

FELBERG ENGLISH READERS

# CALAMITY JANE'S LAST ADVENTURE

EDWARD L. WHEELER



SIMPLIFIED EDITION

  
Felberg SJA

*FELBERG ENGLISH READERS*

# **CALAMITY JANE'S LAST ADVENTURE**

Simplified edition of a story by  
**EDWARD L. WHEELER**

**ELEMENTARY LEVEL**

Adaptation and Exercises: Jerzy Siemasz  
Series Editor: Adam Wolański

Warsaw 2002

Reviewers:  
*Aldona Stepaniuk*  
*Ewa Wolańska*

Copy editor:  
*Natica Schmeder*

Production editor:  
*Barbara Gluza*

Cover designer:  
*Andrzej-Ludwik Włoszczyński*

Illustrator:  
*Dariusz Miroński*

DTP:  
*A.L.W. GRAFIK*

Text and illustrations copyright ©  
by FELBERG SJA Publishing House, 2002

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Printed in Poland  
ISBN 83-88667-11-4

## PROLOGUE



For the reader or moviegoer, the West was not so much **discovered** as . . . **invented** by writers, impresarios, and advertising men. **Suffice it to say** that there is only one authentic photograph in existence of a gunfight in the times of the Wild West (1850-90). And the man in it has a **rifle** rather than a pistol . . . But here we offer you an authentic, original jewel. The legendary “Calamity Jane”

(Martha Jane Canary Burke 1852(?)–1903) was an expert **markswoman** and rider—dressed as a man—and **held her own** in rough mining-town society. She was a **scout** for General George Custer in Wyoming, a companion of another legend “Wild Bill” Hickok, the best sheriff of them all; and a heroine in the **gold rush** town of Deadwood, South Dakota, where she is **buried** beside Hickok. She is the **main character** of *Deadwood Dick on Deck, or Calamity Jane the Heroine of Whoop Up*, an Edward L. Wheeler dime novel. And also a heroine of many a story, legend, **tall tale**, and song of the Wild West.



---

**discover** odkryć; **invent** wymyślić; **suffice it to say** wystarczy powiedzieć, że; **rifle** karabin; **markswoman** kobieta strzelec wyborowy; **hold one's own** stawić czoło komuś, czemuś; **scout** wywiadowca; **gold rush** gorączka złota; **bury** pochować; **main character** tu: bohaterka; **dime novel** dosł. powieść za dziesięć centów, popularny w XIX wieku gatunek sensacyjnych opowieści o zawadiakach z Dzikiego Zachodu; **tall tale** rodzaj legendy ludowej w USA

## CHAPTER ONE

There was a town by the name of Death Notch in Nevada. It was a mining camp. They say that nobody but **rascals and rough** could live there. Even the sheriff and his men thought twice before entering the town. It used to be an Indian camp, but a notorious **gambler** named Piute Dave came with his gang and drove the Indians away. Now a hundred and fifty people of the rough type lived there. And Piute Dave ruled as king over them.

In the days of the Indians, the town had been called Sequoy. Next—Golden Eagle, to be finally named Death Notch, with a particular reason.

When the Indians had been driven away, their Chief Red Hatchet **vowed** to kill every white man who should enter it. He would mark each death by a **notch** on the tall young tree that grew at the **edge** of town.

With time, the number of the death notches grew. And that's why the place was named so. As Piute Dave added new roughs to his gang, however, the number of Indians grew smaller. And soon no more death notches appeared on the tree.

Death Notch was proud of being the midway **stage** station between the towns of Helena and Pioche. Passengers traveling from Pioche to Helena transferred at Death Notch. The arrivals and departures of stages being irregular, passengers had to stay in Death Notch for days . . .

The Wednesday's stage of the second week of September arrived at noon. There were but two passengers today. The first thing they saw when they got out was the Poker House. The driver went there as soon as he stopped the horses. He left the passengers to take care of themselves. One passenger was a pretty young lady of seventeen or eighteen. She had a fine figure, starry black eyes, and brown hair. She wore a fine dress, and seemed to be the most elegant person to arrive in the town in many a day.

