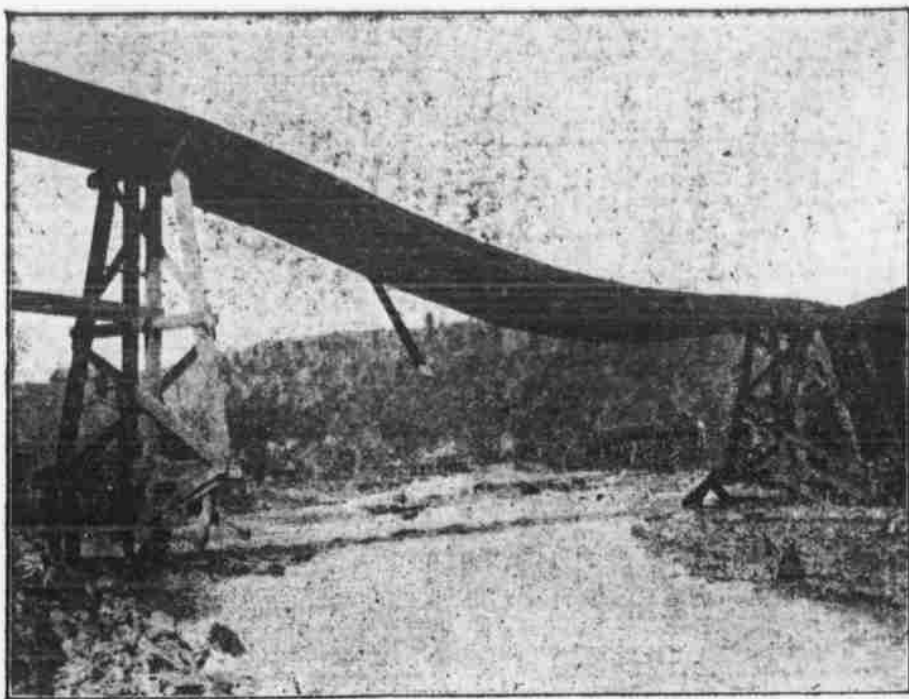
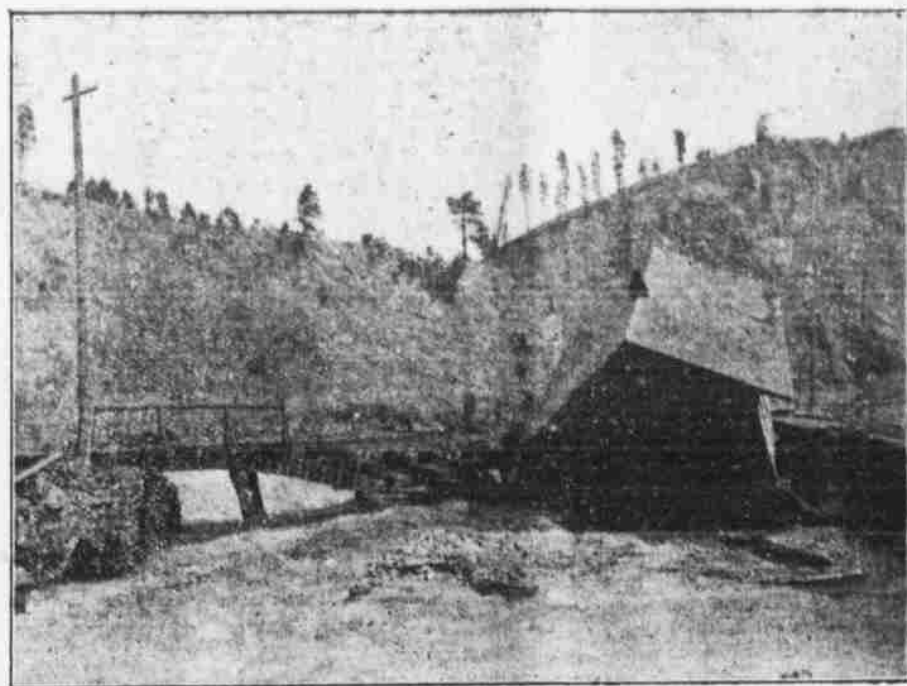


People and Things of Public Interest



WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE GOLDEN REWARD TRESTLE—TRACK AND TIES SWINGING FIFTY FEET ABOVE THE CREEK BED.



BURLINGTON DEPOT AT PLUMA AFTER THE ANGRY FLOOD WATERS HAD PASSED DOWN THE CREEK.

A CITY which is set upon a hill can not be hid," and the converse is exactly true, also, as the people of Deadwood know. Deadwood is built in one of the cutest little canyons that ever cut through a rocky wall to make a road for a brawling creek. When the white men went there it was after the gold that was washed from the sands in the bed of the creek and along the bars that nestled against the great walls of granite on either side of the gorge. At a point where two canyons joined and two creeks united their streams the camp was pitched and later the city was built. Down the main gulch and up along the branches the town has grown. It was once said that the first washerwoman of the camp had to level up a piece of ground in order to stretch her clothesline. At any rate, old White Rocks kept the town all on one side of the creek, and on the other the houses were built back, along the steep declivity, so that it is easy for the citizen to sit on his front porch and look down the chimney of his neighbor's house on the street below. Down where the pioneers rocked their cradles or shook their pans the business houses of the bustling metropolis of the Black Hills are built, good, substantial blocks, and along Main, Lee, Sherman and Deadwood streets the business of the great mining country flows.

