

Stories of the American Frontier

FREEDOM SERIES

MAXWELL · BASS · ELLIS
HUSTED · DENNY · STEWART

Stories of the American Frontier

Stories Selected From:

Crossing the Plains, Days of '57
by Wm. Audley Maxwell

Stories of Pioneer Life
by Florence Bass

Stories About Indians
by J.A. Merriam and Rufus Merrill

Heart Throbs
by National Magazine

Outdoor Life and Indian Stories
by Edward S. Ellis

Stories of Indian Chieftains
by Mary Hall Husted

Blazing the Way
by Emily Inez Denny

Letters of a Woman Homesteader
by Elinore Pruitt Stewart

Death Strikes the Handcart Company
by Mary Goble Pay

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Stories of Great Americans

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Selected stories from

Stories of Pioneer Life

Florence Bass

Grandfather's Story

Chapter 1

The Trip Down the River

When I was a very small boy I lived on a small rocky farm in Pennsylvania. My father had a large family of seven children to support.

He thought he could do better by going West, so he traded his farm for a flat-boat, in which we were to go down the beautiful Ohio River.

I was about five years old, and had scarcely ever been away from our farm before. I was wild with joy when we started, and could not understand why the grown folks looked sad. I well remember the tears that fell from grandma's eyes, as she handed baby Betty to my mother when we left the old home.

It seemed to me that we were going into a new world. I did not know that it was a hard, lonely life we were beginning. Of course, the grown folks knew all this. No wonder grandmother's tears fell fast. She could not hope to see us again, and she never did.

Our boat was like a house on the water. There was another family of several children with us, and of course no lack of fun among so many little ones.

How beautiful it was as we drifted slowly down the river ! It was in the fall of the year and the trees looked

like great bouquets. All day the boat moved slowly down the stream, but it was fastened to the shore at night.

Once our boat ran into a sand-bar, and it took the men several days to get it off. We children were just as happy in the woods as on the boat.

We saw many Indians here, but they were friendly and did not wish to hurt us. They would look at our baby and say, "White pappoose : squaw or warrior ? " Mother was afraid they would steal it, but she need not have feared. They did not admire a little weak, white baby.

Chapter 2
The Journey to the New Home

After six weeks on the river, we landed at a little town which had a store and a blacksmith's shop. Its one street was full of stumps.

Father agreed to trade his boat for some land near the centre of the state. He and another man tramped off through the woods to build a cabin for us. We lived in the boat while they were gone.

After a while he came back for us and we started again on our journey — but this time on foot. We secured an ox-team and cart to take our goods to the new home.

The weather had grown quite cold by this time, so cold that often I had to run to keep warm. At night we built a great log fire near our camp. One night it was so cold that mother sat up all night near the fire, holding the baby on her lap to keep it from freezing.

Often we had to cut down trees to make a way for our wagon through the woods. As we travelled, we saw and heard many wild animals.

All night we could hear the howling of the wolves, but we did not fear them because they were afraid of the log fire we kept burning near us.

In the day we could see plenty of deer, turkeys, and squirrels. We could have any of these for our dinner that we chose.

At last we reached our rude log-cabin home, and began our life in the new country.

It took us six days to make the journey. You could go as far as that today in two hours.

Chapter 3
Food

There was little that you would call comfortable in our cabin. We had but one beautiful thing, and that was the open fire. The fireplace was so large that we could burn great logs in it. As they crackled and burned they filled our rude home with rosy light.

Of course, all our food was cooked by this open fire. Over it swung a great iron crane, on which kettles could be hung. Mother had a big iron skillet with legs and a heavy lid. She baked bread in this by placing coals on the lid and under the skillet.

Sometimes she made a " Johnny cake," which was corn bread baked on a board. It was set up before the fire until one side was done, and then it was turned to let the other side bake.

I have never since tasted food that seemed so good as that cooked before the fire.

We were always sure of having plenty of meat — deer, turkey, bear, or squirrel. The trouble was to get bread. Of course, our bread was made of corn meal, and we were glad to get that.

We had brought some corn with us which we hoped would last till we could raise more. Corn is usually

ground to make meal, but there was no mill near us at first, so we had to pound it. A mortar was made by burning out a stump, and the corn was crushed in it by a heavy weight.

Before the corn became too hard it could be grated. A piece of tin was punched full of holes, and then bent and fastened to a board. On this grater a coarse kind of meal was made which was used for mush or corn bread.

We thought ourselves well off if we had plenty of corn bread or hominy and meat.

We early settlers were always so happy to see visitors that any stranger was welcome to come to our house and stay as long as he wished.

When a new family came to live near us, all the settlers in the region helped them build their cabin. We did all we could for them, and shared everything we had with them.

Chapter 4
Clearing Land and Raising Corn

Although it was winter when we reached our new home, there was plenty of work to do. Land must be cleared that we might raise some corn and a few vegetables the next year.

All day long the axes of my father and big brothers could be heard, chopping down the trees. Even I could help a little. I could pick up and pile the brush. Often father's axe would still be swinging far into the night, as he worked by the light of the moon.

Of all the work in the forest, nothing pleased me so much as burning the brush. How the flames crackled and shone! Great clouds of smoke rose up amidst the trees still standing. We seemed to be getting along very fast when the brush burned up so rapidly.

After a while we had a " log rolling," with which the neighbors came to help. The logs were rolled into a great heap and burned. A "log rolling" was a kind of party. Everybody came from far and near. While the men were rolling the logs, the women were cooking, for we always had a great feast and a merry time after our work.

When spring came, father had cleared enough land for a cornfield and a " truck patch " or garden. This land could not be ploughed very easily, for it was so full of roots. One person could hardly drive the horse and hold the plough.

Although I was still very young I often sat upon old Billy's back and drove, while father held the plough. You may think that was great fun, but when the plough struck a root, and the harness struck me, I thought it was pretty hard.

When the ground was ready I helped drop the corn and father covered it with a hoe. As soon as the corn began to come up, there was work for all the children. We must get up at daylight and watch the corn all day to keep away the squirrels and crows.

They would pull up the young corn to get the little grain at the end of the sprout. How they knew the little grain was still to be found in the ground, I cannot tell; but they surely did.

The only way we had to keep them off was by running and making as much noise as we could. We would beat on old tin pans, and halloo at the top of our voices. My good dog Rover aided me much with his barking. Several years later I owned a shot-gun and this served my purpose better.

After the grain in the ground was gone, the watching was over for a time. When the new grains began to grow on the cob, war began once more. The

crows again came for the corn, and we children had to frighten them away. You see now how people came to have a " scare crow " in the field.

The mosquitoes that came about the cornfield at this time were very annoying to us. We had to build fires to keep them away. As you may believe, this work in the cornfield was neither easy nor pleasant for us, but how glad we were when the " roasting ears " came! Perhaps we enjoyed them all the more, because we had worked so hard to protect them.

Chapter 5
After the Harvest

After our corn was ripe and gathered in, we had another kind of party called a " corn husking." All the neighbors for miles around were invited to help. Great was the frolic and great the fun at such times.

The men and boys were divided into " sides " with captains at the head. Each side worked with might and main to husk more corn than the other side.

The captain of the winning side was often carried about on the shoulders of his men, amid great shouting from the winners.

After the work was done there was a big supper, which the women had made ready. You see we had our fun and frolics along with our work, and we enjoyed them very much.

After the corn was husked it must be shelled. This was the work for evenings and rainy days. A big coverlet was laid upon the floor, and all hands that were able shelled corn. Often, when a child, have I raised a blister on my thumb at such work !

Some of the cobs were thrown into the fire and they kept up a bright blaze. The little children had great fun making cob houses while the larger ones worked.

When a grist of corn was ready, it must be taken to the mill. A sack of corn was thrown over the horse's back. The same amount must be put into each end of the sack, or by and by it would slip off the horse.

The nearest mill was several miles away. Many times I have gone there and waited my turn to have our corn ground. There were always a great many men and boys about the mill, waiting for their grists. Sometimes we had to wait two or three days.

" Going to the mill " was a great pleasure to me. I liked the long rides through the woods. I liked to talk with other boys and to hear the men tell stories.

You know that we did not see much company in our backwoods home. The little trip to the mill meant as much to me as a long journey would to you.

Once I was coming home from mill late at night. I was alone in the darkness of a thick forest, more than a mile from any cabin.

Suddenly I heard a great howling of wolves. Very soon I came upon a pack of them snarling over a deer they had caught. What could I do! My only pathway was blocked by a number of hungry wolves!

At first I stood still in terror. Then I left the path and felt my way through the thick brushwood on one side as quickly and silently as I could, and so reached my home in safety.

We lived in our new home a number of years before we had any wheat. At last father raised a small patch, which was cut with a sickle and bound into bundles by hand.

There were no such things as reapers and self-binders in those days. When thrashing time came, the wheat stalks were spread out and pounded with a heavy flail, till the grains rattled out. Then the straws were gathered up and taken away.

The wheat and chaff were thrown up into the air while two men fanned away the chaff with a sheet, and the wheat fell to the ground. Sometimes, instead of using a flail, horses were driven over the wheat to thrash out the grain.

We felt rich when we were able to have a little wheat bread! We thought it so fine that we called it "cake."

Chapter 6
Schools

I wish that I could let my little friends peep into the schoolhouse of my " boy days." Two miles from our home was a little log cabin that had once been used as a dwelling, but was now our schoolhouse. We followed a " blazed " path through the forest to reach it.

This means that little pieces of bark had been cut off some of the trees along our way. When we saw such a mark in a tree we went toward it. Then we looked for the next tree that was " blazed," and so on. In this way we were guided to our schoolhouse.

What an odd little house it would seem to you ! It had a stick chimney, clapboard roof, a greased paper window, and puncheon floor. Inside, the seats were placed around three sides of the room. The fireplace was in the fourth side.

The teacher, or " master," as we called him, sat in the middle of the room. On one side of the room was a kind of shelf made of a puncheon, and high enough to write upon. In front of this was a bench made also of a puncheon. This was the seat for the big scholars. When they wished to write they turned their backs toward the teacher and wrote upon the shelf.

On two sides of the room were benches made for the little children. They did not need any desk. Of course, they could not write! They must study their books all day long. The only rest from their study was at the time the " master " called them up to " say their lessons."

What do you suppose their first book was — a pretty pictured reader like yours? No indeed ; it was a spelling book. Each little child must begin by learning his " a-b-c's " ! I had not even a book from which to learn these at first. One of my big brothers made the letters on a board. For a long time I carried this to school to study.

After we had learned our letters we must learn to spell " ba, be, bi, bo, bu," and so on. Next we learned to spell little words, then big words and bigger words. After that we might begin to read very little sentences. We had no drawing or writing or sewing or letters or pretty things to use at our seats. We had to study our books.

Do you wonder that it was a long time before we learned to read in such a school? It was much longer before we learned to write or " cipher." But we could spell — that was the chief thing.

We had what was called a " loud school." The "master" would say, "Study your spelling lessons." Then every child in the school would take his book and shout, "1-a la, d-y dy, lady; s-h-a sha, d-y dy, shady,"

and so on all through his lesson. Think, if you can, what a noise that would make.

If the noise grew too great, the master would rap on his desk with a ruler and say, " Silence ! " Then the noise would become a little less for a time.

Is it strange that the boys and girls sometimes grew very tired in this school ? I do not wonder that the master kept in sight a number of large switches. He used them very often to make the children attend to their work.

Still we had some pleasant times, too, in going to these schools. There was the long walk through the beautiful woods. We learned many things there of animals and birds and flowers that you have never seen. Then what good times we had in being with other children !

Ah ! what fun we had at recess ! We had no little gravel-covered yard where we dared not run for fear of knocking some one down. Instead of that, there were the big woods in which we might run and play. We could go where we liked, if we did not get too far away to hear the master call, " Books ! " That was his way of ringing the recess bell.

Then there were the long noons every day! Of course, we all brought our dinners, as it was too far to go home. When it was pleasant weather we could eat in the woods.

Such fun as we had playing games! Little girls played " King William," " Blackman," " Hide and Seek," and other games. The old trees made the best of hiding places.

The boys, of course, took more pleasure in playing ball, climbing trees, jumping, racing, and so on.

Our school lasted only a few months in the year. We could not always go, even when the school was open. The big boys and girls must stay at home when there was work to do. They could go only on rainy days, or when there was no work.

Sometimes there was a school for a few weeks in summer. Only the little children went then, for, of course, this was the time when all the big ones had to work hard.

A woman taught this school. People thought a woman could not teach big boys, because she was not strong enough to " thrash " them.

I fear that many of the children learned but little in our old-time schools. The bright ones would learn pretty fast, as the master heard them say their lessons as often as they wished. The slow ones learned almost nothing.

Often children would go to school all that they could for several years and not be able to read as well as you can after going one year. Perhaps they would have to leave school and go to work when they had not

learned enough to be able to read a story or write a letter.

Chapter 7
Clothing

You have seen how we got our food in our pioneer homes. We also provided our clothes by our own work. In the earliest times much clothing was made of deerskin. Later, we made cloth of wool, when we were able to protect our sheep from the wolves.

We children watched the making of our clothes from the time the wool was cut from the sheep till the garments were ready to wear.

Father washed the sheep and cut off the wool. Mother carded and spun it, then wove and colored it, and made it into clothes for us.

Our summer clothing was made from flax. This we raised ourselves and obtained a kind of thread from its stem. There were many parts of the work in which we children could help.

Our shoes, like our clothes, were made at home. At first father made them for his own family. In later times a shoemaker travelled from house to house, making shoes for us all.

It was very hard to provide shoes for all the family. Often the little children went barefooted. They had to

stay in the house in very cold weather. Many grown people also had no shoes.

Would it not seem queer to see a young lady walk to church barefooted? I have often seen that. She carried her shoes with her, stopping just before she reached the church to put them on. That was a good plan, especially if there was a stream to wade on the way. It was a good way to save shoes, too.

We knew how hard it was to get our clothes, so we took good care of them. They were not so fine or so pretty as yours, but they were warm and comfortable, and we were satisfied with them.

Chapter 8
Lack of Conveniences

You have many things in your houses that we had not. Perhaps you can hardly see how we did without them. What do you think you would do if you had no matches ? I never saw a match when I was a child.

We did not often let the fire in the big fireplace go out. At night we covered up the coals with ashes. In the morning the live coals were raked out and more wood was put on.

If the fire went out, we would go to the nearest neighbor, perhaps a mile away, to " borrow fire." This means that we brought home a few live coals covered with ashes.

There was another way of starting a fire. We had a kind of hard stone called flint. When we struck it with a piece of steel, the sparks flew. We let these fall on a bunch of tow, which would burn readily. This would start the punk with which we kindled a fire.

We had no gas or lamps, and when I can first remember, not even candles to light our houses. The light from the fireplace was usually all we needed. We had a kind of lamp that looked like a dish with a rag in it; in this we burned melted lard.

Sometimes a turnip was scraped out and used to hold the lard. Was not that a queer lamp ? It gave about as much light as a match. Later we made candles and thought them very fine.

In the early days we told the time of day by the sun, for we had no clocks or watches. Often I have looked at the shadow on the floor to tell what time it was. On cloudy days, of course, we could only guess at the time.

The sun told us direction also, as well as time. At night we could tell north by the north star. If we were lost in the woods, there was another way to tell which was north. We had only to look at the trees, to see upon which side the moss grew. It grows upon the north side, for it likes the shade better than the sunshine.

Chapter 9
Money

Does it seem strange to you that we rarely saw money ? What use had we for money ? There was little need for us to buy anything. We made our own clothes, as well as the cloth from which they were made. We got our food from the forest or from our own " truck patch." We made our own houses and what was in them.

There were at first no stores from which to buy. A little later we traded articles with other people, just as children exchange their playthings.

There were some things which people would always take in trade, such as furs. The skins of raccoons would be taken for work or goods as money is now. Four " coonskins " were equal to a dollar. Then there were some kinds of roots that would always pass just as money will now. This was true of ginseng, which was called " sang." People spent much time digging "sang." Would it not seem queer to you to dig up money from the ground ?

We had a few foreign coins. There was one called a fip, worth about six and one-fourth cents. Another, worth twelve and one-half cents, was called a bit. We

had a big copper cent about the size of a silver half-dollar.

By and by we had our own American money. If we had not the right change, a piece of money was often cut into two or four pieces. It has been only a few years since I saw this cut money.

Chapter 10
Pioneer Preachers

Of course, there were no churches among us at first; and such a thing as a Sunday school was not thought of. We had our meetings in some cabin, or out under the trees. Later we had our little log churches built like the houses.

Sometimes a travelling preacher visited us. The people would come for miles and miles to hear him preach.

The preacher was a hunter and a pioneer like the rest of us. It was no easy task for him to go about from place to place, through the thick woods and muddy swamps. Yet he was brave and cheerful, and might be heard singing hymns at the top of his voice, as he went on his lonely way.

He went on horseback and carried his rifle and blanket with him. At night he would often be far from any settlement. Then he rolled himself up in his blanket, and slept on the ground near his camp fire.

He needed his rifle to protect him from unfriendly Indians, and to kill game for food. He carried punk and flint and tow with him, that he might make a fire to cook his food.

Once a preacher was going through the woods on a cold, rainy day. He had made a fire, after much trouble, and cooked his last bit of meat. Just as he sat down to eat his dinner, five Indians appeared. The preacher saw that they looked hungry, and that they expected him to give them something to eat. He did so, and they ate it all, grunting their thanks as they walked off.

Tired, wet, and hungry, the preacher spent the rest of the day trying to find some food for himself. Just before night the Indians appeared again, saying, "White man give Indian to eat ; Indian give white man to eat." They made a fire and gave him quite a feast. They took care of him that night, and gave him food to carry with him next day.

When these preachers came to any settlement they were made very welcome. Even the poorest pioneer was glad to share all he had with them. People listened to their preaching with great interest and respect.

Chapter 11
Mails — Difficulties of Trade

It was a great thing for our town when we began to get mail regularly. At first, the letters were brought twice a month by men on horseback. They carried little horns, which they blew loudly as they came into town. How the people would flock out to meet them. Everybody hoped to get a letter from some one " Back East."

The mail carriers often had to swim all the streams in their way. Sometimes they were several days behind time, on account of high water. I have often seen the postmaster spreading the mail out in the 'sun to dry.

It is a very good thing for people in a new country to be able even to hear from the older states once in a while. But that is not enough. There must be some way for people to go easily from place to place. They must have some way of taking their goods to market.

In some parts of the country canals had been dug, hundreds of miles long. Boats were drawn on these by horses driven along a towpath by the side of the canal. This made a safe though a slow way of travel.

By and by, steamboats were invented, and they came regularly down the Ohio River, instead of the flat-boats of earlier times.

But we, who lived away from any large river, had a much harder time. If we had anything to sell, it was hard to take it to market. A man who had hogs to sell would walk seventy-five or one hundred miles, driving them. After they were sold, he walked home again.

Not far from us was a river, down which we sometimes took our produce in a small flatboat. We sold both the goods and the boat, and walked home. Think of the time and trouble such a trip meant.

I have sometimes carried eggs to town to sell. Each egg was wrapped by itself in a piece of tow. They were all put into a sack, which was placed on a horse's back. Of course the horse must walk all the way to keep the eggs from breaking. Perhaps it would take all day to go to the nearest store and back, just to sell a few eggs.

Chapter 12
Roads, New Settlers, Stages

People soon began to feel that we must have better roads. We had a kind of road called corduroy, which was made by throwing logs down crosswise into the road. The logs kept wagons from sinking so deep into the mud that they could not get out. The wagon went with a jolt from one log to the next. That was pretty rough riding, as you may know.

These roads were afterward made into pikes which were much better for travellers. As the roads became better, new settlers began to flock into the country.

Every day numbers of moving wagons could be seen bringing families to the new country. They came in groups, or long trains, but not often alone.

The wagons were drawn by three or four horses, and were covered with canvas or bed quilts. Furniture and feather beds were sticking out on all sides, and often little children peeped out also.

By the side of each wagon walked a sturdy man, driving the horses. Perhaps his wife walked near him, carrying a baby. Other children followed, driving the cows and sheep. At night the movers camped out like an army.

This is the way moving was done only a few years ago.

By and by there began to be regular modes of travel, by means of a stage. Four strong horses pulled this big, heavy stage. It had a regular route, and stopped at places along the road, called inns. Here people could get meals or spend the night. Here the horses were changed, and a fresh team started out.

The driver sat on top of the stage and carried a horn with him, which he blew very loudly as the stage came into town. Everybody was glad to see it come in. It was the event of the day. How interesting every traveller was! Perhaps he had come from a great distance.

The stages also carried the mails to the larger towns. The horseback riders took the mail only to such towns as the stage did not visit.

Chapter 13
Cars — Telegraph

Little by little our life in the new country began to change. As we could travel about better, it was easier to sell what we raised and to buy what we needed. We no longer had to make everything for ourselves. In this way we had less work to do at home.

One day we heard of the wonderful steam cars. We were told they could go ten miles an hour. People said they ran so smoothly that we could not only read but we could write in them !

Before long a railroad was commenced in our own state. It took a long time to build it, but at last the road reached the town near us. On a certain day the great steam horse was to come into that town for the first time. What a great day it was !

Everybody who could do so went to see the cars come in. For a long distance the track was lined with people. Even now I seem to hear the buzz of voices of the waiting crowd.

At last we could just see the engine far away in the distance. What a frightful thing it was, as it came rushing up the iron track with a great noise ! It seemed like a big wild animal running away.

It was received by shouts from the crowd. A speech was made from the top of a car at the depot. There was music by the band, and the day closed with fireworks.

I well remember my first ride on the cars. It seemed as if I were in a wagon with the horses running away, and no one holding the lines.

Of course, the cars did not go so fast then as they do now. The roads were not so smooth, and the cars were not so elegant. You would think our first cars very rough and slow ; but they seemed very fine and swift to us.

Several years later the telegraph first came to our town. One old settler remarked as he heard the message read, "Well, John, old Jerry has lived to see the day when a streak of lightning can be made to run along a clothesline, just like some wild animal along a worm fence, and carry news from one end of the earth to the other ! "

And now we were no longer alone in the backwoods. We could hear in a few minutes what was happening all over the world. We could readily send our goods to market. We could get money for them, and buy goods that came from far away. We could go back to our old homes in the East more easily than we could travel twenty miles when we first came.

The coming of the cars and telegraph brought rapid changes to our new country. Now we can have nearly the same pleasures and advantages that people have in

the older states. You could not have had all these good things, had some one not lived here before you, who worked hard and did without much which you think necessary. Do not forget this, when you see the white-haired pioneers who are still here. The brave, true lives of these hardy men and women have made this beautiful country possible. There is no better thing to do than to live so that other people will be happier because of your life.

Story of Isaac Williams

Fear of the Indians was not the only trouble the early settlers had. Sometimes it was hardly possible to get food.

At one time people had to eat nettles and potato tops. Once, food was so scarce that little children had to live on half a potato a day.

At another time the people had nothing fit for use in making bread. It happened in this way. They had planted their corn as usual, but before it was ripe there was a heavy frost. After the corn was gathered it became mouldy, and when it was ground and made into bread, it made many people ill.

Yet even this poor corn sold at such a high price that the settlers could hardly afford to buy it.

I fear many of them would have starved, had it not been for a kind man, whose name was Isaac Williams. He had planted his corn early, and had gathered a fine harvest before the frost.

Some men who wanted to make money tried to buy his whole crop, offering him a dollar and a quarter a bushel for it.

Isaac Williams would not sell it to them. Instead, seeing how badly the settlers needed it, he let them

have it for fifty cents a bushel. If they had not the money, he gave them the corn, taking only their promise to pay when they were able.

He was willing to help his neighbors, though he lost money by it. Such men make the world better.

Crossing the Plains Days of '57

Wm. Audley Maxwell

FOREWORD

Diligent inquiry has failed to disclose the existence of an authentic and comprehensive narrative of a pioneer journey across the plains. With the exception of some improbable yarns and disconnected incidents relating to the earlier experiences, the subject has been treated mainly from the standpoint of people who traveled westward at a time when the real hardships and perils of the trip were much less than those encountered in the fifties.

A very large proportion of the people now residing in the Far West are descendants of emigrants who came by the precarious means afforded by ox-team conveyances. For some three-score years the younger generations have heard from the lips of their ancestors enough of that wonderful pilgrimage to create among them a widespread demand for a complete and typical narrative. This story consists of facts, with the real names of the actors in the drama. The events, gay, grave and tragic, are according to indelible recollections of eye-witnesses, including those of The Author.

W. A. M.,

Ukiah, California, 1915.

Crossing the Plains
Days of '57

Chapter 1
Forsaking the Old in Quest of the New. First Camp. Fording the Platte.

We left the west bank of the Missouri River on May 17, 1857. Our objective point was Sonoma County, California.

The company consisted of thirty-seven persons, including several families, and some others; the individuals ranging in years from middle age to babies: eleven men, ten women and sixteen minors; the eldest of the party forty-nine, the most youthful, a boy two months old the day we started. Most of these were persons who had resided for a time at least not far from the starting point, but not all were natives of that section, some having emigrated from Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia.

We were outfitted with eight wagons, about thirty yoke of oxen, fifty head of extra steers and cows, and ten or twelve saddle ponies and mules.

The vehicles were light, well-built farm wagons, arranged and fitted for economy of space and weight. Most of the wagons were without brakes, seats or springs. The axles were of wood, which, in case of their

breaking, could be repaired en route. Chains were used for deadlocking the wheels while moving down steep places.

No lines or halters of any kind were used on the oxen for guiding them, these animals being managed entirely by use of the ox-whip and the "ox-word." The whip was a braided leathern lash, six to eight feet long, the most approved stock for which was a hickory sapling, as long as the lash, and on the extremity of the lash was a strip of buckskin, for a "cracker," which, when snapped by a practiced driver, produced a sound like the report of a pistol. The purpose of the whip was well understood by the trained oxen, and that implement enabled a skillful driver to regulate the course of a wagon almost as accurately as if the team were of horses, with the reins in the hands of an expert jehu.

An emigrant wagon such as described, provided with an oval top cover of white ducking, with "flaps" in front and a "puckering-string" at the rear, came to be known in those days as a "prairie schooner;" and a string of them, drawn out in single file in the daily travel, was a "train." Trains following one another along the same new pathway were sometimes strung out for hundreds of miles, with spaces of a few hundred yards to several miles between, and were many weeks passing a given point.

Our commissary wagon was supplied with flour, bacon, coffee, tea, sugar, rice, salt, and so forth; rations

estimated to last for five or six months, if necessary; also medical supplies, and whatever else we could carry to meet the probable necessities and the possible casualties of the journey; with the view of traveling tediously but patiently over a country of roadless plains and mountains, crossing deserts and fording rivers ; meanwhile cooking, eating and sleeping on the ground as we should find it from day to day.

The culinary implements occupied a compartment of their own in a wagon, consisting of such kettles, long-handled frying pans and sheet-iron coffee pots as could be used on a campfire, with table articles almost all of tin. Those who attempted to carry the more friable articles, owing to the thumps and falls to which these were subjected, found themselves short in supply of utensils long before the journey ended. I have seen a man and wife drinking coffee from one small tin pan, their china and delftware having been left in fragments to decorate the desert wayside.

We had some tents, but they were little used, after we learned how to do without them, excepting in cases of inclement weather, of which there was very little, especially in the latter part of the trip.

During the great rush of immigration into California subsequent to 1849, from soon after the discovery of gold until this time, the usual date at which the annual emigrants started from the settlement borders along the Missouri River was April 15th to May 1st. The Spring of 1857 was late, and we

did not pull out until May 17th, when the prairie grass was grown sufficiently to afford feed for the stock, and summer weather was assured.

At that time the boundary line between the "States" and the "Plains" was the Missouri River. We crossed that river at a point about half way between St. Joseph and Council Bluffs, where the village of Brownville was the nucleus of a first settlement of white people on the Nebraska side. There the river was a half-mile wide. The crossing was effected by means of an old-fashioned ferryboat or scow, propelled by a small, stern-wheeled steamer. Two days were consumed in transporting our party and equipment across the stream; but one wagon and a few of the people and animals being taken at each trip of the ferryboat and steamer.

From the landing we passed up the west shore twenty miles, seeing occasionally a rude cabin or a foundation of logs, indicating the intention of pre-empters. This brought us to the town of Nebraska City, then a beginning of a dozen or twenty houses, on the west bank. Omaha was not yet on the map ; although where that thriving city now stands there existed then a settlement of something over one hundred persons.

From Nebraska City we bore off northwesterly, separating ourselves from civilization, and thereafter saw no more evidence of the white man's purpose to occupy the country over which we traveled.

There was before us the sky-bound stretch of undulating prairie, spreading far and wide, like a vast field of young, growing grain, its monotony relieved only by occasional clumps of small trees, indicating the presence of springs or small water-courses.

Other companies or trains, from many parts of the country, especially the Middle States, were crossing the Missouri at various points between St. Louis and Council Bluffs ; most of them converging eventually into one general route, as they got out on the journey.

It is perhaps impossible to convey a clear understanding of the emotions experienced by one starting on such a trip; leaving friends and the familiar surroundings of what had been home, to face a siege of travel over thousands of miles of wilderness, so little known and fraught with so much of hardship and peril.

The earlier emigrants, gold-hunters, men only — men of such stuff as pioneers usually are made of — carried visions of picking up fortunes in the California gold mines and soon returning to their former haunts. But those who were going now felt that they were burning all bridges behind them; that all they had was with them, and they were going to stay.

Formerly we had heard that California was good only for its gold mines; that it was a country of rocks, crags and deserts; where it rained ceaselessly during half of the year and not at all in the other half.* But later we had been told that in the valleys there was land

on which crops of wheat could be grown, and that cattle raising was good, on the broad acres of wild oats everywhere in the "cow counties." It was told us also that there were strips of redwood forest along the coast, and these trees, a hundred to several hundred feet in height, could be split into boards ten to twenty feet long, for building purposes; and that this material was to be had by anybody for the taking. Some said

*As late as March, 1850, Daniel Webster said in the United States Senate: "California is Asiatic in formation and scenery; composed of vast mountains of enormous height, with broken ridges and deep valleys. The sides of these mountains are barren — entirely barren — their tops capped by perennial snow."

that the Spanish padres, at their missions in several localities near the Pacific shore, had planted small vineyards of

what had come to be known as the "Mission" grape, which produced enormous crops. Another report told us that other fruits, including the orange and lemon varieties, so far as tried, gave promise of being valuable products of the valley and foothill soils. Such stories gave rise to a malady called "California fever." It was contagious, and carried off many people.

Our first camp was on the open prairie, where grass grew about four inches high, and a small spring furnished an ample supply of water. Firewood we had brought with us for that night. The weather was very

fine, and all were joyous at the novelty of "camping out."

On or about the eighth day we came to the Platte River; broad, muddy stream, at some points a mile or more in width ; shallow, but running rapidly, between low banks; its many small islands wholly covered by growths of cottonwood trees and small willows. From these islands we obtained from time to time the fuel needed for the camp, as we took our course along the river's southerly shore; and occasionally added to the contents of the "grub" wagon by capturing an elk or deer that had sought covert in the cool shade of these island groves. Antelope also were there, but too wary for our huntsmen.

We forded the Platte at a point something like one hundred and fifty miles westward from its confluence with the Missouri. There was no road leading into the river, nor any evidence of its having been crossed by any one, at that place. We were informed that the bottom was of quicksand, and fording, therefore, dangerous. We tested it, by riding horses across. Contrary to our expectations, the bottom was found to be a surface of smooth sand, packed hard enough to bear up the wagons, when the movement was quick and continuous. A cut was made in the bank, to form a runway for passage of the wagons to the water's edge; and the whole train crossed the stream safely, with no further mishap than the wetting of a driver and the dipping of a wagon into a place deep enough to let

water into the box. Fording the Platte consumed one entire day. We camped that night on the north shore.

The train continued along the general course of the river about four hundred miles, as far as Fort Laramie, through open country, in which there was an abundance of feed for the animals, but where wood for fuel was scarce.

Chapter 2

Laramie Fashions and Sioux Etiquette. A Trophy. Chimney Rock. A Solitary Emigrant. Jests and Jingles.

The Laramie and Sioux Indians were in those days the lords of that portion of the plains over which we traveled during the first several weeks.

They were fine specimens of physical manhood. Tall, erect, well proportioned, they carried themselves with a distinct air of personal importance and dignity. They had not taken to the white man's mode of dress. Each had, in addition to his buckskin breeches and moccasins, a five-point Mackinaw blanket, these comprising for him a complete suit. The blanket he used as an outer garment, when needed, and for his cover at night. Many of the more important "big injins" owned also a buffalo robe. This was the whole hide of the buffalo, with the hair on it, the inner side tanned to a soft, pliable leather, and the irregularities of its natural shape neatly cut away. It furnished the owner an excellent storm robe, sufficient protection, head to foot, in the severest weather.

The Indians of these tribes that we met were friendly, even to familiarity. One of them would approach an emigrant with a "glad-to-meet-you" air,

extending a hand in what was intended to be "white-man" fashion. But "Mr. Lo" was a novice in the art of handshaking, and his awareness and mimicking attempts in the effort were as amusing to us as satisfactory, apparently, to him. His vocal greeting, with slight variation from time to time, was in such words — with little regard for their meaning — as he had caught from the ox-driving dialect of the passing emigrants: "Wo-haw-buck," "Hello, John, got tobac?" If he added "Gimme biskit," and "Pappoose heap sick," he had about reached the limit of his English vocabulary.

Large game was common along some parts of the way : buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, on the plains and hills; bear, mountain lions, wildcats and other species in the mountainous sections. They were shy and not easy to take, but we captured a few of some varieties. Some members of the party demonstrated that fishing was good in the Rocky Mountain streams. Naturally the men were hopeful of securing specimens of the larger game, but our lack of experience and scarcity of proper equipment for the purpose were against the chance, though not to the extent of our entire disappointment.

Only persons of much experience on the plains could form even an approximate estimate of the great number of buffaloes sometimes seen together. It has been stated that there were herds numbering more than fifty thousand. Such an aggregation would

consume days in passing a given point, and in case of a stampede, all other animals in its path were doomed to destruction. A herd of buffaloes quietly grazing was sometimes difficult to distinguish, when viewed from a considerable distance, from a low forest ; their rounded bodies and the neutral tint of their shaggy coats giving them the appearance of bushes.

When the train was nearing the fork of the Platte River a herd of buffaloes was seen, quietly grazing on the plain, a mile or more to the right, beyond a small water-course.

Deciding we would try our prowess, Captain Maxwell and this narrator rode to the creek, at a point some distance below the position of the herd, where we tied our horses, then crept along, under cover of the creek bank, till we had gone as near as possible, without being seen by the herd, distant from us not much more than a hundred yards.

Cautiously peering above the edge of the bank, we selected a choice buffalo among those nearest us, and both fired. The entire herd galloped wildly away, continuing till all passed from view over a hill some miles northward. Not one showed sign of having been hit.

As we were about to leave the place, what should we see but a lonely buffalo, coming down the slope toward where we were, moving with leisurely tread and manner perfectly unconcerned. Notwithstanding our

recent firing, this animal evidently had no suspicion of our presence. We remained and awaited his coming.

He walked a few steps, then browsed a little, as if in no hurry about anything. Captain John and I felt our hope rise; we laid our plans and waited patiently.

Just where the buffalo trail led down the bank of the creek, there were, as in many places near the stream, some scattered cottonwood and other trees. One of these that once stood on the brink had fallen till its top caught in the fork of another tree, and rested at a gentle incline upward from where it had grown. At the roots of this fallen tree we concealed ourselves, to wait, hoping that the big animal would come down to the water, but a few yards from us; for we guessed that he was one that had not yet had his drink from the brook that day, and was determined not to leave until he slaked his thirst.

It was an anxious while of waiting, but not long. I was fearful that my hard-thumping heart-beats would be audible and frighten him away, Could it be true that I had an attack of "buck-ague"? Perish the thought.

Finally his bovine majesty came lazily over the top of the bank, with a heavy, slow motion ; grunting and puffing, as if he were almost too heavy for his legs. When he got to the bottom of the bank and was about to drink, Captain John whispered our agreed signal : "One, two, three;" we fired, simultaneously, and repeated. The big fellow stood still for a moment after

the shots and looked about, with a slow movement and stolid gaze, turning his head questioningly from side to side, as if he would say, "I thought I heard something pop."

Somehow we knew we had hit him, and we wondered why he did not fall. His little, black eyes rolled and glinted under his shaggy foretop. Then he seemed to swell; crouching slightly, as does a beast of prey when about to spring; lowered his head, pawed the earth and shook his mane. His whole body became vibrant with the obvious desire to fight, — and no antagonist in sight. Uttering a tremendous grunt, he arched his back again, stamping with all four feet, somewhat like the capers of a Mexican "broncho" when preparing to " buck"; then he snorted once more, with such explosive force as seemed to shake the tree beside which we were hidden, as he looked about for something to pitch into.

