

**THE DANITES IN THE
SIERRAS (IN
FOUR ACTS)**

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The Danites in the Sierras (in Four Acts) by Joaquin Miller

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SIERRAS (IN
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(IN FOUR ACTS)

BY

JOAQUIN MILLER



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO
WHITAKER & RAY-WIGGIN CO.
1910

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THE DANITES IN THE SIERRAS

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

SANDY.—*"A king, this man Sandy; a poet, a painter, a mighty moralist; a man who could not write his own name."*

THE PARSON.—*"So-called because he could "out-swear any man in the Camp."*

THE JUDGE.—*"Chosen, because he was fit for nothing else in this "Glorious climate of California."*

BILL HICKMAN.—*"A Danite Chief."*

CARTER.—*"Companion to Hickman."*

LIMBER TIM.—*"Sandy's "Limber Pardner."*

WASHIE WASHIE.—*"A Helpless little Heathen."*

BILLY PIPER.—*"That Cussed Boy."*

THE WIDOW.—*"A Missionary to the Mines."*

CAPT. TOMMY.—*"A woman with a bad name but a good heart."*

BUNKERHILL.—*"Companion to Capt. Tommy."*

THE DANITES IN THE SIERRAS

ACT I

SCENE: "*The Howlin' Wilderness.*" Saloon. Bar. Water bucket on table. Mining tools, rocker, etc. Miners discovered lounging about. The Judge and Limber Tim at bar, drinking.

JUDGE. Well, well, well. And so that boy, Billy Piper, is livin' in that old cabin up the Middle Fork where them three miners handed in their checks to the Danites?

LIMBER TIM. Livin' there all alone by hisself, Judge!

JUDGE. Why, I wouldn't live in that 'ere cabin all alone by myself, Tim, for that cradle full of gold.

TIM. It's been empty, that cabin, 'bout a year, Judge.

JUDGE. Empty as a bran new coffin, Tim.

TIM. And folks just about as willin' to get into it, as into a bran new coffin, I guess.

JUDGE. Tim, me and Sandy had gone out to help the emigrants, where we seed that poor gal, Nancy Williams, killed, and we warn't here. But you was. Tell me how it was the Danites killed 'em all three in that cabin, and you fellows didn't smell a mouse till it was all over. (*Miners gather around.*)

TIM. Well, them three miners was kind o' exclusive like, just as if they war a bit afraid of suthin'. They come from Hannibal, Missouri. But they was good miners and good neighbors, too, and was a makin' money like mud.

JUDGE. Yes, hard workers. Struck it, too, in the

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channel afore Sandy and me went out to meet the emigrants that time?

TIM. Yes, you remember 'em, Judge. All strong, healthy, handsome fellows. But you see—shoo! Be careful, boys, when you speak of it—but they was of that hundred masked men that killed the Mormon Prophet, Joe Smith.

JUDGE. And the Danites hunted 'em down, every one, even away out here in the heart of the Sierras.

TIM. Yes. Three as fine, hearty fellows as ever you see, and a makin' money like dirt, when along comes a chap, gets in with 'em, and the first thing you know, a rope breaks in the shaft, and one of 'em is killed. Then the water breaks in one night, and one is drowned. And then the last one of the three is found dead at the foot of the crag yonder.

JUDGE. And nobody suspectin' nothin' all this time?

TIM. No. But they did, at last, and when me and the boys went there and found that long-haired stranger chap gone, and all their clothes, and all the gold scattered over the floor, why we knew it was—Shoo! Danites!

JUDGE. Left all their clothes, and just lots of gold scattered all over the cabin floor! When I got back, and heard about the gold, I went right up—

TIM. But too late, Judge. The old clothes was there, but the gold—well, that had evaporated.

JUDGE. 'Yes, you had been there, Tim. I don't want any more old clothes, and come to think, I don't want any gold that comes to a fellow's hand like that. Why, boys, that little old cabin is haunted, and that boy a livin' in it.

TIM. And all alone, boys.

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JUDGE. Well, if that boy don't see ghosts in that cabin, livin' all alone by hisself like that—there ain't any, that's all. How long's he been there, Tim?

TIM. I don't know. Month or two, maybe. You see after the men was all dead, and that stranger chap skipped out, nobody liked to go near the cabin; kinder 'fraid of the Danites. (*Enter Bill Hickman and Carter L. C.*)

JUDGE. Shoo Tim! See! (*Miners fall back down L.*)

HICKMAN. (*Making sign to Barkeeper.*) Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels so that his rider shall fall backwards. (*They grasp hands, drink and exit L. C.*)

TIM. Them's Danites.

JUDGE. (*Grasping pickhandle.*) Well, as Judge of this ar camp, I'd just like to purify this glorious climate of California with—

TIM. Judge! Judge! The Bar keep too? a Danite; didn't you see the grip he gave? You don't know who is and who ain't. Now just you remember them three poor fellows up the Canyon and keep still: Hello! My Pard. (*Enter Sandy and the Parson L. C. and cross to Bar.*)

SANDY. Come boys. (*All make rush to Bar.*) Well, you are all alive here I see.

PARSON. None of these 'uns dead Sandy, eh? (*All laugh.*) But poor Dolores. Just been a help-in' Capt. Tommy and Bunkerhill put her in the coffin.

SANDY. Was starved to death. Yes she was boys, and right here. Yes, and Tim, when you went to get a subscription for the Dutchman that broke his leg—