Every now and then the creeks get up to the dignity of rivers and then the citizens get an unpleasant exhibition of the terrible possibilities of a mountain torrent. Quite lately it happened that a cloudburst occurred in the mountains above the city, and in a little bit two great streams of water, whirling everything before them, came tearing out of the canyons and sent Whitewood creek dashing along on an errand of destruction. Since first the sands of this historic stream were turned by the long-handled shovel of the goldseeker, the banks have been lined with warehouses, railroad depots, tracks of all sorts, great smelters and reduction works and other things that afford sport for waters running mad. All the way from far up the mountains down to Whitewood, where the creek finally emerges from the foothills and rushes along to join the river, the works of man were the playthings of the forces of nature. Railroad bridges, trestles and grades, depots and warehouses, store buildings and dwellings were wrecked with neatness and dispatch, and a two hours' dash of the water made work for many days for the engineering forces of the mines and railroads. Some pictures taken after the flood had subsided give a faint idea of the extent of the damage done.

Ben B. Wood, who died in Omaha last Sunday after a brief illness, had long been a prominent figure in the local banking and financial world. For thirty-six years he had been engaged in the banking business in Omaha, and was vice president of the Merchants National at the time of his death. He was not very well known outside of his business acquaintance, for he had none of the qualities of a "mixer," but to those who were admitted to his friendship he was a most genial man. He took a keen interest in the affairs of people with whom he dealt and often by a word of timely advice or caution did he assist some one in a business way. Those who knew him best mourn his death as the loss of a true friend and kindly gentleman.

Superior, Neb., like all towns in the United States where enough boys can be found, has a cracking good base ball club, made up of the youngsters of the city. It plays games with neighboring clubs and has made a record that it is not ashamed of. Several players of more than local reputation, among them Charley



THE LATE BEN B. WOOD, ONE OF OMAHA'S LEADING FINANCIERS.

Abbey, who was once one of the heavy hitters of the big league, have come from Superior, and it is not improbable that others will be graduated by the "kid" team that now represents Superior. Three of the brightest and fastest of these boys are shown on this page this week.

Mrs. Carrie Peterson of Aurora, Neb., was elected state president of the Nebraska chapter of the P. E. O. Sisterhood at the recent convention at McCook. Mrs. Peterson has long been active in the work of the sisterhood, and is well known in club circles besides.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Miller of Honey Creek, Ia., celebrated their golden wedding anniversary Sunday, May 8. About fifty guests were present, and Mr. and Mrs. Miller were the recipients of many beautiful presents, including a large purse of gold. Mrs. Miller, nee Jane Black, was born in Paris, Pa., August 14, 1837. Mr. Miller was born in Steubenville, O., January 30, 1832. They were married in Bellevue, Jackson county, Ia., May 8, 1854, and resided at different times in Brighton, Washington and Ainsworth, Ia. They went from Ainsworth, Ia., to South Dakota in 1883, but returned to Honey Creek, Ia., in 1893, where they have since resided. Out of a family of ten children, the following six are still living: C. F. Miller, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Mrs. Addie L. Sigafos, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Edwin B. Miller, Deadwood, S. D.; Mrs. Della McMullen, Honey Creek, Ia.; B. W. Miller, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Mrs. Lavina Burchard, Quick, Ia. There are seven grandchildren, all of whom were present at the anniversary but one.

While both of the old people have enjoyed good health, comparatively speaking, Father Time has dealt more gently with Mr. Miller, and he does not look to be a man of 72 years of age. He is strong and active, as is evinced by the fact that he works a



WHITE BUILDING ON DEADWOOD STREET IN THE HEART OF DEADWOOD.



EYE, HARRIS AND COULTER, THREE OF THE CRACK AMATEURS OF SUPERIOR, Neb.

fruit farm of seventy acres. Mrs. Miller is also very active for one of her age, and takes much interest in performing the duties which fall to the lot of a country matron. The bride and groom entered into the spirit of the occasion with much ardor, and both stoutly avowed that they would live to celebrate their diamond anniversary.

First Made Sure

Rev. Mr. Gallagher, an old and well known resident of this place, was to preach in the Presbyterian church last Sunday, but the rain fell in torrents and the citizens would not venture away from their comfortable homes, although they were all anxious to hear the sermon. Now nearly every family in Center has a telephone, and some one among the good brethren suggested that Rev. Mr. Gallagher preach to them over the telephone. He consented to do so, saying that he



MRS. CARRIE PETERSON OF AURORA, STATE PRESIDENT OF THE P. E. O. OF NEBRASKA.

could preach to them in that manner, but he was at a loss to know how to take up the collections. After a short conference was held between one of the leading members and Rev. Mr. Gallagher, it was agreed that the "leading member" would stand good for the collection, and every family in Center who has a telephone took down the receiver while Rev. Mr. Gallagher, in one of the homes, delivered his sermon through a telephone.—Fulton (Mo.) Telegraph.