By this time we thought we understood why a kind Providence had caused that cottonwood tree to lodge at such an angle that a buffalo could not climb it, but we could — and we did. Getting ourselves safely into the fork of the tree, we continued to shoot from our coign of vantage till the big fellow dropped. When he ceased to kick or give any sign of belligerency, we came down and approached him, carefully. Then we dressed him, or as much of him as we could carry in two bags that we had strapped behind our saddles, and rejoined

the train after our people had gone into camp for the night.

We had our first buffalo steak for supper that night. We also had the satisfaction of observing signs of jealousy on the part of the other men who had never killed a buffalo.

One of the first natural curiosities we saw was Chimney Rock; a vertical column of sandstone something like forty feet high, with a rugged stone bluff rising abruptly near it. Its appearance, from our distant view, resembled a stone chimney from which the building had been burned away, as it stood, solitary on the flat earth at the south side of the Platte River, we traveling up the north shore. Such a time-chiseled monument was a novelty to us then. To the early emigrants it was the first notable landmark.

While some distance farther west, as we scaled the higher slopes, we could see to the southward the snow-capped peaks of that region which long afterward was taken from western Nebraska to become the Territory of Colorado, and later still, the State of that name. Looking over and past the locality where, more than a year thereafter, the town of Denver was laid out, we saw, during several weeks, the summit of Pike's Peak, hundreds of miles away.

One evening when we were going into camp we were overtaken by a man trundling a push-cart. This vehicle had between its wheels a box containing the

man's supplies of food and camp articles, with the blankets, which were in a roll, placed on top; all strapped down under an oilcloth cover.

With this simple outfit, pushed in front of him, this man was making his way from one of the Eastern States to California, a distance of more than three thousand miles. He was of medium size, athletic appearance, with a cheerful face. He visited us overnight. The next morning he was invited to tie his cart behind one of our wagons and ride with us. He replied that he would be pleased to do so, but was anxious to make all possible speed, and felt that he could not wait on the progress of our train, which was somewhat slower than the pace he maintained. It was said that he was the first man who made the entire trip on foot and alone, from coast to coast, as we were afterwards informed he succeeded in doing.

From time to time the tedium was dispelled by varied incidents; many that were entertaining and instructive, some ludicrous, some pathetic, and others profoundly tragic. Agreeable happenings predominated largely during the early stages, and those involving difficulties and of grave import were mainly a part of our experiences toward the close of the long pilgrimage. Such an order of events might be presumed as a natural sequence, as the route led first over a territory not generally difficult to travel, but farther and farther from established civilization, into rougher

lands, and toward those regions where outlawry, common to all pioneer conditions, was prevalent.

With our company were four or five boys and young men, eighteen to twenty-one years of age, also a kindly and unpretentious but droll young fellow, named John C. Aston, whose age was about twenty-five. This younger element was responsible for most of the occurrences of lighter vein, which became a feature of our daily progress.

Aston's intimate friends called him "Jack," and some of the more facetious ones shortened the cognomen "Jack Aston" by dropping the "ton," inconsiderately declaring that the briefer appellation fitted the man, even better than did his coat, which always was loose about the shoulders and too long in the sleeves. But all knew "Jack" to be an excellent fellow. His principal fault, if it could be so termed, was a superabundance of good-nature, a willingness at all times to joke and be joked. He had a fund of stories — in some of which he pictured himself the hero — with which he was wont to relieve the tedium of the evening hours. A violin was among his effects, which he played to accompany his singing of entertaining countryside songs. Most of these were melodious, and highly descriptive. "Jack" had much music in his soul, and sang with good effect.

There was one melody that he sang oftenest, and sang from the heart — one that was rendered nightly, regardless of any variation in the program; a composition that embraced seventeen verses, each

followed by a soothing lullaby refrain; a song which, every time he sang it, carried "Jack" again to his old home in the Sunny South, and seemed to give him surcease from all the ills of life. Of that song a single verse is here reproduced, with deep regret that the other sixteen are lost, with all except a small fraction of the tune. Yet, cold, inanimate music notes on the paper would convey, to one who never heard him sing them, only the skeleton; the life, sympathy and soul of the song would be lacking. We needed no other soporific. Here it is:

Oh, the days of bygone joys,
They never will come back to me ;
When I was with the girls and boys.
A-courting, down in Tennessee.
Ulee, ilee, aloo, ee —
Courting, down in Tennessee.

It was "Jack's" habit to allow his head to hang to the left, due, presumably, to much practice in holding down the large end of his violin with his chin. He was prone to sleep a great deal, and even as he sat in the driver's seat of a "prairie-schoner," or astride a mule, the attitude described often resulted in his being accused of napping while on duty. The climatic conditions peculiar to the plains, and the slow, steady movement of the conveyances, were conducive to drowsiness, in consequence of which everybody was all the time sleepy. But "Jack" was born that way, and the very frequent evidences of it in his case led to a general

understanding that, whenever he was not in sight, he was hidden away somewhere asleep.

"Jack's" amiability, too, was a permanent condition. Apparently no one could make him angry or resentful. For this reason, he was the target for many pranks perpetrated by the boys. Like this:

One evening "Jack" took his blanket and located for the night at a spot apart from the others of the company, under a convenient sage bush. The next morning he was overlooked until after breakfast. When the time came for hitching the teams, he was not at his post. A search finally revealed him, still rolled in his bedding, fast asleep. When several calls failed to arouse him, one of the boys tied an end of a rope around "Jack's" feet, hitched a pair of oxen to the other end, and hauled the delinquent out some distance on the sand. "Jack" sat up, unconcernedly rubbed his eyes, then began untying the rope that bound his feet, his only comment being —

"Ulee, ilee, aloo, ee;
Courting, down in Tennessee."

Chapter 3

Lost in the Black Hills. Devil's Gate. Why a Mountain Sheep Did not Wink. Green River Ferry.

At Fort Laramie we left the Platte River, and, bearing northwesterly, entered the Black Hills, a region of low, rolling uplands, sparsely grown with scrubby pine trees; the soil black, very dry; where little animal life was visible, excepting prairie dogs.

There may be readers who, at the mention of prairie dogs, see mentally a wolf or other specimen of the genus cams, of ordinary kind and size. The prairie dog, however, is not of the dog species. It bears some resemblance to a squirrel and a rat, but is larger than either. It may be likened to the canine only in that it barks, somewhat as do small dogs. Prairie dogs live in holes, dug by themselves. Twenty to fifty of these holes may be seen within a radius of a few yards, and such communities are known to plains people as "towns." On the approach of anything they fear the little fellows sit erect, look defiant and chatter saucily. If the intruder comes too near, the commanding individual of the group, the mayor of the town, so to speak, gives an alarm, plainly interpreted as, "Beware; make safe; each man for himself;" and instantly each one turns an

exquisite somersault and disappears, as he drops, head downward, into the hole beside him.

John L. Maxwell had made the trip over the plains from the Missouri River to California in 1854, returning, via Panama, in 1856, to take his family to the West, accompanying the train of his elder brother, Dr. Kennedy Maxwell. He was of great service to us now, by reason of his experience and consequent knowledge of the country traversed. He was therefore elected to act as pilot of the company, with the title "Captain John," which clung to him for many years.

The emigrant trail in some parts of the way was well marked. In other places there was none, and we had to find our way as best we could, not always without difficulty. Often Captain John and others would ride ahead of the train a considerable distance, select routes for passage through places where travel was hard or risky, choose campsites, and, returning, pilot the train accordingly.

At various times, despite every care in selecting the route, the train went on a wrong course, and at least once was completely astray. This was one morning as the company was passing out of the Black Hills country. Information had been received that at this place a short-cut could be made which would save fifteen or twenty miles. There were no marks on the ground indicating that any train ahead had gone that way, but the leaders decided to try it. This venture led

the company into a situation not unlike the proverbial "jumping-off place."

Directly in our course was a declivity which dropped an estimated depth of sixty to one hundred feet below the narrow, stony flat on which we stood, down into a depressed valley. Abrupt ridges of broken stone formation were on our right and left, inclosing us in a small space of barren, waste earth. The elements had crumbled the rocks down for ages, until what perhaps had been once a deep canyon was now a narrow flat, a mass of debris, terminating at the top of the steep, ragged cliff that pitched downward before us. The high, rocky ridges on both sides were wholly impassable, at least for the teams. A search finally disclosed, at the base of the ridge on our right, a single possible passage. It was narrow, slightly wider than a wagon, and led downward at a steep incline, into the valley below, with rocks protruding from both its side walls, its bottom strewn with stones such as our vehicles could not pass over in an ordinary way.

We were confronted with the problem how to get the wagons down that yawning fissure; the alternative being to retrace our steps many miles.

At the bottom of this cliff or wall that barred our way could be seen a beautiful valley, stretching far and wide away to the northwest; a scene of enchanting loveliness, a refreshing contrast to the dry and nearly barren hills over which we had traveled during the many days last past. A short distance from the foot of

the wall was a small stream of clear water, running over the meadow-flat. Rich pasture extended along the line of trees that marked the serpentine course of the brook which zigzagged its way toward the southwest. Every man, woman and child of our company expressed in some way the declaration, "We must get into that beautiful oasis." It looked like field, park and orchard, in one landscape; all fenced off from the desolate surroundings by this wall of stone. Like Moses viewing Canaan from Nebo's top, we looked down and yearned to be amidst its freshness.

It was not decreed that we should not enter in. A little distance to the south, near the other ridge, we discovered another opening, through which the animals could be driven down, but through which the wagons could not pass. This was a narrow, crooked ravine, and very steep; running diagonally down through the cliff; a sort of dry waterway, entirely bridged over in one part by an arch of stone, making it there a natural tunnel or open-ended cave; terminating at the base of the cliff in an immense doorway, opening into the valley.

The teams were unhitched from the wagons, the yokes taken off the oxen, and all the cattle, horses and mules were driven through the inclined tunnel into the coveted valley. The women and children clambered down, taking with them what they could of the camp things, for immediate use, and soon were quite "at home" in the valley, making free use of the little creek,

for whatever purposes a little creek of pure, cold, fresh water is good, for a lot of thirsty, dust-covered wayfarers.

The puzzle of getting the wagons down next engrossed the attention of our best engineers. The proposition to unpack the lading, take the wagons apart, and carry all down by hand, appeared for a time to be the only feasible plan. Captain John, however, suggested procuring rope or chain about one hundred feet in length, for use in lowering the wagons, one at a time, through the first-mentioned passage. Sufficient rope was brought, one end fastened to the rear axle of a wagon, the other end turned around a dwarf pine tree at the top of the bluff ; two men managed the rope, preventing too rapid descent at the steeper places, while others guided the wheels over the stones, and the wagon was lowered through the crevice, with little damage. Thus, one by one, all the wagons were taken into the valley before the sun set.

It was a happy camp we had that night; though every man was tired. There was wood for fire, and a supply of good water and pasture sufficient for dozens of camps. Some one ventured the opinion that the Mormon pioneers had overlooked that spot when seeking a new location for Zion.

Except that it was very pleasant to inhabit, we knew little of the place we had ventured into, or its location. How we were to get out did not appear, nor for the time being did this greatly concern us; and soon after

supper the camp was wrapped in slumber, undisturbed by any coyote duet, or, on this occasion, even the twitter of a night bird.

We did not hurry the next morning, the inclination being to linger awhile in the shady grove by the brookside. With a late start, the day's travel took us some twelve miles, through and out of the valley, to a point where we made the best of a poor camping place, on a rough, rocky hillside. The following day there was no road to follow, nor even a buffalo trail or bear path; but by evening we somehow found our way back into the course usually followed by emigrants, not knowing whether the recent detour had lessened or increased the miles of travel, but delighted with the comfort and diversion afforded by the side-ride. Thinking that others, seeing our tracks, might be led into similar difficulties, and be less fortunate perhaps in overcoming them, two of our young men rode back to the place of divergence, and erected a notice to all comers, advising them to "Keep to the right."

Another freak of Nature in which we were much interested was the "Devil's Gate," or "Independence Rock," where we first came to the Sweetwater River, in Wyoming. This is a granite ridge, some two hundred feet in length, irregular in formation and height, resembling a huge molehill, extending down from the Rocky Mountain heights and being across the river's course; the "Gate" being a vertical section, the width of the stream, cut out of a spur of Rattlesnake Mountain.

If his Satanic majesty, whose name it bears, had charge of the construction, apparently he intended it only as a passage-way for the river, the cut being the exact width of the river as it flows through. The greater part of the two walls stand two hundred and fifty feet high, above the river level, perpendicular to the earth's plane, facing each other, the river between them at the base. Many names had been cut in the surface of the rock, by passing emigrants.

We stopped for half a day to view this extraordinary scene. Some of the boys went to the apex, to see if the downward view made the rock walls appear as high as did the upward view: and naturally they found the distance viewed downward seemed much greater. Our intention was to stand on the brink and experience the sensation of looking down from that great height at the river. The face of the wall where it terminates at the top forms an almost square corner, as if hewn stone. A few bushes grew a short distance from the edge, and as we approached the brink there was a sense of greater safety in holding onto these bushes. But while holding on we could not see quite over to the water below. We formed a chain of three persons, by joining hands, one grasping a large bush, that the outer man might look over the edge — if he would. But he felt shaky. He was not quite sure that the bush would not pull up by the roots, or one of the other fellows let go. For sometime no one was willing to make a real effort to look over the edge, but finally "Jack" said he would save the party's

reputation for bravery, by assuming the role of end-man. He made several bold approaches toward the edge, but each time recoiled, and soon admitted defeat. "Boys," said he, "I'm dizzy. I know that 'distance lends enchantment'; I'll get back farther, take the best view I can get, and preserve the enchantment." To cover his discomfiture, he started for camp, whistling:

"Ulee, ilee, aloo, ee."

The next excursion off the route in search of novelty was on a clear afternoon a few days after passing the "Devil's Gate," when three young fellows decided to take a tramp to the rock ridge lying to our right. We hoped to find some mountain sheep. From the Sweetwater River to the ridge was apparently half a mile, across a grassy flat. We knew that the rare atmosphere of that high altitude often made distances deceiving, and determined to make due allowances. Having crossed the river and being ready for a sprint, each made a guess of the distance to the foot of the rock ridge. The estimates varied from two hundred yards to three hundred. Off we went, counting paces. At the end of three hundred we appeared to be no nearer the goal than when we started. The guesses were repeated, and when we were about completing the second course of stepping, making nearly six hundred yards in all, one of the boys espied a mountain sheep on the top of the ridge, keeping lookout, probably, for the benefit of his fellows, feeding on the other side, as is the habit of these wary creatures.

With head and great horns clearly outlined on the background of blue sky, he was a tempting target. Without a word, the three of us leveled guns and fired. Mr. Mountain Sheep stood perfectly still, looking down at us. We could not see so much as the winking of an eye. Making ready for another volley, we thought best to get nearer; but as we started the head and horns and sheep disappeared behind the top of the ridge. Further stepping proved that we had shot at the animal from a distance of at least half a mile. Our guns were good for a range of two hundred yards, at most.

Much of the time, especially while in the higher mountains, we were in possession of little knowledge of our position. There were no marks that we observed to indicate geographical divisions, and we had no means for determining many exact locations, though some important rivers and prominent mountain peaks and ridges were identified. We knew little, if anything, then of territorial boundaries, and thought of the country traversed as being so remote from centers of civilization — at that time but little explored, even — that we could not conceive any object in attempting to determine our location with reference to geographical lines; nor could we have done so except on rare occasions. Our chief concern was to know that we were on the best route to California.

We crossed the summit of the Rocky Mountains by the South Pass. Though it was July, the jagged peaks of the Wind River Mountains bore a thick blanket of

snow. Sometime after leaving the "Devil's Gate" we passed Pacific Springs. There we gained first knowledge that we had passed the summit, on observing that the streams flowed westerly. Patient plodding had now taken us a distance of actual travel amounting to much more than one thousand miles and, from time to time, into very high altitudes. About four miles west of Pacific Springs we passed the junction of the California and Oregon trails, at the Big Bend of the Bear River.

Green River, where we first came to it, was in a level bit of country. There this stream was about sixty yards wide; the water clear and deep, flowing in a gentle current. For the accommodation of emigrants, three men were there, operating a ferry. Whence they came I do not remember, if they told us. We saw no signs of a habitation in which they might have lived. The ferrying was done with what was really a raft of logs, rather than a boat. It was sustained against the current by means of a tackle attached to a block, rove on a large rope that was drawn taut, from bank to bank, and was propelled by a windlass on each bank. When a wagon had been taken aboard this cable ferry, the windlass on the farther side was turned by one of the men, drawing the raft across. After unloading, the raft was drawn back, by operation of the windlass on the opposite shore, where it took on another load. The third man acted as conductor, collecting a toll of three dollars per

wagon. All the horses, mules and cattle were driven into the river, and swam across.

The company passed along the shore of the Green River, down the Big Sandy River and Slate Creek, over Bear River Divide, then southwestward into Utah Territory.

Chapter 4

Disquieting Rumors of Redmen. Consolidation for Safety. The Poisonous Humboldt.

Soon after passing the summit of the Rocky Mountains there were rumors of a hostile attitude toward emigrants on the part of certain Indian tribes farther west. For a time such information seemed vague as to origin and reliability, but in time the rumors became persistent, and there developed a feeling of much concern, first for the safety of our stock, later for our own protection.

Measures of precaution were discussed. Men of our train visited those of others, ahead and behind us, and exchanged views regarding the probability of danger and the best means for protection and defense. We were forced to the conclusion that the situation was grave; and the interests of the several trains were mutual. As the members of the different parties, most of whom previously had been strangers to one another, met and talked of the peril which all believed to be imminent, they became as brothers; and mutual protection was the theme that came up oftenest and was listened to with the most absorbing interest.

By the time we had crossed the Green River these consultations had matured into a plan for consolidation of trains, for greater concentration of strength. A. J. Drennan's company of four or five wagons, immediately ahead of us, and the Dr. Kidd train, of three wagons, next behind us, closed up the space between, and all three traveled as one train. Thus combined, a considerable number of able-bodied men were brought together, making a rather formidable array for an ordinary band of Indians to attack. Every man primed his gun and thenceforth took care to see that his powder was dry.

Still the youthful element occasionally managed to extract some humor out of the very circumstances which the older and more serious members held to be grounds for forebodings of evil. One morning after we had left camp, a favorite cow was missing from the drove. "Jack" Aston and Major Crewdson, both young fellows, rode back in search of the stray. From a little hill-top they saw, in a ravine below, some half dozen Indians busily engaged in skinning the cow. "Jack" and the Major returned and merely reported what they had seen. They were asked why they had not demanded of those "rascally" Indians that they explain why they were skinning a cow that did not belong to them. "Jack" promptly answered that, as for himself, he had never been introduced to this particular party of Indians, and was not on speaking terms with them; furthermore, neither he nor the Major had sufficient knowledge of

the Indian language properly to discuss the matter with them.

The route pursued led to the north of Great Salt Lake, thence northwesterly. Our line of travel did not therefore bring us within view of the Mormon settlements which had already been established at the southerly end of the great inland sea.

We camped one night approximately where the city of Ogden now stands, then a desolate expanse of sand-dunes. A group of our men sat around the camp-fire that evening, discussing the probability of a railroad ever being constructed over the route we were traveling. All of them were natives or recent residents of the Middle West, and it is probable that not one had ever seen a railroad. The unanimous opinion was that such a project as the building of a railroad through territory like that over which we had thus far traveled would be a task so stupendous as to baffle all human ingenuity and skill. Yet, some twelve years later, the ceremony of driving the famous "last spike," completing the railroad connection between the Atlantic and Pacific, was performed on a sand flat very near the spot where we camped that night. The intervening period saw the establishment of the "pony express," which greatly facilitated the mail service (incidentally reducing letter postage to Pacific Coast points from twenty-five to ten cents). That service continued from the early sixties until through railroad connection was made.

After the consolidation of trains as described, our next neighbor to the rear was Smith Holloway, whose "outfit" consisted of three wagons, with a complement of yoke-wise oxen and some horses and mules; also a large drove of stock cattle, intended for the market in California, where it was known they would be salable at high prices. He had with him his wife, a little daughter, and Jerry Bush, Mrs. Holloway's brother, a young man of twenty-one years; also two hired men, Joe Blevens and Bird Lawles. Holloway kept his party some distance behind us, he having declined to join the consolidation of trains in order to avoid the inconvenience that the mingling of his stock with ours would entail, with reference to pasture, and camping facilities.

A mile or two behind Holloway were the trains of Captain Rountree, the Giles company, Simpson Fennell, Mr. Russell, and others, equipped with several wagons each, and accompanied by some loose stock.

All these were traveling along, a sort of moving neighborhood: incidentally getting acquainted with one another, visiting on the road by day and in the camp at evening time ; talking of the journey, of the country for which we were en route, and our hopes of prosperity and happiness in the new El Dorado — but most of all, just then, of the probable danger of attack by savage tribes.

More than ever rumors of impending trouble were flying from train to train. Some of these were to the

effect that white bandits were in league with Indians in robbing and murdering emigrants. The well-known treachery of the savages, and the stories we heard of emigrants having been slaughtered also by whites — the real facts of which we knew little of — were quite enough to beget fear and suggest the need of plans for the best possible resistance.

Up to this time there was frequent communication between trains, a considerable distance ahead and behind. As at home, neighbor would visit neighbor, and discuss the topics of the day; so, from time to time we met persons in other trains who gave out information obtained before leaving home, or from mountaineers, trappers or explorers, occasionally met while we were yet on the eastern slope of the Rockies; men who were familiar with Indian dialects and at peace with the tribes, enabling them to learn much that was of importance to the emigrants.

Dissemination of news among the people of the various trains near us was accomplished not only during visits by members of one train to those of another, but sometimes by other methods. One of these, which was frequently employed in communicating generally or in signaling individuals known to be somewhere in the line behind us, was by a system of "bone-writing."

There were along the line of travel many bare, bleached bones of animals that had died in previous years, many of them doubtless the animals of earlier

emigrants. Some of these, as for example, the frontal or the jaw-bone, whitened by the elements, and having some plain, smooth surface, were excellent tablets for pencil writing. An emigrant desiring to communicate with another, or with a company, to the rear, would write the message on one of these bones and place the relic on a heap of stones by the roadside, or suspend it in the branches of a sage bush, so conspicuously displayed that all coming after would see it and read. Those for general information, intended for all comers, were allowed to remain; others, after being read by the person addressed, were usually removed. Sometimes when passing such messages, placed by those ahead of us, we added postscripts to the bulletins, giving names and dates, for the edification of whomever might care to read them. It was in this way that some of the developments regarding the Indian situation were made known by one train to another.

Thus we progressed, counting off the average of about eighteen miles a day from the long part of the journey that still lay before us, when we reached Thousand Springs, adjacent to the present boundary line between Utah and Nevada. This, we were told, was the source of the Humboldt River. We were told, too, that the four hundred miles down the course of that peculiar stream — which we could not hope to traverse in much less than one month — we would find to be the most desert-like portion of the entire trip, the most disagreeable and arduous, for man and

beast. Such was to be expected by reason of the character of that region and the greater danger there of Indian depredations; also because the passage through that section was to be undertaken after our teams had become greatly worn, therefore more likely to fail under hard conditions. Furthermore, scarcity of feed for the stock was predicted, and, along much of the way, uncertainty as to water supply, other than that from the Humboldt River, which was, especially at that time of the year, so strongly impregnated with alkali as to be dangerous to life.

Nearly all the face of the country was covered with alkali dust, which, in a light, pulverulent state, rose and filled the air at the slightest breeze or other disturbance. It was impossible to avoid inhaling this powder to some extent, and it created intense thirst, tending toward exhaustion and great suffering. We knew that sometimes delirium was induced by this cause, and even death resulted from it in cases of very long exposure under the worst conditions.

Sometimes for miles the only vegetable growth we found along the river was a string of willow bushes, fringing its course, and scattered, stunted sagebrush, growing feebly in gravel and dry sand, the leaves of which were partly withered and of a pale, ashy tint. Feed for the animals was very scarce. It was not possible, over much of the way, to get sufficient fresh water for the stock, therefore difficult to restrain them from drinking the river water. Some did drink from

that stream, despite all efforts to prevent it, the result being that many of them died while we made our way along the sluggish Humboldt.

Chapter 5
The Holloway Massacre.

It was decided that while in this region we would, whenever possible, make our camp some distance from the river, in order that the stock might be prevented from drinking the dangerous river water, also for the reason that the clumps of willows by the stream could be used as a cover by Indians bent on mischief: and they, we now believed, were watching for a favorable opportunity to surprise us.

It transpired that the Holloway party neglected this precaution, at least on one occasion, sometime after passing the head of the Humboldt River. Their train was next behind ours when, on the evening of August 13th, after rounding up their stock for the night, a short distance from the wagons, they stopped near the willows by the river and made what proved to be their last camp.

Behind them, but not within sight, were several emigrant camps at points varying from a few rods to half a mile apart.

The Holloway party retired as usual for the night; Mr. and Mrs. Holloway and their child, a girl of two years, in a small tent near the wagons; Jerry Bush, Mrs. Holloway's brother, and one of the hired men, Joe

Blevens, in their blankets on the ground; while Bird Lawles, the other hired man, being ill with a fever, slept in a wagon.

There were others with this party that night; Mr. and Mrs. Callum, Mr. Hattlebaugh, and a man whose name is now unknown. These four had been traveling near the Holloway party, and joined it for camping on that occasion.

The following morning Mr. Holloway was the first to arise. While making the camp-fire, he called to the others to get up, saying cheerfully:

"Well, we've got through one more night without a call from the Redskins."

"Bang, bang," rang out a volley of rifle shots, fired from the willows along the river, less than a hundred yards away.

Mr. Holloway fell, fatally shot, and died without a word or a struggle. As other members of the emigrant party sprang to their feet and came within view of the assailants, the firing continued, killing Joe Blevens, Mrs. Callum, and the man whose name is not recalled; while Bird Lawles, being discovered on his sick bed in a wagon, was instantly put to death.

Meanwhile Jerry Bush grasped his rifle and joined battle against the assassins. Thus far the savages remained hidden in the bushes, and Jerry's shots were fired merely at places where he saw the tall weeds and willows shaken by the motions of the Indians,

therefore he has never known whether his bullets struck one of the enemy.

While thus fighting alone, for his life and that of his people, he received a gunshot in his side and fell. Knowing that he was unable to continue the fight, and, though doubting that he could rise, he endeavored to shield himself from the bullets and arrows of the Indian band. He succeeded in dragging himself to the river bank, when, seizing a willow branch, he lowered himself to the foot of the steep cliff, some ten feet, reaching the water's edge. He then attempted to swim to the opposite shore. The effort caused him to lose his gun, in deep water. Owing to weakness due to his wound, he was unable to cross the stream.

Jerry Bush's parting view of the camp had revealed the apparent destruction of his entire party, except himself. Observing the body of at least one woman, among the victims on the ground, he believed that his sister also had been slain.

But Mrs. Holloway and the little girl were still in the tent, for the time unhurt, and just awakened from their morning slumber. Having realized that the camp was being attacked, Mrs. Holloway emerged from the tent to find no living member of her party in sight, other than herself and her child. For a moment she was partially shielded by the wagons. The first object that drew her attention was her husband's form, lying still in death, near the fire he had just kindled. Next beyond was the dead body of Blevens, and a little farther away

were the remains of the others who had been slain. Her brother she did not see, but supposed he had met the same fate as the others whom she saw on the ground. Jerry was an experienced hunter; she knew that he always owned a fine gun, and had full confidence that, if he were alive and not disabled, he would defend his people to the last.

She saw some of the Indians coming from their ambush by the river. They approached for a time with caution, looking furtively about, as if to be sure there was no man left to defend the camp. As they drew nearer Mrs. Holloway realized that she and her child were facing an awful fate — death or captivity. On came the savages, now more boldly, and in greater numbers.

The terrified woman, clothed only in her night robe, barefooted; not knowing whether to take flight or stand and plead for mercy; with the child on one arm, one hand raised in supplication, yielded finally to the impulse to flee. As she started the attacking band resumed firing; she was struck, by arrows and at least one bullet, and dropped headlong to the ground.

Though conscious, she remained motionless, in the hope that, by feigning death she might escape further wounds and torture. But the Indians came, and taking the arrows from her body, punctured her flesh with the jagged instruments, as a test whether physical sensation would disclose a sign of life remaining. She lay with eyes closed; not a muscle twitched nor a finger

moved, while those demons proceeded, in no delicate manner, to cut the skin around the head at the edge of the hair, then tear the scalp from the skull, leaving the bare and bleeding head on the ground.

Horrible as all this was, it did not prove to be the last nor the most revolting exhibition of wanton lust for blood.

The little girl, who it is hoped had been rendered insensible at sight of the cruelties perpetrated upon her mother, was taken by the feet . . . and dashed . . . on the wheels of a wagon. To this last act in the fiendish drama there was probably no witness other than the actors in it; but the child's body, mangled too terribly for description, and the bloody marks on the wagon, gave evidence so convincing that there could not be a moment's doubt of what had occurred.

The marauders now began a general looting of the wagons. Some of their number were rounding up the stock, preparing to drive the cattle away, when the trains of emigrants next in the rear appeared, less than half a mile distant. This caused the Indian band to retreat. They crossed the river, and then placing themselves behind the willows, hurried away, making their escape into the mountain fastnesses. Owing to their precipitous departure, much of the plunder they were preparing to take was left behind them. Among the articles thus dropped by them was the scalp of Mrs. Holloway, and the rescuing party found and took possession of it.

Those emigrants who first came upon the scene found Mrs. Holloway apparently dead; but, on taking her up, they saw that she was alive. Though returning to semi-consciousness some time later, her condition was such that she was unable to tell the story then; but there were evidences showing plainer than words could have told of the awful events of that morning, which had converted the quiet camp of this happy, hopeful company into a scene of death and destruction.

Before noon a large number of people of the great emigrant procession had arrived. They united in giving to the dead the best interment that the circumstances permitted. Then the broken and scattered effects of the Holloway company were gathered up, and the now mournful trains took position in the line of pilgrimage and again moved forward towards the Pacific.

Mr. Fennell, aided by Captain Rountree's company and others, attempted to save such of the Holloway property as had not been carried off or destroyed. They were successful in recovering about one hundred of the one hundred and fifty head of stock which the Indians had endeavored to drive away. Two mules that were being led off by ropes broke away from the savage band and returned, but the emigrants did not recover any of the stolen horses.

Jerry Bush found his way back to the scene. His injury, though apparently of a dangerous character, did not delay the relief parties more than a day after the

attack, and the wound healed within a few weeks. It was reported that Callum and Hattlebaugh had escaped, but their further whereabouts was not known.

Captain Rountree took charge of Mrs. Holloway and her brother and brought them, with such of their stock and other belongings as remained, to The Meadows, on the Feather River. After partially recuperating there, an uncle, Mr. Perry Durban, came to their aid, and they were taken to Suisun. After full recovery from his wound, Jerry Bush located in Ukiah, and resided there some years. He still survives, now a resident of Hulett, Wyoming, at the ripe age of eighty years.

The slaughter of the Holloway party occurred at a point on the Humboldt River some thirty miles east of where Winnemucca is located, a few miles west of Battle Mountain. This becomes apparent by careful estimates of distance traveled per day, rather than by landmarks noted at the time, there being no settlements there, nor elsewhere along the route, at that time.

It was perhaps a year later when I went to a camp-meeting one Sunday, at Mark West Creek, in Sonoma County, California. The people attending a service were in a small opening among trees. Standing back of those who were seated, I saw among them a woman whose profile seemed familiar, and later I recognized her as Mrs. Holloway.

My interest in her career, due to her extraordinary part in the Indian massacre on the plains, was heightened by the fact that I had known her previously, as the daughter of Mr. Bush, a prosperous farmer, and had been present when she married Mr. Holloway, in a little schoolhouse, near Rockport, Atchison County, Missouri. It seemed a natural impulse which prompted me to ask her for particulars of the tragedy, so disastrous to herself and her family; though later there were misgivings regarding the propriety of doing so.

Mrs. Holloway appeared at that time to be in good health, and was cheerful, possessing perfect control of her faculties. Her head was covered by a wig, made of her own hair, taken from the scalp that was recovered at the scene of the massacre.

All the heartrending experiences that she had endured were imprinted upon her mind in minutest detail, and she related them in the exact order of their occurrence. The recalling of the terrible ordeal, however, so wrought upon her emotions that she wept, to the limit of mild hysteria, which brought our conversation to a close, and soon thereafter she left the place.

I saw her no more; but learned sometime afterwards that her health failed, then of the giving away of her mental powers, and still later of her death, at Napa City; caused primarily by shock, and brooding over the misfortunes she had met on the bank of the Humboldt River.

It is difficult to believe that a woman, any woman — or any man — could, in a state of consciousness, endure such torture as was inflicted upon Mrs. Holloway, and refrain from disclosing to her tormentors that she was alive. But that she did so endure was her positive statement, and this was indisputably corroborated by evidences found by those who arrived at the scene less than an hour after the event.

Chapter 6

Origin of "Piker." Before the Era of Canned Goods and Kodaks. Morning Routine. Typical Bivouac. Sociability Entrained. The Flooded Camp. Hope Sustains Patience.

The appellation "Piker," much used in the West in early days, synonymous of "Missourian," had its origin on these plains. At first it was applied to a particular type of Missourian, but later came to be used generally.

There was among the emigrants a considerable number of persons from Pike County, Missouri. Some of these had the sign, "From Pike Co., Mo.," painted on their wagon covers. Others, when asked whence they came, promptly answered, "From Pike County, Missouri, by gosh, sir;" often said with a shrug implying that the speaker arrogated to himself much superiority by reason of the fact stated. The display of such signs, and announcements like that just mentioned, were of such frequent occurrence that the substance was soon abbreviated to "Piker," and became a by-word. It was often, perhaps always, spoken with a tinge of odium. Possibly this was due to the fact that many of the people referred to were of a "backwoods" class, rather

short in culture, and in personal makeup, manner and language, bearing a general air of the extremely rural.

Though only persons of that description hailing from Pike County were those who at first had to bear the opprobrium generally implied by "Piker," later it was applied to all persons of that type in the Far West, regardless of their origin. Many years' of mingling of California's cosmopolitan population has changed all that; producing her present homogeneous, sterling, virile, and somewhat distinct type of "Californian" ; so the "Piker," as such, is no longer in the land. A later application of the same word, descriptive of a person who does business in a small way, has nothing in common with the "Piker" of early days.

Fifty-eight years ago, the time of the events here narrated, was before the era of canned goods. Nearly all of the foodstuffs carried by the emigrants were in crude form, and bulky; but substantial, pure, and such as would keep in any climate.

During the first few weeks of the trip we milked some of the cows, and also made butter, the churning operation being effected mainly by the motion of the wagons, in the regular course. That this did not last long was due to reduction of milk supply. After a time there was not sufficient even for use in the coffee, or for making gravy, that convenient substitute for butter.

Such delicacies as may now be found in first-class canned meats, vegetables and milk would have filled an

often-felt want. The occasional supply that we had en route of fresh meat and fish were obtained largely by chance; we having no knowledge of localities where hunting and fishing were likely to be successful, and it being deemed unsafe for members of the party to wander far or remain long away from the train. It seems regrettable that the invention of hermetically-sealed and easily portable foods, and the inducement to cross the plains to California, did not occur in reversed sequence.

Neither had the kodak arrived. Had it been with us then, this narrative might be illustrated with snapshots of camp scenes, characteristic roadside views, and incidents of travel generally, which would do more for realism than can any word-picture. We often see specimens of artists' work purporting to represent a "49er" emigrant train on the overland journey — some of them very clever; but seldom are they at all realistic to the man who was there.

The man with a camera could have perpetuated, for example, the striking scene presented to us one day of a party, consisting of two men and their wives, with two or three children, sitting on a rocky hillside, woefully scanning their team of done-out oxen and one wagon with a broken axle; no means at hand for recuperation and repair. In the scorching sun of a July day they waited, utterly helpless, hopeless, forlorn, confused; and a thousand miles from "anywhere." Such a grouping would not have made a cheerful picture, but

would have assisted immensely in recording a historical fact.

But no emigrant ever found another in distress and "passed by on the other side."

We were early risers, and the camp was each morning a scene of life with the rising of the sun. By sunset all were sufficiently fatigued to wish for making camp again. Therefore, from the morning start till the evening stop was usually about twelve hours, with variations from time to time, according to necessity or exceptional conditions.

Breaking camp in the morning became routine, and proceeded like clockwork. Each patient ox voluntarily drew near, and stood, waiting to be yoked with his fellow and chained to his daily task. So well did each know his place by the side of his mate that the driver had only to place one end of the yoke on the neck of the "off" ox, known, for example, as "Bright," and hold the other end toward the "nigh" ox, saying, "Come under here, Buck," and the obedient fellow placed himself in position. Then the bows were placed and keyed, and "Bright" and "Buck" were hitched for duty. It required but a few minutes to put three or four yoke of oxen in working order.

