

(C O P Y)

Cheyenne, Wyoming,

April 17, 1892.

My dear Boies:-

From what I heard on arrival at Cheyenne I find that you have been given a great deal of trouble on my account during the last week. This was caused by Repath's well intentioned but unnecessary telegrams. No one heard of me individually until April 14th, and of course the men in Cheyenne naturally supposed that I was with the surrendered stockmen at Fort McKinney. Repath sent you such an urgent telegram because all the stockmen were in danger of being lynched, and still are. His last telegram asking you to tell me not to talk too much was caused by a rumor and sensational story started by a man named Kimball at Douglas. Kimball is deputy sheriff and a son of a bitch, and assisted at my arrest. He is editor of a Douglas paper called the Graphic, and when any of the Western papers copy his despatches they generally state the source, and that they are unreliable. Repath had heard that I had implicated Barber, and this accounts for his anxiety to keep me quiet. I had a very good trip until I was put in the jug.

On Tuesday, April 5th, we collected at Van Tassel's stockyards, about half a mile out of Cheyenne. A special train pulled up from Denver about 5.30 P.M. and took us on. The passenger car had all the blinds down and was half-full of fellows whom the newspapers call Texas mercenaries, - "men of a bold and free disposition." We travelled all night and reached Casper about 4 o'clock in the morning. They said that the telegraph wires had been cut shortly after we left Cheyenne, thus cutting off all communication with the northern part of the state.

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Casper is a small town on a sage brush flat about 150 miles southeast of Lander. Ches. Morris rounds up near there. We got the horses, three wagons, etc., etc., off the train, and as fast as the fellows were rounded they galloped off around Casper and headed north along Casper Creek to a place about six miles above the town, where they collected on the Creek bottom behind the bluffs. The whole outfit except the wagons got through Casper before any of the inhabitants were up. The wagons reached us on the Casper river about 9 in the morning, and the drivers unhitched their horses and along with several loose horses turned them out on the bottom, when our horses were picketed to sage brush. My horse had saddle and saddle bags on. The free horses got stampeded and rushed through the others and stampeded about fifteen of them, who broke loose and took out across the country. Several fellows went after them for six hours, but never captured mine and two of three others. I consequently travelled that day on one of the wagons. We shot a steer for a meal in the evening and camped, and had supper about 10 o'clock. There were two Sibley tents along and five or six other fellows, and I slept in one of them. The next day it snowed like hell. I received my sleeping bag all right the day before I left. We travelled all day and in the afternoon I picked up a little white horse which we caught by driving him into a rope corral. He was old and weak and could make at the most 25 miles a day. The main body left ten men with the wagons and went on ahead during the night through a hellish snow storm to Tisdale's ranch, about 75 miles north of Casper, and the first ranch struck. I started with them, but as it was dark and my horse could not keep the pace, I determined to return to the wagons and make the ranch the next day. I slept with the wagons, and the next day we made

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about 25 miles to Tisdale's ranch, reaching there about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. My horse was completely played out. This is a first-rate ranch on Willow Creek, one of the side streams of Powder River. At 11 o'clock at night, the stockmen all pulled out, a good many mounted on new horses. I was left at the ranch with three wagons, the drivers and two other fellows, one a reporter of the Cheyenne Sun, who stayed on account of a sore arse, and the other a ranchman named Davis, whose horse was played out. The next morning (Saturday) the wagons started north for Buffalo, and the other fellows determined not to travel with them unguarded. We stayed all Saturday at the ranch. That night we all slept in the same room, with six shooters, shotguns and rifles, beside each bed. Several people had come into the ranch during the day and evening - all in a state of terror, and all armed. The next morning early we pulled out, telling the cook and hands at the ranch that we were going to return to Casper. We took the Casper road and when out of sight of the house struck the south fork of Powder river and followed its bottom for a good way, and then took across country through hellish bad lands for 30 miles, till we struck the main Powder river, where we put up at the ranch of the ranchman who was with us. There were four men there, the wife and child of the foreman, and a young girl of 17 years. They had seen the burning cabin (said to have been burnt by the stockmen) up the Powder river. They were all scared. We all slept in a log bunk-house, and took turns of two hours standing guard. The position of the guard was very onerary. He was about 100 yards from the log cabin in the moonlight, very liable to be shot, and certain to be cut off from the cabin in case of attack. The next morning we sent a man ten miles

