

## Orpheus on the Chug

THE proprieties are not extinct in Spearfish. A person, for instance, who occupies a seat in the front row of the Palace Theatre is not expected to lean over the orchestra rail and bat violinists with his sombrero. Therefore I accepted the usher's suggestion, seized big John Heffren by his elbow, and escorted him up the aisle. John is a gentle giant, and did not complain. We went to our room in the hotel.

"Dang fiddlers, anyhow!" he said. "I mistrust 'em worse 'n Injun-raised ponies. Order up a smoke and I'll tell you."

He bit the end of a cigar with unusual viciousness and sprawled on the bed.

"'Twas when I was wintering Circle-Dot horses on the Chug. Wintering horses is like canned soup. No variety—every day the same. One morning I pulls on a shirt and cuts over to old man Bailey's, who run a little outfit nigh to the town of Lucky Bottom. I'd knowed him down in the Panhandle, and he was kind o' glad to see me again. We lied to each other in his front room till finally he propounds an inquiry, does I love jell tarts? I made answer that I certainly could accommodate 'em, and he steps to the door.

"Ada, my girl!" he shouts. "Move in the pastry for my friend, Mr. Heffren; and with that in sha-comes, laughing, bare-armed, rattled, and pinky.

"I was all choked up in a minute. There was half a dozen long-legged cow-punchers trailing her—old man Bailey's hands. He made me acquainted, and we sat down around the platter, thick as a bread-and-butter. By-and-by I shag-barked.

"Buz you ain't eat none," says Bailey. "You ain't done yourself no credit, John Heffren."

"Maybe not," I remarks. "There's too much sugar in the rianity. I took here tarts to make 'em easy eating."

"The old man's daughter sort of wing-tipped me with her blue eyes.

"You can have 'em just as you like 'em," Ada says, "next time you come."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," says I. "My observations weren't meant to bear down on the cookery, which is sure enough Frisco."

"Well, so it went for a fortnight. That Ada girl, sir, she had me. I was rolling over and playing dead whenever she handled the strap but the worst of it was, I was only one of a herd. Those cow-punchers of Bailey's was roped, same's me. Every time I called on the blue-eyed miracle I'd find some of those yearlings sitting close in the game. One night I talked it out with myself.

"Look a-here, you love-rom Roman, I said; that gang of autors must be stamped. Them half-baked wolves must be learned to distinguish betwixt a Pecos River man and Rocky Mountain goats."

"So I tied on my six-shooter and hit the breeze for Bailey's, but with misgivings. Shows how love will loco a fellow! Honestly, I hated to bend a gun. For why? If I tore things up and down at the old man's, he'd have it in for me for discomposing his help, and give me the gate for good. Hands ain't plenty on the Chugwater in snow time. Reflecting this, I stopped off at the Lucky Bottom Emporium after a new cravat, for I was dressing high that winter. There I run against the fiddler; and if I'd unloaded my forty-five into him right then I'd a' made money. Why, his name alone would a' warned me off if I'd my senses. It was Ignatius. Ignatius! Well, dog my cats!

"I'd seen Ignatius in Deadwood years ago. He was the greatest man with a fiddle in the Black Hills, bar none. That one was me—th, I don't blame you for being surprised—I'm as much ashamed of it as you are, but I was a big chief on a violin in them days, although I'd never set on about it in Lucky Bottom. Now then, here was this Ignatius stranded with his fiddle-case under his arm, and asking me for to whither him. He was a good-looking dago, and he snivelled the way they do. I unlabeled for a couple

of powders at the bar, and then, sir, the idea struck and left me hands up.

"You see my kid brother got so drunk once that he enlisted in the cavalry, and was promanated out to a little one-troop post to lost-and-gone beyond Kootanie. The kid, he smuggled his concertina with him. Do you know what happened? That troop shrunk. Them warriors faded away. Deserted. It's a gospel fact. You take music amongst lonely men who ain't used to it, and it makes 'em want to travel. Ask cattlemen or soldiers. I knew a nigger with a piccolo who upset labour conditions on the Belle Fourche one summer so we had to hire Mexicans before we spotted the trouble. A piccolo's the worst, 'cause it's kind o' melancholy, but a fiddle's mighty unsettling."