As the result of much repetition, the packing of the camp articles onto the wagons was done dexterously and quickly. Each box, roll and bundle had a designated place; all being arranged usually to facilitate

sitting or reclining positions for those who rode in the "schooners," that they might be as comfortable as possible, and read, sleep, or, as the women often did, sew and knit, or play games. During some parts of the trip such means of whiling away the hours was very desirable, if not a necessity. If there ever was a time or condition in which it could be pardonable to "kill time," these circumstances were there, during many long days.

The bivouac was always a scene of bustle and orderly disorder, especially if the campsite was a good one : wood, water and grass being the desiderata. Obedient to habit, every person and animal dropped into place and action. With the wagons drawn to position for the night's sojourn, teams were quickly unhitched, the yokes, chains, harness and saddles falling to the ground where the animals stood.

Relieved of their trappings, the oxen, horses and mules were turned to pasture, plentiful or scant. Cooking utensils came rattling from boxes; rolls of bedding tumbled out and were spread on the smoothest spots of sand or grass. Eager hands gathered such fuel as was available, and the campfire blazed. Buckets of water were brought from the spring or stream; and in an incredibly short time the scene of animation had wrought full preparation for the night, while the odor of steaming coffee and frying bacon rendered the astonished air redolent of appetizing cookery.

Some families used a folding table, on which to serve meals; but more spread an oilcloth on the ground and gathered around that; or individuals, taking a plate and a portion, sat on a wagon-tongue or a convenient stone. Camp-stools and "split-bottomed" chairs were among the luxuries that some carried, in limited numbers; but these were not useful especially as seats while partaking of a meal spread on the ground.

Appetites were seldom at fault; and the meals, though plain and of little variety, were never slighted. It is hardly necessary to add that bacon and coffee were easy staples. Bread was mainly in the form of quick-fire biscuits, baked in a skillet or similar utensil, or the ever-ready and always welcome "flap-jack" sometimes supplemented with soda-crackers, as a delicacy.

Nearly all the nights were pleasant — mild temperature, and very little dew. This gave much relief, the daytime heat being generally irksome and often distressingly hot. Many of the men came to prefer sleeping wholly in the open, with the heavens unobscured ; often requiring no more than a pair of blankets and a small pillow.

Early evening was devoted to social gatherings. If the night was pleasant groups would assemble, for conversation, singing and story-telling; varied with dancing by the young people of some companies. The more religious sang hymns and read the Bible sometimes, in lieu of attendance at any church service. When wood was plentiful, a bonfire added to the

cheerfulness and comfort of the occasion. Often neighboring trains camped quite near, when much enjoyment was found in visits by the members of one company among those of another. In such ways many agreeable acquaintances were met and even lasting friendships formed, some of which have endured throughout the nearly three-score years since passed.

But we were not always favored with clear and pleasant weather. No one who was there can have forgotten one night at the Platte River, when we had a most dismal experience. Rain began falling in the afternoon, and for that reason we made camp early.

The tents were set up on a bit of flat ground near the river bank. There were some large trees, but little dry wood available for fuel for the camp fire except on an island, which was separated from us by a branch of the river, about twenty yards wide and a foot deep. Some of us waded over, getting our clothes soaked; others crossed on horseback, and carried back from the island enough wood to make a fire. But, time after time, the fire was quenched by the rain, which now was falling in torrents; so we had much difficulty in preparing our supper.

The people huddled into the tents and wagons, half hungry, more than half wet, and uncomfortable altogether. With the exception of one or two cots, the bedding was spread on the ground in the tents, and all turned in — but not for long. Some one said, "water is running under my bed." Then another and another

made the same complaint. Soon we learned the deplorable fact that the large tent had been pitched in a basin-like place, and that the water, as the rain increased, was coming in from all sides, the volume growing rapidly greater.

We succeeded then in lighting one lantern, when the water was found to be something like two inches deep over nearly all parts of the large tent's floor. The beds were taken up and placed in soaked heaps, on camp stools and boxes; and the rain continued pouring in steady, relentless disregard of our misery. Except where lighted by the single lantern the darkness was, of course, absolute. Relief was impossible. There appearing to be nothing else to do, everybody abandoned the tents and huddled in the wagons; the lantern was blown out, and there was little sleep, while we waited and wished for daylight.

Some of the days were warm and some hot. Some were very hot. Discomforts were common; and yet not much was said, and apparently little thought, of them. Having become inured to the conditions as we found them from time to time, discomforts, such as under other circumstances would have been considered intolerable, were passed without comment. There were times and situations in which hardships were unavoidable, some of them almost unendurable; but these, having been anticipated, were perhaps less poignant in the enduring than in the expectation.

Let us for a moment raise the curtain of more than half a century, while we look back on one of those ox-drawn trains of "prairie-schooners," as it appeared to an observer on the ground at the time; about the middle of August, and beyond the middle of the journey. Permit the imagination to place the scene alongside that of the present-day modes of traversing the same territory, when the distance is covered in a less number of days than it required of months then. Perhaps such a comparison may help to form some faint conception of what the overland pioneers did, and what they felt, and saw, and were.

There they are as we see them, on a long stretch of sage-brush plateau. The surface of the plain is only sand and gravel, as far as the eye can reach. The atmosphere is hazy, with dust and vibrating waves of heat arising from the ground. Far away to the northwest is the outline of some mountains, just visible in the dim distance. In the opposite direction, whence we have come, there is nothing above the ground but hot space, and dust. Not a living thing in sight but ourselves and ours.

The animals appear fatigued, jaded. The people appear — well, as to physical condition, like the animals: generally all look alike. Yet the people seem hopeful. And why hopeful? The inherent and indomitable trait of the race which makes it possible for humanity to look over and past present difficulties, however great, and see some good beyond. That is why

the world "do move." Often, as it was with us, progress may be slow, but every day counts for a little.

Just here twelve or fifteen miles a day is doing well — very well. From a slight eminence at one side of the way we may stand and see the slowly creeping line of wagons and stock, for many miles fore and aft, as they bend their way in and out, around and over the surface of knolls and flats, hillocks and gullies. From a distant view they seem not to be moving at all.

The hour of mid-day arrives, and they stop for the "nooning." There is nothing growing in the vicinity that the horses and cattle can eat, and no water except the little in the keg and canteens; so the carrying animals stand in their yokes and harness, or under saddles, and the loose stock wait in groups, their thirst unslaked.

As the people come out of the wagons and go about the business of the hour we see the marks of the elements upon them. The women wear "poke" bonnets and gingham dresses. The men are unshaven. All are sunburnt to a rich, leathern brown. Some are thin, and at this particular time, wearing a serious expression. They are not as unhappy as they look, their principal trouble of the moment being merely anxiety to satisfy prodigious and healthy appetites.

There, under the stress of the mid-summer sun, now in the zenith, no shade, no protection from the flying dust, they proceed cheerfully to build a fire, of sticks and dry weeds; they fry bacon and bake biscuits,

prepare large pots of coffee, and they eat, from tin plates, and drink from tin cups.

No one says, "This is awful!" They laugh as they eat, saying, "Good; ain't it?"

This is not a cheerful view altogether of the retrospective; but a sketch true to life, as life was there. It was not all like that. A good deal of it was.

Some will say that these overland travelers were over-zealous, even foolhardy. One of the earliest pioneers, Mr. Daniel B. Miller, who reached Oregon by the plains route in 1852, wrote later to relatives in Illinois, "I would not bring a family across for all that is contained in Oregon and California." Himself single, he had come with a train composed almost wholly of men, but learned incidentally what risks there were in escorting women and children through the wilds.

But the enduring of all this toil, exposure and hardship had for its inspiration the buoyant hope of something good just beyond, something that was believed to be worthy of the privation and effort it was costing. The ardor of that hope was too intense to be discouraged by anything that human strength could overcome. The memories of those strenuous experiences are held as all but sacred, and you never meet one of these early overland emigrants who does not like to sit by your fireside and tell you about it. He forgets, for the moment, how hard it was, and dwells upon it, telling it over and over again, with the same

pride and sense of noble achievement that the old soldier feels when recounting the battles and the camp life and the hard marches of the war, when he was young, away back in the sixties. One crossing this country by present-day conveyances, in richly appointed railroad trains, with all the comforts obtainable in modern sleeping, dining and parlor cars, can hardly be expected to conceive what it was to cover the same course under the conditions described; when there was not even a poor wagon road, and the utmost speed did not equal in a day the distance traveled in half an hour by the present mode. Any person who rides in a cumbrous and heavily laden wagon, behind a team whose pace never exceeds a slow walk; over dusty ground, in hot weather, will, before one day is passed, feel that endurance requires utmost fortitude. Consider what patience must be his if the journey continues for four, five or six long months !

It is worthy of mention that there was no dissension among our people, nor even unpleasantness, during the entire trip, nor did we observe any among others. We were fortunate in having no "grouches" among us. Harmony, cheerfulness, a disposition to be jolly, even to the degree of hilarity, was the prevailing spirit. That, too, under circumstances often so trying that they might have thrown a sensitive disposition out of balance. All this in the wilds of an unorganized territory, where there was no law to govern, other than the character and natural bent of individuals. Such lack

of established authority we had thought might lead to recklessness or aggressive conduct, but it did not.

Present residents in the fields and valleys, and the prosperous towns along much of the line of travel described, will find it difficult to reconcile the accounts here given with conditions as they see them now. Leagues of territory now bearing a network of railroads and splendid highways, which carry rich harvests from the well-tilled farms, and connect numerous cities, was thought of ordinarily by the emigrants in early days only as it appeared to them, and then was, the stamping ground of savage tribes and the home of wild beasts, untouched by the transforming hand of civilization. To the keen observer, however, it was evident that we were passing through a great deal of fine country. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that part of that journey was through lands naturally barren, some desert wastes, much of which is still unreclaimed, some unreclaimable.

Chapter 7

Tangled by a Tornado. Lost the Pace But Kept the Cow. Human Oddities. Night-Guards. Wolf Serenades. Awe of the Wilderness. A Stampede.

Few readers need peruse these pages to learn what a thunderstorm is like, but many may not know what it is to encounter a fierce electrical disturbance while surrounded by a herd of uncontrollable cattle on the prairie.

On an occasion after having stopped for a "nooning," there loomed up suddenly in the northwest a black, ominous cloud, revolving swiftly and threateningly, as might the vapors from some gigantic cauldron; variegated in black, blue and green, bespangled with red streaks of lightning.

This display of the angry elements was making a broadening sweep onward directly towards where we were. The air turned black and murky, and was vibrant with electric tension. Flocks of buzzards flew low to the earth about us, as if to be ready for the carrion of the impending catastrophe. The fear instinct of the brute

seized the cattle, and they hovered together, bellowing, distraught with apprehension of evil.

The whirlpool of atmospheric chaos grew more intense and rapidly larger as it approached. Globules of water began to "spat! spat!" on the ground, here and there, as the storm-cloud opened its batteries of liquid balls. There was only such protection as the wagons afforded. Whatever preparation we could make must be effected at once.

Knowing that if the cattle should take fright and run, it would be better that they leave the wagons, I dropped the wagon-tongue to which I was hitching a team, and called to a boy who was hooking up the next wagon, telling him not to do so. He had, however, already attached to that wagon the team consisting of three yoke of oxen.

The big drops of water were in a moment followed by hailstones, at first very large and scattering, striking the ground each with a vicious thud — a subdued "whack"; growing more frequent and presently mingled with lesser ones; until, in the shortest moment, there was a cloud-burst of hail and rain pouring upon us, a storm such as none of us had ever witnessed.

The oxen, chained together in strings of three and four pairs, pelted by the hail, were mutinous and altogether uncontrollable. My own string, having turned crosswise of the front end of the wagon, were pushing it backward, down the hillside. The team in

charge of the boy, being attached to their wagon and heading away from the storm, were turning the wagon over. Knowing that the boy's mother was in the "schooner," on a sick bed, I left my wagon and ran to that. As the oxen, in trying to shield themselves from the hail, were forcing the front wheels around under the wagon box, I was fortunate enough to get a shoulder under one corner of the box and exert sufficient force to prevent the wagon upsetting. All this took little more than a minute. The storm passed away as suddenly as it had come. Then I saw the wagon which was my special charge lying on its side, at the bottom of the slope; the bows of the cover fitting snugly into a sort of natural gutter, with a swift current of muddy water and hailstones flowing through the cover, as if it were a sluice-pipe. Everything in the wagon was topsy-turvy; and, half buried in the heap were two little girls, who had been riding in the vehicle. They were more frightened than hurt, but complained loudly at being placed in a cold-storage of hailstones.

Meantime, the sun beamed again, clear and hot, and we saw the storm cloud pursuing its course over the plain to the southeast, leaving in its wake a wet path a few rods wide.

The other men had their hands full in caring for endangered members of the party and the equipment. The loose stock had stampeded and were far away, with some of the mounted men in desperate pursuit. They eventually brought the cattle to a halt, about five

miles away, where the wagons overtook them when it was time to make camp.

Continuous travel over rough ground and through deep sand, and ascending steep mountains, proved too great a strain for the endurance of some outfits. From time to time we were obliged to witness instances of extreme privation and hardship, usually the result of inadequate preparation for the arduous journey. Some started with only enough oxen to carry them in case all should remain serviceable; and carried provisions for no more than the shortest limit of time estimated ; so that the mishap of losing an ox or two, or any delay, worked a calamity. Some trains started so late, or were so much delayed, that they were compelled to negotiate passage of the higher mountains after the time when enormous snow-drifts had to be encountered; further delay resulting, with exhaustion of strength and depletion of supplies, in consequence of which many members of some trains failed to reach their destination. A notable experience of this kind was that of the Donner party, in 1846.

It was in one of the higher mountain regions that we overtook one Eben Darby and his family. Darby had been with one of the trains in advance of us, but being unable to keep the pace, he was obliged to fall behind. He had one small wagon, two yoke of oxen, and a cow; the latter led by a rope behind the wagon. His wife, with a young baby, and the wife's brother, Danny Worley, were the only persons with Darby. The

wife was a weak, inexperienced girl; the child sickly. Mrs. Darby's brother was a large, fat youth of nineteen, whose distinguishing and inconvenient characteristic was an abnormal appetite. Their provisions were nearly exhausted. The cow was to them the real fountain of life. She was doing nobly — supplying them a quart of milk a day, which was wonderful, considering the circumstances. This milk fed the baby, and afforded a good substitute for butter, in the form of milk gravy — on which Danny fared sumptuously every day.

Later their oxen drank of the alkali water of the Humboldt River, and three of the four died in one night. Then the cow was yoked with the remaining ox, two steers were loaned them by "good Samaritans" in our company, and they were with us to the Sink of the Humboldt.

Meantime the milk supply grew less, and Mrs. Darby was compelled to substitute water for milk in the gravy. This sop was not satisfactory to Danny. One evening at meal time he was overheard by some of our boys, saying, "I want milk in my gravy." Though reminded there was only enough milk for the baby, he of the phenomenal appetite reiterated, "I don't care, I want milk in my gravy." Thereafter "Gravy" was the name by which he was known, so long as he traveled with us.

This narrative would not do justice to the variety of individuals and events without mention of another

singular personage, a young fellow who was "working his passage"; a sort of disconnected unit, whose place became everywhere in the train, and who belonged to nobody. How he got smuggled into the company no one has since been able to recall. He was a sort of desert stowaway; tolerated because, though eccentric and quite alarming in appearance, he was always in good humor, and often useful, having a willingness to do as many of the chores as others would trust him to perform. He was notable as a physical curiosity, though not actually deformed. Low of stature, he came to be known as "Shorty," the only name we ever had for him. As he stood, his abnormally long arms enabled him to take his hat from the ground without stooping. His legs were not mates in length, causing him as he moved, with a quick, rocking gait, to create the impression that he might topple backward; but somehow the longer leg always got underneath at the critical instant, and restored the balance. His head was large, and perfectly round; hair porcupinesque, each bristle standing nearly perpendicular to the plane on which it grew. He had no neck. Mouth small, and so round that it opened not unlike a bored hole in a flesh-colored pumpkin.

"Shorty" asserted that he was a singer. He and "Jack" never sang together, however — that is, they never did so any more, after trying it once. "Shorty" and "Gravy" Worley became chums inseparable, except on one occasion, when their friendship was temporarily ruptured by a dispute over the ownership of a fishing

hook. Anger grew hot, but when they were about to come to blows, "Shorty" suddenly dropped on "all-fours" and essayed to butt his adversary with his head, which surprising mode of combat so disconcerted "Gravy" that he ran for his quarters, wildly yelling, "Take him off, take him off."

For a time during the early part of the journey the horses and mules were picketed at night, on the best pasture available; and before we retired, all the animals were brought near the wagons, the loose cattle bunched with them, and guards were placed, to prevent straying of the stock or surprise by Indians. Later, for awhile, these precautions were deemed unnecessary, though still later they had to be resumed. The stock became accustomed to the daily routine, and after the all day travel, were quite willing, when they had finished their evening grazing, to assemble near the camp and lie down for the night, usually remaining comparatively quiet till morning. As if having some realization of the lonely nature of the surroundings, the animals were not disposed to stray off, except on rare occasions; but rather to keep within sight of the people and the wagons.

There was proof of the theory that in some circumstances domestic animals acquire some of that feeling that human creatures know, when far from the habitations of man. There is a peculiar sensation in the great and boundless contiguity of empty silence which works the senses up to a feeling that is somewhat alike

in man and beast — that there is most comfort and protection near the center of the settlement or camp. In this stillness of the night — and night on these plains was often very still — any slight noise outside the camp startled and thrilled the taut nerves. Not only was the night still ; usually it was silent, too.

But occasionally, when the silence was absolute, a couple or more of prairie wolves lurking in the vicinity, without the faintest note of prelude, would startle the calm of night with their peculiar commingling of barks, howls and wails, — a racket all their own. It was the habit of these night prowlers of the desert to come as near to the camp as their acute sense of safety permitted, and there, sitting on their haunches, their noses pointed to the moon, render a serenade that was truly thrilling. Two prairie wolves, in a fugued duet, can emit more disquieting noise, with a less proportion of harmony, than any aggregation of several times their equal in numbers, not excepting Indians on the warpath or a "gutter" band.

That awe of the wilderness to which reference has been made, and its effect on the nerves, may explain the stampede of cattle, often not otherwise accounted for; which occurs sometimes in these hollow solitudes. It occurs nowhere else that I have known.

Several times we experienced this strange exhibition of sudden panic ; the snapping, as it were, of the nerves, from undue tension, when, instantly, from cause then to us unknown and unguessed, the whole band of

cattle, teams as well as loose stock, made a sudden, wild, furious dash, in a compact mass; seeming instinctively to follow in whatever direction the leader's impulse led him; drifting together and forward as naturally as water flows to the current; with heads and tails high in air; blindly trampling to the earth whatever chanced to be in their path.

These were not in any sense wild stock. The cattle, horses and mules were all animals that had been raised on the quiet farms of the Middle West, well domesticated.

In the light of certain modern theories it might be said by some that these otherwise docile animals stampeded on the unpeopled plains because they heard the "call of the wild." There were, however, occasions when the cause could be readily assigned for this temporary casting off of restraint.

In one instance, already mentioned, a sudden, pelting hailstorm was the undoubted cause; when, taking the stampede temper, they ran five or six miles before the man, mounted on one of our fleetest saddle-horses, got in front of the foremost of them and checked their running.

On all such occasions control could be regained in only one way. Speeding his horse till he overtook and passed the leader of the drove the rider made his horse the leader; and as each loose animal always followed whatever was in front, the horseman, by making a

circuit and gradually slackening the pace, led the drove around and back to place in the line of travel.

Naturally one source of uneasiness was the thought of what our situation would be if, on one of these occasions, we should fail to regain control of these animals, so necessary to us in continuing the westward journey.

A stampede when some of the oxen were yoked to the wagons was, of course, more serious in its immediate consequences than when it happened while all were detached from the equipment. A stampede occurred one day in a level stretch of country, open in every direction; nothing in sight to cause alarm. There the emigrant road showed plainly before us. The wagons were in open single file, the loose stock drawn out in line at the rear. Men on horseback, hats over their eyes, some of them with one leg curled over the pommel of the saddle; lazily droning away the slow hours and the humdrum miles. The women and children were stowed away on bundles of baggage and camp stuff in the wagons, some of them asleep perhaps, rocked in their "schooner" cradles. A few of the men and boys perchance were strolling off the way, in the hope of starting a sage grouse or rabbit from some sheltering clump of brush. During a specially quiet routine like this ; the cattle lolling behind the wagons, mostly unattended, keeping the snail pace set by the patient teams; a steer now and again turning aside to appropriate a tuft of bunch-grass; their white horns

rising and falling in the brilliant sunlight, with the swaying motion of their bodies as they walked, shimmered like waves of a lake at noonday before a gentle breeze: quickly as a clap of the hands, every loose beast in the band, in the wildest fashion of terror, started, straight in the course of the moving line — pell-mell, they went, veering for nothing that they could run over; sweeping on, with a roaring tramp, like muffled thunder, they passed along both sides of the train. The teams, catching the frenzy, took up the race, as best they could with their heavy impedimenta; all beyond control of their drivers or the herders, who, startled from the reverie of the moment, could do no better than dodge to such place of safety as they found, and stand aghast at the spectacle. Fortunately the draft oxen usually were forced to stop running before they went far, owing to the weight of the wagons they hauled and their inability to break the yokes.

In this particular instance the most serious casualty was the death of a boy, about eight years of age, the son of Dr. Kidd. The child was probably asleep in a wagon, and being aroused by the unusual commotion, may have attempted to look out, when a jolt of the wagon threw him to the ground, and he was trampled to death. The body was kept in camp overnight, and the next morning wrapped in a sheet and buried by the roadside.

This was in a vast stretch of lonely plain. As we journeyed through it, viewing the trackless hills and

rock-ribbed mountains not far away on either side, mostly barren and uninviting, it was difficult to conceive of that territory ever becoming the permanent homes of men. Yet it is possible, and probable, that the grave of Dr. Kidd's little boy is today within the limits of a populous community, or even beneath a noisy thoroughfare of some busy town.

Chapter 8
Disaster Overtakes the Wood Family.

Our consolidated train continued its creeping pace down the meandering Humboldt; crossing the stream occasionally, to gain the advantage of a shorter or better road.

Soon again there were other proofs of the wisdom we had shown in taking every possible precaution against attack.

Next ahead of us was a family from England, a Mr. Wood, his wife and one child, with two men employed as drivers. They were outfitted with three vehicles, two of them drawn by ox teams, in charge of the hired men, and a lighter, spring-wagon, drawn by four mules, the family conveyance, driven by Mr. Wood. We had not known them before.

One very hot day in the latter part of August, after having moved along for a time with no train in sight ahead of us, we came upon Mr. Wood in a most pitiable plight, the result of an attack and slaughter, not differing greatly from the Holloway case, and its parallel in atrocity.

Mr. Wood's party had spent the preceding night undisturbed, and were up early in the morning,

preparing to resume their journey. The ox teams had been made ready and moved on, while Mr. Wood proceeded in. a leisurely way with harnessing the four mules and attaching them to the smaller wagon. All the articles of their equipment had been gathered up and placed in proper order in the wagon.

When Mr. Wood had nearly completed hitching the team, Mrs. Wood and the baby being already in the wagon, some men, apparently all Indians, twenty or more of them, were seen coming on horseback, galloping rapidly from the hills to the northward, about half a mile away.

Mr. Wood, fearing that he and his family were about to be attacked, in this lonely situation, hurriedly sprang to the wagon seat and whipped up the mules, hoping that before the attack they could come within sight of the ox wagons, which had rounded the point of a hill but a few minutes before, and have such aid as his hired men could give.

He had no more than got the team under way when a wheel came off the wagon — he having probably overlooked replacing the nut after oiling the axle. Notwithstanding this he lost no time in making the best of the circumstances. Jumping to the ground, he hurriedly placed Mrs. Wood on one of the mules, cutting the harness to release the animal from the wagon; then, with the baby in his arms, he mounted another mule, and they started flight.

But the Indians had by this time come within gunshot range and fired upon them. Mrs. Wood fell from the mule, fatally shot. Mr. Wood's mule was shot under him, and dropped ; next Mr. Wood received a bullet in the right arm, that opened the flesh from wrist to elbow. That or another shot killed the child. Amidst a shower of bullets, Mr. Wood ran in the direction taken by his ox wagons. Getting past the point of the low hill that lay just before him without being struck again, he was then beyond range of the firing, and soon overtook his wagons. His men, with all the guns they had, returned, to find the woman and child dead on the ground. One of the mules was dead, one wounded, the other two gone. The wagon had been ransacked of its contents, and the band of assassins were making their way back into the hills whence they had come.

This small wagon, Mr. Wood said, had contained the family effects; and among them were several articles of considerable value, all of which had been taken. Among his property were pieces of English gold coin, the equivalent of fifteen hundred dollars. It had been concealed in the bottom of the wagon-box, and he had supposed the band would overlook it; but that, too, was gone.

Such was the plight in which our company found the man, soon after this tragedy was so swiftly enacted, and which so effectually bereft him of all, his family and his property, leaving him wounded, and dependent on the mercy of strangers.

The dead were placed in mummy-form wrappings and buried, mother and child in one, unmarked grave.

When the manuscript of this narrative was first made ready for the printer, the description of the calamity which befell Mr. Wood and his family ended here. There were other details, as clearly recalled as those already recited, but so atrocious and devoid of motive, that it was a matter of grave doubt whether the facts should be given. It seemed too deplorable that such an occurrence could be recorded as the act of human beings; furthermore, would it be credible? It has been intimated that the present endeavor is to give a complete history of events as they occurred: no material item suppressed, nothing imaginary included; therefore the remaining details are given.

Incredible as it may sound to civilized ears, after the bodies of Mrs. Wood and her child had been interred, hardly had those who performed this service gone from the spot when a part of the savage band that had murdered those innocent victims, rushed wildly back to the place, disinterred the bodies from the shallow grave, taking the sheets in which the bodies had been wrapped, and which were their only covering, and carrying those articles away. When the Indians had gone a second time, the grief-stricken Mr. Wood returned and reinterred the remains of his wife and child.

Mr. Wood's wounded arm was dressed by Dr. Maxwell and Dr. Kidd, his wagons were placed in the lead of our train, and again we moved westward.

Chapter 9

Mysterious Visitors. Extra Sentries. An Anxious Night.

The next following day, as we wended our way among the sand dunes, alkali flats and faded sagebrush, there came to us— whence we knew not — three men, equipped with a small wagon, covered with white ducking, arched over bows, similar to the covering on most of the emigrant wagons; drawn by two large, handsome, well-harnessed horses; all having a well-to-do appearance, that made our dusty, travel-worn outfits look very cheap and inferior.

They told us that they were mountaineers, of long experience on the plains; well acquainted with the Indians and familiar with their habits and savage proclivities. They said that the Shoshone Indians were very angry at the white people who were passing through their lands; that this hostility recently had been further aroused by certain alleged acts of the whites along the emigrant road; and that the feeling was now so intense that even they, our informants, were alarmed, notwithstanding their long, intimate and friendly intercourse with these Indians; and, believing themselves no longer safe among the tribe, they were anxious to get out of the Shoshone country; therefore

they requested the privilege of placing themselves under the protection of our large train until we should have passed out of the Shoshone lands and into those of the Pah-Utes, which tribe they said was known to be friendly toward the white race.

One of these men was a specially picturesque figure; weighty, with large, square shoulders ; well-formed head ; full, brown beard, cropped short. He wore a deer-skin blouse, leathern breeches ; broad, stiff-brimmed hat, low crown, flat top, decorated with a tasseled leather band; a fully-loaded ammunition belt — a combination make-up of cowboy, mountaineer and highway-man.

The three men spoke plain English, with a free use of "frontier adjectives."

Having received permission to take temporary protection by traveling near us, they placed themselves at the rear of our train, and that night pitched camp slightly apart from our circle of wagons.

Some of our men visited them during the evening, eager to hear their tales of adventure; and listened, open-mouthed, to descriptions of life among savage associations, in the mountain wilds, jungles and the desert plains.

The visitors dwelt with emphasis on the threatening attitude of the Shoshone Indians towards the emigrants; warning us that our position was hazardous, with caution that there was special risk incurred by

individuals who wandered away from the train, thus inviting a chance of being shot by Redskins, ambushed among the bunches of sagebrush. They were especially earnest as they assured us of the peril there would be in loitering away from the body of the company, as they had noticed some of our boys doing, that day, while hunting for sage fowls.

After awhile, he of the big hat inquired — and seemed almost to tremble with solicitude as he spoke:

"Are you prepared to defend yourselves, in case of an attack?"

Here unpleasant surmises gave place to distinct suspicions in the minds of some of our older men. They regarded that question as a "Give-away." All the day, since these three joined us, we had felt that they might be spies, and in league with the Indians. So now not a few of us were giving closest attention, both with ears and eyes.

An answer was ready: That we were prepared, and waiting for the encounter; with a hundred and twenty-five shots for the first round; that we could reload as rapidly as could the Indians; and had ammunition in store for a long siege.

The actual fact was that, although every man of us had some sort of a "shooting-iron," they were not formidable. In kind, these varied well through the entire range of infantry, from a four-inch six-shooter to a four-foot muzzle-loader, and from a single-barreled

shotgun on up to a Sharp's repeating rifle. The weapon last mentioned carried a rotating cylinder, for five shells, and was the latest thing in quick-fire repeating arms of that time : but there was only one of that class in the train. Had we been seen on muster, standing at "present arms," the array would have been less terrifying than comical.

Just how our visitors received our bluff with reference to preparedness for battle we could not know. The next morning these mysterious strangers took position in the rear of our train once more, carrying a small white flag, mounted on a pole fastened to their wagon. Upon being asked the purpose of the flag they replied that it served as a signal to any one of their number who might go beyond view, enabling him to determine the location of the wagon.

Captain John reminded them that, according to their statements, wandering out of sight was too hazardous to be done or considered; adding that therefore there did not seem to be any need of the flag, and he wanted it to be taken down.

It came down.

During the noon-hour stop that day, while the doctors were dressing Mr. Wood's wounded arm, he obtained a first look at our three proteges. He at once indicated the man wearing the big, brown hat, and stated, excitedly but confidentially, to those of our company who were near him :

"I believe that man was with the Indians who killed my wife and child."

That statement naturally created a much greater feeling of uneasiness among us. The assertion was whispered around; and every man of us became a detective. The leading men of our party put their heads together in council. The situation was more than ever grave and the suspense distinctly painful. We feared something tragic would happen any hour.

Mr. Wood was asked to obtain another view of the man and endeavor to make his statement more definite, if he could. His wound, and the terrible shock he had sustained two days previously, had so prostrated him that he was unable to make haste. Arrangements were made to disguise him and have him go where he could obtain a good view of the three men, but his condition prevented it.

Later in the afternoon the three-men-afraid-of-Indians announced that we had passed out of the territory of the savage Shoshones; they felt it would be safe for them to dispense with our kind escort, therefore, after camping near us that night, they would withdraw and bid us a thankful good-bye.

We camped that night on a level place, where there was sage-brush three or four feet high, and thick enough to make good cover for an enemy. Our people, having become thoroughly distrustful of the three men who had made themselves appendages of our train,

feared an attack would be made on our camp that night. Suspicion had developed into a fixed belief that the trio were confederates of the Shoshones, and had come to us under a pretense of fear on their part, in order to spy out the fighting strength of our company.

The place where they halted their wagon and prepared to spend the night was not more than a hundred yards from where our vehicles were arranged, in the usual hollow circle, with the camp-fire and the people inclosed.

When darkness set in, guards of our best men, armed with the most effective guns we had, were quietly distributed about the camp, the chosen men crawling on their hands and knees to their allotted positions, in order that the three strangers should not know our arrangements. There was an understanding that, if there should be an attack during the night, the first thing to do was, if possible, to shoot those three men; for, under the circumstances, any attack occurring that night would be deemed completion of proof that they were responsible for it and for any atrocity that might follow or be attempted.

The night passed without notable happening — except that at the break of day the three men and their wagon silently stole away.

There was a feeling of great relief on being rid of them; but there remained some apprehension of their turning up at some unguarded moment and unpleasant

place, to make us trouble; for their absence did not remove the impression that they had come among us to gauge our desirability as prey and the feasibility of overpowering our entire train.

Chapter 10
Challenge to Battle.

We divided our long train into two parts, leaving a short space between the sections. Mr. Wood's two wagons headed the forward part. Toward the close of the day on which this change of arrangement was made, the forward section turned off the road a short distance before stopping to make camp, and the rear section passed slightly beyond the first, left the road and halted, so that a double camp was formed, with the two sections thus placed for the night in relative positions the reverse of the order they had maintained during the day.

At nightfall, when supper was over and everything at rest, we saw three horsemen going westward on the emigrant road. When they were opposite the Maxwell, or forward, camp, as the train sections had been placed, these men turned from the road and came toward us. We soon recognized them as our late guests on the way: he of the big hat and his two companions.

Riding into our camp, one of them remarked that they now observed the change made in arrangement of our train, explaining that they had intended to call on the Englishman, whose place had been in the lead. They apologized for their mistake. The first speaker

added that they had heard it stated that this English gentleman had charged one of their number with being in company with the Indians who killed his wife, at the time of the tragedy, a few days before.

He of the big, brown hat then assumed the role of spokesman, and said :

"I understand that he indicated me, by description; and if that man says I was with the Indians who killed his wife, I will kill him. Let him say it, and I will shoot him down like a dog, that he is. I am here to demand of him if he said it."

Another of the three said, in a tone of conciliation:

"We are honest men. We came out here from Stockton, California, where we live, to meet the emigrants as they come over from the States. We buy their weak and disabled stock, such as cannot finish the trip to the Coast; take the animals onto range that we know of, and in the fall, when they are recuperated, we drive them in for the California market."

The man under the large hat resumed :

"My name is James Tooly. My partners here, are two brothers, named Hawes. And now, if that Englishman, or any one among you, says I was with the Indians who killed his wife, I will shoot him who says it, right here before you all."

This was said with much vehemence, and punctuated with many oaths.

Mr. Drennan, of our combined company, replied:

"If you want to talk like that, go where the man is. We don't want that kind of language used here, in the presence of our women and children."

Tooly, standing erect, high in his stirrups, drew a large pistol from its holster and swung it above his head.

"I will say what I please, where I please; and I don't care who likes it," roared Tooly, waving his pistol in air.

W. J. Van Diveer, a young man of the Drennan company, who had been sitting on a wagon-tongue near the speaker, leaped to his feet, with a pistol leveled at the big horseman's head, and with a manner that left no doubt that he meant what he said, shouted:

"I'll be damned if you can do that here. Now, you put down your gun, and go."

The muzzle of Van Diveer's pistol was within an arm's-length of Tooly, aiming steadily at his head. Tooly was yet with pistol in hand but not quite in position for use of it on his adversary. Van Diveer's advantage was slight, but sufficient for the occasion. Tooly's companions did not act, appearing to await his orders, and, in the suddenness of this phase of the scene, Tooly found no voice for commands. Others of our men made ready on the instant, believing that a battle was on.

It was averted, however. Tooly replaced his pistol in the holster, saying :

"Well, of course — as you say, my pie is over yonder. I don't want to kill you fellows."

And he didn't. The three rode over to the other group of our men, among whom was Mr. Wood. All of these had overheard what had just been said, and felt sure they knew what was coming.

Mr. Wood, grief-stricken, disabled, stood, pale and fearful, amongst the party of timid emigrants, all strangers to him; he the only man probably in the camp without a weapon on his person, his torn arm in a sling across his chest.

The big fellow made his statement again, as he had made it to us; with the same emphatic threat to kill, if he could induce Wood or any one to speak out and affirm the charge of Tooly's complicity with the Indians.

Tooly got off his horse and, pistol in hand, walked among the party; many of whom surely did tremble in their boots. He declared again, as he stalked about, that he would shoot the hapless Wood, "like a dog", or any one who would repeat the charge. There were but a few men in that part of the camp when Tooly commenced this second tirade, in the presence of Wood; but soon more came from the other part of the train.

Mr. Wood, in a condition as helpless as if with hands and feet bound, realizing his situation, and his responsibility, maintained silence: a silence more

eloquent than speech, since a single word from him in confirmation of the charge he had made would have precipitated a battle, in which he, most certainly, and probably others, including some of his benefactors, would have been killed.

Then Tooly saw that a goodly number of men had arrived from the other section of the camp, and were watching to see what would happen ; some of these viewing the scene with attitude and looks that boded no good for the man who held the center of the arena.

Tooly's threatening talk ceased. Still Wood said nothing. In silence, Tooly mounted his horse, and with his fellows rode away, leaving the party of emigrants — most of them terror-stricken, some angry — standing dumb, looking at one another, and at the retreating three until they went out of sight, in the dusk of the desert nightfall: stood there on the sage-brush sward, a tableau of silent dumbfoundedness; for how long none knew; each waiting for something to break the spell.

"I feel like a fool," exclaimed Van Diveer.