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to the stage road and heard the news. I determined to pull for the Douglas road. Douglas is about 60 miles east of Casper, and from each town a trail runs north toward Buffalo. The two trails meet at Crazy Woman, a little south of the town of Buffalo. I prepared to pull out because it was a damn bore standing guard and going around with a gun and six shooter buckled outside of my overcoat. Everyone was armed and the men took rifles with them to their work. On Monday afternoon the foreman left in a buggy with his wife and child, and I left in a buckboard with the young girl. We travelled across country, avoiding the main trail, to the Ogalala ranch, 35 miles, reaching there at 9 o'clock at night. This is the ranch of W. C. ^{Jrime} ~~Swain~~, a fellow from Carlisle, with the stockmen. There were 25 cowboys here and it was the least excited place I had struck on the trip. They knew nothing, as the ranch was off the regular trail. I was Dr. Green from Fort McKinney here. The eldest son of Swin, a boy of 12, whom I had met in Cheyenne, recognized me but had sense enough to say nothing. The following day it snowed like hell - eight inches. The next morning I left there alone in the buckboard and continued south. The trail was hardly perceptible through the snow and altogether untravelled, because even what little travel there was had been stopped on account of the condition of the country. They told me to avoid a Rustler camp on Sand Creek. I did not do this and drove through it. There were three armed men there and one gave me a large piece of chewing tobacco. They were ~~клянн~~ more polite and genial, than any people I had struck. Everyone else had been afraid to say a word to, or to help a stranger, for fear of getting into trouble himself. I was unarmed except for a six shooter which was under my overcoat.

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The correct way of carrying it was outside of everything and in front. I travelled 40 miles to Brown Springs, where I put up for the night at a road ranch. In the evening a young Englishman whom I had seen at Cheyenne rode up for his mail. He recognized me, but according to the custom of the country said nothing. The next day (Thursday) I continued south for Douglas. As I approached the town I began to think that I might get arrested. Before this I had been looking out fondly for being shot. My trail ran through country like that between Rawlins and Landen, only more cut up by washouts, etc., untravelled and full of antelope and deer. I could have shot several antelope with a pistol. The telegraph wires had all been down and my last news had been that the surgeon with the stockmen had been captured, so I thought that I might escape detection in Douglas, as I had been doing for the last 100 miles. Before going into the town, however, I prepared for arrest. As I drove in I passed the sheriff, who had seen me in Cheyenne and knew me. I drove up to the livery stable, which was surrounded by rustlers - all with six shooters on.

No one said anything to me, not even the livery stableman. I unhitched my horse and put him in a stall and then crossed the street to the Bank, the president of which - Colonel Richards - I had met in Cheyenne. He recognized me and told me to go into the back room. The sheriff and gang were standing around the Bank. I saw that they were on to me, and at Richard's advice called in the sheriff and told him who I was, and that I had left the stockmen at Tisdale's ranch, and consequently if they had committed any depredations as rumor said, I was out of it. He said that he would put me in charge of a deputy

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and let me go about until he heard from Buffalo, but that he had orders to detain me from the sheriff of Buffalo. They then took me to the jug and searched me and took away everything I had, even shit paper. My companions in the jug were Jef - a fellow in for killing a nigger at Casper, and the kid - for burglary. Colonel Richards went around town and talked to the rustlers in order to keep them from mobbing the jug. The sheriff sent for a carpenter and had a new door, etc., put on. He told me to keep away from the windows for fear I would get shot through them; and several of these fellows were standing around the jug consulting. The sheriff and his deputy are both sons of bitches. They refused to allow me to consult a lawyer; to see Richards; or to telegraph to you, or to Cheyenne. They both were of the rustler element and wanted to get me shipped off to Buffalo as soon as possible before my friends knew of my position. I would certainly have been lynched in Buffalo, because I was considered the author of the poisoned pill racket. The newspapers had all said that the stockmen had with them a lot of poisoned pills to administer to the rustlers. This arose from finding some bichloride tablets - each marked poison - in my outfit, which was captured with the wagons. This gives you some idea of the damn foolishness and terror of these fellows. I spent the time in the jug playing pedro with my pals. During the night we were locked in the iron cage. They had no beds, no knives, forks, plates, spoons, etc. etc. The grub was brought in a basket and served on the floor and eaten with fingers. It was a damn tough jug to live in. The next day, in the afternoon, to the dismay of the sheriff and deputy, an engine ran into Douglas, the U. S. Marshall Rankin jumped off, came to the jug, and took me out on a writ of habeas

