak blood, and blindness.
A digestive aid and bowel relaxer.

100 uses! A cure for all!

Coming soon to Apothecaries in Deadwood!

The Farmer's and Drover's Bank

Iron clad and insured.

\$100,000.00

A SAFE BANKING BUSINESS

Star & Bullock

Hardware Store

Mining Supplies Available

picks pans
shovels

Corner of Main Street, Deadwood City

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL

WELCOMES YOUR VISIT

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT!

Under new ownership of George
Hoarst proprietor and continued ex-
cellent management of Eustace Bailey
Farnum. The First class hotel of Dead-
wood City. Exemplary accommodations
now with new European furnishings
and details. The Bar will be supplied
with wines, liquors, and Cigars of
the very finest brands.





NO LAW CAN MAKE
IT RESPECTABLE
SUNDAYS
PREMIERING
JUNE 11
HBO 9PM

DEADWOOD

DEADWOOD: THE COMPLETE SECOND SEASON IS NOW AVAILABLE ON DVD

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