"But," spoke Drennan, the older and more conservative leader of their party, "we couldn't start an open battle with those fellows without some of us being killed. They are gone; we should be glad that they are. It is better to bear the insult than have even one of our people shot."

"I'm glad they left no bullets in me —
Ulee, ilee, aloo, ee;
Courting, down in Tennessee."

This paraphrasing of his favorite ditty was, of course, perpetrated by "Jack."

But we all wished we knew. Was it true that these men were conspirators with the Indians who had been ravaging the emigrant trains? If so, doubtless they would be concerned in other and possibly much more disastrous assaults, and perhaps soon. If so, who would be the next victims?

But Mr. Wood was still too indefinite in his identification of the man Tooly — at least in his statement of it — to clear away all doubt, or even, as yet, to induce the majority of our men to act on the judgment of some: that we should follow these plainsmen, learn more, and have it out with them.

There were many circumstances pointing not only to the connection of these men with the assault on Mr. Wood's family, but to the probability of their having been responsible for the slaughter of the Holloway party. It seemed improbable that there were two bands of Indians operating along that part of the Humboldt River in the looting of emigrant trains. If it could be proved that white men co-operated with the savages in the Wood case, the inference would be strong that the same white men had been accessories in the Holloway massacre. The use of guns in those attacks, and the

evident abundance of ammunition in the hands of the Indians, went far toward proving the connection of white men with both these cases.

Chapter 11
Sagebrush Justice.

The Sink of the Humboldt is a lake of strong, brackish water, where the river empties into the natural basin, formed by the slant of the surrounding district of mountains, plain and desert, and where some of the water sinks into the ground and much of it evaporates, there being no surface outlet. In the latter part of the summer the water is at a very low stage, and stronger in mineral constituents. There we found the daytime heat most intense.

The land that is exposed by the receding water during the hottest period of the fall season becomes a dry, crackling waste of incrusted slime, curling up in the fierce sunshine, and readily crushed under foot, like frozen snow. The yellowish-white scales reflect the sunlight, producing a painful effect on the eyes. Not many feet wander to this forbidding sea of desolation.

At the border of this desert lake, a few feet higher than the water, is a plateau of sand, covered with sagebrush and stones. We were there in the last week of August. Fresh water was not to be had except at a place a half-mile from our camp, where there was a seepage spring. There we filled our canteens and buckets with

enough for supper and breakfast. The animals had to endure the night without water.

Not far from the spring was situated a rude shack, known as "Black's Trading Post." This establishment was constructed of scraps of rough lumber, sticks, stones and cow-hides. With Mr. Black were two men, said to be his helpers — helpers in what, did not appear. The principal stock in trade was a barrel of whisky — reported to be of very bad quality — some plug tobacco, and — not much else. Black's prices were high. A sip from the barrel cost fifty cents. It was said to be an antidote for alkali poisoning.

Some of our men visited this emporium of the desert, and there they found "Jim " Tooly. The barrel had been tapped in his behalf, and he was loquacious; appearing also to be quite "at home" about the Post. His two companions of our recent acquaintance were not there. The "antidote" was working; Tooly was in good spirits, and eloquent. He did not appear to recognize those of our people who were visiting the place; but they knew him. There were other persons present from the camps of two or three companies of emigrants, but strangers to us, who were also stopping for the night at the margin of the Sink.

Tooly assumed an air of comradeship toward all, addressing various individuals as "Partner" and "Neighbor"; but his obvious willingness to hold the center of the stage made it clear that he deemed himself the important personage of the community.

Some things he said were self-incriminating. He boasted of having "done up a lot of Pikers, up the creek," declaring his intention to "look up another lot of suckers" the following day.

When our men thought that they had heard enough they returned to camp and reported.

Recollections of the last time we had seen Mr. Tooly made the present occasion seem opportune. An impromptu "court" was organized: judge, sheriff and deputies; and these, with a few chosen men of the company, went to the trading post to convene an afternoon session. The members of this "court" dropped in quietly, one or two at a time, looked over the place, asked questions — about the country; the prices of Mr. Black's "goods" ; how far it might be to Sacramento ; anything to be sociable : but none offered to tap the barrel.

The stranger emigrants had heard of the Indian raids up the river. Seeming to have inferred something of pending events, they had gone to the trading post in considerable numbers. Tooly was still there. Black and his two men seemed to be persons who ordinarily would be classed as honest. Still, they appeared to listen to Tooly's tales of prowess in the looting of emigrant trains as if they regarded such proceedings as acts of exceptional valor; exhibiting as much interest in the recital as did the "tenderfoot" emigrants — who held a different opinion regarding those adventures.

When enough had been heard to warrant the finding of an indictment, the newly-appointed judge issued a verbal order of arrest, and the sheriff and his deputies quickly surrounded the accused, before he suspected anything inimical to his personal welfare. With revolver in hand, the sheriff commanded, "Hands up, 'Jim' Tooly!" To the astonishment of all, the big man raised both hands, without protest; this, however, in mock obedience, as was evident by his laughing at the supposed fun.

"This is not a joke, sir," came in harsh tones from the judge. "When we saw you last, about sixteen days ago, you came to our camp to deny a charge made against you by a man of our company. You overawed, browbeat and insulted the man and those who were assisting and protecting him in his distress. You denied the accusation made against you, with vehemence and much profanity. Giving you the benefit of a doubt, we permitted you to go. Now we are here to take the full statement of the prosecuting witness, and examine such other evidence as there may be. We will clear you if we can, or find you guilty if we must."

In whatever direction the culprit looked he gazed into the open end of a gun or pistol. The sheriff said:

"Now, Tooly, any motion of resistance will cost you your life."

A disinterested onlooker at the moment would have cringed, lest the unaccustomed duty of some

deputy should so unnerve his hand that he would inadvertently and prematurely pull the trigger of his weapon. But all held sufficiently steady, as they looked through the sights.

The prisoner slowly grasped the situation, and knew that temporary safety lay in obedience. The sheriff's demand for Tooly's weapons created more surprise, when it was revealed that, in his feeling of security while at the Post, he had relieved himself of those encumbering articles and deposited them with the landlord, that he might have freedom from their weight while enjoying the hospitality of the place.

Thus his captors had him as a tiger with teeth and claws drawn. His weapons, when brought out from the hut for examination, were found to be two pistols, of the largest size and most dangerous appearance, in a leathern holster, the latter made to carry on the pommel of a saddle, in front of the rider. These, also his saddle and other trappings, were searched for evidence; but, except the pistols, nothing was found that tended to throw any further light on the question of his guilt or innocence.

Tooly was then taken, under a heavy guard, to a spot some distance from the Post, where the court reconvened, for the purpose of completing the trial.

His captors had, with good reason, reckoned Tooly as like a beast of the jungle, who, when put at bay, would resort to desperate fighting; but, having been

caught thus unawares and unarmed, violence on his part or resistance of any kind, was useless. He was doubtless feigning meekness, hoping for an opportunity to escape.

A jury was selected, mostly from the stranger emigrants.

The improvised court sat on an alkali flat near the margin of the lake, where there were some large stones and clumps of sage-brush. There Tooly was confronted by Mr. Wood, still with bandaged arm. Tooly declared he had never before seen the Englishman, but Wood said he had seen Tooly, and now reaffirmed his belief that the prisoner was one of the persons who, some weeks previously, had ridden with the Indians who killed Mrs. Wood and the child, also wounded and robbed the witness.

Still the evidence was not deemed sufficiently positive or complete, the identity being in some doubt. The jury would not convict without conclusive proof. With the view of procuring further evidence, the judge ordered that the person of the prisoner be searched.

Hearing this mandate, Tooly first made some sign of an intention to resist — only a slight start, as if possibly contemplating an effort to break through the cordon of untrained guards.

" Gentlemen," ordered the sheriff, keep, every man, his eye on this fellow, and his finger on the trigger." Then to the prisoner,

"Stand, sir, or you will be reduced to the condition of a ' good Indian' !"

Escape as yet appeared impossible, and Tooly must have finally come to a definite realization that he was in the hands of men who meant business, most earnestly. Bravado had ceased to figure in his conduct. It was apparent that the search for evidence was narrowing its field; the erstwhile minions of frontier justice were on the right scent, Tooly grew pallid of feature and his cheeks hollowed perceptibly, in a moment. There was a wild glare in his eyes, as they turned from side to side; fear, hatred, viciousness, mingled in every glance. He crouched, not designedly, but as if an involuntary action of the muscles drew him together. His fists were clenched; his mouth partly opened, as if he would speak, but could not.

Thus he stood, half erect, while the officer searched his clothing. The examination disclosed that, secured in a buckskin belt, worn under his outer garments, there was English gold coin, to the value of five hundred dollars; just one-third of the amount that Wood declared he had lost at the time of the robbery. What became of the other two-thirds of Mr. Wood's money was readily inferred, but full proof of it was not necessary to this case.

Tooly's trial was closed. The only instruction the court gave the jury was, "Gentlemen, you have heard the testimony and seen the evidence; what is your verdict ?"

The answer came, as the voice of one man, "Guilty."

During the entire proceeding, at the post and down by the lake, the judge sat astride his mule. Addressing the prisoner once more from his elevated "bench," he said:

"Mr. Tooly, you are found guilty of the murder of Mrs. Wood and her child, the wounding of Mr. Wood, and robbery of his wagon. Mr. Wood has from the first stated his belief that you were with, and the leader of, the band of Indians which attacked his party. You afterwards denied it; but now, in addition to his almost positive identification, and many circumstances pointing to your guilt, you are found with the fruits of that robbery on your person. Have you anything to say?"

Tooly was ashy pale, and speechless. Absolute silence reigned for a time, as the court awaited the prisoner's reply, if by any means he could offer some explanation, some possible extenuating circumstance, that might affect the judgment to be pronounced. None came, and the judge continued :

"You can have your choice, to be shot, or hanged to the uplifted tongue of a wagon. Which do you choose?"

Tooly took the risk of immediate death, in seeking one last, desperate chance for life. Instantly he turned half around, crouched for a spring, and, seemingly by one single leap, went nearly past the rock-pile, so that it partly covered his retreat. Quick as his movements

were, they were not swifter than those of the men whose duty was to prevent his escape.

"Stop, Tooly," shouted the judge, sitting astride his mule, as his long right arm went out to a level, aiming his big Colt's revolver at the fleeing man.

"Shoot, boys," commanded the sheriff at the same instant; a chorus of shots sounded, and the court's sentence was executed.

Complying with the request of the judge, the sheriff had a hole dug near where the body lay, and the dead man was buried, *sans ceremonie*.

The court returned to the trading post and requested the proprietor to state what he knew of Tooly. Mr. Black declared he only knew that the accused plainsman came to the post that day; that he bought and drank a considerable quantity of whisky, and offered to treat several passing emigrants, all of whom declined.

The English gold found upon the prisoner was returned to Mr. Wood, and the incident was closed.

The trial had been as orderly and impartial as the proceedings in any court established by constitutional authority. All those concerned in it realized that they were performing a duty of grave importance. There was nothing of vindictiveness, nothing of rashness. It was without "due process," and it was swift; a proceeding without the delays commonly due to technicalities observed in a legal tribunal ; but it was

justice conscientiously administered, without law — an action necessary under the circumstances. Its justification was fully equal to that of similar services performed by the Vigilance Committee, in San Francisco, within a year preceding. It was a matter the necessity of which was deplorable, but the execution of which was imposed upon those who were on the spot and uncovered the convincing facts.

Chapter 12
Night Travel.
From Arid Wastes to Limpid Waters.

From the Sink of the Humboldt the little Darby party wished to complete the trip by the Carson Route, thus separating from the majority, but their supplies were exhausted and they had now but one ox and one cow to draw their wagon. A suggestion, that those who could spare articles of food should divide with the needy, was no sooner made than acted upon. Sides of bacon, sacks of flour and other substantials were piled into their little vehicle, and the owners of the two oxen which had been loaned Darby simply said, "Take them along; you need them more than we do." Danny, alias "Gravy" Worley, being of that party, showed his delight, by sparkling eyes and beaming fat face, when he saw the abundance of edibles turned over to his people. Mr. Darby shed genuine tears of gratitude, as we bade them good-bye and drove away by another route.

The combination train was further divided, each party shaping its farther course according to the location of its final stop. The Drennans took the Carson Route, the Maxwell train proceeding by the more northerly, Truckee, trail. The associations of the

plains, closer cemented by the sharing of many hardships and some pleasures, had created feelings almost equal to kinship, more binding than those of many a lifelong neighborhood relation. So there were deep regrets at parting.

On leaving the Sink of the Humboldt there was before us a wholly desert section, forty miles wide. The course led southwesterly, over flat, barren lands, with a line of low hills, absolutely devoid of vegetation, on our right. This was known to be one of the hard drives of our long journey; but hearsay knowledge was also to the effect that, at its farther border, we would reach the Truckee River, and soon thereafter ascend the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The prospect of seeing again a river of pure water, and fresh, green trees, had a buoyant effect on our lagging hopes; and these were further stimulated by the information that not long after entering these forest shades we would cross the State line into California.

While crossing the forty miles of desert, the sun-baked silt, at the beginning, and later the deep, dry sand, made heavy going. To avoid the almost intolerable heat of day as much as possible, and it being known that water was not obtainable, during this much-dreaded bit of travel, we deferred the start until mid-afternoon, and traveled all night.

The impressions of that night ride were most extraordinary. As the sun sank, and twilight shaded into night, the atmosphere was filled with a hazy

dimness; not merely fog, nor smoke, nor yet a pall of suspended dust, but rather what one might expect in a blending of those three. Only a tinge of moonlight from above softened the dull hue. It was not darkness as night usually is dark. It was an impenetrable, opaque narrowing of the horizon, and closing in of the heavens above us; which, as we advanced, constantly shifted its boundary, retaining us still in the center of the great amphitheater of half-night. We could see one another, but beyond or above the encompassing veil all was mystery, even greater mystery than mere darkness. No moon nor stars visible; nothing visible but just part of ourselves, and ours.

As the night merged into morning, the sunlight gradually dispelled the mantle of gloom from our immediate presence ; but still we could not see out. As if inclosed in a great moving pavilion, on we went, guided only by the tracks of those who had gone before.

In the after part of the night the loose cattle, having been for two nights and a day without water, and instinctively expecting an opportunity to drink, quickened their pace, passing the wagons; the stronger ones outgoing the weaker, till the drove was strung out two or three miles in length along the sandy trail.

Some of the wise-heads in the company were fearful that the cattle, on reaching the Truckee River, would drink too much. They detailed Luke Kidd and me to ride on our mules ahead of the foremost of the

stock, and on reaching the river, permit none of the animals to drink more than a little water at a time.

We went ahead during all that long morning, following what was surely, to us, the longest night that ever happened, before or since. Most of the other members of our party were in the wagons, and they, except the drivers, slept soundly; rocked gently, very gently, by the slow grinding of the wheels in the soft, deep sand. But Luke and I, on our little mules, must keep awake, and alert as possible, in readiness to hold back the cattle from taking too much water.

From midnight to daybreak seemed a period amounting to entire days and nights; from dawn till sunrise, an epoch; and from sunrise to the time of reaching the river, as a period that would have no end.

As the sun finally rose behind us, the faintest adumbration of the nearest ridges of the Sierras was discerned, in a dim, blue scroll across the western horizon, far ahead — how far it was useless to guess; and later, patches of snow about the peaks.

The minutes were as hours; and their passing tantalized us: noting how the dim view grew so very slowly into hazy outlines of mountains, and finally of tree-tops.

On we labored, overcoming distance inch by inch; nodding in our saddles; occasionally dismounting, to shake off the almost overpowering grasp of sleep.

Half awake, we dreamed of water, green trees, and fragrant flowers. Rising hope, anon, took the place of long-deferred fruition, and we forgot for a moment how hard the pull was; till, with returning consciousness of thirst and painful drowsiness, we saw the landscape ahead presented still another, and another line of sand-dunes yet to be overcome.

Luke and I reached the Truckee at nine o'clock in the forenoon, just ahead of the vanguard of cattle, and about three miles in advance of the foremost wagon.

We tried to regulate the cattle's consumption of water, but did not prevent their drinking all they could hold. Ten men, on ten mules, could not have stopped one cow from plunging into that river, once she got sight of it, and remaining as long as she desired. We could not even prevent the mules we rode from rushing into it — that cold, rippling Truckee. Yet our elders had sent us two boys to hold back a hundred cattle, and make them drink in installments — in homeopathic doses, for their stomachs' sake.

They dashed into the stream *en masse* ; and seeing the futility of interfering, we gladly joined the cattle, in the first good, long, cool swallow of clear, clean water, within a period of six weeks.

Our little mules did not stop till they reached the middle of the river, and stuck their heads, ears and all, under the water. Luke's diminutive, snuff-colored beast was so overcome by the sight and feel of water that she

lay down in it, with him astride, giving herself and her master the first real bath since the time that she did the same thing, in the Platte River, some three months previously.

To us, the long-time sun-dried, thirsty emigrants; covered from head to foot with dust from the Black Hills, overlaid with alkali powder from the Humboldt, veneered with ashes of the desert; all ingrained by weeks of dermatic absorption, rubbed in by the wear of travel, polished by the friction of the wind — to us said the Truckee, flowing a hundred feet wide, transparent, deep, cool ; rattling and singing and splashing over the rocks; and the sparkle of its crystal purity, the music of its flow and the joy of its song, repeated, "Come and take a drink."

We filled our canteens and went back to meet the others. We found them in a line three miles long; and it was well into the afternoon when the last wagon reached the river.

The train crossed to the farther shore, into the grateful shade of the pine forest and there made camp.

What an enchanting spectacle was that scene of wooded hills, with its varying lights and shades, all about us ! From as far as we could see, up the heights and down to the river bank, where their roots were washed in the cool water, the great trees grew.

We were still within the confines of Nevada, but two men were there with a wagon-load of fresh garden

stuff, brought over from the foothills of California to sell to the emigrants: potatoes, at fifty cents a pound, pickles, eight dollars a keg, and so on. We bought, and feasted.

The camp that night by the Truckee River was the happiest of all. We had reached a place where green things grew in limitless profusion, where water flowed pure and free; and we were out of the desert and beyond the reach of the savage Redman.

Chapter 13
Into the Settlements. Halt.

Having begun the ascent of the lofty and precipitous east slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, one night about the first of September the campsite selected was at a spot said to be directly on the boundary line between Nevada and California.

Lounging after supper about a huge bonfire of balsam pine, the travelers debated the question whether we were really at last within the limits of the Mecca toward which we had journeyed so patiently throughout the summer. While so engaged, the stillness, theretofore disturbed only by the murmur of our voices and occasional popping of the burning logs, was further dispelled for a few seconds by sounds as of shifting pebbles on the adjacent banks, accompanied by rustling of the foliage, waving of tall branches and tree-tops, and a gentle oscillation of the ground on which we rested. These manifestations were new to our experience; but we had heard and read enough about the western country to hazard a guess as to the significance of the disturbance.

"Jack," aroused from his first early slumber of that particular evening, raised himself on an elbow, and asserted, confidently:

"That settles it; we are in California: that was an earthquake."

Appearing already to have caught the universal feeling of western people regarding the matter of "quakes," he chuckled, in contemplation of his own perspicacity, and calmly resumed his recumbent attitude, and his nap.

The summit of the Sierras was reached within about two days from the commencement of the ascent. We met no people in these mountains until we had proceeded some distance down the westerly slope, and reached a mining camp, near a small, gushing stream, that poured itself over and between rocks in a tortuous gorge.

The camp was a small cluster of rough shacks, built of logs, split boards and shakes. As if dropped there by accident, they were located without regard for any sort of uniformity. These were the bunk cabins of the miners; some of the diminutive structures being only of size sufficient to accommodate a cot, a camp-stool and a wash-basin. A larger cabin stood at about the center of the group, the joint kitchen and dining-room.

As we drove into the "town," the only person within view was a Chinaman, standing at the door. For most of us this was a first introduction to one of the yellow race. He was evidently the camp cook.

Major Crewdson approached the Celestial with the salutation: "Hello, John."

"Belly good," was the reply.

Having already heard it said that the invariable result of an untutored Chinaman's effort to pronounce any word containing an "r" produced the sound of "1" instead, we thought little of that error in the attempt of this one to say "Very," but believed that his substitution for the initial letter of that word was inexcusable.

"What is the name of this place?" continued Crewdson.

" Melican man dig gold."

"Yes, I know that; but, this town, what do you call it?"

"Yu-ba Dam," the Chinaman answered.

This response was intended to be civil. Near by the Yuba River was spanned by a dam, for mining purposes, known as Yuba Dam, which gave the mining camp its name.

Further on we came to the first house that we saw in California; and it was the first real house within our view since the few primitive structures at Nebraska City, on the west shore of the Missouri River, faded from our sight, the preceding spring. During a period of about four months our company had traveled thousands of miles, through varying wilds, in all of which not one habitation, in form common to civilization, had been encountered. Seldom has civilized man journeyed a greater distance elsewhere, even in darkest Africa, without passing the

conventional domicile of some member of his own race. Long ago such an experience became impossible in the United States.

This house was a small wayside inn, situated where a miners' trail crossed the emigrant route; a roughly-made, two-story, frame building, with a corral adjoining; at which mule pack-trains stopped overnight, when carrying supplies from Sacramento and Marysville for miners working the gold placer diggings along the American and Yuba rivers. We camped beside the little hotel, and the next morning were for the first time permitted to enjoy a sample of the proverbially generous California hospitality, when the land-lord invited our entire company into his hostelry for breakfast.

Our entrance into California was in Nevada County, thence through Placer, Sacramento, Solano and Napa, and into Sonoma.

Over the last one hundred miles we saw evidences that the valleys, great and small, were rapidly filling with settlers.

The last stream forded was the Russian River, flowing southwesterly through Alexander Valley, to the sea. Having crossed to the western shore, our motley throng found itself in the settlement embracing the village of Healdsburg, an aggregation of perhaps a dozen or twenty houses. There our worn and weather-stained troop made its final halt; and the jaded oxen,

on whose endurance and patient service so much — even our lives — had depended, were unyoked the last time, on September seventeenth, just four months after the departure from the Missouri River.

Considering all the circumstances of the journey, through two thousand miles of diversified wilderness, during which we rested each night in a different spot; it seems providential that, on every occasion when the time came for making camp, a supply of water and fuel was obtainable. Without these essentials there would have been much additional suffering. Sometimes the supply was limited or inferior, sometimes both; especially during those trying times in the westerly portion of the Humboldt region; but we were never without potable water nor fire, at least for the preparation of our evening meal. Nature had prepared the country for this great overland exodus from the populous East; a most important factor in the upbuilding of the rich western empire, theretofore so little known, but whose development of resources and accession of inhabitants since have been the world's greatest marvel for more than half a hundred years.

As I look back, through the lapse of nearly sixty years, upon that toilsome and perilous journey, notwithstanding its numerous harrowing events, memory presents it to me as an itinerary of almost continuous excitement and wholesome enjoyment; a panorama that never grows stale; many of the incidents standing out to view on recollection's landscape as

clear and sharp as the things of yesterday. That which was worst seems to have softened and lapsed into the half-forgotten, while the good and happy features have grown brighter and better with the passing of the years.

Whether pioneers in the most technical sense, we were early Californians, who learned full well what was meant by "Crossing the Plains."

END.

Death Strikes the Handcart Company

Mary Goble Pay

Death Strikes the Handcart Company

I, Mary Goble, was born in Brighton, Sussex, England 2 June 1843. My father William Goble son of William and Harriet Johnson Goble. My mother was the daughter of John and Sarah Penfold.

My childhood days were spent the same as most children. When I was in my twelfth year, my parents joined the Latter-day Saints. On November 5th I was baptized. The following May we started for Utah. We left our home May 19, 1856. We came to London the first day, the next day came to Liverpool and West on board the ship, Horizon, that evening.

It was a sailing vessel and there were nearly nine hundred souls on board. We sailed on the 25th. The pilot ship came tugged us out into the open sea.

I well remember how we watched old England fade from sight. We sang "Farewell Our Native Land, Farewell."

While we were in the river the crew mutinied but they were put ashore and another crew came on board. They were a good set of men.

When we were a few days out, a large shark followed the big vessel. One of the saints died and he was buried at sea. We never saw the shark any more.

After we got over our seasickness we had a nice time. We would play games, and sing songs of Zion. We held meetings and the time passed happily.

When we were sailing through the banks of Newfoundland, we were in a dense fog for several days. The sailors were kept busy night and day ringing bells and blowing fog horns. One day I was on deck with my father, when I saw a mountain of ice in the sea close to the ship. I said, "Look, father, look." He went pale as a ghost and said, "Oh, my girl." At that moment the fog parted, the sun shone bright till the ship was out of danger, when the fog closed on us again.

We were on the sea six weeks, when we landed at Boston. We took the train from Iowa City where we had to get an outfit for the plains. It was the end of July. On the first of August we started to travel with our ox teams unbroke and did not know a thing about driving oxen. My father had bought two yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows, a wagon and tent. He had a wife and six children. Their names were: Mary, Edwin, Caroline, Harriet, James and Fanny.

My sister Fanny broke out with the measles on the ship and when we were in Iowa Campgrounds, there came up a thunder storm that blew down our shelter, made with hand carts and some quilts. The storm came and we sat there in the rain, thunder and lightening. My sister got wet and died the 19 July 1856. She would have been 2 years old on the 23. The day we started on

our journey, we visited her grave. We felt very bad to leave our little sister there.

We traveled through the States until we came to Council Bluffs. Then we started on our journey of one thousand miles over the plains. It was about the last of September. We traveled from 15 to 25 miles a day. We used to stop one day in the week to wash. On Sunday we would hold our meetings and rest. Every morning and night we were called to prayers by the bugle.

The Indians were on the war path and very hostile. Our Captain John Hunt had us make a dark camp. That was to stop and get our supper then travel a few miles and not light any fires but camp and go to bed. The men had to travel all day and guard every other night.

One night cattle were in the corral, which was made with wagons. When one of the guards saw something crawling along the ground. All in a moment the cattle started. It was a noise like thunder. The guard shot off his gun. The animals jumped up and ran. It was an Indian with a buffalo robe on. Mother and we children were sitting in the tent. Father was on guard. We were surely frightened but Father came running in and told us not to be afraid for everything was all right.

We traveled on till we got to the Platt River. That was the last walk I ever had with my mother. We caught up with Handcart companies that day. We watched them cross the river. There were great lumps

of ice floating down the river. It was bitter cold. The next morning there were fourteen dead in camp through the cold. We went back to camp and went to prayers. We sang the song "Come, Come, Ye Saints, No Toil Nor Labor Fear." I wondered what made my mother cry. That night my mother took sick and the next morning my little sister was born. It was the 23rd of September. We named her Edith and she lived six weeks and died for want of nourishment.

We had been without water for several days, just drinking snow water. The captain said there was a spring of fresh water just a few miles away. It was snowing hard, but my mother begged me to go and get her a drink. Another lady went with me. We were about half way to the spring when we found an old man who had fallen in the snow. He was frozen so stiff, we could not lift him, so the lady told me where to go and she would go back to camp for help for we knew he would soon be frozen if we left him. When she had gone I began to think of the Indians and looking and looking in all directions. I became confused and forgot the way I should go. I waded around in the snow up to my knees and I became lost. Later when I did not return to camp the men started out after me. It was 11:00 p.m. o'clock before they found me. My feet and legs were frozen. They carried me to camp and rubbed me with snow. They put my feet in a bucket of water. The pain was so terrible. The frost came out of my legs and feet but did not come out of my toes.

We traveled in the snow from the last crossing of the Platt River. We had orders not to pass the handcart companies. We had to keep close to them to help them if we could. We began to get short of food and our cattle gave out. We could only travel a few miles a day. When we started out of camp in the morning the brethren would shovel the snow to make a track for our cattle. They were weak for the want of food as the buffaloes were in large herds by the road and ate all the grass.

When we arrived at Devil's Gate it was bitter cold. We left lots of our things there. There were two or three log houses there. We left our wagons and joined teams with a man named James Barman. He had a sister Mary who froze to death. We stayed there two or three days. While there an ox fell on the ice and the brethren killed it and the beef was given out to the camp. My brother James ate a hearty supper was as well as he ever was when he went to bed. In the morning he was dead.

My feet were frozen also my brother Edwin and my sister Caroline had their feet frozen. It was nothing but snow. We could not drive the pegs in the ground for our tents. Father would clean a place for our tents and put snow around to keep it down. We were short of flour but father was a good shot. They called him the hunter of the camp. So that helped us out. We could not get enough flour for bread as we got only a quarter

of a pound per head a day, so we would make it like thin gruel. We called it "skilly."

There were four companies on the plains. We did not know what would become of us. One night a man came to our camp and told us there would be plenty of flour in the morning for Bro. Young had sent men and teams to help us. There was rejoicing that night. We sang songs, some danced and some cried. His name was Ephriam Hanks. We thought he was a living Santa Claus.

We traveled faster now that we had horse teams. My mother had never got well, she lingered until the 11 of December, the day we arrived in Salt Lake City 1856. She died between the Little and Big Mountain. She was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. She was 43 years old. She and her baby lost their lives gathering to Zion in such a late season of the year. My sister was buried at the last crossing of the Sweet Water.

We arrived in Salt Lake City nine o'clock at night the 11th of December 1856. Three out Of four that were living were frozen. My mother was dead in the wagon.

Bishop Hardy had us taken to a home in his ward and the brethren and the sisters brought us plenty of food. We had to be careful and not eat too much as it might kill us we were so hungry.

Early next morning Bro. Brigham Young and a doctor came. The doctor's name was Williams. When Bro. Young came in he shook hands with us all. When he saw our condition our feet frozen and our mother dead-tears rolled down his cheeks.

The doctor amputated my toes using a saw and a butcher knife. Brigham Young promised me I would not have to have any more of my feet cut off. The sisters were dressing mother for the last time. Oh how did we stand it? That afternoon she was buried.

When we had been in Salt Lake a week, one afternoon a knock came at the door. It was Uncle John Wood. When he met Father he said, "I know it all Bill." Both of them cried- I was glad to see my father cry. Uncle said for him to pack up and we would start right away. That night we got to Centerville. There Aunt Fanny was waiting for us at Brother Garns. We stayed there that night. The next morning we went to Farmington and stayed there until the following April. My father married again.

Instead of my feet getting better they got worse until the following July I went to Dr. Wiseman's to live with them to pay for him to doctor my feet. But it was not use he said he could do no more for me unless I could consent to have them cut off at the ankle. I told him what Brigham Young had promised me. He said all right sit there and rot and I will do nothing more until you come to your senses.

One day I sat there crying. My feet were hurting me so-when a little old woman knocked at the door. She said she had felt some one needed her there for a number of days. When she saw me crying she came and asked what was the matter. I showed her my feet and told her the promise Bro. Young had given me. She said, "Yes, and with the help of the Lord we will save them yet." She made a poultice and put on my feet and every day after the doctor had gone she would come and change the poultice. At the end of three months my feet were well.

One day Doctor Wiseman said, "Well, Mary, I must say you have grit. I suppose your feet have rotted to the knees by this time." I said, "Oh, no, my feet are well." He said, "I know better, it could never be." So I took off my stockings and showed him my feet. He said that it was a miracle and wanted me to tell him what I had been doing. I told him to never mind that they were now healed.

I have never had to have any more taken from them. The promise of Brigham Young has been fulfilled and the pieces of toe bone have worked out.

I had sat in my chair so long that the cords of my legs had become stiff and I could not straighten them. When I went home to my father and he saw how my legs were we both cried. He rubbed the cords of my legs with oil and tried every way to straighten them, but it was of no use. One day he said, "Mary, I have thought of a plan to help you. I will nail a shelf on the wall and

while I am away to work you try to reach it." I tried all day and for several days. At last I could reach it and how pleased we were. Then he put the shelf a little higher and in about three months my legs were straight and then I had to learn to walk again.

In the spring it was the time the people all moved south. My father and family moved to Nephi. I stayed at Spanish Fork until the spring of 1859, when I came to Nephi. I went to live with Aunt Carter. On the 26th of June I was married to Richard Pay.

My husband I first saw at Liverpool. He and his wife Sarah sailed in the ship Horizon. We traveled together. At Iowa camp ground their little girl was born July 11, 1856. The mother took the mountain fever. The baby died October 4, 1856 at Chimney Rock. Bro. Pay could not get anyone to dig the grave, so he started digging it himself, when my father came and helped him.

When my little sister died at Sweet Water, Bro. Pay helped my father when she was buried by the roadside. I felt like I couldn't leave her, for I had seen so many graves opened by the wolves. The rest of the company had got quite away when my father came back for me. I told him I could not leave her to be eaten by the wolves it seems too terrible. But he talked to me and we hurried on.

Bro. Pay's wife died at Bridger, Wyoming, so he was left alone. He arrived in Salt Lake City the 13th of Dec.

He came down to American Fork and stayed there all winter. In the spring he started with all he owned tied up in a handkerchief and walked to Nephi. He lived to Jacob Bigler's, who was the bishop and worked for him for two years. Then we were married by Jacob G. Bigler at Nephi.

When I was married it was very hard times. My husband bought a one room adobe house. For windows we had a sack. Glass we could not get, so we greased some paper and put over the sack. That did alright until one day it rained and that spoiled our "glass." We then put up factory. We had a bed stead, three chairs, a table, a box for flour. Our bed tick we filled with straw. We had two sheets, two pillow slips, and one quilt. I used to take them off the bed and wash them and put them on again. For dishes we had three tin plates, three cups, a pan or two to cook in and a. spider to bake our bread. After a while we bought a bake kettle and a brass kettle.

We used to grow squash, let them freeze and then boil them and make molasses of the juice. Some we would make preserves out of by cutting up carrots and parsnips the size of dice and boil it in the juice.

We would save all the bits of fat and bones for our soap. To make the lye we would burn the hard wood for ashes, then put them in the leach. The leach was made by putting three or four boards, slanting at the bottom, then put in some straw. Then put on the ashes. When we had enough, we would pour boiling water

on, then the lye would run slowly out. This we would boil and then make our soap.

My husband made adobes for eight sheep. I would take the wool, wash it, spin and dye it with weeds and leaves. I learned to spin and knit so I could knit our stockings, mitts and ties. My husband made our shoes. We had a cow, pig and chickens and raised wheat and vegetables.

The people all lived inside of a large mud wall with a north and south gate. At night our cattle and sheep were brought home and we were all locked inside the fort for safety from the Indians. Guards were at both gates. They were to see that no one came in or out of the gates that we did not know. They were locked at eight o'clock every night. If you did not get in then you were locked out.

We were a happy band of brothers and sisters. We felt safe locked inside the fort walls. In the winter time we would have lots of house parties. After a while we built our farms just outside the big walls. Then the Black Hawk War broke out and we were afraid for our children to be out of our sight, afraid the Indians would get them. We were afraid for them to play or cry, the noise might bring the red men. Poor little tots they would sit by the fire and say, "Why can't we have some fun, mama."

My husband took his turn on guard and when the Black Hawk War broke out he was a minute man called

out any moment night or day. He had to furnish his own gun and ammunition and had to keep rations on hand. We used crackers and cheese. These were always ready so that he could go any moment. He belonged to Company B. Benjamin Ricks was his captain. Many a time he was called out with 40 rounds of ammunition to march after the red men. I got to know the rap of Brother Peter Sutton. He would say, "Brother Pay, I want you to march as quick as possible." He would kiss his wife and babies and be gone. We did not know if we would ever see each other again. All we could do was pray. He always said that no Indian would ever kill him.

President Brigham Young advised all that could to learn the Indian language so we could talk to them and to be kind to them and feed them and they would respect us.

There was a small tribe of Indians called Pagwats that stayed around Nephi. Their chief's name was Pawania. He and his squaw were very friendly to the white people. Many a time has she brought letters for us and we would send them by her. She would help me wash and pick wool and she taught me their language. Many a time she would tell me she had seen my husband and little son and they were well. She was very honest and would often bring back things that her papoose had taken.

One day she went to my husband's camp to get something to eat. He did not have anything to give her so she went to her wickiup and cooked a meal of deer

meat and beans and made a cake of ground sun flower seeds, then called him to eat with them. Of course he had to go, but he suddenly lost his appetite. They hunted a rusty spoon for him, but they ate with their fingers.

She would always tell me when the Indians were getting mad and on the war path. The Ute Indians would get mad very often.

I remember one day when I was dressing my baby and two of the boys were playing on the floor, when the door opened and two Indians came in. One was the meanest looking Indian I ever saw. They started to talk. He said, "Let's kill them, see there are four scalps." The old chief said, "No, you cannot kill them for she and her husband are my friends." He got mad and said, "I'd like to cut their throats." Then I answered him. I tell you he was frightened Indian. For he didn't know I knew what he had said. He stood ramming his gun. I told him to go. The old chief laughed and made fun of him because he did not know I understood him. I loaded the old chief down with some things to eat because he had saved my life and my children.

It was afterwards proven that the Indian was one that had helped kill a family of six in Thistle Canyon. He and five others had a trial and were shot.

Black Hawk was a fine looking chief. Black Hawk looked different from the other chiefs. He was tall and had long black hair. His nose was long, and he had a

black small mustache. He looked like he had Jewish blood in him. He could talk English quite good. He had nice looking squaws. It was fun to see them try to use their plates and knives and forks like white people.

He and his squaws would come in the fall to get us to hire them to husk corn. He would come with them, but he would not work. He would make the bargain for us to pay them so much corn and the best dinner we could get them. Which was not very rich I assure you.

One day when the war was about over, my husband and one of the boys were in Salt Creek Canyon with their sheep. They saw six Indians on horseback coming to their camp. One was Black Hawk, with five of his warriors. My husband thought his time had come, but the chief told him, he and his braves were good, that they were very hungry and wanted a sheep. He told them they could get one. They went into the herd, shot one of the best and ate every bit of it, but the skin. That night they stayed by the camp fire.

Black Hawk said, "You need not be afraid of us anymore. I am sick of blood. Look at me, the great chief. Brigham Young told me if I shed the Mormon's blood I should wither and die. I am going up to see the Big Chief Brigham once more and then I am going to the place where I was born and die. He did not live more than two or three weeks after. He was a living skeleton wasting to nothing. He knew it was because he had killed the white man.

It was the summer of 1860 our men were out in the fields busy getting up their hay. Nearly all the men were away from home. One day we heard an awful noise, my neighbors came running to my house. We knew it was the Indians on the war path. We went to the main street and there we saw a sight. It made us all sick. I guess there were fifty Indians riding on horses, four abreast with four scalps on their poles and their faces were painted horribly. When they saw us they sung their war songs. They rode through the city. One Indian paced up and down the forest wall by the side of our house. He had the clothes of a stage driver that they had killed in Little Salt Creek. He had a white shirt on all stained with blood. He said, "White man's blood." We did not know who the scalps were. They might be our husbands'. Bishop Bigler sent three of our young men to the meadow to see if our brothers were safe and for them to come as quick as possible.

When the brethren in the field saw the young men coming they got together and waited. They wondered what was wrong, but the men told them of the Indians at the fort and that we were nearly frightened to death. We were sure glad to see our brethren safe. Bishop Bigler said for us to go to our homes and not to interfere with the red men but to protect our family.

We kept watch all that day. The next morning they were gone. The soldiers were after them. They kept up their noise all night. On one of the mountains they had signal fires to tell if anyone was after them.

One day when our trees were starting to bear Little John and his squaws came to our house for some peaches. My husband was away from home. There was a tree of peaches that they wanted. I told them they could not have them for I wanted them for myself. He told his squaws to go get them I was afraid to stop them. He spoke in his language, but I knew what he said. I told him if they went I would bring them out. He laughed and told them to go on. They went and he sat down under the tree. His squaws and his boys were picking the fruit. I gathered up a stock and when they saw me coming they got out of the tree tumbling over one another, old Little John and all. He was very mad. He said, the white man had taken the land and water away from the Indians and that all that was there belonged to them.

He did not come again to our house until spring. Then he came in laughing and wanted to shake hands asking us if we were friendly. My husband told him he didn't know. Then he wanted to shake hands with me. He said, "Brave squaw not afraid." We shook hands with him and he went away laughing. And he behaved himself after that.

There was another Indian named Bob. He was mean and the women were afraid of him. He had a squaw who was sick. He came and asked us for some medicine for her. We gave him some. He would come painted horribly. I would say to him, "What is the matter, Bob?" He said, "I am mad, but I will not hurt

you nor your husband, nor your papoose, you good to me, to my squaw."

I could relate many more incidents of our dealings with the Indians but we followed Pres. Young's advise to be good to them, feed them and not fight them. An Indian never forgets a kindness and he never forgets a wrong. They are truthful. If they say they will do a thing, they will do it. I remember my husband asked one of them if he had seen his oxen. He told him if he would get them for him he would pay him. The next morning it rained hard but he was there with the oxen. Although it was storming hard he had kept his word. He said he had told him he would bring them so he did.

My husband was driving cattle one day and some of them ran in the brush. He went after them and he saw a man's vest, part of a leg and an arm. The vest had a watch in the pocket. He came to camp and notified Cap. Hunt and Gilbert Spencer. They got on their horses and went with him to the place. It looked like a man had sat down to rest and gone to sleep and had been killed and eaten by wolves. His name was Bro. Stone. He must have been making for our camp, as he had a sister and her daughter living there, that he used to stay with very often. My husband gave the watch to his sister, Janet. She later moved to Spanish Fork. Her daughter's name was Anna. She married Bishop Wells of Spanish Fork.

Once when the boys were coming in to spend the 24th of July, we heard there were eight Indians in Dog Valley that were very hostile. I was very much frightened for I knew that my two boys, Richard and George, and their friend Tom Carter would surely meet them if they came that way. All we could do was to pray for the Lord to protect them. It came nine o'clock at night and they hadn't reached home. We were very much worried, when we heard the boys singing. I asked them if they had seen any Indians in Dog Valley. Richard said they did not come that way for a voice seemed to say to take the road through Spring Canyon. I knew that was an answer to our prayers. The Lord had protected them.

One might wonder what my husband used to fix his shoes with. He had to work to make everything himself. There was a tannery, where he would buy the leather paying for it by trading wheat, corn or potatoes. For the pegs, he would get maple and saw it in different sizes, butting them with his knife. For the wax he would boil tar and put grease in it. For the shoe thread, some of the sisters would spin the cotton and grease it with the wax. For soles we used skins. We took salaterous from the top of the ground, cleaned it and used it (soda) for cooking.

To make whitewash we would get a rock of plaster paris, bury it in hot ashes, make a fire and burn it until it crumbled. Our salt we would get out of a cave. We had to boil it to get it clean. We used to make our

starch out of potatoes. To grate the potatoes we would use a piece of tin with holes punched in it. We made enough in the spring to last a year.

For fruit we gathered ground cherries, sarvice berries, choke cherries, and wild currants. When the men went to work, they would take a sack to get their pay. It would be corn, potatoes, grain, flour, squash, or anything we could get.

My husband was a teacher in the first Sunday School in Nephi. I think it was in the year 1862.

Thirteen children were born to us: ten sons and three daughters. Two died in infancy and one little son two years old. The rest lived to manhood and womanhood.

We lived in Nephi twenty-two years, then moved to Leamington. One January 4th, 1892, our eldest son died with pneumonia. He was 21 years and 3 months.

My husband and I were called to sing in the choir. He was a teacher in the ward and clerk and President of the Seventies. I was called as a second counselor in the Relief Society to work with Sister Anna T. Walker. She moved away and I worked with another sister until the fall of 1893. I was called as President of the Primary at Leamington. I labored in Relief Society ten years and in Primary twelve years.

My husband died April 18, 1893, at Learnington and was buried in Nephi. When I moved to Nephi, I was called to act as a teacher in the Second Ward. I was

left with nine children, two were married. It looked pretty dark with nothing coming in. I had to depend on my boys and being strangers in Nephi they did not get much work, so I started to nurse the sick. In this I had good success.

The first of Sept 1894, my son George died of typhoid fever. He left a wife and five children. When he died my son William was very sick. On Nov. 12, 1895, my daughter Sarah Eliza died. She was nearly fifteen years old. ...

It is wise for our children to see what their parents passed through for the Gospel, yes, I think it is.

Selection from

Heart Throbs

National Magazine

Speech of a Flat-Head Chief, 1832.

I come to you over a trail of many moons, from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly open for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you, with strong arms, through many enemies, and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us. They were the braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and wigwams. They were tired with many moons (of journeying) and their moccasins were worn out (on the trail).

My people sent me to get the "White Man's Book of Heaven." You took me to where you allow your women to dance as we do not ours, and the book was not there. You took me to where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the book was not among them to show us the way. I am going back the long, sad trail to my people, in the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, yet the book is not among them. When

Speech of a Flat-Head Chief, 1832

I tell my poor, blind people after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the book, no word will be spoken by our old men, or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go a long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no White Man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words.

Stories About Indians

J.A. Merriam
Rufus Merrill

Stories About Indians

The Indians were formerly lords of the soil we now occupy, and obtained a subsistence principally by hunting and fishing.

They generally lived in villages, containing from fifty to five hundred families. Their houses, called wigwams, were usually constructed of poles, one end being driven into the ground, and the other bent over so as to meet another fastened in like manner ; both being joined together at the top, and covered with the bark of trees. Small holes were left open for windows, which were closed in bad weather with a piece of bark. They made their fire in the centre of the wigwam, leaving a small hole for a chimney in the top of the roof.

They had no chairs, but sat upon skins, or mats, spread upon the ground, which also served them for beds. Their clothes were principally made of the skins of animals, which in winter were sewed together with the fur side turned inwards.

The Indians were very fond of trinkets and ornaments, and often decorated their heads with

feathers, while fine polished shells were suspended from their ears.

A Pawnee Brave

The following anecdote is related of a Pawnee brave, or warrior, (son of Red Knife.)

At the age of twenty-one, the heroic deeds of this brave had acquired for him in his nation the rank of the bravest of the braves. The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this nation. An unfortunate female of the Paduca nation, taken in war, was destined to this horrid death.

Just when the funeral pile was to be kindled, this young warrior, having unnoticed prepared two fleet horses, with the necessary provisions, sprang from his seat, liberated the victim, seized her in his arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed toward the nation and friends of the captive ! The multitude, dumb and nerveless, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer. They viewed it as the immediate act of the Great Spirit, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly retired to their village.

Indian Gratitude

As an Indian was straying through a village on the Kennebec, he passed a gentleman standing at his store door, and begged a piece of tobacco. The person stepped back, and selected a generous piece, for which he received a gruff "tank you" and thought no more of the affair. Three or four months afterwards, he was surprised at an Indian's coming into the store and presenting him with a beautiful miniature birch canoe, painted and furnished with paddles to correspond. On asking the meaning of it, he was told, "Indian no forget; you give me tobacco ; me make this for you." This man's gratitude for a trifling favor had led him to bestow more labor on his present than would have purchased him many pounds of his favorite weed.

Indian Observation

On his return home to his hut one day, an Indian discovered that his venison, which had been hung to dry, had been stolen. After going some distance, he met some persons, of whom he inquired if they had seen a little, old, white man, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bobtail. They replied in the affirmative ; and upon the Indian's assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person whom he had not seen. The Indian answered thus :

" The thief I know is a little man, by his having made a pile of stones in order to reach the venison from the height I hung it standing on the ground ; that he is an old man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods ; that he is a white man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does ; his gun I know to be short by the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree on which it leaned ; that his dog is small, I know by his tracks ; and that he has a bobtail I discovered by the mark of it in the dust

where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

Indian Stratagem

In one of the frequent wars among the different tribes of Indians, a Pequot was pursued by a Naraganset Indian. The Pequot skulked behind a rock, and raising his hat on his gun, held it up just above the rock, so that the hat alone was visible on the other side.

The Narraganset, who was at some distance, perceiving the hat, and supposing of course that the head of the Pequot was in it, crept softly up within a few feet and fired. But directly he had the mortification to find that he had thrown away his powder. The Pequot's gun was still loaded, and he discharged it to effect upon the poor Narraganset.

Red Jacket

It happened, during the Revolutionary war, that a treaty was held with the Indians, at which Lafayette was present. The object was to unite the various tribes in amity with America. The majority of the chiefs were friendly, but there was much opposition made to it, more especially by a young warrior, who declared that when an alliance was entered into with America, he should consider the sun of his country as set forever. In his travels through the Indian country, when lately in America, it happened at a large assemblage of chiefs that Lafayette referred to the treaty in question, and turning to Red Jacket, said, " Pray, tell me, if you can, what has become of that daring youth, who so decidedly opposed all our propositions for peace and amity ? Red Jacket Chief. Does he still live and what is his condition ?" "I myself am the man," replied Red Jacket, " the decided enemy of the Americans as long as the hope of opposing them with success remained, but now their true and faithful ally until death."

Indian Shrewdness

When General Lincoln went to make peace with the Creek Indians, one of the chiefs asked him to sit down on a log. He was then desired to move, and in a few minutes to move still further. The request was repeated until the general got to the end of the log. The Indian still said, "Move further," to which the general replied, " I can move no further." " Just so it is with us," said the chief; "you have moved us back to the water, and then ask us to move further."

An Indian's Joke

During the time of Indian troubles, a friendly Indian visited Governor Jenks, of Rhode Island, when the governor took occasion to request him to let him know if any strange Indian should come to his wigwam. This the Indian promised to do, and the governor agreed to give him a mug of flip if he should give such information. Some time after, the Indian came again, and said, " Well, Mr. Gubernor, strange Indian come to my house last night." " Ah," said the governor, " What did he say ?" " He no speak," replied the Indian. " What, not speak at all ?" inquired the governor. " No, he no speak at all." "That looks suspicious," said his excellency, and inquired if he was there still. Being told that he was, the governor ordered the promised mug of flip. When this was disposed of, and the Indian was about to depart, he mildly said, "Mr. Gubernor, my squaw have child last night." The governor, finding the strange Indian was a new-born pappoose, was glad to find there was no cause for alarm.

Indian Character

The following striking display of Indian character occurred some years since in a town in Maine. An Indian of the Kennebec tribe, remarkable for his good conduct, received a grant of land from the state, and fixed himself in a township, where a number of families settled. Though not ill treated, yet the common prejudice against the Indians prevented any sympathy with him. This was shown at the death of his only child, when none of the people came near him. Shortly afterwards he went to some of the inhabitants, and said to them, " When white man's child die, Indian man be sorry; he help bury him. When my child die, no one speak to me. I make his grave alone. I can't live here."

He gave up his farm, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest, to join the Canada Indians. What energy and depth of feeling does this specimen of Indian character exhibit !

Indian Integrity

A Spanish traveller met an Indian in the desert ; they were both on horseback. The Spaniard, fearing that his horse, which was none of the best, would not hold out till the end of his journey, asked the Indian, whose horse was young, strong, and spirited, to exchange with him. This the Indian refused. The Spaniard therefore began a quarrel with him. From words they proceeded to blows. The aggressor being well armed, proved too powerful for the native. He seized his horse, mounted him, and pursued his journey.

He was closely followed to the nearest town by the Indian, who immediately complained to a judge. The Spaniard was obliged to appear, and bring the horse with him. He treated the Indian as an impostor, affirming that the horse was his property, that he had always had him in his possession, and that he had raised him from a colt.

There being no proof to the contrary, the judge was about dismissing the parties, when the Indian cried out, " The horse is mine, and I'll prove it !" He immediately took off his mantle, and with it instantly covered the head of the animal ; then addressing the judge, " Since this man," said he, " affirms that he has

raised the horse from a colt, command him to tell of which eye he is blind." The Spaniard, who would not seem to hesitate, instantly answered, "Of the right eye." "He is neither blind of the right eye," replied the Indian, " nor of the left."

The judge decreed him the owner of the horse, and the Spaniard to be punished as a robber.

Indian Politeness

The politeness of these people in conversation is indeed carried to excess , since it does not permit them to contradict or deny the truth of what is asserted in their presence. By this means they indeed avoid disputes ; but then it becomes difficult to know their minds, or what impression you make upon them. When any of them come into our towns, our people are apt to crowd around them, gaze upon them, and incommode them when they desire to be private ; this they esteem great rudeness, and the effect of the want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. "We have," say they, " as much curiosity as you, and when you come into our towns, we wish for opportunities of looking at you ; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company."

Selected stories from

Outdoor Life and Indian Stories

Edward S. Ellis

A Mighty Mingo Chieftain

Logan, The Orator and Warrior

The Mingo chieftain known as Logan, had a fame which reached the other side of the Atlantic ; he was the author of perhaps the best known speech ever delivered by one of his race, and his life was marked by a pathos that must touch every heart.

Logan was a chief like his father, but lived most of his life in the West, probably at Sandusky, or on a branch of the Scioto. A number of his warriors made their homes at these places. Why, if this chief was an Iroquois, is he called a Mingo ? The explanation lies in the fact that the two words mean the same. The Iroquois are sometimes spoken of as the Mingoes, Menwes or Maquas.

Logan, although one of the bravest of men, always loved peace above war. Throughout the dark years before and during the plotting of Pontiac, he took no part except that of peacemaker. In time he became a most bitter enemy of the white race and if ever an Indian had good reason for such enmity, he was Logan.

In the spring of 1774, several white explorers in the Ohio country said they had been robbed by Indians of a number of horses, though it is by no means certain

that such was the fact, or that, if the theft took place, that the thieves were not white men. Be that as it may, the explorers claimed that the Indians should be taught a lesson that would prevent any more outrages of that nature.

The infamous Colonel Michael Cresap gathered a party of men as evil as himself, the members coming together on the site of the present city of Wheeling, West Virginia. Learning that some Indians were near at hand, Cresap made ready to attack them. The question of their guilt or innocence was of no concern to him. He knew he had enough men to defeat the small company, and that was all he cared to know before acting.

As if to help in the fearful crime, a canoe was seen coming from the other shore. It contained one warrior and several women and children. Hiding themselves, Cresap and his companions waited till the party had landed, and then each picked out his victim. When the guns were fired, not a single man, woman or child escaped. All these people belonged to the family of Logan, known far and near as the "friend of the white man."

This fearful outrage against the red man brought on a war in which occurred one of the most remarkable battles between the two races that has ever been fought in our history. The event, for some reason, has not attracted the attention it deserves.

Logan was changed from a warm, unselfish friend of the white people into their bitter enemy, and who can blame him ? In July, 1774, he left his home with only eight warriors. Instead of attacking the settlements on the Ohio, where everybody expected the first blow would fall, he passed them by and made his way to the Muskingum, where nobody dreamed of danger.

The first white men seen were three who were pulling flax in a field. One of them was shot down, and the others taken as prisoners. They traveled a long distance through the forest to the Indian village, where it was ordered that the captives should run the gauntlet. This, as you may know, consists of the unarmed person dashing between two rows of his captors, standing a few feet from each other, all armed with clubs or knives, with which they strike at the unfortunate as he speeds forward and tries to dodge the cruel blows. If he succeeds in reaching the extremity of the double line, he is sometimes spared or allowed to make a break for liberty. But the ordeal is so dreadful, that not one in a hundred survives it.

Logan did not like any kind of torture, and he told one of the captives how he could escape many of the blows aimed at him. The man failed, however, and the Indians condemned him to be burned to death at the stake. Logan pleaded for his life, and, when it was refused, he cut the cords and caused his adoption into an Indian family.

The Shawnees and Delawares had suffered many wrongs and outrages, and they now joined in the war against the whites. The Virginia Legislature was in session when the news reached that body, and Governor Dunmore ordered the preparation of three thousand men to march against the Indians. One-half of this force, under the command of General Andrew Lewis, was to march to the mouth of the Kanawha, while the governor was to lead the other half to a point on the Ohio, in order to strike the Indian towns between the two. The movement of Lewis was to draw off the main body of warriors, leaving the way open for the governor. Having destroyed the towns, he was then to form a junction with General Lewis at Point Pleasant, subsequent action of the army to be guided by circumstances.

General Lewis with eleven hundred men began his march on the 11th of September for Point Pleasant distant one hundred and sixty miles on the Great Kanawha. The whole distance led through a wilderness without trails, but the force had a veteran scout of the frontier to guide them over the best route. They reached their destination on the last day of the month, and formed an intrenched camp. Lewis waited for more than a week for the coming of Dunmore, but he did not arrive, and the officer was in a quandary. The action of Governor Dunmore laid him open to the gravest charges. The various explanations of his conduct will be referred to presently.

On the morning of October 10, while general Lewis was still wondering and perplexed over his failure to hear from Governor Dunmore, a white man came to him with a startling story. While he and a companion were hunting deer, they ran upon a camp of a numerous body of Indians in their war paint, They fired upon the hunters and killed one, the other escaping with great difficulty by fleet running.

The news brought by this messenger left no doubt that a large force of red men were hurrying to attack the soldiers. It is said that General Lewis coolly lit his pipe and smoked for several minutes while reflecting upon the situation. He then ordered his brother, Colonel Charles Lewis, and another officer of similar rank to reconnoitre the approaching enemy, while the commander arranged to support them. The two regiments had gone barely a fourth of a mile, when they met the Indians, advancing to the attack.

It was early in the morning and the battle opened immediately. The Virginians had not forgotten the lesson of Braddock's defeat, and fought in the same fashion as their opponents, taking advantage of the trees, bushes, roughness of the ground, and every object that afforded protection. The conflict was long and desperate. The uniform of Colonel Lewis drew the attention of the warriors, and he soon fell mortally wounded. The Indians speedily proved their superiority and put the soldiers to flight, after having shot down a large number. In the crisis of the

disorderly retreat, when a general massacre was imminent, reinforcements arrived and, by their firmness, checked the pursuit and compelled the Indians in turn to take refuge behind a breastwork of logs and bush, which they had been wise enough to prepare for such a check.

The redskins displayed rare military skill, for the breastwork alluded to extended clean across a neck of land from river to river. They had placed men on both sides of the stream, so that if the Virginians were defeated, not one of them would have been able to save himself. It is claimed that the battle which followed was the most hotly contested of any ever fought between white and red men. The Indians did not scramble for the breastwork, but gave way, foot by foot as may be said, contesting the ground with an obstinacy that more than once made the issue doubtful. Colonel Lewis having fallen, his brother officer, Colonel Fleming, was twice wounded, but kept his command and animated others by his coolness and daring. When the reinforcements arrived at the critical moment, the tide was turned, but Colonel Field, who was leading them was killed, and Colonel Fleming, already twice hurt, was shot through the lungs, but still refused to give place to any other officer.

Behind that blazing breastwork were fifteen hundred brave warriors, of the Shawanoe, Delaware, Mingo, Wyandot, and Cayuga tribes, under the lead of Logan, Cornstalk, Red Eagle, and other famous chiefs.

Cornstalk was the head sachem, and the attacking soldiers heard his ringing commands many times above the din of battle. . . . He dashed from side to side of the long line, cheering all by his example. The battle lasted from morning until late in the afternoon, something, as has been said, unknown in similar circumstances, and still the Indians held their ground, despite the repeated and desperate charges of the soldiers.

General Lewis became intensely anxious. He was distressed at the sight of the number of his men who fell at every rush. He saw that the Indians must be routed before night, or the Virginians were almost sure to suffer disastrous defeat. He sent three companies, who, favored by the forest, reached the rear of the enemy unobserved. Then they dashed to the attack. The warriors did not believe they were a part of the force they had been fighting for hours, but thought they were reinforcements and that the Indians' only safety lay in instant flight. Just as the sun was setting they retreated across the Ohio and made for their towns along that river.

The loss of the soldiers included nine officers and about fifty privates, with nearly a hundred wounded. That of the Indians is not known, but it is not likely it exceeded that of the whites. Judging by those who were killed and wounded, the circumstances, and the length of the conflict, the battle of Point Pleasant, in the autumn of 1774, seems to justify the claim that it was

the hardest fought one that ever took place between the American and Caucasian races.

It has been said that grave suspicion was caused by the course of Governor Dunmore. He set out with the purpose of attacking the rear of the Indians and cooperating with General Lewis, and yet such could not have been his real intention, for he was seventy-five miles distant, and cooperation was out of the question. In the many attempts to explain his course, it was said he meant to sacrifice General Lewis and his men in order to add to his own reputation. Such a theory is absurd, however, for he would have been denounced for his treachery, instead of being praised. Others have thought that he felt the justice of the Indians' cause, and tried to bring peace with the least destruction and harm to them. To us, the more reasonable theory is, that Governor Dunmore saw, as every one else saw, that the colonies were on the verge of rebellion against England, and he was very anxious to keep the goodwill of the Indians, with a view to bringing them to the side of the mother country. You know he did all he could to befriend England, and was rebuked by Patrick Henry and other patriots for too much activity against their interests, when war was about to open.

After burying his dead, General Lewis withdrew agreeably to the commands of Governor Dunmore. The latter advanced to within a few miles of the leading Indian town on the Chillicothe, for the purpose of treating with the tribes, from whom he had already

received requests to do so. The meetings were marked with distrust on both sides. Cornstalk, in an indignant speech, laid the whole blame of the war upon the whites, due mainly to the murder of Logan's family. Governor Dunmore showed much tact, and, in the end, secured the pledges of the leading chiefs to the peace he sought.

Among the sachems who signed the treaty the name of Logan did not appear, nor would he go to the conference. Lord Dunmore was so anxious to obtain his name that he sent a special messenger to the cabin of the Mingo, a long distance away in the woods. When this messenger explained his business to Logan, the latter led him a little way from his cabin, and the two sat down beside each other on a fallen tree. The sachem gave his assent to the treaty, and in doing so, uttered that memorable speech, which will live as long as man can admire eloquence, pathos and truth :

" I appeal to any white man to say, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat ; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not.

" During the course of the long, bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said, ' Logan is the friend of the white man.'

" I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last

spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relatives of Logan, not even sparing my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear; Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Warrior and Knight

Buckongahelas, The Delaware Chief

Among the leading chiefs who took part in the decisive battle at Maumee Rapids, when General Wayne smashed the Indian confederacy, was Buckongahelas, a sachem of the Delaware tribe. He was an orator of ability and a military leader of skill, with a humanity not often shown by one of his race. He took the side of the British until his attitude was changed by a certain incident, soon to be related.

No missionaries toiled more faithfully among the red men than the Moravians, who suffered every kind of persecution, facing privations, trials, tortures, and the most painful of deaths in order to bring the children of the forest to a knowledge of the true faith. They met with much success, and founded a number of missions, where scores of red men proved by their lives their belief in the religion professed by the white men. Thriving settlements were founded by the Moravian missionaries. These people, by their gentle ways, often suffered from their own race, while others, like Buckongahelas, treated them with kindness and respect, even though he did not believe in their principles.

It cannot be denied that our forefathers on the frontier were often frightfully misused by the Indians. Many atrocities were too dreadful to be described. The winter of 1782 was marked by a number of cruelties at the hands of the Sandusky Indians. In revenge, a band of nearly a hundred men gathered on the frontier of Pennsylvania, and, led by Colonel David Williamson, marched against the Christian Indians at Gnadenhutten, a missionary settlement. Friendly messengers were sent to warn them of their danger, but, sad to say, they arrived too late. In March, 1782, ninety-six men, women and children, while singing hymns and praying, were slain by this company of white men, not one of whom ever was punished for the crime.

A few months before this awful crime, two Christian Indians of Gnadenhutten went out into the woods to look for some estray horses. They had not gone far, when they met a chieftain at the head of eighty warriors. The Christians were made prisoners without explanation. Then the band took a round-about course through the forest, until near the settlement, when they went into a secret camp, keeping the captives lest they should escape and give the alarm. Early the next morning, the town was surrounded so that none could leave, and the leader of the war party shouted to the frightened people that they must give up their chief and principal councillors, either alive or dead.

The leader named the men he wanted and was determined to have, but the Christians replied that it chanced that every one was absent, having gone to Pittsburg some days before. The visitors searched each house from attic to cellar, and found they had been told the truth. Then the chief ordered that the leading men remaining in Gnadenhutten and Salem should appear before him to hear what he had to say. When they had assembled, he spoke :

" Friends, listen to what I say. You see a great and powerful nation divided. The father (the King) has called on his Indian children to help him in punishing his children, the Americans, who have become stubborn and will not obey him. Friends, often has the father been obliged to settle and make amends for the wrongs and mischiefs done to us, by his evil children, yet these children do not grow any better! They remain the same and will remain the same so long as there is left any land of which they can rob us. Listen to me and hear what I have to say. I have come to bid you arise and go with me to a safe place. I will take you to a country (the Miami), where your fields shall yield you abundant crops and where your cattle shall find plenty of pasture ; where there is much game ; where your women and children, together with yourselves, will live in peace and safety ; where no Long Knife" (meaning the sword and bayonet of the colonists) "shall ever disturb you. Nay; I will live between you and them, and not even allow them to frighten you. There you can

worship your God without fear. Here where you live you cannot do so. Think on what I have said to you and believe that if you stay where you are, very soon the Long Knives will talk to you with fine words, and while they are talking they will kill you all."

The chief who uttered this warning was Buckongahelas, and he was honest in his wish to take the gentle people with him, to where they would escape the danger to which he knew they were exposed. They thanked him but declined his offer, believing that their principles and goodly lives were so well known that no one would harm them. The chief then asked that those who wished to leave should be allowed to do so. This was agreed to and a few left. How true the words of the good man were was proven soon after when the massacre named occurred!

Buckongahelas next went to Salem. The following account is by Heckewelder who was present:

"The Christian Indians," said the chieftain, "were a happy people and he would never trouble them on account of their not joining in the war. Indeed they could not with propriety join in wars, without first renouncing praying," (meaning Christianity). " And every Indian, or body of Indians, had a right to chose for themselves, whom they should serve. For him, he had hired himself to his father, the king of England, for the purpose of fighting his refractory children, the Long Knives, whilst his friends and relations, the Christian Indians, had hired themselves to the Great

Spirit, solely for the purpose of performing prayers," (meaning attending to religion). "He added that both were right in their way, though both employments could not be connected together. And only yesterday they were told, while at Gnadenhutten, that God had instructed all Christian people to love their enemies, and even to pray for them. These words, he said, were written in the large book that contained the words and commandments of God ! Now, how would it appear, were we to compel our friends, who love and pray for their enemies to fight against them compel them to act contrary to what they believe to be right force them to do that by which they would incur the displeasure of the Great Spirit, and bring his wrath upon them ? It would be as wrong in him to compel the Christian Indians to quit praying and to turn out and kill people, as it would be in them to compel him to lay fighting aside, and turn to praying only."

Did Indian or white man ever utter nobler sentiments ? Buckongahelas was not a Christian, and he claimed the right belonging to every one, to think for himself and to form his judgment, but he did that which many, who may profess the same principles, are unable to do ; he accepted just as fully the right of every one else to do the same. He complimented the principles of the Christians, for he respected them and, as has been already said, his only wish was to befriend and save them from the cruelty of the white man. He knew better than they that no trust could be placed in

those of the other race, and sad indeed was it for the Moravian Christians that they did not act upon his own counsel.

Before entering Salem, the chief made all his warriors leave their guns behind, so as not to alarm their hosts. When ready to leave, he turned and addressed the assembled Christians thanking them for their hospitality, and assuring them that they could always depend upon his steadfast friendship.

The following incident will illustrate a peculiar phase of the character of this remarkable man :

One of the most noted scouts connected with Colonel Brodhead's army, and afterward with Harmar, St. Clair and Wayne, was an Irishman named Murphy. He was a rollicking fellow, with all the wit and waggery of his people, brave to the last degree, and a master of woodcraft. Some of the exploits with which he is credited sound incredible. No Indian could follow a shadowy trail through the woods more truly, and few were his equal in resources and quickness to see the right thing to do in a crisis. He was tall, bony, homely of feature, with a shock of fiery red hair and a freckled countenance. With many, his greatest gift was his fleetness of foot. In all the races in which he engaged he never met his superior. Simon Kenton, who, in his prime, could run like a deer, said Murphy was able to lead every one else.

This point became well known to the Indians, and many of them put forth their utmost efforts to capture him. Aware of the valuable help he gave to the whites, they would have given much to lay hands on him. He had slain and scalped (sad to say that barbarous practice was not confined to the red men) some of their most noted warriors, and there would have been general rejoicing among all the tribes could the means be found to check his destroying career.

Well, disaster came to Murphy at last. He had a hard fight with three Delawares, one summer afternoon, in the depths of the wilderness. He shot one, wounded the second, and would have gotten away as usual, but at the critical moment, a score of bucks arrived on the spot, surrounded and made him prisoner. When the grinning captors closed about him, Murphy threw up his hands and asked them to be considerate as he had wrenched his ankle, and was barely able to stand. His appeal was useless, for they beat him unmercifully, and forced him to keep pace with them, though he limped so badly that at times he actually hopped forward on one foot. But the plucky fellow gritted his teeth, bore their blows unflinchingly, and, seemingly more dead than alive, finally reached the Delaware villages, where his coming caused great excitement and rejoicing.

It was early in the afternoon, and a discussion immediately took place as to how the prize should be disposed of. The majority favored burning him at the

stake ; but Buckongahelas had stopped that inhuman practice, and would not listen to anything of the kind. Other savage pleasantries were suggested, all of which the chief vetoed, in several cases being backed by some of the leaders. Finally, some one proposed that the captive should run the gauntlet.

The grim fiendishness of this will be understood when the lameness of poor Murphy is remembered. All through the talk, he was standing in the background on one foot, his rugged face twitching with the pain he could not keep back. Buckongahelas would have interfered, had he not known that it was useless. There was a point beyond which he could not hold his warriors. He had denied them their favorite pastime, and even he could not say that they should be robbed of every form of amusement. There was not a warrior among the howling throng who did not know the scout who had wrought them so much evil, and upon whom they had tried so long to lay hands. The chieftain nodded his consent to their proposal.

Murphy was familiar enough with the Delaware tongue to understand the decision that had been reached. He was too sensible to protest and silently nerved himself for the dreaded ordeal soon to come.

The Delawares made their preparations with the enthusiasm of so many boys, while those who were not to take part chuckled with delight. The persecutors formed in two rows, facing each other, with hardly a dozen feet of space between. In each row were twenty-

eight warriors and squaws, separated by slightly less distance. The arrangement was meant to give each one just enough room to swing his or her arms with freedom.

Thus, as will be seen, Murphy was doomed to run over a path nearly a hundred yards in length, and between two rows of persecutors, all eagerly waiting for him to come nigh enough for them to reach him with the clubs in their itching hands. They had laid their guns aside, and every one was armed with a heavy stick, which he meant to bring down with a vicious energy that would hurl the poor fellow to the ground, if the implement once reached its mark.

Behind these rows of exultant redskins were grouped the other members of the tribe, to the extent of several hundred. Barbarous as were the warriors, the squaws were worse, if that was possible, and the dancing children were as eager as their elders to see the white man pounded to death.

One of the Delawares took Murphy by the arm and led him to the head of the line. He limped so heavily that he barely touched the ground with the tip of one foot. He was seen to shut his lips and shake his head, as if to force back his suffering and to brace himself for the trial before him. But he did not utter a word ; it was useless.

At the head of the line on his right, was stationed a warrior whom he recognized as one of his captors and

his chief persecutor. He was large and inclined to corpulency, but his painted face was ugly to the last degree. He had struck the captive on the way to the village, and had subjected him to many indignities. Now he took a place which gave him the first chance to reach the helpless prisoner, and there can be no doubt that he meant to leave no work to be done by the others in the lines.

Murphy looked down the long path, and, like many situations of danger, spat on his palms and rubbed them together, as if the action gave more nerve and strength to him. All were waiting, shifting about and toying with their clubs, impatient for the amusement to open. Buckongahelas stood several rods to the rear of one of the lines, well beyond it, watching proceedings. He did not add to the turmoil, but with his arms folded over his massive chest, studied the prisoner, regarding whom he held a singular suspicion which he kept to himself.

Suddenly Murphy gathered his energies for the test. He leaned forward with his left foot advanced, and most of his weight resting on it, after the manner of the professional runner. This largely relieved the other ankle of the weight of his body. With his arms crooked at the elbows and held close to his sides, he suddenly lowered his head and shot forward as if propelled from a cannon.

The instant he did so, the suspicion of Buckongahelas became certainty. All trace of lameness

vanished ! Both legs were as sound as ever, and had been from the first.

But Hercules himself could not have run the length of those lines, between the rows of tormentors, and Murphy had never a thought of trying anything of the kind. With a quick turn to the right, and, when going at the height of his great speed, the top of his head struck his chief tormentor in the stomach, with an impact like that of a catapult. The life was almost knocked from his body, as he went over on his back, his moccasins kicking the air. Like a cat, Murphy leaped over the form, and with a burst of his wonderful fleetness, dashed for the nearest point in the woods.

This took him towards the spot where Buckongahelas was standing. The chief could have headed him off without trouble, but, instead of doing so, he stepped aside to make way for him. The confusion caused by the captive's break for freedom gave him the very chance needed. Among the spectators were many who had guns in their hands and several fired wildly at the fugitive, but the majority of the men who formed the double line, sped after him, with a view of recapture, and the carrying out of their amusement so suddenly interrupted by his escape.

In a few seconds, Murphy was among the trees and going with the speed of the wind. It was impossible to gain a fair shot at him, when it was seen that he was rapidly increasing the distance between him and his

pursuers. Sooner than would be supposed, he was beyond danger, and the next day rejoined his friends.

Some years later, when peace had come to the frontier, Murphy and Buckongahelas met at one of the forts, and, in the course of their talk, the incident just told was recalled. Both laughed over the remembrance, and the chief told the scout that he suspected from the first that his lameness was a pretense, and he thought it strange that none of the warriors shared his belief.

" I was glad when you got away," said the Delaware.

" I observed that ye stepped aside to give me room to pass, without losing any time in doing the same," said the grinning Irishman; "I knowed ye was my friend, which is why I headed toward yersilf."