"Sure!" thinks I, slapping the bar-rail of the Lucky Bottom Emporium. "I'll slide this here Ignatius into Bailey's outfit for a week, and he'll unwind melodies of despair, continuous. Then the punchers will vacate the locality, and the maid," says I, "is mine."

"Crazy? Yes, indeed. I was in love. Anyhow, I gets the old man to give this dago a job patching fences, and, without saying too much, I lays out his tunes for him; and then I sits back in the peep-chair and follows the run of the cards.

"Say, it was funny. I thought nothing could be mournfuler than yowling coyotes, but coyotes was a merry fandango alongside of Ignatius. Those boys of Bailey's would gather around that troubadour in dejected attitudes, and just look and look and look. When he tore off 'Annie Laurie,' I felt kind o' like a sheep-herder-myself.

"Marden was the first of 'em to quit. One night when Ignatius was cutting the heart out of 'Oh, Promise Me,' this Marden fetches a hollow sound from his chest and he says he'd wished a bracelet onto a girl in the U. P. eating-house at Rawlins, and he guessed he'd pull his freight. Next evening I tipped off the dago to turn loose on the mother music. That's the real stuff, after all—'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me,' 'Home Sweet Home,' and the lullaby out of 'Ermine.' Well, sir, that cinched it. 'Twasn't two days before Scar-nose Beaumont waltzed up to the old man, coughing good, and 'Give me what's coming to me, Mr. Bailey,' he says; 'I ain't seen my folks since Leadville was a camp.'

"That's the way of it. Once you have men going silly, they're like geese; and the tougher the men, the geesier they get. This Beaumont, he was needed by the gallows artists of three States.

"Finally here comes Bailey over to my shack with a face on him long as Sundance Butte.

"Heffren," says he, "my outfit is powerful short-handed. I'm p'intedly being exterminated," he says.

"Too bad," says I, chuckling sideways. "What do you reckon the cause of this here emigration movement?"

"I suspicion the dago," says he.

"Well," I says, "get shut of him."

"Bailey looked shameful.

"Have you heard Ignatius rip off 'Heel Trovry-tory'?" says he. "It's everlasting soothing, and me and Ada's sort of stuck on it."

"Right there, I smelled Injun, and I reared up and had a secret conference with that fiddler behind Bailey's corral."

"But where'll I go to?" he says.

"That ain't my business, Ignatius," says I; "but you must go before I whale that hide off'n you."

"I ain't got a cent," says he. "Maybe you can stake me, Mr. Heffren."

"I was flat broke myself, with buy-ing candy and diamond rings and such keidoses for the blue-eyed marvel. Ignatius, he snivels."

"Don't weep," says I, "for it's plumb repeating. Me and you will pull off a musical swarry down to the school-house, and you can pass the hat and accumulate dago larges."

"Good," says Ignatius. "Now it is time for me to give Miss Ada her music lesson."

"Nary lesson," I says, collaring him. "You'll go back with me to my teepee, and I'll turn a key off you. If you ever speak to Miss Ada again, you'll be shy considerable epidermis, my Norwegian nightingale!"

"I brought him home with me and locked him up, and then I harnessed my old fiddle and went into private training. Nobody knew I was hot cakes on a violin, and this swarry was just my chance to spring it on 'em. I allowed to round up Lucky Bottom in the schoolhouse, and put it all over that Ectetalian before Ada, so's he wouldn't be in the same reservation with me when it come to a show-down on fiddling. I calculated just to use that Ignatius for a pacemaker."

"The town of Lucky Bottom wasn't more'n a wide place in the road, but it was the most dancingest settlement ever I saw. The folks flocked to that swarry like mosquitoes to a white horse. They boiled into the schoolhouse till it bulged. Outside you couldn't have dug up an inhabitant with a steam shovel. I met old man Bailey at the door.

"Watch out Ignatius doesn't talk none to Ada," says I.

"Bailey give a wink. 'You bet,' he says, 'I'll stick to Ada closer'n bacon rind,' he says."

"Abie Kraus that kept the 'Emporium,' he was foreman of the swarry. 'Ladies and gents,' he calls, 'before the grand march there is to be a musical mess on fiddles by Professor Ignatius of Paris, France, and Mr. John Heffren, Esquire, of Lucky Bottom. Hats off!'

