

Spearfish I sat near a worthy gentleman who said, and I was prepared to believe him that he had had a real good time in Spearfish. Place does not seem to cut much figure in the problem of having a real good time in the Hills. Liquor flows more freely than clear water—well it is an old story.

One says at first sight that he would rather live in Deadwood than in Lead. For Lead is a city with a Roar, continual, by day and night, omnipresent and overwhelming; the roar of the stamp mills, where all the time the 540 long iron bars beat down upon the ore that comes from the crushers above. Doubtless the Lead people get to calling the roar a buzz or a hum, or something with poetical associations. But when you have just come through the silence of the Hills you use unvarnished English. They tried to get me to go through the stamp mills beginning at the top and going down. Go through? Don't if you value your tympanums. Stuff your fingers in your ears, go in on the ground floor; exercise your optic nerve and don't try to ask questions. When safely away from the door again you can relieve your digits of their unwonted duty, but the roar will be with you still, and its sound waves will follow you over the city. All Lead was laughing when I was there over the joke played by a prominent merchant on a friend visiting him. He warned the stranger, who was about to visit the works, that no one was allowed to talk above a whisper there. The friend obediently kept mum but after his return home said he regretted that he couldn't ask questions. So Lead jokes about its great pest. What does it matter when the hills are full of gold and Homestake stock can hardly be bought for thrice its par value and there is rush by day and rush by night and work for everyone? What does it matter though certain deafness await the workmen in these mills?

If the Allison hoist is in operation when you go to Lead it will perhaps be the goal of your first pilgrimage, for the fame of the big engine is wide spread. Unfortunately we were rewarded for our climb up the stony path by just a glance into the spotless room where the great machine shines black in state. They were making repairs and the massive wheels were still. I was anxious as a child to see it go and know that away down a thousand feet below in the dark it was doing its work. Many of the pictures of Lead are taken from the path in front of this new and unfinished engine house—pictures always doubly inadequate because they must needs leave out the characterizing Roar.

Deadwood I saw first by night. The Saturday night closing problem has not yet come to vex the souls of the buyers and sellers in Hill towns; besides night is the day of the day-shift. So early in the evening is a gala time in Deadwood. The stores are open, the multitude of saloons blaze with an extravagance of electric lights and the sidewalks are thronged. The streets are narrow and unpaved except by stones. No street car tracks are seen—you might better look for toboggan slides. There are so many restaurants in Deadwood—all except one are called Chinese because the pig-tailed brethren do the cooking. One of them, I am as sure as I can be, flavors his mashed potatoes with tallow.

Your daylight view of the city should be from the top of White Rocks, the mountain which makes the sunrise late in the city. It is well worth all the shoe leather and muscle strain it costs to gain the white summit. The path is well worn, but nevertheless you have a good stiff climb. The Deadwood cemetery lies on one of the foot hills, and the sightseer always stops there to look at the red stone statue of Smith, the pioneer preacher, and the bust of Wild

Bill, the Indian scout. "Custer was lonely without him" is his famous and sufficient epitaph. The impious hands of curio vandals or possibly small boys—who are generally born vandals—have disfigured this bust so that the face is hardly recognizable. It was perhaps not a work of art, but sometimes the rude monuments of a rude age are worth preserving. Those whose hands work with the gold hidden in all the hills, and strangers from far away through whose fingers it slips and slips need reminders sometimes of all that the glittering stuff represents beyond its face value.

The cemetery looks like a child's "play" graveyard, and the city is a hazy Lilliputian dreamland when you stand free at last upon the very height of the white rock and enjoy the well earned chance to "view the landscape o'er." That is just what you can do up there. For White Rocks is not one of those tantalizing and illusive peaks which you climb with a plainsman's hope of seeing over and out, only to find your view shut off by higher hills beyond. From White Rocks you can look down and around on hills and hills, on seven or more towns and mining camps tucked away in gulches—you must pick them out with a good field glass—and out and away to other hills—Bald mountain, always remembered by those who go the way to Spearfish, and its next door neighbor, Rugged Top, full of burrow holes. Off to the east through a gap in the ranges is the inscrutable blue-white haze of the prairie land. I doubt if a finer view can be obtained with as little effort, comparatively speaking, anywhere else in the Hills, though with every peak you climb you see a new panorama. Pictures and visions, to dream about, never to paint nor reduce to Anglo-Saxon.