When the league of Indians was defeated by General Wayne at Maumee Rapids, they fled for refuge to the British post near at hand. The commandant had promised them that, if they were repelled, he would give them shelter. But Wayne frightened him, and he closed the gates against the fugitives, and allowed many to be cut down.

Buckongahelas was so angered by this breach of faith that his principles changed. He refused longer to trust the English, for whom he had bravely fought, became the warm friend of the Americans, and urged his countrymen to do the same. He had all the qualifications of a great hero.

Fighting Against Fate

Black Hawk and His War

Black Hawk was born on Rock River, in Illinois, about the year 1767. When only fifteen years old he took the scalp of an enemy and soon gained so much fame on the war path, that he became one of the foremost of leaders, and often headed parties of his people against other tribes. It was claimed by the majority of the chiefs and sachems of the Sacs and Foxes that the treaty made with Governor Harrison in 1804, by which their lands east of the Mississippi were sold, was executed on the part of the Indians by a few chiefs, who had no authority of the nation to whom the act was unknown until some time later. When, therefore, the Americans built a fort on the Mississippi, the Indians were angry and tried to cut off the garrison.

When Illinois became a State, in 1818, hundreds of emigrants flocked thither. They came so fast that their settlements surrounded the territory occupied by the Sacs and Foxes. Trouble is sure to come when such a state of affairs exists. The Indians looked upon the white people as intruders as they certainly were while the new comers were anxious to be rid of their unwelcome neighbors, and did all they could lo make their situation uncomfortable. They thought that by

doing this, they would force the Indians to " pull up stakes " and go elsewhere. But the true owners stayed where they were. When they were absent on a hunt, the settlers tore down the fences and turned the Indians' cattle into their cornfields, whose crops were trampled and destroyed. In 1827, during another absence of the warriors and their families, some miscreants set fire to their village and nearly fifty houses were laid in ashes.

Two months after these events, General Atkinson entered the Winnebago country with a military force and captured the chief and six Winnebagoes who were thrown into prison until they could be tried. The chief died in jail. After a long time four were found guilty and two acquitted, the former being sentenced to be hanged. Black Hawk was accused of being one of the party who fired on the keel boats, but was set free for lack of evidence. Not long afterward, when all danger was past, he confessed that he was guilty as charged.

Several shameful acts against the Indians were perpetrated by the whites about this time. In one instance several settlers, claiming that they had been ill-used, fell upon Black Hawk and beat him unmercifully. The indignity, added to other wrongs, led him to determine upon war against the whites. He had been promised help by other tribes, but when he called upon them, nearly all refused to give the slightest aid. He convinced Keokuk that he had made a great mistake in parting with the lands, and that chief promised to do what he could to get them back. Black Hawk said he

would let the whites have all the valuable lead mines, on condition that they were allowed to stay in their village and till their cornfields, where, according to tradition, one of their villages had stood for nearly two centuries.

So sure were the Sacs that their wishes would be granted, that they went on their usual fall hunt in 1830. When they came back, they found that the whites had moved in, and taken possession of every wigwam and lodge. The Sacs were upon the banks of the Mississippi, without shelter for their squaws and children. No wonder that they felt the wrong was beyond bearing.

The chiefs decided to take possession of their village. The whites were alarmed when the blanketed warriors and their families stalked in among them and made themselves at home. It was evident that any attempt to oust the rightful owners would cause bloodshed ; so the settlers said they would stay and work and plant in partnership. This was done, but the situation of the Indians was made almost intolerable. The whites took care that they had the best land, and they treated their dusky neighbors with brutal harshness, insulting them on every pretext, and, in one instance at least, they beat a young man so badly that he died of his injuries. It was to be expected in some cases the Indians would give great provocation, but nothing could excuse the wholesale stealing of their village and land. The chiefs, knowing how closely they

were watched, and that the intruders were anxious for an excuse for calling upon the authorities, told their people in no circumstances to be the first to commit a hostile act against the intruders.

The Sacs were notified that their lands had been sold, and they must not again set foot on the eastern side of the river. We have shown that they disregarded the warning, and Black Hawk and his band did not hesitate to declare they meant to stay. The settlers appealed to the governor of Illinois, who, asserting that the State had been invaded by hostile Indians, called out seven hundred militia to protect the citizens. He requested General Gaines, commanding the western department, to cooperate with him. That officer summoned a strong force of regulars and went to the region in dispute. Under date of June 2d, 1831, the general made the following interesting statement:

" I have visited the Rock River villages, with a view to ascertain the localities, and, as far as possible, the disposition of the Indians. They confirm me in the opinion I had previously formed, that, whatever may be their feelings of hostility, they are resolved to abstain from the use of their tomahawks and firearms except in self-defence. But I am resolved to abstain from firing a shot without some bloodshed, or some manifest attempt to shed blood, on the part of the Indians. I have already induced one-third of them to cross the Mississippi to their own land. The residue, however, say, as the friendly chiefs report, that they will

never move ; and what is very uncommon, their women urge their hostile husbands to fight rather than to move and thus abandon their homes."

General Gaines awaited the arrival of the militia. They appeared about a week later. Knowing what was to be expected from them, if they were once let loose, the Indians immediately moved across the Mississippi, and the army took possession of the Sac village without the firing of a shot. A treaty was signed, but it was without permanent effect, for before the close of the year, both parties violated it.

Being in a starving condition, a number of Sacs secretly recrossed the river, and stole some of their own corn. Matters remained in an unsettled condition, and in the following spring, General Atkinson, at the head of a regiment of regulars, set out for the Upper Mississippi. At his approach Black Hawk and his party left their camp, and went up Rock River. He expected to be joined by the Pottawatomies, Winnebagoes and Kickapoos, but they wisely kept out of the fighting, when they knew a disastrous end was certain.

Black Hawk moved leisurely up stream, and on the way was overtaken by several expresses from General Atkinson, ordering him to return. In every instance the chief sent back a defiant answer, and kept on. Instead of pursuing, General Atkinson halted at Dixon's Ferry, and waited for the reinforcements that were on the way. He was pleased to find, however, that quite a

strong military force had already arrived at the place before his advent.

Having decided upon a reconnoissance, Major Silliman at the head of two hundred and seventy men, moved cautiously toward the hostiles. Black Hawk sent three messengers with a flag of truce to invite the officer to a conference. Instead of accepting the invitation or respecting the flag, the major made prisoners of the bearers. Not understanding why they did not return, Black Hawk sent five other messengers after them. They were fired upon and two killed, the others escaping by running. Thus the Sacs were receiving valuable lessons in civilized warfare.

As soon as the chief learned of the outrage, he prepared to ambush the advancing company, although their number was more than double that of the Indians. The effort succeeded so well, that the soldiers were driven back in disorderly flight with the loss of a dozen men.

The war having begun was carried on in the usual barbarous fashion of the border. The Sacs were too wise to meet the troops in open battle, but attacked exposed places, when there was no thought of their coming. Scores of dreadful outrages took place, and in more than one instance, the white men proved as cruel in their methods as the Indians themselves ever were.

The state of affairs grew so intolerable, that General Scott was ordered to the frontier with nine companies

of artillery. The same number of companies were also sent thither from the Lakes, and two companies from another point. It was wise to launch a strong enough force against Black Hawk to make sure of crushing him and his hostiles. However, General Scott's companies were soon attacked by the cholera and terribly decimated.

It is interesting to record the names of two persons who figured in the Black Hawk War, on the side of the Americans. One was a tall, ungainly captain of Illinois, who was registered as Abraham Lincoln. The United States officer who mustered him and the soldiers into the service of the country was Jefferson Davis.

Black Hawk had gathered a thousand warriors, with whom he awaited General Atkinson at a point between Rock and Wisconsin rivers. When he saw that the troops outnumbered his bucks almost two to one, he retreated, and, though General Atkinson strove hard, he could not bring the chief to a stand. Seeing that his force was too bulky to escape together, Black Hawk approached the Mississippi above the mouth of the Wisconsin. Most of the women and children went down the river in canoes. Several were drowned, and nearly all the others fell into the hands of the whites.

When the main body under Black Hawk reached the bank of the river, they were alarmed by the sight of the steamboat Warrior, which seemed to be waiting for them. Most of the Indians were in a starving condition, and the sufferings of the women and children were so

pitiful that Black Hawk, seeing the hopelessness of keeping up the struggle, decided to surrender. He sent a body of his warriors to the edge of the stream, bearing a flag of truce. The troops were not wholly blamable for thinking this was a ruse to lure them to land, for the trick was used many times during our border troubles. Black Hawk always said he honestly meant to surrender. Be the truth as it may, the steamer opened with a six-pounder. More than a score of Indians were slain, besides a large number wounded, while not a man was killed on the steamboat.

In the latter part of July, General Atkinson, with sixteen hundred men, crossed to the north side of the Wisconsin at Helena, and pressed on with the purpose of hitting the Indian trail. He made a forced march, and, four nights later, an old Sac was met who told him the Indians had gone to the Mississippi which they meant to cross the next day. The horses and men were so tired that General Atkinson was forced to rest for several hours.

Before the Sacs were able to reach the river, they were overtaken, and the fight that followed and lasted for several hours was more of a massacre than a battle. While the Americans lost only twenty-seven men, that of the Indians was ten times as great. Black Hawk escaped by the narrowest chance with the remnant of his force.

This battle was the finishing stroke to the Black Hawk War. The Sioux and Winnebagoes kept

continually bringing in prisoners, and General Atkinson asked Keokuk to send messengers to demand the surrender of Black Hawk and the remainder of the hostiles, and to deliver the chief, alive or dead, within an appointed time.

Black Hawk, with a few friends, took refuge at the Winnebago village of Prairie la Cross. Worn out, depressed and hopeless, he told the chief he was ready to surrender to the whites, and they were welcome to do what they chose with him ; he would not make the least objection if they decided to put him to death. The squaws made him a dress of white deerskin, and clothed in this, he walked voluntarily to Prairie du Chien, with the two Winnebagoes who had been sent after him. About midday, August 27, 1833, he and his companion, better known as The Prophet (no relative of course of Tecumseh), walked into Prairie du Chien Fort and gave themselves up as prisoners of war.

When Black Hawk surrendered to the commander, he waited for one of his companions to speak, and gave close attention to the reply of the officer. All eyes being turned upon the chieftain, he said:

" You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understands Indian fighting. The first one was not so wise. When I saw I could not beat you by Indian fighting, I determined to

rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter.

"Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children and friends. He does not care for himself. He cares for his nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. The white men do not scalp the dead ; but they do worse, they poison the heart; it is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be scalped, but they will, in a few years, become like the white men, so that you cannot trust them, and there must be, as in the white settlements, nearly as many officers as men, to take care of them and keep them in order.

"Farewell, my nation ! Black Hawk tried to save you and avenge your wrongs. . . . He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!"

There was no thought, however, of putting the chief or any of his companions to death. The prisoners and their guard were taken by steamboat down the river to Jefferson Barracks. Black Hawk, The Prophet, eleven head men or chiefs of the Sacs and Foxes, and some fifty warriors composed the party. Upon their arrival all were put in irons. By a treaty made with the Sacs and Foxes, a short time after, they ceded five million acres of land, containing much valuable lead

deposits, to the United States. At the same time, the Winnebagoes surrendered four millions six hundred thousand acres of equally good land to our government. In addition to an annuity for thirty years, the payment of the debts of the tribes, and a supply of provisions, a reservation of forty square miles on the Iowa River was given to Keokuk and his band for their loyalty during the troubles now happily brought to an end. Black Hawk, his two sons, and seven of the principal warriors, were to be held as hostages at the pleasure of the President of the United States.

Black Hawk now entered upon the experience which gave him his real reputation as an orator. His war against the settlements had drawn more attention and raised more interest throughout the country than many wars of greater magnitude before or since, and, wherever he went, he was a notable personage. In the month of April, 1833, the chief and his companions arrived in Washington, and had an interview with President Jackson. Each had heard of the other, and the salutation of the chieftain when presented to the foremost citizen of the United States, was : " I am a man and you are another ! "

Old Hickory received his visitor kindly, but, as was his custom, used plain words. He told him that a number of articles of dress which had been prepared would be speedily given to him, and the chief was at liberty to distribute them as he thought best. The President added that the party must leave at once for

Fort Monroe, and be content to remain there until he gave them permission to return to their homes. Their stay would depend upon the conduct of their people. When the terms of the treaty had been complied with, and the distant warriors showed a friendly spirit, the chiefs and their friends would be set free. The President assured them that they need feel no uneasiness about their women and children, for they would be shielded from all harm at the hands of the Sioux and the Menominies. He meant to compel the different tribes to live at peace with one another, and, when he became sure that everything would remain quiet, the prisoners would be sent to their homes.

It is worth noting that among all the curiosities shown to these visitors, they were more interested in the portraits of the Indian chiefs in the War Department than in anything else. They seemed never to weary of standing in front of the paintings, and gazing upon the features of those of their own race, whose fame had come down to them in tradition, and whose deeds and oratory had filled even civilized brethren with admiration for their heroic qualities.

The Indians arrived at Fort Monroe in the latter part of April. None was put in irons, and all were treated with kindness. Few indeed could feel any emotion other than sympathy for those men who had suffered so much from a people that claimed a higher civilization and professed the gentle teachings of Christianity. Although the cage in which they were

kept was a gilded one, it was none the less a prison, and they sighed for the free air of the prairies and mountains. The welcome order arrived in about five weeks, and they left by steamboat for Baltimore. Naturally they attracted great interest at all points where they stopped, and their tour through the northern cities was, to use a common expression, an "ovation." We Americans are famous for our "speeches" and "addresses" which are ready on the slightest provocation. Most of those directed at Black Hawk were of a wishy-washy character, that could bear no comparison with the sturdy, sententious eloquence of the natural orator. The best one of the lot was made by Hon. John A. Graham, at a reception given to the red men in New York.

"Brothers," said he, "open your ears. You are brave men. You have fought like tigers, but in a bad cause. We have conquered you. We are sorry, last year, that you raised the tomahawk against us ; but we believe you did not know us then as you do now. We think that in time to come, you will be wise, and that we shall be friends forever. You see that we are a great people, numerous as the flowers of the field, as the shells on the seashore, or the fish in the sea. We put one hand on the eastern, and, at the same time, the other on the western ocean. We all act together. Sometimes our great men talk loud and long at our council fires, but if you shed one drop of white men's blood, our young warriors, as thick as stars of the night, will leap on board our great

boats, which fly on the waves, and over the lakes, swift as the eagle of the air, then penetrate the woods, make the big guns thunder, and the whole heavens red with the flames of the dwellings of their enemies.

" Brothers, the President made you a great talk. He has but one mouth. That one has sounded the sentiments of all the people. Listen to what he has said to you. Write it on your memories. It is good, very good.

" Black Hawk, take these jewels, a pair of topaz earrings, beautifully set in gold, for your wife or daughter, as a token of friendship, keeping always in mind that women and children are the favorites of the Great Spirit. These jewels are from an old man, whose head is whitened by the snows of seventy winters ; an old man, who has thrown down the bow, put off the sword, and now stands leaning on his staff, awaiting the command of the Great Spirit.

"Look around you; see all these mighty people; then go to your homes, and open your arms to receive your families. Tell them to bury the hatchet, to make bright the chain of friendship, to love the white men and to live in peace with them, as long as the rivers run into the sea, and the sun rises and sets. If you do so, you will be happy. You will then insure the prosperity of unborn generations of your tribes, who will go hand in hand with the sons of the white men, and all shall be blessed by the Great Spirit. Peace and happiness, by the blessing of the Great Spirit, attend you ! Farewell!"

The grim countenance of the old chief showed the pleasure he felt, as the well-chosen words were interpreted to him his mouth expanded into a smile, when the pretty present was handed to him, and he was told for whom it was intended.

"Brother," said he, in reply, "we like your talk. We will be friends. We like the white people; they are very kind to us. We shall not forget it. Your counsel is good; we shall attend to it. Your valuable present shall go to my squaw. It pleases me very much. We shall always be friends. "

In the month of August, 1813, a peculiar battle was fought near Fort George, by several hundred volunteers and Indians, the latter supported by two hundred English regulars. The Americans surprised the British and Indian camp at daybreak, killed seventy-five and took a number of prisoners. The singular feature of the fight was that the Seneca Indians, who were with the Americans, decoyed their brethren on the British side into an ambush by a series of signals which the others thought were made by friends. Among the chiefs who led the warriors were Red Jacket, of whom we have learned, and Captain Pollard, whose Indian name was Karlundawana. He was now an aged chieftain of the Senecas, held in high respect not only by them, but by the whites, to whom he had always been a loyal friend.

Black Hawk arrived in Buffalo in the latter part of June, and on the afternoon of the next day, paid a visit

to the Senecas, who had gathered in their council house to give them welcome. Captain Pollard was their spokesman, and taking the hand of Black Hawk, he welcomed in a few fitting words, telling him of the pleasure it gave him and his people to greet the great chief of the Sacs and Foxes. Then, with touching earnestness, he urged his visitors to go to their homes with peaceable minds toward the whites ; to cultivate the earth, and to think no more of war, which was certain at all times to bring evil and suffering upon them.

Black Hawk's native sense, coupled with what he had seen for himself, of the resources and power of the United States, could not fail to convince him of the truth of the words of the Seneca chieftain. He meant what he said:

" Our aged brother of the Senecas, who has spoken to us, has spoken the words of a good and wise man. We are strangers to each other, though we have the same color, and the same Great Spirit made us all, and gave us this country together. Brothers, we have seen how great a people the whites are. They are very rich and very strong. It is folly for us to fight with them. We shall go home with much knowledge. For myself, I shall advise my people to be quiet and live like good men. The advice which you gave us, brother, is very good, and we tell you now that we mean to walk the straight path in the future, and to content ourselves with what we have and with cultivating our lands."

A marked but perhaps natural change in the feelings of the white people showed itself as the Indians drew near Detroit, for they were then entering a section where the inhabitants could not forget the injuries they had suffered from these redskins. While they offered no violence, they scowled at them. Insulting remarks were made in their hearing, and several men, more impulsive than their fellows, burned Black Hawk and his companions in effigy.

It will be remembered that the Menominies and Winnebagoes had always been enemies of the Sacs and Foxes. They made savage war against them during the late hostilities, and it was a couple of Winnebagoes who brought the chief to the camp as a prisoner. From Green Bay, the route of the party was through the country of these people, and the danger of an attack by them was thought to be so great, that a strong guard of troops escorted the returning captives to Chicago, which at that time was little more than a frontier post.

Naturally, Black Hawk and his companions seemed depressed when they drew near the scene of the late stormy events in their lives. They saw the lands they loved in the possession of the invaders, and the homes that once had been theirs in ashes and ruins. But their dejection showed only in their faces. None uttered a word of complaint.

Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, had been selected as the place where the Indians were to be made fully free, with liberty to go whither they chose and do what

they pleased, so long as they did not injure the white people. When their old comrades came in with news of the families of those who had been separated so long from them, the spirits of all rose, and as the numerous presents were distributed, every one was happy, as might be expected.

The bitterest cup of which Black Hawk had to drink was now pressed to his lips. He and Keokuk had headed two warring factions of the Sacs. But for the aid given by the white men to his rival, Black Hawk was sure he would have triumphed ; but that rival was more cunning than he, in that he took the side of those who were mightier than the two together. He had conquered, and was now the sole head of the Sac nation. Black Hawk must meet him, and submit to the crowning shame of all. There was no help for it.

Keokuk was absent on a buffalo hunt when Black Hawk reached Fort Armstrong, but he and a number of his warriors came in the following day. It did not add to Black Hawk's peace of mind to see his rival's breast covered with medals presented to him by the people who had despoiled both. But Keokuk could afford to be genial, and when he saw the other he advanced toward him.

" The Great Spirit has sent our brother back ; let us shake hands in friendship."

Black Hawk silently returned the pressure, and looked in the face of Keokuk with a world of pathos in

his gloomy features. As he still remained silent, too depressed to find words, Keokuk began asking him questions about his journey home. Then pipes were brought out, and all smoked and chatted for an hour or more. A more formal reception took place on the morrow, when Keokuk returned and the grand council was held. There was some friction during the speaking, in which the commandant of the fort took part, but in the end all was made smooth, and Black Hawk finally left for his wigwam, with expressions of good will toward all, including the chief who had supplanted him.

Black Hawk died October 3, 1838, and his funeral was attended by hundreds of whites as well as Indians. He was buried at his request in a sitting posture, with his cane between his knees and grasped in his hands.

Selection from

Stories of Indian Chieftains

Mary Hall Husted

Ouray and Chipeta

About thirty years ago, in a train speeding eastward from Colorado, were two interesting passengers. One was Ouray, the chief of the Ute Indians, and the other was Chipeta, his wife. They were dressed in their best clothes, which were made of antelope skins gaily trimmed with colored porcupine quills.

They had come from their home in the southwestern part of Colorado, and were on their way to Washington. Ouray had been called there on a sad errand; but before you can understand what that was, you must know something of the life of this great chief.

He lived on a large ranch, where he kept great herds of cattle and horses. He had an adobe house with a staircase in it, which was something quite fine for an Indian home.

On the floor were carpets, stoves were in the different rooms, lamps on the tables, and knives, forks, and dishes in the cupboard. He also kept his horse and carriage, which were presented to him by the Governor of Colorado. From his ranch trails led far across the valleys to the villages of his people, the Utes.

Ouray was called the "friend of the white man," and tried to keep peace between his people and the settlers.

At one time, when he and several Indians were returning from a trip to Denver, they stopped to camp for the night. One of his men, wishing to build a fire, was about to use some wood belonging to a white man.

Ouray reminded him that he must not trespass upon that land. The stubborn Indian replied that he wanted a fire and was going to take that wood. The chief told him if he did he would shoot him. The Indian replied that two could play at that. Then both started for their guns; but Ouray was the quicker, and, seizing his gun, fired at the unruly Indian and killed him.

The Ute Indians felt bitter toward the white people, who had compelled them to give up much of their land. Many times Ouray was compelled to use all his power to restrain his fiery warriors.

At an agency, the place where our government gives supplies to the Indians, some of the Utes became angry, killed the agent, and took his family prisoners. This caused great excitement in Colorado, and the white people threatened to drive the Utes out of the state.

When Ouray heard of this terrible tragedy he was much distressed. He saw that his people would not be permitted to remain long in Colorado. He had always been light-hearted and cheerful, but after this he seldom smiled.

He sent three chiefs with some white men to order the rebellious Indians to cease their fighting and surrender their prisoners. The Indians obeyed, and the prisoners were taken to Ouray's home. Here the kind Chipeta did everything she could to make them forget their sufferings.

The government saw that something must be done with the Indians, and it was thought best to move them out of Colorado into Utah. But before doing this they wished to talk with Ouray, and this is why we find him and Chipeta on the train bound for Washington.

He talked very intelligently to the men he met in Washington, and told them that it was useless for the Indian to struggle against civilization; they must either adopt the customs of the white man or perish. But he said that this was very hard for his people to believe.

He was an interesting man, and was respected by all who met him. He was a model in his personal habits — never using tobacco, hating whisky, and never using coarse or profane language, but was a respected member of the Methodist Church.

While in Washington he was entertained in some of the most beautiful homes in the national capital. In one of them, he and Chipeta were very much pleased with a large crystal chandelier which hung from the ceiling. In a very modest way they asked where such a chandelier could be bought and what it would cost,

thinking it would be a handsome ornament for their home in distant Colorado.

Not long after their return home, this noble chief fell sick and died, leaving his loved wife, Chipeta, alone. She had no children to comfort her, for their only child, a little boy, had been stolen from them by a hostile band of Indians many years before.

Nestled among the mountains in southwestern Colorado is a little city named after this statesman chief, and it is sometimes called "Ouray the Beautiful." This name is well suited to it, for no spot could have greater attractions. Great mountains are round about it, and, as the sun touches them here and there, they seem to take different colors and tower up higher than before in their beauty.

In one of the canyons of Colorado, called the Black Canyon, is a beautiful water fall gushing out of the great rocks which looks like a bridal veil, so delicate and white is it; and this fall bears the name of the faithful Chipeta.

Selection from

Blazing the Way

Emily Inez Denny

Louisa Boren Denny,

The First Bride of Seattle,

Was born in White County, Illinois, on the 1st of June, 1827, and is the daughter of Richard Freeman Boren and Sarah Latimer Boren. Her father, a young Baptist minister, died when she was an infant, and she has often said, "I have missed my father all my life." A religious nature seems to have been inherited, as she has also said, " I cannot remember when I did not pray to God."

Her early youth was spent on the great prairies, then a veritable garden adorned with many beautiful wild flowers, in the log cabin with her widowed, pioneer mother, her sister Mary and brother Carson.

She learned to be industrious and thrifty without parsimony ; to be simple, genuine, faithful. In the heat of summer or cold of winter she trudged to school, as she loved learning, showing, as her mind developed, a natural aptitude and taste for the sciences; chemistry, philosophy, botany and astronomy being her especial delights.

Of a striking personal appearance, her fair complexion with a deep rose flush in the cheeks, sparkling eyes, masses of heavy black hair, small and perfect figure, would have attracted marked attention in any circle.

Her temperate and wholesome life, never given to fashion's follies, retained for her these points of beauty far beyond middle life, when many have lost all semblance of their youth and have become faded and decrepit.

Her school life merged into the teacher's and she took her place in the ranks of the pioneer instructors, who were truly heroic.

She taught with patience the bare-foot urchins, some of whom were destined for great things, and boarded 'round as was the primitive custom.

Going to camp meetings in the summer, lectures and singing schools in the winter were developing influences in those days, and primitive pleasures were no less delightful; the husking-bees, quilting parties and sleigh rides of fifty years ago in which she participated.

In 1851, when she was twenty-four years of age, she joined the army of pioneers moving West, in the division composed of her mother's and step-father's people, her mother having married John Denny and her sister Mary, A. A. Denny.

With what buoyant spirits, bright with hope and anticipation, they set out, except for the cloud of sorrow that hovered over them for the parting with friends they left behind. But they soon found it was to be a hard-fought battle.

Louisa Boren, the only young, unmarried woman of the party, found many things to do in assisting those who had family cares. Her delight in nature was unlimited, and although she found no time to record her observations and experiences, her anecdotes and descriptions have given pleasure to others in after years.

She possessed dauntless courage and in the face of danger was cool and collected.

It was she who pleaded for the boat to be turned inshore on a memorable night on the Columbia River, when they came so near going over the falls (the Cascades) owing to the stupefied condition of the men who had been imbibing " Blue Ruin" too freely.

When the party arrived at Alki Point on Puget Sound, although the outlook was not cheerful, she busied herself a little while after landing in observing the luxuriant and, to her, curious vegetation.

She soon made friends with the Indians and succeeded admirably in dealing with them, having patience and showing them kindness, for which they were not ungrateful.

It transpired that the first attempt at building on the site of Seattle, so far as known to the writer, is to be credited to Louisa Boren and another white woman, who crossed Elliott Bay in a canoe with Indian paddlers and a large dog to protect them from wild animals. They made their way through an untouched forest, and

the two women cut and laid logs for the foundation of a cabin.

As she was strikingly beautiful, young and unmarried, both white and Indian braves thought it would be a fine thing to win her hand, and intimations of this fact were not wanting. The young Indians brought long poles with them and leaned them up against the cabin at Alki, the significance of which was not at first understood, but it was afterward learned that they were courtship poles, according to their custom.

The white competitors found themselves distanced by the younger Denny, who was the first of the name to set foot on Puget Sound.

On January 23rd, 1853, in the cabin of A. A. Denny, on the east side of Elliott Bay, Louisa Boren was married to David T. Denny.

In order to fulfil law and custom, David had made a trip to Olympia and back in a canoe to obtain a marriage license, but was told that no one there had authority to issue one, so he returned undaunted to proceed without it; neither was there a minister to perform the ceremony, but Dr. Maynard, who was a Justice of the Peace, successfully tied the knot.

Among the few articles of wearing apparel it was possible to transport to these far-off shores in a time of slow and difficult travel, was a white lawn dress, which did duty as a wedding gown.

The young couple moved their worldly possessions in an Indian canoe to their own cabin on the bay, about a mile and a half away, in a little clearing at the edge of the vast forest.

Here began the life of toil and struggle which characterized the early days.

Then came the Indian war. A short time before the outbreak, while they were absent at the settlement, some Indians robbed the cabin; as they returned they met the culprits. Mrs. Denny noticed that one of them had adorned his cap with a white embroidered collar and a gray ribbon belonging to her. The young rascal when questioned said that the other one had given them to him. Possibly it was true ; at any rate when George Seattle heard of it he gave the accused a whipping.

The warnings given by their Indian friends were heeded and they retired to the settlement, to a little frame house not far from Fort Decatur.

On the morning of the battle, January 26th, Louisa Boren Denny was occupied with the necessary preparation of food for her family. She heard shots and saw from her window the marines swarming up from their boats onto Yesler's wharf, and rightly judging that the attack had begun she snatched the biscuits from the oven, turned them into her apron, gathered up her child, two years old, and ran toward the fort. Her

husband, who was standing guard, met her and assisted them into the fort.

A little incident occurred in the fort which showed her strong temperance principles. One of the officers, perhaps feeling the need of something to strengthen his courage, requested her to pour out some whiskey for him, producing a bottle and glass ; whether or no his hand was already unsteady from fear or former libations, she very properly refused and has, throughout her whole life, discouraged the use of intoxicants.

A number of the settlers remained in the fort for some time, as it was unsafe for them to return to their claims.

On the 16th of March, 1856, her second child was born in Fort Decatur.

With this infant and the elder of two years and three months, they journeyed back again into the wilderness, where she took up the toilsome and uncertain life of the frontier. "There was nothing," she has said, "that was too hard or disagreeable for me to undertake."

All the work of the house and even lending a hand at digging and delving, piling and burning brush outside, and the work was done without questioning the limits of her "spere."

They removed again to the edge of the settlement and lived for a number of years in a rose-embowered cottage on Seneca Street.

Accumulating cares filled the years, but she met them with the same high courage throughout. Her sons and daughters were carefully brought up and given every available advantage even though it cost her additional sacrifice.

Her half of the old donation claim became very valuable in time as city property, but the enormous taxation robbed her to a considerable extent of its benefits.

The manner of life of this heroic mother, type of her race, was such as to develop the noblest traits of character. The patience, steadfastness, courage, hopefulness and the consideration for the needs and trials of others, wrought out in her and others like her, during the pioneer days, challenge the admiration of the world.

I have seen the busy toil, the anxious brow, the falling tears of the pioneer woman as she tended her sick or fretful child, hurried the dinner for the growing family and the hired Indians who were clearing, grubbing or ditching, bent over the washtub to cleanse the garments of the household, or up at a late hour to mend little stockings for restless feet, meanwhile helping the young students of the family to conquer the difficulties that lay before them.

The separation from dearly loved friends, left far behind, wrought upon the mind of the pioneer woman to make her sad to melancholy, but after a few years

new ties were formed and new interests grasped to partially wear this away, but never entirely, it is my opinion.

She traveled on foot many a weary mile or rode over the roughest roads in a jolting, springless wagon; in calm or stormy weather in the tip-tilting Indian canoes, or on the back of the treacherous cayuse, carrying her babes with her through dangerous places, where to care for one's self would seem too great a burden to most people, patient, calm, uncomplaining.

The little brown hands were busy from morning to night in and about the cabin or cottage; seldom could a disagreeable task be delegated to another; to dress the fish and clams, dig the potatoes in summer as needed for the table, pluck the ducks and grouse, cook and serve the same, fell to her lot before the children were large enough to assist. Moreover, to milk the cows, feed the horses, chop wood occasionally, shoot at predatory birds and animals, burn brush piles and plant a garden and tactfully trade with the Indians were a few of the accomplishments she mastered and practiced with skill and success.

In the summer time this mother took the children out into the great evergreen forest to gather wild berries for present and future use. While the youngest slept under giant ferns or drooping cedar, she filled brimming pails with the luscious fruit, salmonberry, dewberry or huckleberry in their seasons. Here, too, the older children could help, and there was an

admixture of pleasure in stopping to gather the wild scarlet honeysuckle, orange lilies, snowy Philadelphus, cones, mosses and lichens and listening to the "blackberry bird," as we called the olive-backed thrush, or the sigh of the boughs overhead.

The family dog went along, barking cheerfully at every living thing, chasing rabbits, digging out "suwellas" or scaring up pheasants and grouse which the eldest boy would shoot. It was a great treat to the children, but when all returned home, tired after the day's adventure, it was mother's hands prepared the evening meal and put the sleepy children to bed.

Everywhere that she has made her home, even for a few years, she has cultivated a garden of fragrant and lovely flowers, a source of much pleasure to her family and friends. The old-fashioned roses and hollyhocks, honeysuckles and sweet Williams grew and flourished, with hosts of annuals around the cottage on Seneca Street in the '60 's, and at the old homestead on Lake Union the old and new garden favorites ran riot ; so luxuriant were the Japan and Ascension lilies, the velvety pansies, tea, climbing, moss and monthly roses, fancy tulips, English violets, etc., etc., as to call forth exclamations from passersby. Some were overheard in enthusiastic praise saying, " Talk about Florida! just look at these flowers!"

The great forest, with its wealth of beautiful flowers and fruitful things, gave her much delight; the wild flowers, ferns, vines, mosses, lichens and evergreens, to

which she often called our attention when we all went blackberrying or picnicing in the old, old time.

The grand scenery of the Northwest accords with her thought-life. She always keenly enjoys the oft-recurring displays of wonderful color in the western sky, the shimmering waves under moon or sun, the majestic mountains and dark fir forests that line the shores of the Inland Sea.

In early days she was of necessity everything in turn to her family; when neither physician nor nurse was readily obtainable, her treatment of their ailments commanded admiration, as she promptly administered and applied with excellent judgment the remedies at her command with such success that professional service was not needed for thirty years except in case of accident of unusual kind.

She looked carefully to the food, fresh air, exercise and bathing of her little flock with the most satisfying results. She believes in the house for the people, not the people for the house, and has invariably put the health and comfort of her household before her care for things.

Her mind is one to originate and further ideas of reform and eagerly appropriate the best of others conclusions.

Ever the sympathetic counsellor and friend of her children in work and study, she shared their pastimes frequently as well. She remembers going through the

heavy forest which once surrounded Lake Union with her boys trout-fishing in the outlet of the lake ; while she poked the fish with a pole from their hiding places under the bank the boys would gig them, having good success and much lively sport.

On one trip they had the excitement of a cougar hunt; that is, the cougar seemed to be hunting them, but they " made tracks" and accomplished their escape; the cougar was afterward killed.

Several other of her adventures are recounted elsewhere. It would require hundreds of pages to set forth a moving picture of the stirring frontier life in which she participated.

Louisa Boren Denny is a pioneer woman of the best type.

Her charities have been many ; kind and encouraging words, sympathy and gifts to the needy and suffering ; her nature is generous and unselfish, and, though working quietly, her influence is and has ever been none the less potent for good.

" Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

Of the victories over environment and circumstances much might be written. The lack of comforts and conveniences compelled arduous manual toil and the busy " brown hands" found many homely duties to engage their activities. In and out of the cabins the highbrowed pioneer mothers wrought,

where now the delicate dames, perhaps, indolently occupy luxuriant homes.

It is impossible for these latter to realize the loneliness, wildness and rudeness of the surroundings of the pioneer women. Instead of standing awed before the dauntless souls that preceded them, with a toss of the head they say, " You might endure such things but we couldn't, we are so much finer clay,"

The friends they left behind were sorely regretted; one pioneer woman said the most cruel deprivation was the rarity of letters from home friends, the anxious waiting month after month for some word that might tell of their well-being. Neither telegraph nor fleet mail service had then been established.

The pioneer woman learned to face every sort of danger from riding rough water in an Indian canoe to hunting blackberries where bears, panthers and Indians roamed the deep forest. One said that she would not go through it again for the whole State of Washington.

Each was obliged to depend almost wholly on herself and was compelled to invent and apply many expedients to feed and clothe herself and little ones. There was no piano playing or fancy work for her, but she made, mended and re-made, cooked, washed and swept, helped put in the garden or clear the land, all the time instructing her children as best she could, and by both precept and example, inculcating those high principles that mark true manhood and womanhood.

The typical band of pioneer women who landed on Alki Point, all but one of whom sat down to weep, have lived to see a great city built, in less than a half century, the home of thousands who reap the fruits of their struggles in the wilderness.

The heroic endurance with which they toiled and waited, many years, the tide in their affairs, whereby they attained a moderate degree of ease, comfort and freedom from anxiety, all so hardily won, is beyond words of admiration.

The well-appointed kitchen of today, with hot and cold water on tap, fine steel range, cupboards and closets crowded with every sort of cunning invention in the shape of utensils for cooking, is a luxurious contrast to the meager outfit of the pioneer housewife. As an example of the inconvenience and privations of the early '50s, I give the following from the lips of one of the pioneer daughters, Sarah (Bonney) Kellogg :

" When we came to Steilacoom in 1853, we lived overhead in a rough lumber store building, and my mother had to go up and down stairs and out into the middle of the street or roadway and cook for a numerous family by a stump fire. She owned the only sieve in the settlement, a large round one; flour was $25.00 a barrel and had weevils in it at that, so every time bread was made the flour had to be sifted to get them out. The sieve was very much in demand and frequently the children were sent here or there among the neighbors to bring it home.