"The dago hopped the platform and lit in. 'Peared to me he was gun shy, or something. He just trotted through the 'Chickadee Polka,' as wobbly as a tenderfooted pony in a cactus patch. Presently the boys begun to wait to the door, and 'twasn't long before twenty Lucky Bottomers was outside rolling cigarettes and talking cow. Even old man Bailey and Ada begun to paw and look restless. I laughed. This was going to be easy. I could make medicine with a fiddle that would hold the bunch indoors till sun-up, if I needed."

"And did I? You can speculate I did. I knew what them Lucky Bottomers wanted. Those shorthorns didn't want no 'Chickadee Polka,' but 'The Maiden's Prayer,' and that intermezzo what-a-pity out of 'Rusticans.' Them's the goods when you really aim to throw people. I awells out my bosom, and says I to my fool self: 'Here is where none of these mavericks leaves the room till I onropes 'em,' and with that I cut in to sod down the dago."

"Well, sir, I had 'em in one spin of the wheel. They packed around that platform tighter'n calves in a branding chute. Old man Bailey was in the front row, and the tears was on his face big as flapjacks. Me, I was proud! I turned loose 'Rock of Ages' and looked up at the clock. I'd held the herd six minutes, and I swore to make it 20, and then unblanket my 'Suwanee River' stock, which I reasoned was good for ten minutes more. 'This is the freeze-out of Signor Ignatius,' says I, bearing down till the catgut screamed murder. 'This is where I bury Ig so deep the prairie dogs will be upstairs to him!'

"You wouldn't 'a' blamed me if you'd saw the schoolroom. The whole of Lucky Bottom that night was dangling on the end of my fiddle bow. We'd 'a' been there yet if a string hadn't burst in the middle of 'Weep No More My Lady.' But it was thirty-two minutes then."

"The crowd gave a moan like cattle waking up in the morning watch. Old man Bailey came out of his trance and rubbed his eyes."

"Where's Ada?" he mumbles.

"Anybody seen 'Ada Bailey?' says Kraus."

"I jumps up on a chair. 'Where's the dago?' I yells, 'Where's Professor Ignatius of Paris, France?' and a tumultuous moment thereupon ensued."

My friend Heffren arose slowly from the bed, and I passed him the water-pitcher in sympathetic silence.

"Eloped?" I ventured.

John nodded. "There was a letter for me pinned onto the schoolhouse door," he continued. "It read: 'Dear Friend—Would say that you sure can hold an audience. No more at present from yours till death, Ignatius.' P. S. Ada sends love."

He replaced the pitcher with elaborate care, and slouched across our bedroom to the window.

"They'd drove off our horses," he said. "They must 'a' been doing that about the time I was enchanting the old man and the rest into innocuous desuetude with 'The Last Rose of Summer.' Well, they was over the little Smoky before we caught 'em, and by that time they was married. It turned out all right. The professor's got a steady job at the Orpheum in Cheyenne, and he treats her fine. If he didn't I'd make holes in him!"

The open door of the Senate Saloon shone dully on the opposite side of the street, and out of it drifted the tremulous wailing of a violin. Heffren grabbed his pistol from the table, but I protested.

"One measly shot!" he begged. "I despise 'em so!"

I was obdurate.

"If you could 'a' tasted Ada's tarts!" sighed John Heffren.

Edward Boltwood.

It is not generally known that many peculiar customs that have been regarded as fashionable had their origin in the physical disabilities of distinguished leaders of fashion.

Several years ago the present King of England, who was then Prince of Wales, was so unfortunate as to have a boil under his right arm. As a result of this, when he shook hands with his friends, he was compelled to raise his right hand and elbow to the level of his chin. For several years thereafter this method of shaking hands was common in the "smart sets" of two continents.

Through illness, Philip the Good had to have his head shaved. Shaven heads, accordingly, became fashionable at his Court.

The daughters of Louis XI. hid their very large feet in long dresses; hence trailing gowns.

# Lea and Perrins' Sauce.



By Royal Warrant  
to  
His Majesty the King.

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE