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Sample file

THE TOMBSTONE EPITAPH: DISPUTED LANDS EDITION

Volume 5

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THE GREAT FLOOD STRIKES!

Welcome to the latest edition of the *Tombstone Epitaph*, Loyal Readers! We have witnessed in the past two weeks what will perhaps be remembered as the Disaster of the Century. We speak, of course, of the Great Flood of 1880, which tore a swath of destruction across the lower half of California and the Great Maze on August 23 of this year.

In the high plateau town of Perdition, we witnessed the colossal wave as it appeared on the horizon and surged inland. An instant later the mesas and channels of the southern Maze were engulfed, swallowed whole by the green, frothing Pacific. Still the towering wave grew.

Its breakers reached toward the sky and momentarily blotted out the sun. Up in Perdition, citizens watched in awe as the rumbling wall of water began to fall, smashing squarely onto the City of Lost Angels below.

Countless lives were lost in the massive deluge. Knowledgeable folks believe the Reverend Ezekiah Grimme and most of his loyal church followers were among those killed. Many settlements were simply washed away as though they'd never been. Ships traveling the channels, and the miners working them for ghost rock, simply vanished—swallowed up by the sea. Most of the fearsome Mexican Armada

was sunk at San Diego, and the ruins of Mexicali were briefly submerged under ten feet of water. It will likely be years before the full scope of the disaster is catalogued and revealed to the world.

It would seem, however, that the State of California has become what it never truly was under Grimme's watch—independent. We at the *Epitaph* watch and wait for further developments on that front from our branch office in Perdition, California. As the news breaks you may rest assured we will deliver it to you in a timely fashion!

Your Chronicler,
Lacy O'Malley



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Rail War Two

For months before disaster struck Lost Angels, the so-called Maze Wars were heating up in the ghost-rock-rich channels of California. The Rail Barons raided each others' claims, skirmished in the narrow channels and on the windswept mesas, and tried to ship out as much fundament as possible despite the Wasatch stranglehold on Lost Angels' imports and exports via rail.

After the Flood, Wasatch still enjoys its favored status with Lost Angels and the ghost rock contracts of both the Union and Confederacy – not to mention a huge head-start on competitors – but other Rail Barons are moving to establish coastal settlements now that Lost Angels no longer dominates the region. They will be forced to do battle over the shipping lanes, since only a few truly navigable channels exist. And so the next phase of the Rail Wars begins.

In the Disputed Territories – especially Colorado and Kansas – the Rail Barons jockey to consolidate their holdings. Union Blue and Black River have run the most new spurs in these areas, and have come into conflict with each other most often. Don't believe for a second the other Rail Barons' adamant claims of innocence in these affairs! Their agents are everywhere, active in the shadows.

If the Battle of Lost Angels ('79) marked the unofficial end of the first Great Rail War, then the spark



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that touched off the next phase was the battle called Broken Rails.

Battle of Broken Rails

In mid-'79 Richard Barney divested himself of his interest in the Kansas City & Little Rock Rail Co., perhaps sensing a dire future for the small rail concern. Majority ownership passed to a loose affiliation of West Coast ghost rock magnates, who figured they would take advantage of the ceasefire and their new company's idle workers by laying a profitable line from Kansas City to Lawrence. Obviously they didn't take enough time to research the area they proposed to build upon—their new line arrowed directly into Bloody Kansas.

Workers began laying rails in late July. Almost immediately they were targeted by Indians and Northern partisans in bloody raids. The Confederate States of America responded, calling upon their staunch ally Fitzhugh Lee and his company Dixie Rails, who shipped rail warriors into Kansas City and posted them all along the new line to fight back against the raiders.

Joshua Chamberlain took considerable umbrage to this development, and Union Blue's response was swift. Chamberlain ordered track laid from Topeka to Lawrence, and no sooner was the ink dry on the order than the combined forces of Union Blue and Smith & Robards commenced work. After the punishment of the transcontinental race, running a line to Lawrence was child's play for Union Blue's crews.