" We had sent to Olympia for a stove, but it was six weeks before it reached its destination."

Think of cooking outdoors for six weeks for a family of growing children, with only the fewest possible dishes and utensils, too !

Any woman of the present time may imagine, if she will, what it would be to have every picture, or other ornament, every article of furniture, except the barest necessities for existence, the fewest possible in number, every fashionable garment, her house itself with its vines and shrubbery suddenly vanish and raise her eyes to see without the somber forest standing close around; within, the newspapered or bare walls of a log cabin, a tiny window admitting little light, a half-open door, but darkened frequently by savage faces; or to strain her ears to catch the song, whistle or step of her husband returning through the dark forest, fearing but hoping and praying that he may not have fallen on the way by the hand of a foe. She might look down to see her form clad in homely garments of cotton print, moccasins on her feet, and her wandering glance touch her sunbonnet hanging on a peg driven between the logs.

Now and then a wild cry sounds faintly or fully over the water or from the sighing depths of the vast wilderness.

An unusual challenge by ringing stentorian voices may call her to the door to scan the face of the waters

and see great canoes loaded with brawny savages, whose intentions are uncertain, paddled swiftly up the bay, instead of the familiar sound of steam whistles and gliding in of steamships to a welcome port.

Should it be a winter evening and her companion late, they seat themselves at a rude table and partake of the simplest food from the barely sufficient dishes, meanwhile striving to reassure each other ere retiring for the night.

So day after day passed away and many years of them, the conditions gradually modified by advancing civilization, yet rendered even more arduous by increasing cares and toils incident upon the rearing and educating of a family with very little, if any, assistance from such sources as the modern mother has at her command. Physicians and nurses, cooks and housemaids were almost entirely lacking, and the mother, with what the father could help her, had to be all these in turn.

In all ordinary, incipient or trifling ailments they necessarily became skillful, and for many years kept their families in health with active and vigorous bodies, clear brains and goodly countenances.

The pioneer women are of sterling worth and character. The patience, courage, purity and steadfastness which were developed in them presents a moral resemblance to the holy women of old.

Selections from

Letters of a Woman Homesteader

Elinore Pruitt Stewart

Publisher's Note

The writer of the following letters is a young woman who lost her husband in a railroad accident and went to Denver to seek support for herself and her two-year-old daughter, Jerrine. Turning her hand to the nearest work, she went out by the day as house-cleaner and laundress. Later, seeking to better herself, she accepted employment a housekeeper for a well-to-do Scotch cattleman, Mr. Stewart, who had taken up a quarter-section in Wyoming. The letters, written through several years to a former employer in Denver, tell the story of her new life in the new country. They are genuine letters, and are printed as written, except for occasional omissions and the alteration of some of the names.

Filing a Claim

May 24, 1909.

Dear, Dear Mrs. Coney, —

Well, I have filed on my land and am now a bloated landowner. I waited a long time to even see land in the reserve, and the snow is yet too deep, so I thought that as they have but three months of summer and spring together and as I wanted the land for a ranch anyway, perhaps I had better stay in the valley. So I have filed adjoining Mr. Stewart and I am well pleased. I have a grove of twelve swamp pines on my place, and I am going to build my house there. I thought it would be very romantic to live on the peaks amid the whispering pines, but I reckon it would be powerfully uncomfortable also, and I guess my twelve can whisper enough for me; and a dandy thing is, I have all the nice snow-water I want; a small stream runs right through the center of my land and I am quite near wood.

A neighbor and his daughter were going to Green River, the county-seat, and said I might go along, so I did, as I could file there as well as at the land office; and oh, that trip ! I had more fun to the square inch than Mark Twain or Samantha Allen ever provoked. It took us a whole week to go and come. We camped out, of course, for in the whole sixty miles there was but one house, and going in that direction there is not a tree to

be seen, nothing but sage, sand, and sheep. About noon the first day out we came near a sheep-wagon, and stalking along ahead of us was a lanky fellow, a herder, going home for dinner. Suddenly it seemed to me I should starve if I had to wait until we got where we had planned to stop for dinner, so I called out to the man, "Little Bo-Peep, have you anything to eat? If you have, we 'd like to find it." And he answered, "As soon as I am able it shall be on the table, if you'll but trouble to get behind it." Shades of Shakespeare! Songs of David, the Shepherd Poet! What do you think of us? Well, we got behind it, and a more delicious "it" I never tasted. Such coffee! And out of such a pot ! I promised Bo-Peep that I would send him a crook with pink ribbons on it, but I suspect he thinks I am a crook without the ribbons.

The sagebrush is so short in some places that it is not large enough to make a fire, so we had to drive until quite late before we camped that night. After driving all day over what seemed a level desert of sand, we came about sundown to a beautiful canyon, down which we had to drive for a couple of miles before we could cross. In the canyon the shadows had already fallen, but when we looked up we could see the last shafts of sunlight on the tops of the great bare buttes. Suddenly a great wolf started from somewhere and galloped along the edge of the canyon, outlined black and clear by the setting sun. His curiosity overcame him at last, so he sat down and waited to see what manner of beast

we were. I reckon he was disappointed for he howled most dismally. I thought of Jack London's "The Wolf."

After we quitted the canyon I saw the most beautiful sight. It seemed as if we were driving through a golden haze. The violet shadows were creeping up between the hills, while away back of us the snow-capped peaks were catching the sun's last rays. On every side of us stretched the poor, hopeless desert, the sage, grim and determined to live in spite of starvation, and the great, bare, desolate buttes. The beautiful colors turned to amber and rose, and then to the general tone, dull gray. Then we stopped to camp, and such a scurrying around to gather brush for the fire and to get supper ! Everything tasted so good ! Jerrine ate like a man. Then we raised the wagon tongue and spread the wagon sheet over it and made a bedroom for us women. We made our beds on the warm, soft sand and went to bed.

It was too beautiful a night to sleep, so I put my head out to look and to think. I saw the moon come up and hang for a while over the mountain as if it were discouraged with the prospect, and the big white stars flirted shamelessly with the hills. I saw a coyote come trotting along and I felt sorry for him, having to hunt food in so barren a place, but when presently I heard the whirr of wings I felt sorry for the sage chickens he had disturbed. At length a cloud came up and I went to sleep, and next morning was covered several inches with snow. It didn't hurt us a bit, but while I was

struggling with stubborn corsets and shoes I communed with myself, after the manner of prodigals, and said: "How much better that I were down in Denver, even at Mrs. Coney's, digging with a skewer into the comers seeking dirt which might be there, yea, even eating codfish, than that I should perish on this desert — of imagination." So I turned the current of my imagination and fancied that I was at home before the fireplace, and that the backlog was about to roll down. My fancy was in such good working trim that before I knew it I kicked the wagon wheel, and I certainly got as warm as the most "sot" Scientist that ever read Mrs. Eddy could possibly wish.

After two more such days I "arrived." When I went up to the office where I was to file, the door was open and the most taciturn old man sat before a desk. I hesitated at the door, but he never let on. I coughed, yet no sign but a deeper scowl. I stepped in and modestly kicked over a chair. He whirled around like I had shot him. "Well?" he interrogated. I said, " I am powerful glad of it. I was afraid you were sick, you looked in such pain." He looked at me a minute, then grinned and said he thought I was a book agent. Fancy me, a fat, comfortable widow, trying to sell books!

Well, I filed and came home. If you will believe me, the Scot was glad to see me and didn't herald the Campbells for two hours after I got home. I'll tell you, it is mighty seldom any one's so much appreciated.

No, we have no rural delivery. It is two miles to the office, but I go whenever I like. It is really the jolliest kind of fun to gallop down. We are sixty miles from the railroad, but when we want anything we send by the mail-carrier for it, only there is nothing to get.

I know this is an inexcusably long letter, but it is snowing so hard and you know how I like to talk. I am sure Jerrine will enjoy the cards and we will be glad to get them. Many things that are a comfort to us out here came from dear Mrs. – . Baby has the rabbit you gave her last Easter a year ago. In Denver I was afraid my baby would grow up devoid of imagination. Like all the kindergartners, she depended upon others to amuse her. I was very sorry about it, for my castles in Spain have been real homes to me. But there is no fear. She has a block of wood she found in the blacksmith shop which she calls her "dear baby." A spoke out of a wagon wheel is "little Margaret " and a barrel stave is "bad little Johnny." Well, I must quit writing before you vote me a nuisance. With lots of love to you,

Your sincere friend,

Elinore Rupert.

A Busy, Happy Summer

September 11, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Coney, —

This has been for me the busiest, happiest summer I can remember. I have worked very hard, but it has been work that I really enjoy. Help of any kind is very hard to get here, and Mr. Stewart had been too confident of getting men, so that haying caught him with too few men to put up the hay. He had no man to run the mower and he couldn't run both the mower and the stacker, so you can fancy what a place he was in.

I don't know that I ever told you, but my parents died within a year of each other and left six of us to shift for ourselves. Our people offered to take one here and there among them until we should all have a place, but we refused to be raised on the halves and so arranged to stay at Grandmother's and keep together. Well, we had no money to hire men to do our work, so had to learn to do it ourselves. Consequently I learned to do many things which girls more fortunately situated don't even know have to be done. Among the things I learned to do was the way to run a mowing-machine. It cost me many bitter tears because I got sunburned, and my hands were hard, rough, and stained with machine oil, and I used to wonder how

any Prince Charming could overlook all that in any girl he came to. For all I had ever read of the Prince had to do with his "reverently kissing her lily-white hand," or doing some other fool trick with a hand as white as a snowflake. Well, when my Prince showed up he didn't lose much time in letting me know that "Barkis was willing," and I wrapped my hands in my old checked apron and took him up before he could catch his breath. Then there was no more mowing, and I almost forgot that I knew how until Mr. Stewart got such a panic. If he put a man to mow, it kept them all idle at the stacker, and he just could n't get enough men. I was afraid to tell him I could mow for fear he would forbid me to do so. But one morning, when he was chasing a last hope of help, I went down to the barn, took out the horses, and went to mowing. I had enough cut before he got back to show him I knew how, and as he came back manless he was delighted as well as surprised. I was glad because I really like to mow, and besides that, I am adding feathers to my cap in a surprising way. When you see me again you will think I am wearing a feather duster, but it is only that I have been said to have almost as much sense as a "mon," and that is an honor I never aspired to, even in my wildest dreams.

I have done most of my cooking at night, have milked seven cows every day, and have done all the hay-cutting, so you see I have been working. But I have found time to put up thirty pints of jelly and the same amount of jam for myself. I used wild fruits,

gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and cherries. I have almost two gallons of the cherry butter, and I think it is delicious. I wish I could get some of it to you, I am sure you would like it.

We began haying July 5 and finished September 8. After working so hard and so steadily I decided on a day off, so yesterday I saddled the pony, took a few things I needed, and Jerrine and I fared forth. Baby can ride behind quite well. We got away by sunup and a glorious day we had. We followed a stream higher up into the mountains and the air was so keen and clear at first we had on our coats. There was a tang of sage and of pine in the air, and our horse was mid-side deep in rabbit-brush, a shrub just covered with flowers that look and smell like goldenrod. The blue distance promised many alluring adventures, so we went along singing and simply gulping in summer. Occasionally a bunch of sage chickens would fly up out of the sagebrush, or a jack rabbit would leap out. Once we saw a bunch of antelope gallop over a hill, but we were out just to be out, and game didn't tempt us. I started, though, to have just as good a time as possible, so I had a fish-hook in my knapsack.

Presently, about noon, we came to a little dell where the grass was as soft and as green as a lawn. The creek kept right up against the hills on one side and there were groves of quaking asp and cottonwoods that made shade, and service-bushes and birches that shut off the ugly hills on the other side. We dismounted and

prepared to noon. We caught a few grasshoppers and I cut a birch pole for a rod. The trout are so beautiful now, their sides are so silvery, with dashes of old rose and orange, their speckles are so black, while their backs look as if they had been sprinkled with gold-dust. They bite so well that it doesn't require any especial skill or tackle to catch plenty for a meal in a few minutes.

In a little while I went back to where I had left my pony browsing, with eight beauties. We made a fire first, then I dressed my trout while it was burning down to a nice bed of coals. I had brought a frying-pan and a bottle of lard, salt, and buttered bread. We gathered a few service-berries, our trout were soon browned, and with water, clear, and as cold as ice, we had a feast. The quaking aspens are beginning to turn yellow, but no leaves have fallen. Their shadows dimpled and twinkled over the grass like happy children. The sound of the dashing, roaring water kept inviting me to cast for trout, but I didn't want to carry them so far, so we rested until the sun was getting low and then started for home, with the song of the locusts in our ears warning us that the melancholy days are almost here. We would come up over the top of a hill into the glory of a beautiful sunset with its gorgeous colors, then down into the little valley already purpling with mysterious twilight. So on, until, just at dark, we rode into our corral and a mighty tired, sleepy little girl was powerfully glad to get home.

After I had mailed my other letter I was afraid that you would think me plumb bold about the little Bo-Peep, and was a heap sorrier than you can think. If you only knew the hardships these poor men endure. They go two together and sometimes it is months before they see another soul, and rarely ever a woman. I wouldn't act so free in town, but these men see people so seldom that they are awkward and embarrassed. I like to put them at ease, and it is to be done only by being kind of hail-fellow-well-met with them. So far not one has ever misunderstood me and I have been treated with every courtesy and kindness, so I am powerfully glad you understand. They really enjoy doing these little things like fixing our dinner, and if my poor company can add to any one's pleasure I am too glad.

Sincerely yours,

Elinore Rupert.

Mr. Stewart is going to put up my house for me in pay for my extra work. I am ashamed of my long letters to you, but I am such a murderer of language that I have to use it all to tell anything. Please don't entirely forget me. Your letters mean so much to me and I will try to answer more promptly.

A Charming Adventure and Zebulon Pike

September 28, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Coney, —

Your second card just reached me and I am plumb glad because, although I answered your other, I was wishing I could write you, for I have had the most charming adventure.

It is the custom here for as many women as care to to go in a party over into Utah to Ashland (which is over a hundred miles away) after fruit. They usually go in September, and it takes a week to make the trip. They take wagons and camp out and of course have a good time, but, the greater part of the way, there isn't even the semblance of a road and it is merely a semblance anywhere. They came over to invite me to join them. I was of two minds — I wanted to go, but it seemed a little risky and a big chance for discomfort, since we would have to cross the Uinta Mountains, and a snowstorm likely any time. But I didn't like to refuse outright, so we left it to Mr. Stewart. His "Ye're nae gang" sounded powerful final, so the ladies departed in awed silence and I assumed a martyr-like air and acted like a very much abused woman, although he did only what I wanted him to do. At last, in sheer desperation he told me the "bairn canna stand the treep," and that was why he was so determined. I knew why, of course,

but I continued to look abused lest he gets it into his head that he can boss me. After he had been reduced to the proper plane of humility and had explained and begged my pardon and had told me to consult only my own pleasure about going and coming and using his horses, only not to "expoose" the bairn, why, I forgave him and we were friends once more.

Next day all the men left for the roundup, to be gone a week. I knew I never could stand myself a whole week. In a little while the ladies came past on their way to Ashland. They were all laughing and were so happy that I really began to wish I was one of the number, but they went their way and I kept wanting to go somewhere. I got reckless and determined to do something real bad. So I went down to the barn and saddled Robin Adair, placed a pack on "Jeems McGregor," then Jerrine and I left for a camping-out expedition.

It was nine o'clock when we started and we rode hard until about four, when I turned Robin loose, saddle and all, for I knew he would go home and some one would see him and put him into the pasture. We had gotten to where we couldn't ride anyway, so I put Jerrine on the pack and led "Jeems" for about two hours longer; then, as I had come to a good place to camp, we stopped.

While we had at least two good hours of daylight, it gets so cold here in the evening that fire is very necessary. We had been climbing higher into the

mountains all day and had reached a level tableland where the grass was luxuriant and there was plenty of wood and water, I unpacked "Jeems" and staked him out, built a roaring fire, and made our bed in an angle of a sheer wall of rock where we would be protected against the wind. Then I put some potatoes into the embers, as Baby and I are both fond of roasted potatoes. I started to a little spring to get water for my coffee when I saw a couple of jack rabbits playing, so I went back for my little shotgun. I shot one of the rabbits, so I felt very like Leather-stocking because I had killed but one when I might have gotten two. It was fat and young, and it was but the work of a moment to dress it and hang it up on a tree. Then I fried some slices of bacon, made myself a cup of coffee, and Jerrine and I sat on the ground and ate. Everything smelled and tasted so good ! This air is so tonic that one gets delightfully hungry. Afterward we watered and restaked " Jeems," I rolled some logs on to the fire, and then we sat and enjoyed the prospect.

The moon was so new that its light was very dim, but the stars were bright. Presently a long, quivering wail arose and was answered from a dozen hills. It seemed just the sound one ought to hear in such a place. When the howls ceased for a moment we could hear the subdued roar of the creek and the crooning of the wind in the pines. So we rather enjoyed the coyote chorus and were not afraid, because they don't attack

people. Presently we crept under our Navajos and, being tired, were soon asleep.

I was awakened by a pebble striking my cheek. Something prowling on the bluff above us had dislodged it and it struck me. By my Waterbury it was four o'clock, so I arose and spitted my rabbit. The logs had left a big bed of coals, but some ends were still burning and had burned in such a manner that the heat would go both under and over my rabbit. So I put plenty of bacon grease over him and hung him up to roast. Then I went back to bed. I didn't want to start early because the air is too keen for comfort early in the morning.

The sun was just gilding the hilltops when we arose. Everything, even the barrenness, was beautiful. We have had frosts, and the quaking aspens were a trembling field of gold as far up the stream as we could see. We were 'way up above them and could look far across the valley. We could see the silvery gold of the willows, the russet and bronze of the currants, and patches of cheerful green showed where the pines were. The splendor was relieved by a background of sober gray-green hills, but even on them gay streaks and patches of yellow showed where rabbit-brush grew. We washed our faces at the spring, — the grasses that grew around the edge and dipped into the water were loaded with ice, — our rabbit was done to a turn, so I made some delicious coffee, Jerrine got herself a can of water, and we breakfasted. Shortly afterwards we

started again. We didn't know where we were going, but we were on our way.

That day was more toilsome than the last, but a very happy one. The meadowlarks kept singing like they were glad to see us. But we were still climbing and soon got beyond the larks and sage chickens and up into the timber, where there are lots of grouse. We stopped to noon by a little lake, where I got two small squirrels and a string of trout. We had some trout for dinner and salted the rest with the squirrels in an empty can for future use. I was anxious to get a grouse and kept close watch, but was never quick enough. Our progress was now slower and more difficult, because in places we could scarcely get through the forest. Fallen trees were everywhere and we had to avoid the branches, which was powerful hard to do. Besides, it was quite dusky among the trees long before night, but it was all so grand and awe-inspiring. Occasionally there was an opening through which we could see the snowy peaks, seemingly just beyond us, toward which we were headed. But when you get among such grandeur you get to feel how little you are and how foolish is human endeavor, except that which reunites us with the mighty force called God. I was plumb uncomfortable, because all my own efforts have always been just to make the best of everything and to take things as they come.

At last we came to an open side of the mountain where the trees were scattered. We were facing south

and east, and the mountain we were on sheered away in a dangerous slant. Beyond us still greater wooded mountains blocked the way, and in the canyon between night had already fallen. I began to get scary. I could only think of bears and catamounts, so, as it was five o'clock, we decided to camp. The trees were immense. The lower branches came clear to the ground and grew so dense that any tree afforded a splendid shelter from the weather, but I was nervous and wanted one that would protect us against any possible attack. At last we found one growing in a crevice of what seemed to be a sheer wall of rock. Nothing could reach us on two sides, and in front two large trees had fallen so that I could make a log heap which would give us warmth and make us safe. So with rising spirits I unpacked and prepared for the night. I soon had a roaring fire up against the logs and, cutting away a few branches, let the heat into as snug a bedroom as any one could wish. The pine needles made as soft a carpet as the wealthiest could afford. Springs abound in the mountains, so water was plenty. I staked " Jeems" quite near so that the firelight would frighten away any wild thing that tried to harm him. Grass was very plentiful, so when he was made "comfy" I made our bed and fried our trout. The branches had torn off the bag in which I had my bread, so it was lost in the forest, but who needs bread when they have good, mealy potatoes? In a short time we were eating like Lent was just over. We lost all the glory of the

sunset except what we got by reflection, being on the side of the mountain we were, with the dense woods between. Big sullen clouds kept drifting over and a wind got lost in the trees that kept them rocking and groaning in a horrid way. But we were just as cozy as we could be and rest was as good as anything.

I wish you could once sleep on the kind of bed we enjoyed that night. It was both soft and firm, with the clean, spicy smell of the pine. The heat from our big fire came in and we were warm as toast. It was so good to stretch out and rest. I kept thinking how superior I was since I dared to take such an outing when so many poor women down in Denver were bent on making their twenty cents per hour in order that they could spare a quarter to go to the "show." I went to sleep with a powerfully self-satisfied feeling, but I awoke to realize that pride goeth before a fall.

I could hardly remember where I was when I awoke, and I could almost hear the silence. Not a tree moaned, not a branch seemed to stir. I arose and my head came in violent contact with a snag that was not there when I went to bed. I thought either I must have grown taller or the tree shorter during the night. As soon as I peered out, the mystery was explained.

Such a snowstorm I never saw ! The snow had pressed the branches down lower, hence my bumped head. Our fire was burning merrily and the heat kept the snow from in front. I scrambled out and poked up the fire; then, as it was only five o'clock, I went back to

bed. And then I began to think how many kinds of idiot I was. Here I was thirty or forty miles from home, in the mountains where no one goes in the winter and where I knew the snow got to be ten or fifteen feet deep. But I could never see the good of moping, so I got up and got breakfast while Baby put her shoes on. We had our squirrels and more baked potatoes and I had delicious black coffee.

After I had eaten I felt more hopeful. I knew Mr. Stewart would hunt for me if he knew I was lost. It was true, he wouldn't know which way to start, but I determined to rig up " Jeems" and turn him loose, for I knew he would go home and that he would leave a trail so that I could be found. I hated to do so, for I knew I should always have to be powerfully humble afterwards. Anyway it was still snowing, great, heavy flakes; they looked as large as dollars. I didn't want to start " Jeems" until the snow stopped because I wanted him to leave a clear trail. I had sixteen loads for my gun and I reasoned that I could likely kill enough food to last twice that many days by being careful what I shot at. It just kept snowing, so at last I decided to take a little hunt and provide for the day. I left Jerrine happy with the towel rolled into a baby, and went along the brow of the mountain for almost a mile, but the snow fell so thickly that I couldn't see far. Then I happened to look down into the canyon that lay east of us and saw smoke. I looked toward it a long time, but could make out nothing but smoke, but presently I heard a

dog bark and I knew I was near a camp of some kind. I resolved to join them, so went back to break my own camp.

At last everything was ready and Jerrine and I both mounted. Of all the times! If you think there is much comfort, or even security, in riding a pack-horse in a snowstorm over mountains where there is no road, you are plumb wrong. Every once in a while a tree would unload its snow down our backs. " Jeems" kept stumbling and threatening to break our necks. At last we got down the mountain-side, where new danger confronted us, — we might lose sight of the smoke or ride into a bog. But at last, after what seemed hours, we came into a "clearing" with a small log house and, what is rare in Wyoming, a fireplace. Three or four hounds set up their deep baying, and I knew by the chimney and the hounds that it was the home of a Southerner. A little old man came bustling out, chewing his tobacco so fast, and almost frantic about his suspenders, which it seemed he couldn't get adjusted.

As I rode up, he said, "Whither, friend?" I said "Hither." Then he asked, "Air you spying around for one of them dinged game wardens arter that deer I killed yisteddy?" I told him I had never even seen a game warden and that I didn't know he had killed a deer. "Wall," he said, "air you spying around arter that gold mine I diskivered over on the west side of Baldy?" But after a while I convinced him that I was no more nor less than a foolish woman lost in the snow. Then

he said, "Light, stranger, and look at your saddle." So I "lit" and looked, and then I asked him what part of the South he was from. He answered, "Yell County, by gum ! The best place in the United States, or in the world, either ." That was my introduction to Zebulon Pike Parker.

Only two "Johnny Rebs" could have enjoyed each other's company as Zebulon Pike and myself did. He was so small and so old, but so cheerful and so sprightly, and a real Southerner! He had a big, open fireplace with backlogs and andirons. How I enjoyed it all ! How we feasted on some of the deer killed "yisteddy," and real corn-pone baked in a skillet down on the hearth. He was so full of happy recollections and had a few that were not so happy ! He is, in some way, a kinsman of Pike of Pike's Peak fame, and he came west "jist arter the wah" on some expedition and " jist stayed." He told me about his home life back in Yell County, and I feel that I know all the "young uns."

There was George Henry, his only brother ; and there were Phoebe and "Mothie," whose real name is Martha; and poor little Mary Ann, whose death was described so feelingly that no one could keep back the tears. Lastly there was little Mandy, the baby and his favorite, but who, I am afraid, was a selfish little beast since she had to have her prunellas when all the rest of the " young uns" had to wear shoes that old Uncle Buck made out of rawhide. But then ' ' her eyes were blue as morning-glories and her hair was jist like corn-silk, so

yaller and fluffy." Bless his simple, honest heart ! His own eyes are blue and kind, and his poor, thin little shoulders are so round that they almost meet in front. How he loved to talk of his boyhood days! I can almost see his father and George Henry as they marched away to the "wah" together, and the poor little mother's despair as she waited day after day for some word, that never came.

Poor little Mary Ann was drowned in the bayou, where she was trying to get water lilies. She had wanted a white dress all her life and so, when she was dead, they took down the white cross-bar curtains and Mother made the little shroud by the light of a tallow dip. But, being made by hand, it took all the next day, too, so that they buried her by moonlight down back of the orchard under the big elm where the children had always had their swing. And they lined and covered her grave with big, fragrant water-lilies. As they lowered the poor little home-made coffin into the grave the mockingbirds began to sing and they sang all that dewy, moonlight night. Then little Mandy's wedding to Judge Carter's son Jim was described. She wore a "cream-colored poplin with a red rose throwed up in it," and the lace that was on Grandma's wedding dress. There were bowers of sweet Southern roses and honeysuckle and wistaria. Don't you know she was a dainty bride?

At last it came out that he had not heard from home since he left it. " Don't you ever write?" I asked. "No, I

am not an eddicated man, although I started to school. Yes'm, I started along of the rest, but they told me it was a Yankee teacher and I was 'fraid, so when I got most to the schoolhouse I hid in the bushes with my spelling-book, so that is all the learning I ever got. But my mother was an eddicated woman, yes 'm, she could both read and write. I have the Bible she give me yit. Yes'm, you jist wait and I 'II show you." After some rummaging in a box he came back with a small leather-bound Bible with print so small it was hard to read. After turning to the record of births and deaths he handed it to me, his wrinkled old face shining with pride as he said, "There, my mother wrote that with her own hand." I took the book and after a little deciphered that "Zebulon Pike Parker was born Feb. 10, 1830," written in the stiff, difficult style of long ago and written with pokeberry ink. He said his mother used to read about some "old feller that was jist covered with biles," so I read Job to him, and he was full of surprise they didn't "git some cherry bark and some sasparilly and bile it good and gin it to him."

He had a side room to his cabin, which was his bedroom ; so that night he spread down a buffalo robe and two bearskins before the fire for Jerrine and me. After making sure there were no moths in them, I spread blankets over them and put a sleepy, happy little girl to bed, for he had insisted on making molasses candy for her because they happened to be born on the same day of the month. And then he played the fiddle

until almost one o'clock. He played all the simple, sweet, old-time pieces, in rather a squeaky, jerky way, I am afraid, but the music suited the time and the place.

Next morning he called me early and when I went out I saw such a beautiful sunrise, well worth the effort of coming to see. I had thought his cabin in a canyon, but the snow had deceived me, for a few steps from the door the mountains seemed to drop down suddenly for several hundred feet and the first of the snow peaks seemed to lie right at our feet. Around its base is a great swamp, in which the swamp pines grow very thickly and from which a vapor was rising that got about halfway up the snow peak all around. Fancy to yourself a big jewel-box of dark green velvet lined with silver chiffon, the snow peak lying like an immense opal in its center and over all the amber light of a new day. That is what it looked most like.

Well, we next went to the corral, where I was surprised to find about thirty head of sheep. Some of them looked like they should have been sold ten years before. "Don't you ever sell any of your sheep?" I asked. "No'm. There was a feller come here once and wanted to buy some of my wethers, but I wouldn't sell any because I didn't need any money." Then he went from animal to animal, caressing each and talking to them, calling them each by name. He milked his one cow, fed his two little mules, and then we went back to the house to cook breakfast. We had delicious venison

steak, smoking hot, and hoe-cakes and the "bestest" coffee, and honey.

After breakfast we set out for home. Our pack transferred to one of the little mules, we rode "Jeems," and Mr. Parker rode the other mule. He took us another way, down canyon after canyon, so that we were able to ride all the time and could make better speed. We came down out of the snow and camped within twelve miles of home in an old, deserted ranch house. We had grouse and sage chicken for supper. I was so anxious to get home that I could hardly sleep, but at last I did and was only awakened by the odor of coffee, and barely had time to wash before Zebulon Pike called breakfast. Afterwards we fixed " Jeems's" pack so that I could still ride, for Zebulon Pike was very anxious to get back to his "critters."

Poor, lonely, childlike little man! He tried to tell me how glad he had been to entertain me. "Why," he said, "I was plumb glad to see you and right sorry to have you go. Why, I would jist as soon talk to you as to a n------. Yes 'm, I would. It has been almost as good as talking to old Aunt Dilsey." If a Yankee had said the same to me I would have demanded instant apology, but I know how the Southern heart longs for the dear, kindly old " ------s," so I came on homeward, thankful for the first time that I can't talk correctly.

I got home at twelve and found, to my joy, that none of the men had returned, so I am safe from their superiority for a while, at least.

With many apologies for this outrageous letter, I am

Your ex-Washlady,

Elinore Rupert.

Sedalia and Regalia

November 22, 1909.

My dear Friend, —

I was dreadfully afraid that my last letter was too much for you and now I feel plumb guilty. I really don't know how to write you, for I have to write so much to say so little, and now that my last letter made you sick I almost wish so many things didn't happen to me, for I always want to tell you. Many things have happened since I last wrote, and Zebulon Pike is not done for by any means, but I guess I will tell you my newest experience.

I am making a wedding dress. Don't grin ; it isn't mine, — worse luck! But I must begin at the beginning. Just after I wrote you before, there came a terrific storm which made me appreciate indoor coziness, but as only Baby and I were at home I expected to be very lonely. The snow was just whirling when I saw some one pass the window. I opened the door and in came the dumpiest little woman and two daughters. She asked me if I was "Mis' Rupit." I told her that she had almost guessed it, and then she introduced herself. She said she was "Mis' Lane," that she had heard there was a new stranger in the country, so she had brought her twin girls, Sedalia and Regalia, to be neighborly. While they were taking off their many coats and wraps it came

out that they were from Linwood, thirty miles away. I was powerful glad I had a pot roast and some baked beans.

After we had put the horses in the barn we had dinner and I heard the story of the girls' odd names. The mother is one of those "comfy," fat little women who remain happy and bubbling with fun in spite of hard knocks. I had already fallen in love with Regalia, she is so jolly and unaffected, so fat and so plain. Sedalia has a veneer of most uncomfortable refinement. She was shocked because Gale ate all the roast she wanted, and if I had been very sensitive I would have been in tears, because I ate a helping more than Gale did.

But about the names. It seemed that "Mis' Lane" married quite young, was an orphan, and had no one to tell her things she should have known. She lived in Missouri, but about a year after her marriage the young couple started overland for the West. It was in November, and one night when they had reached the plains a real blue blizzard struck them. "Mis' Lane" had been in pain all day and soon she knew what was the matter. They were alone and it was a day's travel back to the last house. The team had given out and the wind and sleet were seeing which could do the most meanness. At last the poor man got a fire started and a wagon sheet stretched in such a manner that it kept off the sleet. He fixed a bed under the poor shelter and did all he could to keep the fire from blowing away, and

there, a few hours later, a little girl baby was born. They melted sleet in the frying-pan to get water to wash it. "Mis' Lane" kept feeling no better fast, and about the time they got the poor baby dressed a second little one came.

That she told me herself is proof she didn't die, I guess, but it is right hard to believe she didn't. Luckily the fire lasted until the babies were dressed and the mother began to feel better, for there was no wood. Soon the wind stopped and the snow fell steadily. It was warmer, and the whole family snuggled up under the wagon sheet and slept. Mr. Lane is a powerful good husband. He waited two whole days for his wife to gain strength before he resumed the journey, and on the third morning he actually carried her to the wagon. Just think of it! Could more be asked of any man?

Every turn of the wheels made poor "Mis' Lane" more homesick. Like Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, she had a taste for geographical names, and "Mis' Lane" is very loyal, so she wanted to call the little firstborn "Missouri." Mr. Lane said she might, but that if she did he would call the other one " Arkansas." Sometimes homesickness would almost master her. She would hug up the little red baby and murmur "Missouri," and then daddy would growl playfully to "Arkansas." It went on that way for a long time and at last she remembered that Sedalia was in Missouri, so she felt glad and really named the older baby "Sedalia." But she could think of nothing to match the name and

was in constant fear the father would name the other baby "Little Rock."

For three years poor Gale was just "t'other one." Then the Lanes went to Green River where some lodge was having a parade. They were watching the drill when a "bystander that was standing by" said something about the "fine regalia." Instantly "Mis' Lane" thought of her unnamed child ; so since that time Gale has had a name.

There could be no two people more unlike than the sisters. Sedalia is really handsome, and she is thin. But she is vain, selfish, shallow, and conceited. Gale is not even pretty, but she is clean and she is honest. She does many little things that are not exactly polite, but she is good and true. They both went to the barn with me to milk. Gale tucked up her skirts and helped me. She said, "I just love a stable, with its hay and comfortable, contented cattle. I never go into one without thinking of the little baby Christ. I almost expect to see a little red baby in the straw every time I peek into a manger."

Sedalia answered, "Well, for Heaven's sake, get out of the stable to preach. Who wants to stand among these smelly cows all day?"

They stayed with us almost a week, and one day when Gale and I were milking she asked me to invite her to stay with me a month. She said to ask her mother, and left her mother and myself much together. But Sedalia stuck to her mother like a plaster and I just

could not stand Sedalia a whole month. However, I was spared all embarrassment, for "Mis' Lane" asked me if I could not find work enough to keep Gale busy for a month or two. She went on to explain that Sedalia was expecting to be married and that Gale was so "common" she would really spoil the match. I was surprised and indignant, especially as Sedalia sat and listened so brazenly, so I said I thought Sedalia would need all the help she could get to get married and that I should be glad to have Gale visit me as long as she liked.

So Gale stayed on with me. One afternoon she had gone to the post-office when I saw Mr. Patterson ride up. He went into the bunk-house to wait until the men should come. Now, from something Gale had said I fancied that Bob Patterson must be the right man. I am afraid I am not very delicate about that kind of meddling, and while I had been given to understand that Patterson was the man Sedalia expected to marry, I didn't think any man would choose her if he could get Gale, so I called him. We had a long chat and he told me frankly he wanted Gale, but that she didn't care for him, and that they kept throwing "that danged Sedalia" at him. Then he begged my pardon for saying "danged," but I told him I approved of the word when applied to Sedalia, and broke the news to him that Gale was staying with me. He fairly beamed. So that night I left Gale to wash dishes and Bob to help her while I held Mr. Stewart a prisoner in the stable and

questioned him regarding Patterson's prospects and habits. I found both all that need be, and told Mr. Stewart about my talk with Patterson, and he said, "Wooman, some day ye '11 gang ploom daft." But he admitted he was glad it was the "bonny lassie, instead of the bony one." When we went to the house Mr. Stewart said, " Weel, when are you douchy bairns gangin' to the kirk?"

They left it to me, so I set Thanksgiving Day, and as there is no "kirk to gang to," we are going to have a justice of the peace and they are to be married here. We are going to have the dandiest dinner that I can cook, and Mr. Stewart went to town next day for the wedding dress, the gayest plaid outside of Caledonia. But Gale has lots of sense and is going to wear it. I have it almost finished, and while it doesn't look just like a Worth model, still it looks plumb good for me to have made. The boys are going up after Zebulon Pike, and Mr. Stewart is going after "Mis' Lane." Joy waves are radiating from this ranch and about Thanksgiving morning one will strike you.

With lots of love and happy wishes.

Your ex-Washlady,

Elinore Rupert.