---

**rascals and rough** *lotry i brutale*; **gambler** *gracz, hazardzista, szuler*;  
**vow** *ślubować*; **notch** *karb*; **edge** *kraniec*; **stage** skrót od: **stagecoach**  
*dyliżans*

The other was a black man. He had a large mouth and feet of extraordinary size. Dressed in wide pantaloons, a white vest and shirt, a coat, and a white hat, he carried a bag. It seemed to have an instrument shaped like a banjo. The young lady carried a handbag.

“Can you tell me, sir, how long before the stage will leave for Helena?” she asked a rough-looking individual on a bench before the saloon.

“No, ma’am, I can’t. Ask Hank Shakespeare, the poet, who’s coming over here.”

Of brute strength, with four large revolvers and a bowie knife, the man looked anything but a poet.

“Hello! A nigger and a girl, hey! Howdy, ma’am! Are you going to settle here?”

“No, I wish to find out what time the stage leaves for Helena.”

“No stage before next Wednesday, sure, because the last started six hours ago.”

“Oh! That’s too bad! Can we get horses to overtake the stage?”

“The only thing with four legs is a pair of oxen.”

“Can you help us overtake the stage? I’ll give you dollars,” the girl asked the driver, who had returned from the saloon.

“Not even for a hundred, ma’am. You’d better get a room at Poker Jack’s ranch till next week. And hide your face so that the boys don’t see you,” the driver advised her.

So they entered the saloon, which had a bar and a gambling room.

There were a dozen of rough-looking fellows there. But one, looking nicer than the rest, got up and came forward as the passengers entered. He was dressed in white woolens, had a not bad-looking face and black eyes. There was a cynical expression under his moustache.

“Excuse me, but did you wish to see me?”

“If you are the owner, yes, sir,” the girl answered.

---

vest *kamizelka*; bowie knife *długi nóż w pochwie*; nigger pogardliwe określenie Murzyna; overtake *dogonić*; ox (l.mn.: oxen) *wół*; hide, hid, hidden *ukryć, schować*; woolens *odzież z wełny*; moustache *wąsy*

“I understand that you wish first-class rooms. My name is Poker Jack, at your service. If you **register** your names, I’ll show you where you can stay.”

They went to the desk and registered the black man as Nicodemus Johnsing, Star Comedian and the young lady as Miss Vergie Verner of New York.

Then Poker Jack escorted them to their rooms upstairs. They were just over the large bar and gambling-room.

“We would prefer to have our meals in our rooms,” Miss Verner said.

“As you like, miss. Have you any baggage?”

“It will be here soon, sir.”

After he had gone, the girl called Nic.

“We shall have trouble in this place. There are only men here and the most evil-looking I ever **came across**. And my enemy may follow us, you know. Though God only knows what he can do in this place.”

The baggage soon arrived and was unloaded in front of the Poker House. On one of the two **trunks** was a part of a theater **bill**. It read:

**MISS VERGIE VERNER  
THE CHARMING VOCALIST  
AND MUSICIAN**

On the other:

**NICODEMUS JOHNSING,  
BANJOIST AND DANCER**

A crowd stood, read, and thought over those words. Hank Shakespeare was among them.

---

*register* wpisać się do książki hotelowej; *come across* napotkać; *trunk* kufer podróżny; *bill* rzecz. 1. plakat, afisz, 2. banknot, czas. obwiesić plakatami

“They’re a pair of show people on their way to Helena. I tell you what! We take them into the barroom tonight and make them give us a show. What do you say?”

About sunset of that same day, a young girl was walking near the town. She was picking wild flowers and singing. **At first glance**, she looked like an Indian. But her lighter skin showed a mixture of white blood in her **veins**. Quite pretty with black hair, she was dressed like an Indian princess.

“By the way, little bird, tell us what you’re doing,” someone said.

A well-dressed man with a big moustache came out of the **bushes**. The Indian girl wanted to run away. But he was quick and caught her by the arm.

“Sit down and answer some questions which I shall ask you.” And he forced her to sit down on a fallen tree. “Don’t be afraid. Just tell me how far is it from here to Death Notch.”

“A couple of miles, or so.”

“Now what is your name?”

“Siska, sir. Please let me go. I must return to the wigwam of my father.”

“Don’t be in such a hurry. Give me a kiss before you go, or my name’s not Carrol Carner.”

She **screamed** and fought violently.

“You’re as strong as a bear. I have you now, though. And now for my kiss!”

“Forget it, stranger,” a voice cried. In a moment, Carrol Carner was lying on the ground. A handsome fellow stood over him—Deadwood Dick. “You thought you had this little girl, because she was alone and unprotected?”

“Who are you?” Carrol Carner cried, rising to a sitting position.

“I don’t carry any visiting cards,” Dick replied, “as usually a sheriff puts them everywhere. ‘Five hundred dollars for Deadwood Dick, dead or alive.’”

---

at first glance *na pierwszy rzut oka*; vein *żyła*; bush *krzak*; scream *wrzasnąć*

“You shall answer for this. I’m going to Death Notch. If you come there too, I’ll **punish** you.”

“You may look for me tonight,” Deadwood Dick said.

“I’ll go now but you’ll remember me.”

“Out with you! Away from the girl!” Dick cried.

When Carrol Carner had gone, Dick turned to the Indian girl.

“You were lucky I was nearby.”

“You’re **brave** and very good. Red Hatchet will be very glad when I tell him about it.”

“So you’re Red Hatchet’s daughter, are you?”

“Yes, I am. How do you know about him?”

“I heard the history of Red Hatchet and Death Notch.”

“It’s full of bad men. And Red Hatchet has placed a **curse** on their heads and all who enter the town to stay. Surely, you are going there?”

“Well, I thought I’d visit. If anyone is in trouble, I can help them.”

“Then I’ll give you a **token** to protect you from Red Hatchet and his Indians,” Siska said. She took a large tin star from her pocket and **pinned** it to Dick’s vest. And she was off into the wood like a young antelope.

## **CHAPTER TWO**

There was a mountain not far away from Death Notch. Its top was as flat as a floor. Not noticeable from Death Notch, the top was a fine observation point, from where the town was quite easy to watch.

On that afternoon Red Hatchet was watching the town through powerful **binoculars**. He was an old Indian. Once a great fighter, he was now almost in his second childhood from old age. He noticed the two newcomers that the stage had brought.

**punish** *ukarać*; **brave** *odważny*; **curse** *przekleństwo*; **token** *pamiątka*;  
**pin** *przypiąć*; **binoculars** *lornetka*

“I wonder what brings them. Don’t they know of the curse upon the place and all who enter it? They all shall die for **driving** my people **away** from Sequoy.”

“And why do you hate them so, Red-man?” a voice asked suddenly.

When the old chief turned, he saw a monster of a man. His whole face was covered with hair. The head was without a hat. He was a **dwarf** with a **hump** on his back. His clothes were dirty and his fingernails, long like those of a wild bird. A wild fire was burning in his eyes. The hair on his head was standing in all directions, making his head look double its real size.

“Are you a devil?” the chief asked.

“Yes, the devil dwarf,” the hairy monster answered.

“But I understand your hate. The white men have **wronged** me too. And I have vowed to cut out the heart of every white devil I meet.”

“You are brave,” the chief said. “Once, I was brave too, but now my hands are not strong for fighting.”

“Why don’t you get me to **strike** for you?” the dwarf asked.

“But I have no gold to pay you.”

“It is not money that I want. I have plenty of gold. But I saw a **jewel** that belongs to you. I would walk through fire to get her. So I promise to kill off everybody in that town if you give me a chance.”

“I agree. If you do this and my people can go back to their place, I’ll give Siska to you.”

“Then call the girl. We’ll sign this agreement with her blood,” the dwarf said.

And an hour later they did so . . . Death Notch was **doomed**.

Shakespeare’s word was the law in Death Notch. He had fought and won in a fair fight with everybody, including Piute Dave. Nobody troubled him, because he was always ready to **shoot down** a fellow when angry.

---

**drive away** *przepędzić*; **dwarf** *karzeł*; **hump** *garb*; **wrong** *skrzywdzić*; **strike, struck, struck** *uderzać, zadawać ciosy, razić, walczyć*; **jewel** *klejnot*; **(be) doomed** *skazany na zagładę*; **shoot, shot, shot down** *zastrzelić*