Upon winning the race to Lawrence, UB dispatched forces to deal with the upstart Kansas City liners. On October 30, 1879, the explosive might of Union Blue came down upon the KC and their Dixie Rails allies. For the first time the full might of a Rail Baron was turned loose upon mostly civilian rail workers, and the results were horrendous.

The presence of Union Blue steam tanks with mounted Gatlings, and former soldiers equipped with jetpacks and flamethrowers, turned the battle into a murderous rout. Casualties were high, numbering around 500. Grassfires ignited by the fighting swept east, destroying acres of farmland and causing even more civilian deaths.

Secrets Revealed!

According to informants who wish to remain anonymous, several other participants were present during the fighting—saboteurs in the service of Bayou Vermilion, Black River witches providing aid to Dixie Rails, and even a few Wasatch X-Squads on hand to throw wrenches into any gears that seemed unguarded. All at once the chaos of the Rail Wars had returned.

Even now reports of restless dead swirl around the battle site. One eyewitness described a terrible experience: "On a moonlit night we were headed back to Lawrence. We shouldn't have been on the road so late, I reckon. We saw a whole crew of railroad men laying track in the dead of night. We came close, and were horrified to see that the men were

bloody and half-mangled ghosts, yet they continued to work. They even sang a working song. Then a hail of bullets tore them to shreds before our eyes, and—Lord help me—they got up and went back to their work!"

Various sources report the fighting among the Rail Barons is only getting started, so plan your travel accordingly.

Union Election Delayed!

The Democrats settled on their nominee back in June, but incredibly the fight goes on within the Republican party. Presidential incumbent Ulysses S. Grant and James A. Garfield, whose thrilling speeches made him a front-runner, continue their legal and political wrangling while the Union wrings its collective hands. Recently, the leading Republican party candidates scheduled two debates to take place in Washington DC in September. The first is open to the public and the second is slated to take place in a closed session of Congress.

Some political experts note that the gloomy outlook in the West may determine the candidates' fortunes. President Grant counts the ceasefire as one of the greatest achievements of his tenure as President, and a heck of a good reason to elect him again. But with the situation deteriorating daily in Kansas, partisan attacks on the rise, and the continuing Sioux aggression around Deadwood,

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Garfield has plenty of ammunition for use against his rival.

The unprecedented delay in nominating a candidate has brought criticism from all sides, but the experts assure us it's just a matter of time before all claims are settled and the electoral process is back on track. Anonymous sources, however, hint darkly that other forces may be to blame for delaying the Union election. Rumors of a shadowy cabal of Northeastern bankers continue to swirl, but no one's willing to name names.

As anyone who hasn't been living under a rock knows, President Grant is widely considered a sure thing to lock up the vote and return to the Oval Office next January. Few believe Democratic challenger Winfield S.

Hancock to be a viable opponent, despite his honorable war record and broad base of support.

The Sioux Nations

Interest in Deadwood and the Sioux Nations has been growing Back East, as Custer's agents continue to drum up sympathy and monetary support for the rogue officer. While most admit Custer acted without proper authority in establishing a military camp on the eastern banks of the Missouri River, a growing number of US citizens are willing to put that in the past and concentrate on what benefit Lt. Colonel George Armstrong Custer can provide the Union

now. So more and more eyes turn toward the besieged boomtown called Deadwood.

The Sioux remain willing to suffer the mining of the Black Hills, but the tribal wicasas respond with more violence every time their territory is violated. Through it all the militant Order of the Raven works among the tribes to raise support for a more extreme solution—open war with the white invaders. So far they haven't garnered any support significant enough to mention.

Ghost Rock Slaughter

In late-breaking news, almost a dozen miners were murdered in the Black Hills south of Deadwood, just two weeks ago. The remains were discovered on



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August 27 by one Ezra Smalls. By all accounts the men were killed at some point during the prior two days. According to Smalls, "That camp was in quite a state. I can't even relate what they done to those poor devils. Scalping was nothing compared to that massacre."

The bodies were found in various states of mutilation, making quick identification difficult. Marshal Seth Bullock has vowed to undertake a full investigation of the crime.