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corpus, and had me out of town, all inside of five minutes. It was damn neatly done and was a total surprise to me and to every one else. The sheriff got on the engine with us and at Orin Junction, 20 miles south of Douglas, he received a telegram from Buffalo to retain me under any circumstances, but it was too late for him to do anything. They picked out Rankin in Cheyenne, to send for me because he is damn nervy man and they knew that he would get me out in some way; they also knew that I was in danger of being lynched any time as long as I stayed in Douglas. I am now supposed to be in Rankin's custody and will have a hearing to-morrow. I am all right and will have no trouble. I telegraphed to you that all the newspaper stories have been untrue - which is a fact. I have refused to be interviewed by anyone, and have made no statements, and nothing was found on me after a thorough search - even in my books. I had with me about the same outfit of instruments, etc., that I carried in camp last summer, and the papers said that I had enough to head a regiment; also a handsome revolver and a good number of cartridges (20), and poisoned pills.

I was surprised to find on weighing myself to-day that I had lost only four pounds on this trip. I am in no way injured by it, the cough, etc., being the same as when I left Cheyenne. You fellows can have no idea of the excited condition of this country, and the people in Cheyenne have no idea of the way it is up north. I am damn glad to be out of it, though I found that a fellow gets used to expecting to be shot, as he does to everything else. It never kept me awake or diminished my appetite; though it did make me chew much more tobacco.

Last night two men tried to interview me for the

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Philadelphia Record and for the Press. If anyone asks you anything, tell them whatever you think proper.

Your affectionate brother,

(Signed)

C. B. Penrose.

P.S.: - At the Ogalala Ranch I wrote a letter to Bob Ralston. I was afraid to address you, or to sign my name, as the mails in that country are unsafe. You have probably received it by this time.

CHEYENNE CLUB.

Wyoming
affair

CHEYENNE CLUB.

Cheyenne, Wyo.
April 17th 92

My dear Boies -

From what I heard on arrival at Cheyenne I find that you have been given a great deal of trouble on my account during the last week. This was caused by Repath's well intentioned but unnecessary telegrams. No one heard of me individually until April 14th & of course the men in Cheyenne naturally supposed that I was with the surrendered stockmen at Fort McKimney. Repath sent you such an urgent telegram because all the stockmen were in danger of being lynched & still are. His last telegram asking you to tell me not to talk too much was caused by ~~the same~~ & sensational story started by a man named Kimball of Douglas. Kimball is deputy sheriff & a son of a bitch & assisted at my arrest. He is editor of a Douglas paper called the Graphic & when any of the western papers copy his dispatches they generally state the source & that they are unreliable. Repath had heard that I had implicated Barsten & this account for his anxiety to keep me quiet. I had a very good trip until I was put in the jug. On Tuesday April 5th we collected at Van Tassel's stock yards about half a mile out of Cheyenne. A special train pulled up

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from Denver about 5:30 P.M. & took us on. The passenger car had all the blinds down, & was half full of fellows whom the newspapers call Texas mercenaries: "men of a bold & free disposition." We travelled all night & reached Casper about 4 in the morning. They said that the telegraph wires had been cut shortly after we ~~reached~~ left Cheyenne: thus cutting off all communication with the northern part of the state. Casper is a small town on a sage brush flat about 150 miles south east of Lander. Chas. Morris rounds up near here. We got the horses, three wagons, & $2\frac{1}{2}$ & $2\frac{1}{2}$ off the train & as fast as fellows were mounted they galloped off around Casper & headed north along Casper Creek to a place about six miles above the town where they collected on the creek bottom behind the bluffs. The whole outfit except the wagons got through Casper before any of the inhabitants were up. The wagons reached us on the Casper river about 9 in the morning & the drivers unhitched their horses & along with several team horses turned them out on the bottom when our horses were jinketed to sage brush. My horse had saddle & saddle bags on. The free horses got stampeded & rushed through the others & stampeded about 15 of them, who broke loose & took out across the country. Several fellows went after them & followed them for six hours, but never captured mine & two on

