A Dark Picture of Life as It Is Lived in the Town of Morristown. 

Many afraid to speak here in white men, and the law seems equally pronounces.

The Elk River collier's life is a gloomy one. Most of them live in low hovels and work long hours. Their wages are uncertain and they often go hungry for days. It is a harsh existence, and yet they are a hardy people, and no one can doubt their worth.

The community is divided into two classes, the white men and the Indians. The former are the masters, and the latter are the slaves. The Indians are content to work for the whites, and the whites are content to use them.

The Elk River is a picturesque place. A few miles down the stream is a small village, where the Indians have their homes. The village is situated on a bluff overlooking the river, and is surrounded by a wood.

The schools are poor. The children are taught by itinerant teachers, who come and go as they please. The Indians are content with this, for they have no desire to learn anything else.

The Elk River is a place of contrasts. It is a land of beauty and poverty, of freedom and slavery, of health and disease. It is a place where one can see the best and the worst of mankind.