Preliminary reports on the identity of the attackers conflict. Most claim the Sioux swept in and killed the miners – eleven of them were working the claim, after all, in clear violation of the Deadwood Creek Treaty. Other sources (who wish to remain nameless) claim the Deadwood Miner's Association is not without culpability in the incident, although attempts by this reporter to find out more were strongly rebuffed. Suffice to say, head of the DMA Frank Bryant declined to comment.

But still other reports point to what might be the real culprits – ghost miners. Stories of the vengeful spirits of ghost rock miners who wander the Black Hills, hunting the living, have refused to die away, and perhaps with good reason.

Drumming Up Support

Presidential hopeful James A. Garfield has used the Deadwood Slaughter in recent days as a source of provocative rhetoric. Said he at a stump speech on Sept. 2:

With the ceasefire all but unraveled, I ask you again – what has my rival done to preserve the lives of the Union's citizens? For there are citizens of the Union in Deadwood, my friends, despite my august competitor's claims to the contrary. Yes, there are citizens of the Union in the middle of the so-called Sioux Nations, besieged by bloodthirsty savages!

Twelve of them were killed only days ago, and President Grant continues to make excuses. He continues to hold the ill-used Lt. Colonel Custer at arm's length. Meanwhile Sitting Bull holds our people hostage, and he holds out the riches of the Black Hills like a shiny lure, all because we are too timid to act. This timidity shall end when I am elected President!

Garfield's statements were answered with loud applause and cheers from his supporters. Time will tell what response, if any, the Union makes to this latest killing in the Black Hills.

Ghost Dancers

A new "medicine society" has begun to gain strength and influence among the native tribes. These Indians pay tribute to their spirit totems by means of a sacred dance that, they claim, has the ability to banish fear and resurrect the dead! Only a few shamans are said to know the deepest secrets of the Ghost Dance, and those who know typically do not admit to it.

Needless to say this reporter has not witnessed any such



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miracles, nor could contact be made with the society. In fact the leadership of the Ghost Dancers is not quite clear. By many accounts a charismatic and much-loved Paiute chief named Wovoka is responsible for keeping the Ghost Dance alive. But other Indians make claims of various great chiefs serving as the society's leader. Some say Coyote himself leads the movement.

What is most interesting about the Ghost Dance is that it crosses all borders, from the Sioux Nations to the Coyote Confederation. Observers are not sure what to make of such a widespread alliance of Indians, but few think it's a good thing for the Union or the Confederacy. Whether their accord bodes good or ill for the Disputed Territories is still up in the air.

Satan's Garden

About five miles southwest of Deadwood there's a place that can only be described as *Hell on earth*. It was once the site of the Chance Venture Mine, one of the biggest ghost rock strikes outside the Great Maze, owned and operated by Norman Chance and his younger brother William. We were able to dig up some details on what happened there—and what evil remains!

According to the local miners' legends, one night after spending some time toasting their good fortune in town the two Chance siblings decided to pay a visit to their mine. In their polluted state, it didn't occur to them to fire up the steam-powered fans they used

to suck any accumulated vapors out of the shaft.

It's said that Norman lit a cigar to celebrate his newfound fortune and entered the mine. The tremendous explosion that followed shattered the earth around the mine shaft, and exposed a deposit of ghost rock larger than the crispy Chance brothers had ever dreamed possible. It also ignited it.

The fire is still burning. Fountains of flame erupt through the holes torn by the explosion, and the eerie wail of burning ghost rock echoes through the hills. When the wind is right the sound can be heard in Deadwood. There are those who claim they can hear the Chance brothers still screaming in agony, locked in a prison of flame.

It would literally take a river to put out a ghost-rock fire of such proportions. Some entrepreneurial souls have tried other methods of getting at the fortune going up in smoke, but so far all have failed. One mad scientist named Hiram Burns travels the area with his daughter and his Aetheric Vortex Generator, spouting a crazy theory about "drawing the phlogiston out of ghost rock, then dousing the essence with exotic fluids."

Miners near the eternal fires of Satan's Garden report occasional sightings of fiery, lizard-like creatures cavorting in the flames. All these eyewitnesses might be telling tall tales inspired by empty whiskey bottles, but we here at the *Epitaph* prefer to take such excuses with a grain of salt.