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Three others. I consequently travelled that day on one of the
 wagons. We shot a steer for meat in the evening & camped
 & had supper about 10 o'clock. There were two Sibley tents
 along & five or six other fellows & I slept in one of them.
 The next day it snowed like hell. I received my sleeping
 bag all right the day before I left. We travelled all day & in
 the afternoon I picked up a little white horse, which we
 caught by driving him into a rope corral. He was old & weak
 & could make at the most 25 miles a day. ~~I slept in the~~ The
 main body left the men with the wagons & went on ahead
 driving the night through a hellish snow storm to Tisdale's
 Ranch about 75 miles north of Casper & the first ranch struck.
 I started with them, but as it was dark & my horse could not
 keep the pace I determined to return to the wagons & make
 the ranch the next day. I slept with the wagons & the next
 day we made about 25 miles to Tisdale's ranch reaching
 there about 5 in the afternoon. My horse was completely played
 out. This is a first rate ranch on Willow Creek one of the side
 streams of Powder river. At 11 o'clock at night, ~~the~~ the stockmen
 all pulled ~~up~~ good many mounted on new horses. I was left
 at the ranch with the three wagons, the drivers & two other fellows
 one a reporter of the Cheyenne Sun - who stayed on account of
 whose horse was played out.
 a sore arse, & the other a ranch man named Davis. The night

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Morning (Saturday) The wagons started north for Buffalo & the three fellows determined not to travel with them unguarded. We stayed all Saturday at the ranch. That night we all slept in the same room, with his shooter, shot guns & rifles beside each bed. Several people had come into the ranch during the day & evening - all in a state of terror: & all armed. The next morning early we pulled out telling the Cook & hands at the ranch that were going to return to Casper, we took the Casper road & when out of sight of the house struck the south fork of Powder river & followed its bottom for a good way & then took across country through hellish bad-lands for 30 miles till we struck the main Powder river where we were just up at the ranch of the ranch man who was with us. There were four men here, the wife & child of the foreman & a young girl of 17. They had seen the burning Cabin (said to have been burnt by the stockmen) up the Powder River. They were all scared. We all slept in a log bunk house & took turns of 2 hours standing guard. The position of the guard was very onerous. It was about 100 yards from the log cabin in the moonlight, very liable to be shot & certain to be ~~shot~~ cut off from the Cabin in case of attack. The next morning we sent a man ten miles to the stage road & heard the news. I determined to pull for the Douglas road. Douglas is about 60 miles east of Casper & from each town a trail runs north toward Buffalo, the two trails meet at Crazy

Woman a little south of the town of Buffalo. I prepared to pull out because it was a damn bore standing guard & going around with a gun & six shooter buckled outside of my overcoat. Every one was armed, & the men took rifles with them to their work. On Monday afternoon the foreman left in a buggy with his wife & child & I left in a buckboard with the young girl. We travelled across country - avoiding the main trail, to the Ogallala ranch 35 miles, reaching there at 9 at night. This is the ranch of Mr. C. Swin a fellow from Carlisle with the stockmen. There were 25 cowboys here & it was the least excited place I had struck on the trip. They knew nothing as the ranch was off the regular trail. I was Dr. Green from Fort McKimie here. The eldest son of Swin a boy of 12 whom I had met in Cheyenne, recognized me but had sense enough to say nothing. The following day it snowed like hell - 8 inches. The next morning I left there alone in the buckboard & continued south. The trail was hardly perceptible through the snow & altogether untravelled, because even when a little travel there was had been stopped on account of the condition of the country. They told me to avoid a Rustler Camp on Sand Creek. I did not do this & drove through it. There were three armed men there & one gave me a large piece of chewing tobacco. They were known

polite & gentle than any people I had struck. Every one else had been afraid to say a word to, or to help a stranger for fear of getting into trouble himself. I was unarmed except for a six shooter which was under my overcoat. The correct way of carrying it was outside of everything & in front. I travelled 40 miles to Brown Springs where I put up for the night at a road ranch. In the evening a young English man whom I had seen at Cheyenne rode up for his mail. He recognized me, but according to the custom of the country said nothing. The next day (Thursday) I continued south for Douglas. As I approached the town I began to think that I might get arrested.

