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THE SHOW AT RED DOG.

A LETTER FROM THE BREEZY SLOPE OF THE PACIFIC.

Wherein Is Set Forth the Interesting Adventures of a Company of Player Folk in a Mining Town and the Interesting Sequel to the Same.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 3.—In the spring of 1855 I got together a small theatrical troupe in Sacramento, and with a two horse wagon for a conveyance started up to "do" the mining camps in the mountains of Placer county. In those early days no advance agent was needed and no printing ever decorated the walls; the simple announcement, "Show to-night," painted on a piece of canvas and hung up at the hall, being sufficient to notify every one in the camp of the coming affliction.

My company consisted of six people, three male and two female performers and a one eyed fiddler, the latter acting as cook and teamster, for we carried a supply of "grub" for use when we could not strike a camp at meal time.

Our repertoire consisted of a half dozen "roaring farces," some of them venerable chestnuts which had long since fallen from the dramatic tree, and others fun provoking monstrosities thrown together by myself with fiendish recklessness, my sole aim being to cater to the somewhat unvarnished tastes of the rough miners, whose yellow dust I coveted with true managerial eagerness.

We played to good business at several camps, and one forenoon rolled into a settlement which bore the euphonious name "Red Dog," and which we had been told was one of the liveliest camps in the "diggin's." Our one eyed engineer halted us in front of the only hotel in the place, and we were soon discussing the merits of a genuine mountain meal—bacon, corn bread, molasses and coffee.

After battling manfully with the crude repast, and succeeding after a hard struggle in downing it, the male members of the troupe started out to find a place in which to give the entertainment. There was not a hall in the camp, and as the hotel dining room was used during the night for gambling purposes, our every effort to secure it proved futile.

In the upper end of the one long street of the town we discovered a log building which had once been used as a general store, but which was then vacant, in the rear of which, raised about four feet higher than the main store room, was a smaller room which had evidently been built for a sleeping room for the proprietor of the store. We saw at a glance that if the log partition was cut out the smaller room would serve excellently for a stage, and by close figuring we concluded that 200 persons could be crowded into the auditorium. Hunting up the owner of the building I explained the matter to him, and asked him what he would charge for his grand opera house for one evening, giving us the privilege of cutting away the partition. He was a big, rough fellow, clad in a blue woolen shirt and corduroy breeches, the latter tucked in a pair of rawhide boots, while around his Falstafflan waist was a belt in which an ugly looking six shooter quietly reposed. Eyeing the obstructing partition a moment he said:

"As fur as charges is concarned, you hain't got no dust in yer flank as I hanker arter, an' as fur as the wall is concarned, ef it's in yer way yank it down, hang it, yank it down. Anything to 'commodate. Jest lope ahead, gents, an' fix things as you want 'em, an' you won't hear no roar from me."

Procuring a saw, we soon cut out a stage opening, and framed in the rude proscenium with calico of the brighest anarchistic hue procurable. Then, with logs and borrowed planks, the house was seated, our banner "Show Here To-night" flung to the breeze, and all was ready.

When darkness set in twenty tallow candles cast light and melted grease over the hall, and I stood at the door awaiting the rush. Half-past 8 came, and not a soul had put in an appearance. The people were dressed and were grouped on the stage discussing the situation in language bristling with adjectives which Webster had overlooked in the rush and confusion which attended the throwing together of his dictionary, while I peered out into the darkness and listened for coming footsteps and wished all sorts of ill luck on the unappreciative people.

At last I heard voices away down the street, accompanied by heavy footsteps, and soon in the darkness saw a crowd of men headed straight for the house.

"They are coming, boys, get off the stage," I cried, for we did not indulge in the luxury of a drop curtain with our great caravan aggregation. The fiddler seized his time beaten instrument and began on the popular tune, "The Days of Forty-nine," and a moment later fifteen men marched up, each paid his dollar and passed inside. Ten minutes later and no one else came. Going back to the stage I explained the situation to the company. Our auditors were rough, burly, determined looking men, with scowling faces—faces that seemed to oppress me with a strange uneasiness as the fellows sat there silent and glum waiting for the show to begin.

"Give them the best you've got, boys," I said, "for it's a tough crowd, that won't stand any foolishness. And, you know, we may want to stop here on our way back, and a good show now may help us then."