Colorado

Lest you receive the impression we at the *Epitaph* have switched over to purely political coverage, reports from mountainous Colorado bring more news of the odd and inexplicable...

New, New Jerusalem Blues

If you're traveling the Overland Trail headed west, be sure to stop in at the friendly little burg of New Jerusalem, which lies along the Denver-Pacific's Cheyenne spur. It's like a lot of other towns in Colorado, with folks making their living off a combination of ghost rock mining and catering to travelers headed over the Rockies. But there's one big difference with New Jerusalem—according to some knowledgeable folks, New Jerusalem *didn't exist* prior to early 1880. Impossible, you say? Read on.

Numerous authorities on the Overland Trail's way stops (both major and obscure) have refuted the existence of New Jerusalem. In support of their claims, no map prior to 1880 depicts the town of New Jerusalem at all. Skeptics might chalk this up to the generally untrustworthy nature of cartography, but even locals as close as Boulder say they never heard of New Jerusalem until recently. A few go so far as to flatly deny it ever was.

A visit to New Jerusalem confirmed that the town had long-standing roots, so to speak. Yet in

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this reporter's studied opinion there is *no possible means* by which the town could have been built early in 1880 and then aged to its present state. Buildings' foundations show several years' age, and the existence of a cemetery—with settled graves as old as 11 years—seems to put the lie to claims of spontaneous appearance.

When asked about her town's origins and the odd claims, Mayor Fidelia Plude just shrugged and remarked, "I guess we haven't made enough of a ruckus to be noticed yet. We'll be sure to fix that!"

Who Watches the Wasatch?

Word of Hellstromme's amazing Plutonian Express—which barrels through lightless tunnels coast-to-coast and thus, like its namesake, rules the underworld—has reached every part of the nation, thanks to the *Epitaph's* recent exposé and all-access interview with the esteemed Dr. Darius Hellstromme himself.

In the days before the Battle of Lost Angels, Hellstromme professed his great love for humanity and his desire to use Wasatch as a vehicle to better

the lives of citizens everywhere. He punctuated those remarks by dropping three "Ghostfire Bombs" on the battlefield at Lost Angels. As a result, the collection of shanties known as Ghost Town was incinerated, resulting in a catastrophic loss of innocent life and fires that continue to burn even in the wake of the Flood.

Now Hellstromme finds himself facing more enemies than ever before, as his rival Rail Barons lick their wounds and look for opportunities to counterstrike. One likely target seems to be the eastern entrance to the Plutonian Tunnel, where an armed Wasatch



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outpost called Camp Hades guards the open tunnel into the Rocky Mountains. Hellstromme's steam-powered monstrosities patrol the foothills all around, and several squads of rail warriors armed with prototype weapons make the rounds as well.

Representatives of other Rail Barons have been sighted in the region, keeping tabs on the rolling stock going in and out of the Plutonian Tunnel. Those that haven't been sighted are assumed to be lurking in the shadows or in plain sight. This reporter noted an air of expectancy around the Wasatch camp, as though something big were in the offing.

Ghosts of Derry's Ford

In Derry's Ford, Mayor Luther Neally recently unveiled a plan to convince Denver-Pacific to run a spur from Denver to their small town, bringing untold wealth and prosperity for all. A lot of folks got behind the plan, and with good reason.

But almost immediately rumors circulated of an evil presence out at Carstairs Canyon. Then a few hunters disappeared in the area. Folks started hearing distant screams from the woods in that direction. When DP officials started to hedge on the deal, supporters of the plan blamed the rumormongers for scaring them off with pure hogwash. The rail plan for Derry's Ford remains in limbo until the situation is resolved.

Bubbling in the Cauldron

Speaking of rail plans, some say the Denver-Pacific line west of Denver is still plagued by things spawned during the Battle of the Cauldron in 1877. As you know, that battle was the absolute largest of the Great Rail Wars until the Battle of Lost Angels came along to blow away all previous death tolls. Involving forces of all the Rail Barons, it swirled through the Rocky Mountain foothills for a full month. The loss of life and materiel was considerable. Finally some decisive blow must have been struck, because all the Rail Barons abruptly gave up and withdrew their forces.

