

## WHAT NELLIE BLY WROTE.

The following appeared in the *New York World*:

FAIRFAX, S. Dak., Jan. 21.—I am just finishing the longest day of my life. I got up at three o'clock to take the train that was to carry me away from Valentine, Neb. They have only one train a day out of Valentine and that's at 4 a. m. I really believe they have it at that hour for fear everybody would leave if the time were more convenient.

I saw a little of Nebraska weather. Saturday when I drove around to see the destitute people the air was as soft and warm as a day in September; Sunday it was 8 degrees below zero.

The wind was traveling at such a rate that it was almost impossible to get out, but when I saw a number of Indians drive in and prepare to go into camp within fifty yards of the hotel I could not resist the temptation to make them a visit.

Accompanied by Major Crager, the United States agent and Indian interpreter, I paid my visit. There were two wagons, three Indians and one squaw in the first lot. While the men were unhitching their horses the squaw put up the tent or tepee. First she tied three long poles together with a rope, and after standing them upright in the sand she added other poles, walking around the whole thing and drawing the rope so as to make the poles secure.

Meanwhile Major Crager was holding a conversation in grunts with the Indians. I was pleased to see that they were rather gentle with their ponies, one Indian taking his own blanket to cover them.

I was not introduced but Major Crager said the men were High Shield, Little Day and Red Breast.

I got so cold standing in the sand that my guide said he would take me over to a fire, and accordingly we went across where the tepees were already erected and had smoke issuing from the open space near the top.

On my hands and knees I crawled through the wee opening into the tent. I was charmed with the interior. Around the edge of the tent lay bed clothing. In the middle of the tent was a black kettle suspended on three iron braces over a bright wood fire. Before the fire sat a squaw, and tied closely in the corner was a large dog.

The squaw greeted us with a friendly grunt, eyeing me curiously but shaking hands with Mr. Crager. There we were joined by her husband. I don't know who he was, but there were four Indians in the one crowd, and their names were Bull-Goes-in-the-Lead, Andrew Loud-Thunder, His-Voice and Looks-Back.

The Indians and I didn't try to converse but the dog and I became friends. He tried his best to reach me, talking to me in dog language, and when he found he was too short to reach me with his forepaws, he turned around and tried to touch me with his hind legs. I moved up close to oblige him, and he laid his head on my knee and wailed.

"Poor fellow! You don't like to be tied do you?" I said to him, and he laid his paws on my shoulders and, looking into my eyes, wailed pitifully. I felt sorry for him.

"What is wrong with him?" I asked Mr. Crager. The Indian smiled and said something to Mr. Crager, and Mr. Crager smiled and said the Indian said the dog had a bad heart. I took it that he was unhappy to be tied and tried to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted, only looking at me reproachfully, as if I should understand. But I didn't.

The squaw made something in a blackened coffee-pot, and Mr. Crager told me that the Indian was saying that he would like to be free, to be privileged to live like the white men. He would like to be a farmer, and his two sons wanted to help him farm. They had that day bought some pigs from some of the destitute farmers and meant to carry them back to the reservation.

I was invited to share their dinner, but I didn't quite like the looks of the stuff boiling in the pot, so I declined, and as they were about to eat I proposed returning to the hotel, lest we be persuaded against our will.

After supper Mr. Crager told me the dinner I had been offered was dog! Think of it! It would be like eating an intimate friend.

Too late it flashed upon me why the dog was so unhappy and why he refused to be comforted. A friend of his was in that pot, and he knew it. I dare not think of his fate since then.

The very thought made me so wretched that I couldn't sleep, and at 3 a. m., when the boy knocked on my door, I was still awake.

Two men and myself took the train at 4 a. m. It had come on from Deadwood, and a strange picture it presented. Instead of an ordinary day coach, it was a reclining chair car, and five men and one woman and a baby were lying there asleep. All the men had removed their boots, and two men snored frightfully. The baby had a bad cough.

I was sleepy, but the novelty of the scene interested me. Like everybody else I occupied two chairs, filling one with my satchels, a rug and a bundle.

Hardly had the train started when I made my first acquaintance with a species of the wild and woolly. A voice at my elbow said: "Let me have this blanket (meaning my rug) to spread over that poor man."

I looked at the "poor man" and at the rug. The car was very warm and the man had his great coat spread over him.

"I would rather not," I answered coldly.

"Oh, I was jist a kiddin' you," the fellow answered with a laugh.

I looked at him with amazement and saw that he was the brakeman. Then I did not know what to think—whether he was drunk or mistook me for somebody he knew. Before I could decide he lifted all my packages out of the chair and sat down beside me.

"Well, they've found Scott," he said calmly, not heeding my surprise.

"Indeed," I ejaculated, coldly, not knowing who or what Scott was.

"Yes; found him in the river yesterday. Guess there'll be some fun at O'Neill today. They'll find the men that killed him and then you'll see a thing or two. They're going to bury him tomorrow. Are you going?"

"I see no reason why I should; I don't know the man," I returned icily.

"What's wrong with you?" he asked in perfect innocence. "Have you got a cold?"

I was angry and still I felt like laughing. I hardly knew whether to be insulted or amused. It somehow reminded me of a guileless girl who told me once how a strange man tried to kiss her.

"And I had been reading some novels," she told me, "and I knew just what language to use in speaking to him; so I said: 'How dare you, sir? Have you no respect for a helpless girl? I thought you were a gentleman!'"

So I said to this Western species: "All that's wrong with me is that I hate a fool and a bore."

"Do you?" he replied, as simply as if I had observed that I hated blizzards.

"You ought to have gone over to Harris' funeral," he resumed cordially. "You heard about Morrison killin' him? Well, we run a special train over there yesterday. Everybody had a great time. If they'd been able to find Morrison I reckon they'd make short work of him; but the sheriff had hid him somewhere."

"Is it the style out here to afflict strangers in this manner?" I asked him, coldly.

"Do you mean speak to girls? There ain't a girl travels on this road that I don't know. Do you know the girls in Valentine? Not much society there, but I used to know 'em all when I was firin' on a cattle 'pusher.'"

I was exhausted. So I told the western knight-errant that he would oblige me if he sat somewhere else; that I did not care to be talked to.

He went away, but when I was leaving the train he asked me where I had bought my cape and how much it had cost.

At 6 while it was still dark, I got out for breakfast. We were given twenty minutes to eat the best meal that one can find in the west.

At 9 o'clock I reached Stewart, Neb., where I changed from the train to a stage, which carried me fifty miles inland to Fairfax, S. D., where I am at present.

The stage was an ordinary grocery wagon, drawn by two ponies. It was completely filled with freight and mail. There were the driver and a boy on the front seat amid the mail-bags, and a man and myself in the second seat, so crowded with freight that we became cramped and stiff.

I was awful sorry to see the horses so overloaded, and it gave me an idea of starting some society for the benefit of the western horses. They are shamefully abused.

The man and I had a lantern between us to help keep us warm. Besides we were wrapped in bed comforters, but as it was consider-