Two farces were played, and I never saw better playing in a 'Frisco theatre, but the audience sat unmoved. Not a smile, not a "hand," not the shuffle of a foot. Our efforts seemed to have totally failed to catch them. When the last farce was concluded they sat there, still motionless, evincing no disposition to leave the house. The ladies of the company became greatly frightened, and the men felt anything but comfortable. Thinking the audience might not know that we had reached the end of our programme I stepped on the stage and said:

"That is all, gentlemen. The show is over."

"I reckon we know that," came in gruff tones from one of the party.

"Very well," I continued, "you can go now."

"I reckon we kin go an' I reckon we kin stay. It's our opinion that we kin do jest as we d—n please. When you git yer show to go off we want ter see you—see you on partic-u-lar business."

At these words they arose and marched in a body up onto the stage. We were now thoroughly alarmed. What did their strange actions mean?

"Who's boss o' this consarn?" asked one, evidently the leader.

"I am the manager," I replied.

"W'at you goin' ter do next—to-morrer, I mean?"

"We are going on to Yankee Jim's" (a mining camp a short distance away).

"Wal, ye ain't goin' to no Yankee Jim's! Ye ain't goin' nowhar'! Yer a-goin' ter stay right yar an' yer goin' to give a show to-morrer night."

"But, my dear sir," I replied, "we cannot do it. We cannot afford to play to such business as this. It won't pay grub and horse feed. We will pull out for Yankee Jim's early in the morning."

"How ar' you goin'?" he asked with a peculiar grin.

"In our wagon."

"Wagons won't run 'ithout wheels, an' some o' the boys tuk your'n home by order o' the committee. Yer goin' ter stay yar, an' yer goin' ter give a show at the usual hour to-morrer night. Jest hum that over a few times so's you won't forgit it. It's very important that you should keep it in mind. Put out yer lights now, an' come along with us."

We were mystified. What did it all mean? The ladies were trembling with fear, their blanched faces betokening the terror which filled their souls.

Without another word we started down the long street, a portion of the rough crowd walking in front of us, the others behind. The truth flashed upon us that we were prisoners, being led to—what fate?

When the hotel was reached we entered, and the spokesman of the party said in a commanding tone of voice to the landlord:

"Bill, open up that side room and bring in plenty o' the best you've got in the house. Fetch cigars, too, an' plenty of 'em. Did you understand me w'en I said the best—the very best?"

"All right, cap'n," the landlord replied, and in ten minutes we were all seated around a table which fairly groaned beneath its load of exhilarating moisture. Our captors remained with us but a few minutes, only long enough to take a drink, and when they rose to depart the leader said:

"It's agin the rules an' regulations o' this camp to return full bottles to the bar. Take yer time an' finish up this joyful deluge afore you leave, an' then you kin hunt yer shakedowns an' go ter sleep. We'll bid you good night, ladies an' gents. We'll see you to-morrer night."

"Before you go, my friend," I said, "tell us what all this means. We do not understand your actions."

"It only means that you'll give a show to-morrer night. Open up at the usual hour. You'll find yer wagon wheels back in their places arter the show—not afore."

They strode out, and after we had obeyed the rules of the camp and emptied the bottles of really excellent wine, we retired for the night.

The next morning we strolled up to the hall, and a large piece of canvas nailed against the building caught our eyes. On it, in rough letters, apparently made with a charred stick, was this flaming announcement:

NOTHER SHO TO-NITE.
It's a ten times winner, and no
MISTAIK.
Everyboddy cum, high and lo ritch
an pore without fale.
By order of the comitty.

Well, we opened, and the hall was packed, standing room being at a premium. The windows on the sides of the building were forcibly torn out and the apertures packed with rough, bronzed, eager faces. As I stood at the door chuckling over this stroke of fortune the leader of our captors of the previous night came up and said:

"'Yar's $22, pard, that I collected at the winders. You can't tend door an' winders too. If any more crowds up I'll collect from 'em."

Our performance was cheered to the echo. A more enthusiastic audience I never saw. Round after round of applause shook the building, and every feature was encored again and again.

When the show was over the leader of the committee came to me and said:

"Pard, we've concluded to hold onto them wheels another night. Thar' will be a show 'yar to-morrow night at the usual hour."

"You can keep us here a year to such business as this," I joyfully exclaimed as he strode away.

Well, we played there for six nights to big business, and left amid many urgent requests to come back at an early date. Our fame had preceded us to Yankee Jim's, and a week of immense business in that camp was the result.