Today there is only a tiny jerkwater town known as Cauldron perched at the edge of a crater to mark the battle's occurrence. This reporter traveled through the area where the battle once raged, and from the vantage point of a rail car at the very center of the battlefield I saw nothing untoward. Denver-Pacific seems to have done a fine job of cleaning up the mess. Yet the troubling tales of killings and disappearances in the region continue.

As we have for the past three years, the *Epitaph* is offering a reward of \$200 to anyone with information leading to the whereabouts of our reporter Whorley Thompson. Whorley was dispatched from the Tombstone office in '77 to cover the conflict firsthand, and both he and his *Epitaph* camera vanished in the fighting. An additional \$150 is offered for the recovery of the

camera's plates, whether developed or undeveloped, in the hope they might shed some light on events during the Battle of the Cauldron.

Kansas

Nowhere in the Weird West will you find more lawlessness, bloodshed, and mayhem than Bloody Kansas. The heart of the Disputed Lands, this region is balanced on a razor blade between North and South.

Though the situation improved for a brief time after the ceasefire, events following the Battle of Broken Rails led to an even more volatile mix of competing forces. Territorial Wars between rival towns flare up with ever greater frequency. These days Kansas is a rough place to live and a hazardous place to travel through. With the rise in violence has come a new surge of weirdness.

Peacetown

The Union Blue and Black River lines through Kansas converge and meet at Dodge City. Since relations soured between those companies, "Peacetown" has seen an upswing in violent crime. Even the Reb and Bluebelly partisans who'd seemingly gotten used to living amongst one another have taken to feuding again. Marshal Larry Deger is at a loss to explain the ripples of hostility moving through the populace. There have been more violations of Dodge City's no-firearms policy in the past year than in the prior three years combined.

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Visitors to Dodge City should take care not to be out alone after dark. Strangers have a distressing tendency to disappear in Peacetown, and it's not known what faction might be responsible. Most folks just point the finger at the closest enemy, but a few whisper that actual body snatchers hunt the streets in the dead of night.

Return of the Stagecoach Robber!

After a self-imposed exile of two years, the dapper swindler known as the Stagecoach Robber has returned to raid the rails around Dodge City. It's said he wears

the garb of an old-time European footman, complete with tricorne hat and silver-buckled shoes, and hides his identity behind a mask. He drives a souped-up steam wagon that rides rails just as well as it does trails. Moreover, the vehicle is *fast*—no one has yet been able to outrun it by horse, steam wagon, or locomotive.

We've yet to hear a report of the stagecoach robber being discourteous, much less violent, which is a refreshing change for Kansas! If you must be robbed, you could do much worse than the Stagecoach Robber. That hasn't prevented Marshal Larry Deger from offering a \$500 reward for his

apprehension, dead or alive. With the recent departure of deputy Wyatt Earp for Tombstone, Arizona Territory, Marshal Deger is under even more pressure these days to keep the peace.

Night Trains

Eerie tales from all over Kansas—and indeed, other parts of the country as well—speak of "Night Trains," old broken-down locomotives pulling boarded-up passenger cars that almost look like pine coffins in the moonlight. It's said a Night Train pulls into town at midnight and its whistle shrieks like a banshee. Then hell comes home to roost.



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According to eyewitnesses the pale spirits of the dead are set loose into town to drag sinners back to the train, which departs about fifteen minutes later. Those poor souls who vanish onto the Night Train are never seen again. The true nature of these ghost trains, whether there are indeed many or just one, and where they originated, are mysteries that have never been solved. Stories have circulated since as early as 1876, when the town of Varney Flats suffered a devastating visit by a Night Train.

Today the small town of New Varney Flats stands on the same location, and no one there knows anything about the phenomenon—nothing they're willing to speak aloud, at least.

Working on the Railroads

Battles between Rail Barons always seem to accompany the laying of track, and that's what has been going on all over Kansas. Wasatch got the idea to forge a profitable "cattle spur" into Kansas back in 1878, but they were decisively annihilated at Hill City by a coalition of Union Blue rail warriors and pro-North partisans. Wasatch's designs on Kansas were rebuffed, but that didn't stop the fighting—not by a long shot!