If you have courage and not too threatening an appetite you can slide down on the east side of White Rocks on a bee-line for the smelters, sustaining your waning strength at the continuous refreshment counter of service berries afforded for the convenience of fast express passengers. Should it be out of berry season by all means go down the way you came, unless you wish to make a reputation as a sort of back-slitter. The delicious service berries—the chef d'oeuvre of the Hills in the horticultural line—abounds on this precipitous mountain side, and they are sweeter to your hungry eyes than gold nuggets. I imagine Deadwood does not know what treasures are hanging out in plain sight just on the other side of her mountain, or all the good people would give up the mad pursuit of hidden things for a little time in August and would take stiff morning constitutionals up White Rocks and down the other side in the track of the service berry.

Of course every traveler goes up to Spearfish. It isn't up, though; you might say that it is two thousand feet up and three thousand feet down; you feel like saying that after you have been there. The down trip, which begins just after the train leaves Portland on the crest of Bald mountain is the interesting part of the journey. The good fairy who had us in charge obligingly arranged an A. O. U. W. excursion from Deadwood to Spearfish the day after we camped just outside of Deadwood. Excursions are rarely taken over this road; it requires a good deal of nerve all along the line. The train men will not admit it, but down in the office, I know, they are not enthusiastic over excursions to Spearfish, and while we waited impatiently at Englewood for the train then coming down. I heard the engineer say to the conductor as he handed back the yellow paper, "Well, that saves my job. I wouldn't go up there and try to flag that train." But the greatest care is used by all who have charge of the

train and a pleasanter trip could not be imagined. If you are on the left hand side of the coach as you leave Englewood you will have plenty of time to think of the nerve, and the curves, and grades. For the view is all on the right hand side, and you can get but stolen glimpses of the valley, the track far below and the river on its way down with you. On your side there is little but the everlasting hills, very steep and suggestive of mountain scenery, and the road winds from curve to curve until at last it is a surprise when the canyon opens suddenly and you glide smoothly out upon a level prairie, where the clean little country town of Spearfish suns itself as calmly as if nothing had happened. The river widens and bubbles on as clear as crystal over its stony bed and through the beautiful woods west of the town. It is so seductive that one cannot resist the impulse to seek out a secluded spot and "go wading" letting the shackles of years slip easily off. No wonder Deadwood sings the praises of Spearfish.

From the point of vantage in the high lookout of the caboose we saw the real beauties of the canyon as we went home in the evening—following the course of the foaming river for many miles, gaining a passing view of the falls, the castle rocks and all. But it seems to me that this place is beautiful chiefly from an engineer's point of view. It is mountainous scenery, and interesting; but the upper canyon of which I wrote last week is more attractive. The river there is just as pretty, as it goes rushing over the stones. The spruces grow to stately heights and much more densely there where the river takes its start than in this canyon made famous by the show-case road. As an exhibition of engineering science the trip to Spearfish is fine, beyond dispute.

We had little time in our short stay at Deadwood to poke around much in the gold mills. But it was of interest to note the various processes. The noisy stamps at Lead are simply one variety of crushing machinery. The gold is gathered up quietly enough on the quick silver covered tables over which the fine ore is washed. The smelter at Deadwood where all the ores are melted together to a fiery liquid represents another process. The chlorination works seemed to be the most complex and I should judge, the most expensive. Here the ore is crushed in different machines until it is like ground coffee. Then it is put into great "roasters"—you can see here the "red, red gold" of ancient story—and thoroughly browned, one might say. It is next cooled, put into an acid bath where it becomes a clear water. Finally it is run through the metal plates which mysteriously gather the gold up. This is a subtle and scientific process used by one big mill at Deadwood and one at Pluma, midway between Deadwood and Lead.

The washing and quicksilver process of the Homestake mills is about the next thing to the old panning out method. At least I thought of that when, on our homeward journey we came across a "bunch" of miners, an engine "chooing" as vigorously as a road engine, a big coffee mill crusher arrangement slowly revolving and the usual slanting table covered with flowing water. It is long miles from Deadwood, but to all appearances the coveted sheen is there in the yellow rocks. The vigorous young fellow who ran the wheelbarrow—their primitive method of feeding the crusher—said they had "pay dirt." But, well, there are holes all over the hills and only one homestake. About seventeen miles from Deadwood on the railroad is as unhappy a monument of perhaps wasted capital as I have ever seen. It is a fine large mill, which would look almost as if it were simply shut up for the day, if it were not

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