Zebulon Pike Visits His Old Home

December 28, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Coney, —

Our Thanksgiving affair was the most enjoyable happening I can remember for a long time. Zebulon Pike came, but I had as a bait for him two fat letters from home. As soon as I came back from his place I wrote to Mrs. Carter and trusted to luck for my letter to reach her. I told her all I could about her brother and how seldom he left his mountain home. I asked her to write him all she could in one letter, as the trips between our place and his were so few and far between. So when she received my letter she wrote all she could think of, and then sent her letter and mine to Mothie and Phoebe, who are widows living in the old home. They each took turns writing, so their letters are a complete record of the years "Zebbie" has been gone. The letters were addressed to me along with a cordial letter from Mrs. Carter asking me to see that he got them and to use my judgment in the delivering. I couldn't go myself, but I wanted to read the letters to him and to write the answers; so I selected one piece of news I felt would bring him to hear the rest without his knowing how much there was for him.

Well, the boys brought him, and a more delighted little man I am sure never lived. I read the letters over

and over, and answers were hurried off. He was dreadfully homesick, but couldn't figure on how he could leave the "critters," or how he could trust himself on a train. Mr. Stewart became interested, and he is a very resourceful man, so an old Frenchman was found who had no home and wanted a place to stay so he could trap. He was installed at Zebulon Pike's with full instructions as to each "critter's" peculiarities and needs. Then one of the boys, who was going home for Christmas to Memphis, was induced to wait for Mr. Parker and to see him safe to Little Rock. His money was banked for him, and Mr. Stewart saw that he was properly clothed and made comfortable for the trip. Then he sent a telegram to Judge Carter, who met Zebulon Pike at Little Rock, and they had a family reunion in Yell County, I have had some charming letters from there, but that only proves what I have always said, that I am the luckiest woman in finding really lovely people and having really happy experiences. Good things are constantly happening to me. I wish I could tell you about my happy Christmas, but one of my New Year's resolutions was to stop loading you down with two-thousand-word letters.

From something you wrote I think I must have written boastingly to you at some time. I have certainly not intended to, and you must please forgive me and remember how ignorant I am and how hard it is for me to express myself properly. I felt after I had written to Mr. Parker's people that I had taken a liberty, but

luckily it was not thought of in that way by them. If you only knew how far short I fall of my own hopes you would know I could never boast. Why, it keeps me busy making over mistakes just like some one using old clothes. I get myself all ready to enjoy a success and find that I have to fit a failure. But one consolation is that I generally have plenty of material to cut generously, and many of my failures have proved to be real blessings.

I do hope this New Year may bring to you the desire of your heart and all that those who love you best most wish for you.

With lots and lots of love from baby and myself.

Your ex-washlady,
Elinore Stewart.

A Happy Christmas

Dear Mrs. Coney, —

My happy Christmas resulted from the ex-sheriff of this county being snowbound here. It seems that persons who come from a lower altitude to this country frequently become bewildered, especially if in poor health, leave the train at any stop and wander off into the hills, sometimes dying before they are found. The ex-sheriff cited a case, that of a young German who was returning from the Philippines, where he had been discharged after the war. He was the only child of his widowed mother, who has a ranch a few miles from here. No one knew he was coming home. One day the cook belonging to the camp of a construction gang went hunting and came back running, wild with horror. He had found the body of a man. The coroner and the sheriff were notified, and next morning went out for the body, but the wolves had almost destroyed it. High up in a willow, under which the poor man had lain down to die, they saw a small bundle tied in a red bandanna and fast to a branch. They found a letter addressed to whoever should find it, saying that the body was that of Benny Louderer and giving them directions how to spare his poor old mother the awful knowledge of how he died. Also there was a letter to his

mother asking her not to grieve for him and to keep their days faithfully. "Their days," I afterward learned, were anniversaries which they had always kept, to which was added " Benny's day."

Poor boy! When he realized that death was near his every thought was for the mother. Well, they followed his wishes, and the casket containing the bare, gnawed bones was sealed and never opened. And to this day poor Mrs. Louderer thinks her boy died of some fever while yet aboard the transport. The manner of his death has been kept so secret that I am the only one who has heard it.

I was so sorry for the poor mother that I resolved to visit her the first opportunity I had. I am at liberty to go where I please when there is no one to cook for. So, when the men left, a few days later, I took Jerrine and rode over to the Louderer ranch. I had never seen Mrs. Louderer and it happened to be "Benny's day" that I blundered in upon. I found her to be a dear old German woman living all alone, the people who do the work on the ranch living in another house two miles away. She had been weeping for hours when I got there, but in accordance with her custom on the many anniversaries, she had a real feast prepared, although no one had been bidden.

She says that God always sends her guests, but that was the first time she had had a little girl. She had a little daughter once herself, little Gretchen, but all that was left was a sweet memory and a pitifully small

mound on the ranch, quite near the house, where Benny and Gretchen are at rest beside "der fader, Herr Louderer."

She is such a dear old lady! She made us so welcome and she is so entertaining. All the remainder of the day we listened to stories of her children, looked at her pictures, and Jerrine had a lovely time with a wonderful wooden doll that they had brought with them from Germany. Mrs. Louderer forgot to weep in recalling her childhood days and showing us her treasures. And then our feast, — for it was verily a feast. We had goose and it was so delicious. I couldn't tell you half the good things any more than I could have eaten some of all of them.

We sat talking until far into the night, and she asked me how I was going to spend Christmas. I told her, "Probably in being homesick." She said that would never do and suggested that we spend it together. She said it was one of their special days and that the only happiness left her was in making some one else happy; so she had thought of cooking some nice things and going to as many sheep camps as she could, taking with her the good things to the poor exiles, the sheep-herders, I liked the plan and was glad to agree, but I never dreamed I should have so lovely a time. When the queer old wooden clock announced two we went to bed.

I left quite early the next morning with my head full of Christmas plans. You may not know, but cattlemen

and sheep-men cordially hate each other. Mr. Stewart is a cattleman, and so I didn't mention my Christmas plans to him. I saved all the butter I could spare for the sheep-herders; they never have any. That and some jars of gooseberry jelly was all I could give them. I cooked plenty for the people here, and two days before Christmas I had a chance to go down to Mrs. Louderer's in a buggy, so we went. We found her up to her ears in cooking, and such sights and smells I could never describe. She was so glad I came early, for she needed help. I never worked so hard in my life or had a pleasanter time.

Mrs. Louderer had sent a man out several days before to find out how many camps there were and where they were located. There were twelve camps and that means twenty-four men. We roasted six geese, boiled three small hams and three hens. We had besides several meat-loaves and links of sausage. We had twelve large loaves of the best rye bread; a small tub of doughnuts; twelve coffee-cakes, more to be called fruitcakes, and also a quantity of little cakes with seeds, nuts, and fruit in them, — so pretty to look at and so good to taste. These had a thick coat of icing, some brown, some pink, some white. I had thirteen pounds of butter and six pint jars of jelly, so we melted the jelly and poured it into twelve glasses.

The plan was, to start real early Christmas Eve morning, make our circuit of camps, and wind up the day at Frau O'Shaughnessy's to spend the night. Yes,

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is Irish, — as Irish as the pigs in Dublin. Before it was day the man came to feed and to get our horses ready. We were up betimes and had breakfast. The last speck was wiped from the shining stove, the kitchen floor was scrubbed, and the last small thing put in order. The man had four horses harnessed and hitched to the sled, on which was placed a wagon-box filled with straw, hot rocks, and blankets. Our twelve apostles — that is what we called our twelve boxes — were lifted in and tied firmly into place. Then we clambered in and away we went. Mrs. Louderer drove, and Tam O'Shanter and Paul Revere were snails compared to us. We didn't follow any road either, but went sweeping along across country. No one else in the world could have done it unless they were drunk. We went careening along hillsides without even slacking the trot. Occasionally we struck a particularly stubborn bunch of sagebrush and even the sled-runners would jump up into the air. We didn't stop to light, but hit the earth several feet in advance of where we left it. Luck was with us, though. I hardly expected to get through with my head unbroken, but not even a glass was cracked.

It would have done your heart good to see the sheep-men. They were all delighted, and when you consider that they live solely on canned corn and tomatoes, beans, salt pork, and coffee, you can fancy what they thought of their treat. They have mutton when it is fit to eat, but that is certainly not in winter.

One man at each camp does the cooking and the other herds. It doesn't make any difference if the cook never cooked before, and most of them never did. At one camp, where we stopped for dinner, they had a most interesting collection of fossils. After delivering our last "apostle," we turned our faces toward Frau O'Shaughnessy's, and got there just in time for supper.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is a widow, too, and has quite an interesting story. She is a dumpy little woman whose small nose seems to be smelling the stars, it is so tip-tilted. She has the merriest blue eyes and the quickest wit. It is really worth a severe bumping just to be welcomed by her. It was so warm and cozy in her low little cabin. She had her table set for supper, but she laid plates for us and put before us a beautifully roasted chicken. Thrifty Mrs. Louderer thought it should have been saved until next day, so she said to Frau O'Shaughnessy, "We hate to eat your hen, best you save her till tomorrow." But Mrs. O'Shaughnessy answered, "Oh, 't is no mather, 't is an ould hin she was annyway." So we enjoyed the "ould hin," which was brown, juicy, and tender.

When we had finished supper and were drinking our "tay," Mrs. O'Shaughnessy told our fortunes with the tea-leaves. She told mine first and said I would die an old maid. I said it was rather late for that, but she cheerfully replied, "Oh, well, better late than niver." She predicted for Mrs. Louderer that she should shortly catch a beau. " 'Tis the next man you see that will come

coortin ' you." Before we left the table some one knocked and a young man, a sheep-herder, entered. He belonged to a camp a few miles away and is out from Boston in search of health. He had been into town and his horse was lamed so he could not make it into camp, and he wanted to stay overnight. He was a stranger to us all, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy made him at home and fixed such a tempting supper for him that I am sure he was glad of the chance to stay. He was very decidedly English, and powerfully proud of it. He asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy if she was Irish and she said, "No, ye hay then, it's Chinese Oi am. Can't yez tell it be me Cockney accint?" Mr. Boutwell looked very much surprised. I don't know which was the funnier, the way he looked or what she said.

We had a late breakfast Christmas morning, but before we were through Mr. Stewart came. We had planned to spend the day with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, but he didn't approve of our going into the sheep district, so when he found where we had gone he came after us. Mrs. Louderer and he are old acquaintances and he bosses her around like he tries to boss me. Before we left, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's married daughter came, so we knew she would not be lonely.

It was almost one o'clock when we got home, but all hands helped and I had plenty cooked anyway, so we soon had a good dinner on the table. Mr. Stewart had prepared a Christmas box for Jerrine and me. He doesn't approve of white waists in the winter. I had

worn one at the wedding and he felt personally aggrieved. For me in the box were two dresses, that is, the material to make them. One is a brown and red checked, and the other green with a white fleck in, both outing flannel. For Jerrine there was a pair of shoes and stockings, both stockings full of candy and nuts. He is very bluff in manner, but he is really the kindest person.

Mrs. Louderer stayed until New Year's day. My Christmas was really a very happy one.

Your friend,

Elinore Rupert.

. . . An interesting day on this ranch is the day the cattle are named. If Mr. Stewart had children he would as soon think of leaving them unnamed as to let a "beastie" go without a name.

On the day they vaccinated he came into the kitchen and told me he would need me to help him name the "critters." So he and I "assembled " in a safe place and took turns naming the calves. As fast as a calf was vaccinated it was run out of the chute and he or I called out a name for it and it was booked that way.

The first two he named were the "Duke of Monmouth" and the "Duke of Montrose." I called my first "Oliver Cromwell" and "John Fox." The poor "mon" had to have revenge, so the next ugly, scrawny little beast he called the " Poop of Roome." And it was a heifer calf, too.

This morning I had the startling news that the "Poop" had eaten too much alfalfa and was all "swellit oop," and, moreover, he had "stealit it." I don't know which is the more astonishing, that the Pope has stolen alfalfa, or that he has eaten it.

We have a swell lot of names, but I am not sure I could tell you which is "Bloody Mary," or which is "Elizabeth," or, indeed, which is which of any of them,

E. R.

June 16, 1910.

My Dear Friend, —

Your card just to hand. I wrote you some time ago telling you I had a confession to make and have had no letter since, so thought perhaps you were scared I had done something too bad to forgive. I am suffering just now from eye-strain and can't see to write long at a time, but I reckon I had better confess and get it done with.

The thing I have done is to marry Mr. Stewart. It was such an inconsistent thing to do that I was ashamed to tell you. And, too, I was afraid you would think I didn't need your friendship and might desert me. Another of my friends thinks that way.

I hope my eyes will be better soon and then I will write you a long letter.

Your old friend with a new name,

Elinore Stewart.

Zebbie's Story

September 1, 1910.

Dear Mrs. Coney, —

It was just a few days after the birthday party and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was with me again. We were down at the barn looking at some new pigs, when we heard the big corral gates swing shut, so we hastened out to see who it could be so late in the day.

It was Zebbie. He had come on the stage to Burnt Fork and the driver had brought him on here. . . . There was so much to tell, and he whispered he had something to tell me privately, but that he was too tired then ; so after supper I hustled him off to bed. ...

Next morning . . . the men went off to their work and Zebbie and I were left to tell secrets. When he was sure we were alone he took from his trunk a long, flat box. Inside was the most wonderful shirt I have ever seen ; it looked like a cross between a nightshirt and a shirt-waist. It was of homespun linen. The bosom was ruffled and tucked, all done by hand, — such tiny stitches, such patience and skill. Then he handed me an old daguerreotype. I unfastened the little golden hook and inside was a face good to see and to remember. It was dim, yet clear in outline, just as if she were looking out from the mellow twilight of long ago. The sweet, elusive smile, — I couldn't tell where it was, whether it

was the mouth or the beautiful eyes that were smiling. All that was visible of her dress was the Dutch collar, just like what is being worn now. It was pinned with an ugly old brooch which Zebbie said was a "breast-pin" he had given her. Under the glass on the other side was a strand of faded hair and a slip of paper. The writing on the paper was so faded it was scarcely readable, but it said: "Pauline Gorley, age 22, 1860."

Next he showed me a note written by Pauline, simply worded, but it held a world of meaning for Zebbie. It said, "I spun and wove this cloth at Adeline's, enough for me a dress and you a shirt, which I made. It is for the wedding, else to be buried in. Yours, Pauline." The shirt, the picture, and the note had waited for him all these years in Mothie's care. And now I will tell you the story.

Long, long ago some one did something to some one else and started a feud. Unfortunately the Gorleys were on one side and the Parkers on the other. That it all happened before either Zebbie or Pauline was born made no difference. A Gorley must hate a Parker always, as also a Parker must hate a Gorley. Pauline was the only girl, and she had a regiment of big brothers who gloried in the warfare and wanted only the slightest pretext to shoot a Parker. So they grew up, and Zebbie often met Pauline at the quiltings and other gatherings at the homes of non-partisans. He remembers her so perfectly and describes her so plainly that I can picture her easily. She had brown eyes and

hair. She used to ride about on her sorrel palfrey with her "–----" boy Caesar on behind to open and shut plantation gates. She wore a pink calico sunbonnet, and Zebbie says "she was just like the pink hollyhocks that grew by mother's window." Isn't that a sweet picture?

Her mother and father were both dead, and she and her brothers lived on their plantation. Zebbie had never dared speak to her until one day he had driven over with his mother and sisters to a dinner given on a neighboring plantation. He was standing outside near the wall, when some one dropped a spray of apple blossoms down upon him from an upper window. He looked up and Pauline was leaning out smiling at him. After that he made it a point to frequent places where he might expect her, and things went so well that presently Caesar was left at home lest he should tell the brothers. She was a loyal little soul and would not desert, although he urged her to, even promising to go away, "plumb away, clean to Scott County if she would go." She told him that her brothers would go even as far as that to kill him, so that they must wait and hope. Finally Zebbie got tired of waiting, and one day he boldly rode up to the Gorley home and formally asked for Pauline's hand. The bullet he got for his presumption kept him from going to the war with his father and brother when they marched away.

Some time later George Gorley was shot and killed from ambush, and although Zebbie had not yet left his

bed the Gorleys believed he did it, and one night Pauline came through a heavy rainstorm, with only Caesar, to warn Zebbie and to beg him, for her sake, to get away as fast as he could that night. She pleaded that she could not live if he were killed and could never marry him if he killed her brothers, so she persuaded him to go while they were all innocent.

Well, he did as she wished and they never saw each other again. He never went home again until last Thanksgiving, and dear little Pauline had been dead for years. She herself had taken her little gifts for Zebbie to Mothie to keep for him. Some years later she died and was buried in the dress she mentioned. It was woven at Adeline Carter's, one of the bitterest enemies of the Gorleys, but the sacrifice of her pride did her no good because she was long at rest before Zebbie knew. He had been greatly grieved because no stone marked her grave, only a tangle of rose-briers. So he bought a stone, and in the night before Decoration Day he and two of Uncle Buck's grandsons went to the Gorley burying-ground and raised it to the memory of sweet Pauline. Some of the Gorleys still live there, so he came home at once, fearing if they should find out who placed the stone above their sister they would take vengeance on his poor, frail body.

After he had finished telling me his story, I felt just as I used to when Grandmother opened the "big chist" to air her wedding clothes and the dress each of her babies wore when baptized. It seemed almost like

smelling the lavender and rose-leaves, and it was with reverent fingers that I folded the shirt, the work of love, yellow with age, and laid it in the box. . . .

Well, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy returned, and early one morning we started with a wagon and a bulging mess-box for Zebbie's home. We were going a new and longer route in order to take the wagon. Dandelions spread a carpet of gold. Larkspur grew waist-high with its long spikes of blue. The service bushes and the wild cherries were a mass of white beauty. Meadowlarks and robins and bluebirds twittered and sang from every branch, it almost seemed. A sky of tenderest blue bent over us and fleecy little clouds drifted lazily across. . . . Soon we came to the pineries, where we traveled up deep gorges and canyons. The sun shot arrows of gold through the pines down upon us and we gathered our arms full of columbines. The little black squirrels barked and chattered saucily as we passed along, and we were all children together. We forgot all about feuds and partings, death and hard times. All we remembered was that God is good and the world is wide and beautiful. We plodded along all day. Next morning there was a blue haze that Zebbie said meant there would be a high wind, so we hurried to reach his home that evening.

The sun was hanging like a great red ball in the smoky haze when we entered the long canyon in which is Zebbie's cabin. Already it was dusky in the canyons below, but not a breath of air stirred. A more delighted

man than Zebbie I never saw when we finally drove up to his low, comfortable cabin. Smoke was slowly rising from the chinmey, and Gavotte, the man in charge, rushed out and the hounds set up a joyful barking. Gavotte is a Frenchman, and he was all smiles and gesticulations as he said, "Welcome, welcome! Today I am rejoice you have come. Yesterday I am despair if you have come because I am scrub, but today, behold, I am delight."

I have heard of clean people, but Gavotte is the cleanest man I ever saw. The cabin floor was so white I hated to step upon it. The windows shone, and at each there was a calico curtain, blue-and-white check, unironed but newly washed. In one window was an old brown pitcher, cracked and nicked, filled with thistles. I never thought them pretty before, but the pearly pink and the silvery green were so pretty and looked so clean that they had a new beauty. Above the fireplace was a great black eagle which Gavotte had killed, the wings outspread and a bunch of arrows in the claws. In one corner near the fire was a washstand, and behind it hung the fishing-tackle. Above one door was a gun-rack, on which lay the rifle and shotgun, and over the other door was a pair of deer-antlers. In the center of the room stood the square homemade table, every inch scrubbed. In the side room, which is the bedroom, was a wide bunk made of pine plank that had also been scrubbed, then filled with fresh, sweet pine boughs, and over them was spread a piece of canvas that had once

been a wagon sheet, but Gavotte had washed it and boiled and pounded it until it was clean and sweet. That served for a sheet.

Zebbie was beside himself with joy. The hounds sprang upon him and expressed their joy unmistakably. He went at once to the corrals to see the "critters," and every one of them was safely penned for the night. "Old Sime," an old ram (goodness knows how old !), promptly butted him over, but he just beamed with pleasure. "Sime knows me, dinged if he don't!" was his happy exclamation. We went into the cabin and left him fondling the "critters."

Gavotte did himself proud getting supper. We had trout and the most delicious biscuit. Each of us had a crisp, tender head of lettuce with a spoonful of potato salad in the center. We had preserves made from canned peaches, and the firmest yellow butter. Soon it was quite dark and we had a tiny brass lamp which gave but a feeble light, but it was quite cool so we had a blazing fire which made it light enough.

When supper was over, Zebbie called us out and asked us if we could hear anything. We could hear the most peculiar, long-drawn, sighing wail that steadily grew louder and nearer. I was really frightened, but he said it was the forerunner of the windstorm that would soon strike us. He said it was wind coming down Crag Canyon, and in just a few minutes it struck us like a cold wave and rushed, sighing, on down the canyon. We could hear it after it had passed us, and it was

perfectly still around the cabin. Soon we heard the deep roaring of the coming storm, and Zebbie called the hounds in and secured the door. The sparks began to fly up the chimney. Jerrine lay on a bearskin before the fire, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I sat on the old blue "settle" at one side. Gavotte lay on the other side of the fire on the floor, his hands under his head. Zebbie got out his beloved old fiddle, tuned up, and began playing. Outside the storm was raging, growing worse all the time. Zebbie played and played. The worse the tumult, the harder the storm, the harder he played. I remember I was holding my breath, expecting the house to be blown away every moment, and Zebbie was playing what he called "Bonaparte's Retreat." It all seemed to flash before me — I could see those poor, suffering soldiers staggering along in the snow, sacrifices to one man's unholy ambition. I verily believe we were all bewitched. I shouldn't have been surprised to have seen witches and gnomes come tumbling down the chimney or flying in at the door, riding on the crest of the storm. I glanced at Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. She sat with her chin in her hand, gazing with unseeing eyes into the fire. Zebbie seemed possessed; he couldn't tire.

It seemed like hours had passed and the tumult had not diminished. I felt like shrieking, but I gathered Jerrine up into my arms and carried her in to bed. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy came with us. She touched my elbow and said, "Child, don't look toward the window, the banshees are out tonight." We knelt together beside the

bed and said our beads ; then, without undressing save pulling off our shoes, we crawled under our blankets and lay on the sweet, clean pine. We were both perfectly worn out, but we could not sleep. There seemed to be hundreds of different noises of the storm, for there are so many canyons, so many crooks and turns, and the great forest too. The wind was shrieking, howling, and roaring all at once. A deep boom announced the fall of some giant of the forest. I finally dozed off even in that terrible din, but Zebbie was not so frenzied as he had been. He was playing "Annie Laurie " and that song has always been a favorite of mine. The storm began gradually to die away and "Annie Laurie" sounded so beautiful. I was thinking of Pauline and, I know, to Zebbie, Annie Laurie and Pauline Gorley are one and the same.

I knew no more until I heard Zebbie call out, "Ho, you sleepy-heads, it's day." Mrs. O'Shaughnessy turned over and said she was still sleepy. My former visit had taught me what beauty the early morning would spread before me, so I dressed hastily and went outdoors. Zebbie called me to go for a little walk. The amber light of the new day was chasing the violet and amethyst shadows down the canyons. It was all more beautiful than I can tell you. On one side the canyon walls were almost straight up. It looked as if we might step off into a very world of mountains. Soon Old Baldy wore a crown of gleaming gold. The sun was up. We walked on and soon came to a brook. We were washing our

faces in its icy waters when we heard twigs breaking, so we stood perfectly still. From out the undergrowth of birch and willows came a deer with two fawns. They stopped to drink, and nibbled the bushes. But soon they scented strangers, and, looking about with their beautiful, startled eyes, they saw us and away they went like the wind. We saw many great trees uptorn by the storm. High up on the cliffs Zebbie showed me where the eagles built every year. ... We turned homeward and sat down upon the trunk of a fallen pine to rest and take another look at the magnificent view. Zebbie was silent, but presently he threw a handful of pebbles down the canyon wall. "I am not sorry Pauline is dead. I have never shed a tear. I know you think that is odd, but I have never wanted to mourn. I am glad that it is as it is. I am happy and at peace because I know she is mine. The little breeze is Pauline's own voice; she had a little caressing way just like the gentlest breeze when it stirs your hair. There is something in everything that brings back Pauline: the beauty of the morning, the song of a bird or the flash of its wings. The flowers look like she did. So I have not lost her, she is mine more than ever. I have always felt so, but was never quite sure until I went back and saw where they laid her. I know people think I am crazy, but I don't care for that. I shall not hate to die. When you get to be as old as I am, child, everything will have a new meaning to you."

At last we slowly walked back to the cabin, and at breakfast Zebbie told of the damage the storm had

done. He was so common-place that no one ever would have guessed his strange fancy. . . .

I shall never forget Zebbie as I last saw him. It was the morning we started home. After we left the bench that Zebbie lives on, our road wound down into a deeper canyon. Zebbie had followed us to where a turn in the canyon should hide us from view. I looked back and saw him standing on the cliffs, high above us, the early morning sun turning his snowy hair to gold, the breeze-fingers of Pauline tossing the scanty locks. I shall always remember him so, a living monument to a dead past.

Elinore Stewart.

The Homesteader's Marriage and a Little Funeral

December 2, 1912.

Dear Mrs. Coney, —

Every time I get a new letter from you I get a new inspiration, and I am always glad to hear from you.

I have often wished I might tell you all about my Clyde, but have not because of two things. One is I could not even begin without telling you what a good man he is, and I didn't want you to think I could do nothing but brag. The other reason is the haste I married in. I am ashamed of that. I am afraid you will think me a Becky Sharp of a person. But although I married in haste, I have no cause to repent. That is very fortunate because I have never had one bit of leisure to repent in. So I am lucky all around. The engagement was powerfully short because both agreed that the trend of events and ranch work seemed to require that we be married first and do our "sparking" afterward. You see, we had to chink in the wedding between times, that is, between planting the oats and other work that must be done early or not at all. In Wyoming ranchers can scarcely take time even to be married in the springtime. That having been settled, the license was sent for by mail, and as soon as it came Mr. Stewart saddled Chub and went down to the house of Mr.

Pearson, the justice of the peace and a friend of long standing. I had never met any of the family and naturally rather dreaded to have them come, but Mr. Stewart was firm in wanting to be married at home, so he told Mr. Pearson he wanted him and his family to come up the following Wednesday and serve papers on the "wooman i' the hoose." They were astonished, of course, but being such good friends they promised him all the assistance they could render. They are quite the dearest, most interesting family! I have since learned to love them as my own.

Well, there was no time to make wedding clothes, so I had to "do up" what I did have. Isn't it queer how sometimes, do what you can, work will keep getting in the way until you can't get anything done? That is how it was with me those few days before the wedding; so much so that when Wednesday dawned everything was topsy-turvy and I had a very strong desire to run away. But I always did hate a "piker," so I stood pat. Well, I had most of the dinner cooked, but it kept me hustling to get the house into anything like decent order before the old dog barked, and I knew my moments of liberty were limited. It was blowing a perfect hurricane and snowing like midwinter. I had bought a beautiful pair of shoes to wear on that day, but my vanity had squeezed my feet a little, so while I was so busy at work I had kept on a worn old pair, intending to put on the new ones later; but when the Pearsons drove up all I thought about was getting them into the house where

there was fire, so I forgot all about the old shoes and the apron I wore.

I had only been here six weeks then, and was a stranger. That is why I had no one to help me and was so confused and hurried. As soon as the newcomers were warm, Mr. Stewart told me I had better come over by him and stand up. It was a large room I had to cross, and how I did it before all those strange eyes I never knew. All I can remember very distinctly is hearing Mr. Stewart saying, "I will," and myself chiming in that I would, too. Happening to glance down, I saw that I had forgotten to take off my apron or my old shoes, but just then Mr. Pearson pronounced us man and wife, and as I had dinner to serve right away I had no time to worry over my odd toilet. Anyway the shoes were comfortable and the apron white, so I suppose it could have been worse ; and I don't think it has ever made any difference with the Pearsons, for I number them all among my most esteemed friends.

It is customary here for newlyweds to give a dance and supper at the hall, but as I was a stranger I preferred not to, and so it was a long time before I became acquainted with all my neighbors. I had not thought I should ever marry again. Jerrine was always such a dear little pal, and I wanted to just knock about footloose and free to see life as a gypsy sees it. I had planned to see the Cliff-Dwellers' home; to live right there until I caught the spirit of the surroundings enough to live over their lives in imagination anyway.

I had planned to see the old missions and to go to Alaska; to hunt in Canada. I even dreamed of Honolulu. Life stretched out before me one long, happy jaunt. I aimed to see all the world I could, but to travel unknown bypaths to do it. But first I wanted to try homesteading.

But for my having the grippe, I should never have come to Wyoming. Mrs. Seroise, who was a nurse at the institution for nurses in Denver while I was housekeeper there, had worked one summer at Saratoga, Wyoming. It was she who told me of the pine forests. I had never seen a pine until I came to Colorado; so the idea of a home among the pines fascinated me. At that time I was hoping to pass the Civil Service examination, with no very definite idea as to what I would do, but just to be improving my time and opportunity. I never went to a public school a day in my life. In my childhood days there was no such thing in the Indian Territory part of Oklahoma where we lived, so I have had to try hard to keep learning. Before the time came for the examination I was so discouraged because of the grippe that nothing but the mountains, the pines, and the clean, fresh air seemed worth while; so it all came about just as I have written you.

So you see I was very deceitful. Do you remember, I wrote you of a little baby boy dying? That was my own little Jamie, our first little son. For a long time my heart was crushed. He was such a sweet, beautiful boy.

I wanted him so much. He died of erysipelas. I held him in my arms till the last agony was over. Then I dressed the beautiful little body for the grave. Clyde is a carpenter; so I wanted him to make the little coffin. He did it every bit, and I lined and padded it, trimmed and covered it. Not that we couldn't afford to buy one or that our neighbors were not all that was kind and willing; but because it was a sad pleasure to do everything for our little first-born ourselves.

As there had been no physician to help, so there was no minister to comfort, and I could not bear to let our baby leave the world without leaving any message to a community that sadly needed it. His little message to us had been love, so I selected a chapter from John and we had a funeral service, at which all our neighbors for thirty miles around were present. So you see, our union is sealed by love and welded by a great sorrow.

Little Jamie was the first little Stewart. God has given me two more precious little sons. The old sorrow is not so keen now. I can bear to tell you about it, but I never could before. When you think of me, you must think of me as one who is truly happy. It is true, I want a great many things I haven't got, but I don't want them enough to be discontented and not enjoy the many blessings that are mine. I have my home among the blue mountains, my healthy, well-formed children, my clean, honest husband, my kind, gentle milk cows, my garden which I make myself. I have loads and loads of flowers which I tend myself. There are lots of chickens,

turkeys, and pigs which are my own special care. I have some slow old gentle horses and an old wagon. I can load up the kiddies and go where I please any time. I have the best, kindest neighbors and I have my dear absent friends. Do you wonder I am so happy? When I think of it all, I wonder how I can crowd all my joy into one short life. I don't want you to think for one moment that you are bothering me when I write you. It is a real pleasure to do so. You're always so good to let me tell you everything. I am only afraid of trying your patience too far. Even in this long letter I can't tell you all I want to; so I shall write you again soon. Jerrine will write too. Just now she has very sore fingers. She has been picking gooseberries, and they have been pretty severe on her brown little paws.

With much love to you, I am

"Honest and truly" yours,

Elinore Rupert Stewart.

The Joys of Homesteading

January 23, 1913.

Dear Mrs. Coney, —

I am afraid all my friends think I am very forgetful and that you think I am ungrateful as well, but I am going to plead not guilty. Right after Christmas Mr. Stewart came down with *la grippe* and was so miserable that it kept me busy trying to relieve him. Out here where we can get no physician we have to dope ourselves, so that I had to be housekeeper, nurse, doctor, and general overseer. That explains my long silence.

And now I want to thank you for your kind thought in prolonging our Christmas. The magazines were much appreciated. They, relieved some weary night-watches, and the box did Jerrine more good than the medicine I was having to give her for *la grippe*. She was content to stay in bed and enjoy the contents of her box.

When I read of the hard times among the Denver poor, I feel like urging them every one to get out and file on land. I am very enthusiastic about women homesteading. It really requires less strength and labor to raise plenty to satisfy a large family than it does to go out to wash, with the added satisfaction of knowing that their job will not be lost to them if they care to

keep it. Even if improving the place does go slowly, it is that much done to stay done. Whatever is raised is the homesteader's own, and there is no house-rent to pay. This year Jerrine cut and dropped enough potatoes to raise a ton of fine potatoes. She wanted to try, so we let her, and you will remember that she is but six years old. We had a man to break the ground and cover the potatoes for her and the man irrigated them once. That was all that was done until digging time, when they were ploughed out and Jerrine picked them up. Any woman strong enough to go out by the day could have done every bit of the work and put in two or three times that much, and it would have been so much more pleasant than to work so hard in the city and then be on starvation rations in the winter.

To me, homesteading is the solution of all poverty's problems, but I realize that temperament has much to do with success in any undertaking, and persons afraid of coyotes and work and loneliness had better let ranching alone. At the same time, any woman who can stand her own company, can see the beauty of the sunset, loves growing things, and is willing to put in as much time at careful labor as she does over the washtub, will certainly succeed; will have independence, plenty to eat all the time, and a home of her own in the end.

Experimenting need cost the homesteader no more than the work, because by applying to the Department of Agriculture at Washington he can get enough of any

seed and as many kinds as he wants to make a thorough trial, and it doesn't even cost postage. Also one can always get bulletins from there and from the Experiment Station of one's own State concerning any problem or as many problems as may come up. I would not, for anything, allow Mr. Stewart to do anything toward improving my place, for I want the fun and the experience myself. And I want to be able to speak from experience when I tell others what they can do. Theories are very beautiful, but facts are what must be had, and what I intend to give some time.

Here I am boring you to death with things that cannot interest you! You'd think I wanted you to homestead, wouldn't you? But I am only thinking of the troops of tired, worried women, sometimes even cold and hungry, scared to death of losing their places to work, who could have plenty to eat, who could have good fires by gathering the wood, and comfortable homes of their own, if they but had the courage and determination to get them.

I must stop right now before you get so tired you will not answer. With much love to you from Jerrine and myself, I am

Yours affectionately,

Elinore Rupert Stewart.

Success

November, 191 3.

Dear Mrs. Coney, —

This is Sunday and I suppose I ought not to be writing, but I must write to you and I may not have another chance soon. Both your letters have reached me, and now that our questions are settled we can proceed to proceed.

Now, this is the letter I have been wanting to write you for a long time, but could not because until now I had not actually proven all I wanted to prove. Perhaps it will not interest you, but if you see a woman who wants to homestead and is a little afraid she will starve, you can tell her what I am telling you.

I never did like to theorize, and so this year I set out to prove that a woman could ranch if she wanted to. We like to grow potatoes on new ground, that is, newly cleared land on which no crop has been grown. Few weeds grow on new land, so it makes less work. So I selected my potato-patch, and the man ploughed it, although I could have done that if Clyde would have let me. I cut the potatoes, Jerrine helped, and we dropped them in the rows. The man covered them, and that ends the man's part. By that time the garden ground was ready, so I planted the garden. I had almost an acre in vegetables. I irrigated and I cultivated it myself.

We had all the vegetables we could possibly use, and now Jerrine and I have put in our cellar full, and this is what we have: one large bin of potatoes (more than two tons), half a ton of carrots, a large bin of beets, one of turnips, one of onions, one of parsnips, and on the other side of the cellar we have more than one hundred heads of cabbage. I have experimented and found a kind of squash that can be raised here, and that the ripe ones keep well and make good pies ; also that the young tender ones make splendid pickles, quite equal to cucumbers. I was glad to stumble on to that, because pickles are hard to manufacture when you have nothing to work with. Now I have plenty. They told me when I came that I could not even raise common beans, but I tried and succeeded. And also I raised lots of green tomatoes, and, as we like them preserved, I made them all up that way. Experimenting along another line, I found that I could make catchup, as delicious as that of tomatoes, of gooseberries. I made it exactly the same as I do the tomatoes and I am delighted. Gooseberries were very fine and very plentiful this year, so I put up a great many. I milked ten cows twice a day all summer; have sold enough butter to pay for a year's supply of flour and gasoline. We use a gasoline lamp. I have raised enough chickens to completely renew my flock, and all we wanted to eat, and have some fryers to go into the winter with. I have enough turkeys for all of our birthdays and holidays.

I raised a great many flowers and I worked several days in the field. In all I have told about I have had no help but Jerrine. Clyde's mother spends each summer with us, and she helped me with the cooking and the babies. Many of my neighbors did better than I did, although I know many town people would doubt my doing so much, but I did it. I have tried every kind of work this ranch affords, and I can do any of it. Of course I am extra strong, but those who try know that strength and knowledge come with doing. I just love to experiment, to work, and to prove out things, so that ranch life and "roughing it" just suit me.

THE END