Now that the newest phase of the Rail Wars has come, the Rail Barons are busily expanding their holdings within Kansas. Union Blue began construction on a spur south from Salina to the Santa Fe Trail, and Black River

responded by laying tracks of their own toward the intersection of the Santa Fe and old Chisholm Trail. Black River already has a new Wichita Line connecting that town to the main railroad. It's a fair bet that both companies are trying to lock up the cattle trade once and for all, but the victor is yet undeclared.

Oklahoma

Though it's technically a Disputed Territory, everyone knows Oklahoma is pretty solidly Confederate. That simple fact has been leading to big troubles lately, as tensions keep rising between Oklahoma settlers and the war parties raiding along the Coyote Confederation's borders.

The Confederacy keeps promising they'll step in with some relief for the settlers, but to do so would violate the ceasefire and almost certainly

cause an immediate resumption of Northern hostilities. The diplomats are still wrangling as the election approaches. Meanwhile Oklahoma has become little more than a free-for-all.

Perry Nights

The wide-open town of Perry, Oklahoma—more commonly known as "Hell's Half-Acre"—was first revealed to the nation in the *Tombstone Epitaph's* 1877 *Update*. The town's reputation as a hotbed of intrigue has only grown as the Indian crisis continues to intensify. With every Kiowa or Comanche raid the Oklahomans get closer to taking affairs into their own hands.

Chris Madsen, Bill Tilghman, and Heck Thomas—the "Three Guardsmen"—are still the top law dogs in Perry, and they do a fine job of keeping the place from flying apart at the seams. Representatives and agents of



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every government, rail company, and strange cult in North America can be found in Perry at one time or another...if one knows where to look. Any one of the town's 100 saloons is a fine place to start.

Most of Perry's business revolves around cattle, so the local ranchers also maintain a presence in town in the form of their rowdy cowboys. Plenty of Indians from the Coyote Confederation visit town as well, so it's not unusual to see enthusiastic brawls between cowboys and Indians when the whiskey flows freely.

On the Warpath

The Comanches, led by half-breed Chief Quannah Parker, have stepped up their raids along the Coyote Confederation border. Homesteads have recently been found put to the flame, every single inhabitant gone without a trace. Though none have actually seen the mysterious raiders and lived to tell about it, all sources agree that the signs left by the assailants point directly at the Comanches.

Coyote Confederation

The Coyote Confederation, whose unofficial "open secret" of an allegiance with the CSA we reported last year, has become more secretive and hostile. With the increase in raids across the Oklahoma border it is looking more and more certain that the mysterious leader known only

as Coyote intends to return all of Oklahoma to Indian Territory. The fact that Coyote has still refrained from revealing his (or her) identity makes it a little more difficult to ascribe any certain motives.

In Search of Quivira

The lost village of Quivira, long rumored to hold clues to the location of the fabled Seven Cities of Gold, is said to lie somewhere in the northern reaches of the Indian Lands, near the Flint Hills. The Explorer's Society offers a standing reward of \$350 for a reliable map to lead explorers to the ruined village. Of late, another searcher seems to be looking in that area.

We at the *Epitaph* have received an exclusive report identifying that lone searcher as Captain William D. Hamilton of the Texas Rangers. Little is known about Hamilton's past, but he is thought to be a young gun on the rise in the Rangers' organization. What precisely he is looking for in the Coyote Confederation, or whether he has found signs of Quivira, has not been confirmed.

Texas Panhandle

The Texas-Western Trail leads south into the Panhandle from Dodge City, and provides Texas ranchers with a far safer route for driving their cattle to market than the old Chisholm Trail (which runs smack dab through

the Coyote Confederation). Of late the Panhandle has proven it can be just as dangerous as Indian lands.

Horror at Adobe Walls

The village of Adobe Walls has been a ruined ghost town since the last battle there in 1874. At that battle (as everyone knows) Billy Dixon fired the famous mile-long shot that killed Isatai, former leader of the Confederation tribes. Since then the town has been shunned by whites and Indians alike, all of them ascribing some evil presence to the place.