Six years later I was standing on a San Francisco street talking to a professional friend when he hailed an acquaintance and said to me:

"I want to introduce you to Lew Rattler, who is making a big hit here in nigger business."

After the usual exchange of greetings Rattler asked:

"Didn't you have a show company up at Red Dog in '55?"

"Yes. Were you there?"

"In all probability I was. I was one of the committee."

"One of the gang that captured us! Rattler, for the love of heaven explain that business to me. I've worried my brain over it for six years."

He smiled in a peculiar way and said:

"Old man, you had the closest call of your life that first night of the show. I'll tell you the whole business. We had been beat three times by snide shows. After the second swindle we formed a committee of fifteen, and took a solemn oath to exterminate every snide show that came along. The next called itself a circus, an' when it begun the rottenest performance you ever saw, we turned loose on them, cut the canvas into ribbons and burned it and ran the mob out of town on foot. Then we held a meeting and resolved to hang every mother's son of the next outfit that struck the camp. You come next, and we counted five men in your party and prepared five ropes. We wouldn't have harmed the women. Well, you noticed you had just fifteen in your house that night. That was the committee, and we had our ropes with us. We let you begin, and darn my eyes if you didn't start out splendid. The performance got better and better till I'll be blowed clear across the bay if you didn't give the best show ever seen in the diggins. That saved your necks, for though we might not have hanged you, you would have had a hard time. We held a consultation on the seats and it was unanimously resolved that you would stay another night and let the people see you, and we took you to the hotel and tried to do the square thing by you. If your show had been rotten, old man, we'd 'a hung every one of you as sure as there's a God in heaven. Come in here and take something with me."

S. R. MORGAN.

New Recipe for Cooking Tomatoes.

A good and unusual way to cook tomatoes is the following: Peel and slice eight tomatoes. Put them in a coarse cloth and press most of the juice into a bowl. Save this juice. Chop the tomatoes and mix in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Stir up well, put into a buttered mold, fit on the top, set in a pot of boiling water and keep at a fast boil for one hour. When done turn out on a flat dish and pour over it the following sauce: Heat the tomato juice, stir in a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour, season with pepper, sugar and salt and boil one minute.

The white of an egg, with a little water and sugar, is good for children with an irritable stomach.

IN FAR AWAY ASIA.

A London Correspondent Writes of the Transcaspian Railway and Other Things.

[Special Correspondence.]

LONDON, Sept. 26.—The Russians are pushing forward their Transcaspian railway with remarkable energy and success, and have already given the traveler easy access to a dozen places celebrated in the history of the ancient world. Already the detached and isolated colonies of Aryans, left in the westward and southward progress of that race, are connected by rail with their western kinsmen; and soon the tourist can ride in comfortable cars to the very valleys and plains occupied at first by the Aryans—the original white men, the ancestors of nearly all the progressive races of mankind.

KHAN OF MERV AND HIS MOTHER.

Of all the great cities which once dotted the fertile sections of Turkistan, but a few portions remain; the great Tartar empire has fallen to pieces, and separate sections are ruled over by their respective khans. Among these the khan of Merv is now an ally, a sort of honorary subject of the Russians. The engraving represents this khan and his mother in front of their humble summer residence. Once this city of Merv was one of the four imperial cities of the Persian sultans, and was a place of power under the Seljuk dynasty. Nearly a hundred years ago it was sacked by the Uzbecks, a Tartar race who destroyed the remains of the old empire, and has steadily declined till its population is but little over 3,000.

Turkistan is now only a general name for the vast tract of highland, mountain and valley, stretching eastward between the Russian dominions and Persia and India to the south, and containing 10,000,000 people. The Russians have already annexed the western part, and will doubtless annex and civilize much of the rest. Their railroad is an enterprise much like the construction of the Union Pacific across western America, and runs through regions very much like Utah, Wyoming and Nevada, but the summers are much warmer and the winters colder in the valleys. There is said to be vast wealth of gold and coal in the mountains, and if the Russians succeed in their enterprises, Merv will once more become a place of great importance. The khan is not a despot, though his power is paternal, as the nomadic habits of the people require a large degree of personal liberty. The Russians insure toleration to all forms of religion, and Mohammedan, Boodhist and Shaman worship in peace under their rule; yet they are organizing the people in European forms as fast as possible, and the khan, whose picture I send with this, holds a Russian army commission.

WATER TRAIN, TRANSCASPIAN RAILROAD.