Before this I had been looking out only for being shot. My trail ran through country like that between Rawlins & Lander only more cut up by wash cuts & so; untravelled & full of antelope & deer. I could have shot several antelope with pistol. The telegraph wires had all been down & my last news had been that the surgeon with the stockmen had been captured, so I thought that I might escape detection in Douglas, as I had been doing for the last 100 miles. Before going into the town however I prepared for arrest. As I drove in I passed the sheriff, who had seen me in Cheyenne & knew me. I drove up to the livery stable which was surrounded by mobbers - all with six shooters on.

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No one said anything to me, not even the livery stable owner. I unhitched my horse & put him in a stall & then crossed the street to the Bank - the president of which, Col. Richards, I had met in Cheyenne. He recognized me & told me to go into the back room. The sheriff & Sans standing around the bank, I saw that they were on to me & at Richards' advice called in the sheriff & told him who I was & that I had left the stockmen at Tisdale's ranch, & consequently if they had committed any depredations as rumour said, I was out of it. He said that he would put me in charge of a deputy & let me go about until he heard from Buffalo, but that he had orders to detain me from the sheriff of Buffalo. They then took me to the jug, & searched me & took away everything I had, even my paper. My companions in the jug were Jeff - a fellow in for killing a misson at Casper, & The Kid - for lugging. Col. Richards went around town & talked to the settlers in order to keep them from mobbing the jug. The sheriff sent for a carpenter & had a new door & so put on. He told me to keep away from the windows for fear I would get shot through them: & several of these fellows were standing around the jug consulting. The sheriff & his deputy are both stars of bullets. They refused to allow me to consult a lawyer; to see Richards or to telegraph

to you, or to Chicago. They both were of the matter
 Clement & wanted to get me shipped off to Buffalo
 as soon as possible before my friends knew of my position.
 I would certainly have been lynched in Buffalo because
 I was considered the author of the poisoned pill racket.
 The newspapers had all said that the stockmen had with
 them a lot of poisoned pills to administer to the rustlers.
 This arose from finding some bichloride tablets - each
 marked poison - in my outfit which was captured with
 the wagons. This gives you some idea of the damn foolishness
 & favor of these fellows. I spent the time in the jug
 playing Pedro with my pals. During the night we were
 locked in the iron cage. They had no beds, no knives, forks,
 plates, spoons &c., &c. The grub was brought in a basket
 & served on the floor & eaten with fingers. It was a damn
 tough jug to live in. The next day ^{in afternoon} to the dismay of
 the sheriff & deputy an engine ran into City Douglas, the
 U.S. Marshall Rankin jumped off. Came to the jug &
 took me out ^{on a writ of habeas corpus} & had me out of town, all inside of
 five minutes. It was damn nearly done & was a total
 surprise to me & to any one else. The sheriff got on the
 engine with us & at Cain Junction 20 miles south of
 Douglas he received a telegram from Buffalo to detain
 me under any circumstances, but it was too late for that.

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to do any thing. They picked out Rankin in Cheyenne to send for me because he is a damn nerry man & they knew that he would get me out in some way; they also knew that I was in danger of being lynched at any time as long as I stayed in ~~Buff~~ Douglas. Sam now supposed to be in Rankin's custody & will have a hearing tomorrow. I am all right & will have no trouble. I telegraphed to you that all the newspaper stories have been untrue - which is a fact. I have refused to be interviewed by any one & have made no statements & nothing was found on me after a thorough search - even in my boots. I had with me about the same outfit of instruments &c that I carried in Camp Cook Summit, & the papers said that I had enough to head a regiment, also a handsome revolver & a great number of cartridges (20) & poisoned pills. I was surprised to find on weighing my self today that I had lost only four pounds on this trip. I am in no way injured & it is cough &c, being the same as when I left Cheyenne. You fellows can have no idea of the excited condition of this country & the people in Cheyenne have no idea of the way it is up north. I am damn glad to be out

of it, though I found that a fellow gets used to
 expecting to be shot as he does to everything else. It
 never kept me awake or diminished my appetite. Though
 it did make me chew much more tobacco.

Last night two men tried to interview me one for the
 Phila. Record & one for the Press. If any one asks
 you any thing, tell them whatever you think proper.

Your affectionate brother

C. B. Plover

At the Osalada Ranch South of Colby to both
 Dalton. I was afraid to address you or to sign my
 name as the mails in that County are unsafe.
 You have probably received it by this time.