Last summer a cattle drive out of Amarillo met the horror face-to-face on their way to Dodge. Those few cowboys who could bring themselves to talk about what they saw described a pack of gaunt, rubbery things that shambled along at the edge of the shadows.

"First they put a fright into the beeves," said one eyewitness, "then one of them popped up with a weird howl that sent Jimmy James runnin' home to mama. I ain't seen nothin' like it in my entire life, I swear. We shot straight into them and they didn't care one bit."

Ranchers in Amarillo and farther south have begun hiring troubleshooters and freelancers to add further protection to their cattle drives. When all the profits depend on getting a herd to the rail lines at Dodge, it's worth it to a rancher to pay a little extra dinero for "insurance."

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The Round-Up!

Our recent addition of the page 13 classified section was a smashing success. With Editor John Clum's gracious permission we have expanded the classifieds to include various snippets of weird news from across the Weird West. We baptize this new feature The Round-Up! and ask all readers with good intentions to look into these announcements and see what help they might provide to folks in need.

Colorado

» Cauldron

IRON-WILLED and stalwart hunters needed to track down and kill the source of peculiar noises. See Bill James at the DP ghost rock depository.

MISSING. Andrew Balesworth, husband and father of three. Provide information or whereabouts to Cicily Balesworth, Cauldron Town.

» Denver

GHOST-BUSTERS needed to drive out persistent haunts. See the Night Manager at the Brown Palace Hotel.

PRIME LOTS. Land parcels available at attractive rates. "An ice-cold ghost." Inquire at the Nevada Land Basin Office.

ENFORCERS needed. See Jenny Crosby at the Black River depot. Best pay available, plus free ammunition.

REFURBISHED personal Gatling sidearms and longarms for sale, cheap. Nolan Hitch on Arapaho Ave.

TIRED of TOILING for lesser railroads? Do you crave fair pay, good grub, and a place to rest your head? Interested parties look no further than Dirk Greer at the Wasatch Rail Depot.

Dakota Territory

» Bismarck

INVESTIGATORS sought by Town Council to track down wayward mail. Please inquire with Mayor Freidorf at Town Hall. Resume preferred.

HIRED GUNS. Seeking gunmen to safeguard rolling stock. Experience with natives preferred. Inquire at the Iron Dragon rail depot.

SHOTGUNNERS to guard stagecoaches bound for the Sioux Nations. Inquire at Deadwood Stage Co.

» Fargo

DISAPPEARANCES! Unexplained events in Island Park demand answers. Inquire at the Mayor's office.

Kansas

» Abilene

WANTED! Freelancers to guard cattle herds. Good pay. Inquire at McCoy Ranch.

NOW HIRING bodyguards at Lebold Mansion. See Conrad Lebold.

» Coffeyville

DEPUTIES needed to enforce the Town Council's will. Please provide resume and references to Marshal Barnaby.

» Dodge City

WANTED! Stagecoach Robber, dead or alive. \$500 reward. See Marshal Larry Deger to collect.

LOOKING for a GOOD TIME, cowboy? Visit the Wild Irish Roses on Bridge Street.

NOW HIRING able-bodied rail warriors. Inquire at the Union Blue train depot. Weapons provided.

» Jayhawk Flats

REWARD! A reward of \$200 is offered by the citizens of Jayhawk Flats for any information leading to the capture of known card sharp Jeremiah Bass.

» Lawrence

WANTED! Bloody Bill Quantrill, dead or alive. Reward \$600, plus \$50 per accomplice.

» New Varney Flats

IRON DOOR TREASURE. Local venture capitalist assembling expedition to recover Belle Starr's lost Iron Door Treasure. Skilled woodsmen and trackers only. See Phil Dunlop, Kirby Hotel.

» Topeka

MIRROR WINDOW! See the miraculous portal created by brilliant students of the College of the Sisters of Bethany! Look upon the mysterious World of Spirits! Admission 10¢.

» Wichita

FREAK SHOW! See the Head of Evil and the Hand of Fate! Only 2¢ per viewing.