The nature of the high plains traversed by the road may be conjectured from the view here presented of the "water train." Some of the tanks are like those of an American oil train and not very unlike those employed for a time on the "Great American desert;" others are set upright on short platform cars. These are necessary to supply the depots on the desert, as the distance between streams is greater than in any portion of the west except in eastern Nevada. The engineers directing this great work are French and Russian, and their achievements fairly rival those on the Pacific railways.

A checkered career is that of Abdurrahman Kahn, the ameer of Aghanistan, whose death was falsely reported recently. He is the lineal representative of Dost Mohammed, the founder of the Barukza dynasty, who is the eldest son of Afzul Khan, who was in his turn the eldest son of the Dost, and he is thus nephew to the late Ameer Shere Ali.

Abdurrahman is supposed to have been born about 1830. At this time Afghanistan was ruled by three brothers, the ablest of whom was Dost Mohammed. In 1838 England declared war against Afghanistan, attempting to set up for a ruler Shujah, whom they professed to regard as the rightful heir to the throne. But their project failed. Dost Mohammed died in 1863, and his son, Shere Ali, succeeded him. Afzul Khan, the father of Abdurrahman, was at that time governor of Balkh, or Afghan-Turkistan. Abdurrahman was related to the ameer of Bokara by marriage. Afzul Khan and his son, Abdurrahman, inaugurated a conspiracy against Shere Ali. This caused the outbreak of civil war in Afghanistan in 1864, in which Abdurrahman played a leading part against Shere Ali. In 1865, 1866 and 1867 he won several battles, and the great victories of Kheiat-i-Ghilzai and Shaikhabad were mainly due to his leadership. He was made governor of Balkh, and made himself popular by marrying the daughter of the chief of Badakihan.

ABDURRAHMAN KHAN.

In 1883 his cousin, Yakoub Khan, son of Shere Ali, defeated him and drove him from the country. Ultimately reaching Russian territory, he was permitted to reside at Samarcand. He was also allowed a pension of 25,000 roubles a year.

In 1879 he made his way to the Cabul frontier. Then followed the Afghan war, in which the English took so prominent a part, and which resulted in placing Abdurrahman on the throne.

HENRY ALTON.

A gude word is as soon said as an ill.—Scotch Proverb.

AMERICAN FABLES.

THE HUNTER AND THE WOLF.

A Hunter who was returning from an expedition, and who had fired away all his Bullets, met a Wolf in the path and Cried out:

"Ah! but Whoever had such Ill Luck! If I only had a Load in my Gun I could kill you!"

"As to that," replied the Wolf, as he gently Scratched his left Ear, "if I hadn't known your Gun to be unloaded you would not have caught sight of me."

MORAL.—No man at an Auction loses anything by not having his wallet along.

THE FOX, THE HARE AND THE SERPENT.

Once upon a time a Fox, a Hare and a Serpent met by Chance beside the Brook, and after the usual predictions of a Hard Winter and another raise on the Price of Coal, the Fox observed:

"I have just been asked to take the Nomination for Governor."

"And I," said the Hare, "just overheard myself called the Handsomest of my Species."

"I don't see how this Neighborhood can get along without me," said the Serpent in a lofty tone. "It is my Wisdom that Keeps us all in Harmony."

A week later all were Dead, and a Bear Snuffing about the spot where they had met, Observed:

"Poor, Vain Critters! I can't find any one who even Remembers their Names!"

MORAL.—It's Wonderful (in our minds) what a void some of us are going to Leave Behind.—Detroit Free Press.

Advantages of a Hired Girl.

I notice that one of our American girls who married a nobleman has gone back to her old calling as a hired girl. She was a citizen of New Jersey, and married Eddie, the royal pinchbeck from across the deep blue sea. He said he would bestow upon her all his titles, crests and patrimonial acres if she would love him and be his'n. She stated that she would. Then they went to live with her father for a spell, Eddie eating the cream off the morning's milk of three cows, spread over his vesper dewberries. Now Eddie's brother comes from across the sea and says that he is not noble, but boils sugar at home. He takes Eddie by the nose and tells me lady that she had better hustle for herself. So she has resumed the crumb brush and two nights out each week. What an American girl wants to be a duchess or lady of high degree for, when she can be an American hired girl, with ten times as much power, is more than I can make out. Aside from being a sleeping car conductor, with a haughty mien and nothing to do, I would rather be an American girl, with good wages, no board to pay and my nose worn high, than to be most anything I know of. A good American servant generally dresses about as well or better than her mistress, has more to say about most everything, even as to whether company may or may not be invited to the house, has no bills to pay for anything but clothes, and actually lives a far more independent life than lots of sad eyed women who are trying to hold a very ticklish position in what we call society.—Bill Nye in New York World.

The Fond Parent.

"What shall I do with my boy?" queried a fond parent of a correspondent of The New York Evening Sun recently. "He is 16 years of age and too old to spank, and yet for pure unadulterated cussedness I have yet to meet his equal. He will smoke. He will indulge in bad language. He won't attend school. I am at my wit's end."

"Has he an allowance?" inquired the reporter.

"Yes. Five dollars a week," replied the almost tearful mother.

"Then fine him. Fine him when he smokes, if you don't wish him to smoke. Deduct a dollar from his stipend when he looks upon the flowing bowl. Dock him when he uses language, and every time he plays hookey or refuses to study, chip a dollar or two off his 'salary.' That will bring him to terms."

About three weeks after he had given this advice the reporter again called at the home of the fond parent.

"How does the fine system work on George?" he asked.

"Oh, only tolerably well. Poor boy! The first week I fined him the full amount and he didn't have a cent left. The second week his fines amounted to $7, and as the poor fellow couldn't possibly pay it on his $5 allowance, why I—well, I increased his allowance to $10, and now he's as bad as ever. I think he is incorrigible."

An Idyl of the Bob Tail.

He was dressed in a new suit, of faultless fit, and he was the only man in the bob tail car. This gave him an excellent opportunity to show off a fine diamond ring he wore. At last he gave up his seat to a lady and then posed for a further benefit on the outside platform.

But fate, in the shape of a woman, pursued him. The woman to whom he had surrendered his good seat reached the end of her route. Singling him out with her index finger, she called sternly:

"C-o-n-ductor, stop the car."—Detroit Free Press.

A Matter of Business.

Squillsby, who works in a photographic studio, popped the question successfully the other night, after which he remarked:

"And now I suppose you will allow me to take a kiss?"

"Why of course," she replied, "it would be in perfect good taste now."

"Very well," said Squillsby, "turn your head a little more to the right, fix your eyes on that picture knob—so—that's it—smile just a little—wink as often as you please—there—now the operation commences."—Springfield Union.

A Mother's Memory.

Hopeful Youth—Yes, madam, I have called to ask the hand of your daughter.

Madam—The time has come. In the year 1885, June 20, at half past 5 o'clock in the afternoon, I stopped car No. 322 at Eleventh and Chestnut, and not a man there offered me a seat. I rode from Chestnut to Spring Garden street hanging by a strap.

"Brutal!"

"Yes, and you sat the whole distance, within four feet of me. Go!"—Philadelphia Record.

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BLOOD POISON.

Old dead teeth contain the quintessence of blood poison! Who can swallow it, gushing out of old teeth at every meal and be healthy? These teeth are dead, ulcerated, unhealthy frequently cause a swelled face. Should certainly be extracted and replaced with good, artificial teeth that never ache. Can be extracted without pain. No humbug.

ABRASION OF THE TEETH.

The above cut shows the teeth of a man 45 years of age, from Dr. Bell in 1831. We meet with this affection in the teeth in various forms and degrees. The ends of the crowns seem very soft, having a low degree of vitality and wear down showing a dark yellowish supped spot in the center. Many are so foolish as to think that molar teeth are of little account, and let them go by default; after which all the force of the muscles are extended to the front teeth, wearing them down rapidly.

The best, and only remedy, is to cover and build up the ends with gold and platinum, which wears like steel and saves them many years. We make a specialty of fine gold work on building them up, contour fillings, etc.

A. B.

Cuts A and B are from John Tomes, of England.

A—Two incisors with notches in the ends.

B shows the peg shaped teeth with yellowish pits in the ends.

For such teeth we have two remedies: First—To fill the pits in the ends with gold. Second—Extract them and replace them with artificial teeth. But the bones absorb away rapidly so that they will need resetting frequently.

We make the finest artificial teeth in the northwest.

We use Justies' and White's patent teeth, with long, heavy pins, mounted on strong elastic plates. Those who patronize us will not be troubled with broken teeth and cracked plates, canker sore mouths, etc.

To loose the front teeth, is to loose half the power of speech, and more than half the beauty.

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